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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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JULY-DECEMBER

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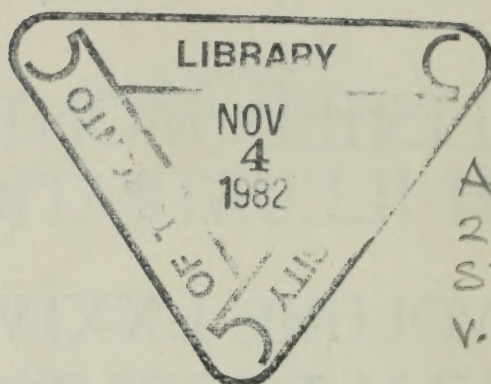
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK

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Drawn by O. J. Gatter.

"IF 'M' COMPANY IS WHIPPED, IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT!"

—"Bats Macabre," page 110.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIV

JULY, 1923

NO. 1

New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

EDITED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

[SECOND PAPER]



STEVENSON was less than most of us a man of habits, although one master habit he had, as all the world knows, and would let nothing shake it; namely, that of literary industry under circumstances and conditions no matter how trying. Another usage of his which amounted, at least in youth, almost to a habit, although a negative one, was that of neglecting to date his letters. The day of the week he would generally give, but the month and year almost never; so that in the task of editing his early correspondence I have constantly been confronted by problems hard to solve, and may often have solved them wrong. In printing the present selections from his youthful letters to my wife—selections supplementary to the correspondence as hitherto published—I have not spared pains in trying to get order and date as nearly right as I could; but approximation is all that has been possible.

Stevenson had now, in the late spring of 1874, returned from the Riviera and taken up his life in Scotland again with his family, staying sometimes in Edinburgh and sometimes at Swanston Cottage. Absence had done much to heal his temporary estrangement from the father whom he justly loved and respected;

matters of religious difference were for the most part tacitly avoided between them; and he lived on affectionate terms with both his parents, but could not always well control his longings for a milder air and for the company of his London friends.

SWANSTON, [May, 1874,
Friday.

Again very cold. I have been out walking in a sheltered bit of the garden, in a sun-blink. When there is wind, here, it makes a wonderful noise in the trees, that fills the ear agreeably; and to-day this was broken up and accentuated with the most delightful love songs from all sorts of birds, the blackbird supreme, of course. It was delightful; one seemed to hear the whole air full of the rustle of the wings of Spring. Only it was strange it should be so cold.

I find I must write to you pretty often for dear life. I am not so strong as I thought I was and—

Saturday.

So far, had I written yesterday and the best thing I can do this morning is just to continue—

and I require to keep always present to my mind that there are other people, not here in Edinburgh, and that I have another life to lead all over. And you can't tell how it strengthens me to write to you and to hear from you; your letters are always tonic to me; I just say, "Very well—

*. The notes and explanations added to the following correspondence have been kindly supplied by Sir Sidney Colvin; the references to letters already printed are to the four-volume edition of 1911 (Scribners).

there she is—now look here, old man, you must be as nice as you can.” It doesn’t matter what, or how, you write, the effect has been always the same in that particular.

Now how am I in my turn to be tonic? The Lord knows. I have but one idea of comforting and strengthening people, and that I have already used—it is to tell them how good they are for me, how much difference they make to my life, how much of me would perish and degenerate if they and all that they have given could be taken from me. It gives a person such a feeling of responsibility (doesn’t it, now?) to hear themselves thus spoken about—to know themselves thus regarded, rather—that they straighten their shoulders and take heart of grace incontinently. I feel all changed, when I think of the people who like me for myself, and even who say I have been *good* for them, (though that is a small number, God knows; *I think one*), and all my difficulties and despondencies fall off from me like Christian’s burthen, and I go on my way rejoicing.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

In the course of the summer Stevenson went for a brief trip, as had been his custom in earlier years, on board the light-house yacht *Heron*. By “little girls” toward the end of the next letter he means his “Notes on the Movements of Young Children,” published in *The Portfolio* for August, 1874.

Yacht “Heron,”

OBAN,

[Early Summer, 1874].

The news, such as it is, has gone to Colvin; what am I to say? I am so stupid, I just wish to put in a word to you. I am quite happy, and very well for me. I read away a good deal at odd times, so it isn’t all waste time, and during the rest I go in hot for health, and my health is better. I work like a common sailor when it is needful, in rain and wind, without hurt, and my heart is quite stout now. I believe in the future faithfully. I am fully content and fear nothing, not death, nor weakness, nor any falling away from my own standard and yours. I shall be a man yet, and a good man, although day

by day, I see more clearly by how much I still fall short of the mark of our high calling; in how much I am still selfish and peevish and a spoiled child. You will see that I am writing out of a great blackness. It is true, but it does not appall me (I don’t know how to spell that word). And there is a good deal of it due to the tempest that is roaring over my head and filling the little cabin with draughts and shudderings of the air. We lie here in a good roadstead; and so do I in my own constancy. Let the wind blow.

I am so glad you like my little girls. You are the only one who will like them, or nearly so. May God bless you.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH [late autumn, 1874].

Saturday.

I have found what should interest you. A paper in which I had sketched out my life, before I knew you. Here is the exact copy even to the spelling; the incertitude of the date is characteristic:—

“I think now, this 5th or 6th of April, 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year; a very quiet desultorilly studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and science calm the mind and stop gnawing in the brain, and as I am glad to say that I do now recognise that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey; not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.

O dass mein Leben

Nach diesem Ziel ein ewig Wandeln sey!

DESIDERATA.

1. Good health.
2. 2 to 3 hundred a year
3. O du lieber Gott, *friends!*
Amen.

Robert Louis Stevenson.”

I can’t quite say that I know what the “inn” was, therein referred to, but I think I do. It was rather an interesting find, wasn’t it?

I am all right now, having got hard to work at this story. I am not quite sure

that it will do; it seems to me so much more talking about a story than telling it. However, it amuses me in the meantime, and, of course, I am no judge.

Monday.

Do you know, I think you will like my heroine. I feel almost as if she were going to be a success. The story, as a story, I repudiate and condemn without pity. It is no story. However, in time I begin to think I may be able to write a good long tale worth reading. I am pleased with the result of this attempt.

I have newly come in from an orchestral concert, and I *must* tell you of that. I got a loan of two shillings returned to me to-day—very opportunely, was it not?—and immediately spent one of them in a ticket for this concert. There were three things—the three last numbers I stayed to hear—that were profoundly delightful to me. The first was a symphony of Mozart's—thoroughly Mozartian, and of the colour and scent of rose-leaves. The second was Cherubini's overture to Anacreon; and that seemed to me the colour of green bronze. I know you will not laugh at these far-fetched analogies of mine; but for the third, I can give you none. It was a "Jota Aragonesa" by one Glinka; and it was better than gold; yea, than much fine gold. If you have a chance, for Christ's sake go to hear it. It is the breath of man's nostrils.

Among the many stories begun and thrown aside by Stevenson in these prentice days, I do not think it is possible to make sure of the title or subject of that above mentioned; but it is probably the same as the "horrible story of a nurse" referred to in his published letter from Barmouth of the same date ("Letters," vol. I, p. 177, Scribner Edition, 1911).

The letter next following is written not on note-paper but on a couple of pages torn from a ruled memorandum book, and is dated only by the day of the week; the visit to London to which it looks forward would seem to be that recorded in "Letters," vol. I, p. 187, Scribner Edition, 1911.

[EDINBURGH, November, 1874.]

Tuesday, up in my room, with nothing else to write upon but this.

I have discovered why I get on always so ill, am always so nasty, so much worse than myself, with my parents; it is because they always take me at my worst, seek out my faults, and never give me any credit. You remember, perhaps, at least I remember, I once wrote to you to tell you how you should do with me; how it was only by getting on my weak side, looking for the best, and always taking it for granted that I should do the best before it is done, that you ever will get the best out of me. This is profoundly true; and I see it on the other side with my parents; I am always bad with them, because they always seem to expect me to be not very good; and I am never good, because they never seem to see when I am good. I shall be in London this week, or early next: Isn't this good news? and I think we shall pass a few happy days; I want you to be the better of my visit, if only it is possible—do you think it is? I think so, and mean to make it so. Poland, by the way, I have pretty nigh-hand given up: it looks more and more impossible. Also, I have another difficulty, and a great one, with Mme. Z.; however, I think I see my way through it, and you will tell me if I am right. In a few days, I hope—hurrah, hurrah, *que je suis bien aise*; You shall get better and be fit for your work and do it well—you *shall* get better.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Due in London, Euston, 2.30 on Thursday. Shall go to Savile Club for orders; do have orders for me there, and let them be to come early.

SWANSTON, Thursday,
[Autumn, 1874.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

One thing I desire to say; you talked, in your last, almost apologetically of what you had told me about yourself. Surely this is wrong up to the point of being nearly unkind. *A la fin*, you may surely make me somewhat of a confidant.

Also—I trust I also am to you one of those "whom you cannot deceive even for their own happiness." I believe so at least; so if you do, it will be a breach of confidence.

Friday.

I get most vexatious news from Colvin: he is not so well as he has been, and you, I hear, not so well as I had thought you were.

Saturday.

I am all right in spirits; but I was put out with last night's news, and didn't sleep extra, so the flesh is weak. You see I tell you how things affect me, that you may have no excuse ever to deceive me. Don't do that; it is what I could not recover if I found it out, and the fear of it haunts me. Believe me in this. This dread that sometime I shall be thus dealt with, for my own good, is what makes the worst of my troubles just now; it is the one thing I don't like to look in the face: it makes me shudder. I was amused to find out the other day that I inherit this weakness from my father.

O!—I'll tell you something funny. You know how rarely I can see your face: well, last night I kept dreaming I saw you arrive at the Finchley Road Station, as you did the afternoon before I left: and I never could catch more than a glimpse of your face before it turned into somebody else's—a horrible, *Scotch* face, commonplace and bitter.

You don't know how I yearned to-day to see you all. I feel myself in the uttermost parts of the earth, alone with ugly puppets, and my heart just melts within me when I think of you, and S.C., and Mme. G., and Bob. Any of the four of you I want to see badly; and somehow S.C. most, I feel as if I could be good for him and am so vexed that he is not well.

[EDINBURGH, late Autumn, 1874.]

Saturday.

I am not going to excuse myself formally for my long silence, the excuse for one day will come out incidentally.

I was so glad to get your letter, in spite of bad news. It is strange to think of you so feeble and with all these troubles about you; and then to think of your just holding me by one hand out of the gulph, which, alas! is true. I know that very well; as the effect of my last stay with you died away, and the cold weather came, I have had a bad struggle with myself day by day, and night by night. Opium and wine, and anything that is death for soul

and body tempt me one after another; and in bed at night (I am always feverish and seedy and in a certain gloomy state of lightheadedness at night) I often make up my mind that to-morrow I shall begin to descend to the mouth of the pit; but on the morrow, thank God, I manage to give myself a turn the other way, and keep as straight as can be expected. O don't let go my hand.

I shall (if I can manage my parents, to whom I have not yet spoken in the matter) arrive at King's Cross on Wednesday evening. Is there a hotel at King's Cross? I shall come to the College for you, shall I not?

Then—you must know that this last week I have lost a front tooth. The dentist and I were an hour over it, and then, although it was not all out even then, he was afraid to do more in case he made me ill. I really suffered wonderfully little; but an hour of such suspense is not agreeable; and besides, I did not want to lose a front tooth. Don't be surprised at this being a letter in a bad humour; I have had a cold hanging over me for a fortnight; and my work is worth nothing; so all that usually keeps me steady is gone. Three weeks of skating weather—or a visit to you, *voilà mes seules espérances*.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, December, 1874.]

Tuesday.

Fifteen degrees of frost last night and half an hour ago (10.30) ten degrees in the thermometer at our drawing-room window; such a ringing jolly morning. I had to cover my nose and mouth as I went up to College this morning. The air caught in my nose so shrewdly and *tasted* of frost—that sick, heavy, cold *taste* of frost—so badly after it was down. Isn't it good of me to come home and work? But I'm away immediately to skate.

Wednesday.

Work, I cannot—I have been all morning almost without avail, however, that will come in good time. Thank you, my dear lady, for your letter: O, yes, God knows every word of it knocked at my heart, and I will try to be what you would have me; and I do feel the ground stable

under my feet as I have never felt it heretofore.

I have been so happy all afternoon skating. It made up for my wasted morning trying to work, and your sweet letter crowned all.

Friday.

I have made myself so ill with a story of Poe's—"King's Pest" by name—I did not sleep last night, and have scarcely been able to eat to-day. However, I have spoken to my mother, not altogether with bad result, I hope, and I am trying in other ways to order my life properly. This will not get to you till Monday at soonest—write soon to me when you get it, if you can. Madonna, I am so glad you are in the world, and I do want to be reminded of it often.

I am sorely exercised about my poor cousin—the married girl—I have had a very distressing letter from her, praying for some immediate work that should remunerate—you can't tell (so she writes) you can't tell the difference it would make! Surely if there is one thing pure and lovely and of good report it is to find women work. I think I shall manage for her; but not without throwing a good deal on myself. I am going to take service with a daily paper here; I shall read the books and make my own notes, and then send them on to her; she can then write what she will, I can always straighten it up when it comes back. Good night, Madonna—I pray all my Gods for you fervently, and if they are impotent, they are yet beautiful—look at them, and you will be good and brave.

Saturday.

I did not know whether yesterday's scrawl were legible or no; but, on revision, I think it is. The frost still holds with us, which is good for my health and my morals. When you write you must tell me how you are, and faithfully.

I am very busy with Poe for the *Academy*, and a big piece of work I find it, even in the loose, slipshod, easy-going way in which one takes things for the *Academy*. As soon as I have done, I shall begin on my "Pastoral Drama" business; I have so many nice things to say about *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and I am so fearful lest Pater should get before me

with some or all of them that I feel there is no time to be lost. I do not know how much I wish to be with you, and am afraid to think; I look on all the interval as preparation for the next visit; remember how I hold to your skirts—remember it always. I am very happy and, if not full of work, still with a working heart. Work I must soon, for I shall have, it seems, to work for two; that will be good for me, will it not? Good night.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Stevenson's review of Poe's works as edited in seven volumes by J. H. Ingram appeared in *The Academy* for January 2, 1875; the "Pastoral Drama" essay, so far as I can recollect or ascertain, never got written.

In these closing weeks of 1874 Stevenson was for a while rendered deeply anxious by the state of his father's health both of mind and body, a state which fortunately proved only temporary. After some sentences setting forth fully the symptoms which caused him this anxiety, as well as some consequent resolutions concerning his future management of his own life, he continues:

[EDINBURGH, December, 1874],
Tuesday.

Another, though a much smaller disappointment to me, is that I have finally bade adieu to inheriting any money. I must learn to live by my own pen or something. I promised my father (as I think it was entirely his right, and mind you, it was on no prompting from him, nor has he any notion how serious the words were for me) that I shall never use a farthing of his money unless I am a Christian. He was talking of the duty of leaving money to children; and then he said, "Of course there were certain conditions that superseded the call of blood; for instance, did he think he had a son who thought as Tyndall thought, he could not leave his money to him; he was not possessor of it to so great an extent; he only held it in trust for the views in which he believed." So I said to him that I should reckon any person a thief who would use another's money in such circumstance. And he said fervently, "And

a damned thief, too." He was quite quiet and sensible; indeed it is the sense of his whole life; and for me it will, of course, supersede the terms of any will written in ignorance, doubt, or misapprehension—I should have said, 'In ignorance, misapprehension, or *even doubt*.'

It is too bad of me to talk of these little matters at such a time, but they had to be said, for they were weighing on me, I shall not construe this promise too tightly. I shall not let myself starve, of course; but beyond that must try to be an honest man. As for how things are to go on here, until he recovers, I don't know; I hope he may recover speedily, and so the doctor seems to hope. In any case, he is a very painful invalid.

Wednesday.

S.C. writes to me and talks of thaw; for my part I have seen none of it. The night before last the thermometer stood at 12 degrees; last night it read at least as low as 22 degrees on the front of our house; to-day it has been freezing all day, and snowing at intervals. I have been skating every day, and improving, but not so much as I could wish, in that adorable art.

My father is better, I thank God, and there have been no such miserable scenes as yesterday. My moral disinheritance has quickened me for work again, and I have gone forward a great piece in my Wendenover article; it is now nearly done, and should be about a dozen pages I imagine; I keep well, this frost enduring; I have good, bright exercise, and a taste, after it, for slumber.

Thursday.

I must post this so that it may meet you for the new year's morning. I hope that will not be baffled, like my Christmas letter. By the by, if I am to do a paper that S.C. suggests—and I think I will—I should like any letter of mine in which I say anything about winter, snow, ice, Duddingstone, or even sunsets, to give a look over; I shall see if I want them, or not; I hope I may do without them; but you see my letters to you are the only notes I make, and especially when I am skating my mind runs miles away from literary intentions, so that my impressions are rather fragmentary to work upon.

Did you get a letter I sent you in Paris?

In spite of this new sorrow, I may still greet the New Year, may I not?

Ever your faithful,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The book mentioned in the following is "A Quiet Corner of England," a description of scenery and architecture in the region of Rye, Winchelsea, and the Romney Marsh by Stevenson's friend and mine, Basil Champneys, since highly distinguished as the designer of Bedford College in the Regent's Park, as well as of many important academical buildings at Cambridge and Oxford, at Harrow, Winchester, and King's Lynn; also as author of memoirs of Coventry Patmore, Henry Merritt, and Mrs. L. Drummond. Stevenson had himself reviewed the "Quiet Corner of England" in *The Academy* for December 5.

[EDINBURGH; December, 1874].

Madonna, this will not likely have much in it—this sheet—when it goes to you. My people are both ill, my father in a miserable state of depression and nervousness.

Sunday.

My people are, for the moment, better, but I suspect I have been right about my father, and that he is really not well. He has jaundice, but jaundice (so I understand) is a symptom only; what it means in my father's case, I fear to think—I fear some of the family ailments.

Colvin's article on Champneys' book is very wise, but I think he went too far in admitting that the sensations given us by the alps were, in themselves, greater than those given by the Romney Marsh. I don't think so. A great dead flat is at least a more ideal, more perfect, more satisfactory thing than ever so high a hill; because the hill might be ever so much higher, whereas the marsh can be no flatter if it bust itself. Besides, big hills may be more of a sensation to a person brought up in Suffolk; but, if novelty is to come in at all, quite a flat is a violent sensation to me; for I come from the hills—I had not seen anything quite flat, except the sea and here and there a billiard table, until I went abroad and spent some days in Holland. Please communicate this to

Colvin, unless he has quarrelled with me by chance—he studiously will not answer my letters. I have been a bad correspondent, but he has been so much a *badder*! Indeed, if you won't think me getting insane, I think the world in a conspiracy against me; for devil a one will write to me except yourself. Even Bob sends me scraps only fit to light a pipe with.

At last I can write; I could not make a mark on this paper with a steel pen, and you do not know with how much sweat of the brow my former letters were written. Now I have taken to a quill, all goes well.

I was a long walk to-day; the white snow over all, and I love the look of the white snow; the brightness of it slips in between your eyelids, when you are thinking of it least, and makes your mind bright. I want to know how you are badly. I say, you have much need to take care of yourself, if it were only for the sake of a young gentleman in Edinburgh alone—you don't know how the thought of anything going wrong with you haunts and disquiets me.

Monday.

I am so frightened. I thought you would have answered the letter I sent you for Christmas; and now, three days and no answer seems too much. I feel strangely as if all my letters were being suppressed. Colvin never answers, Appleton never answers, or so much as acknowledges copy; and now you! *Vraiment, je suis inquiet*; I figure to myself always so many things when you do not write.

Also my father is plainly in a bad way; that's the short and long of that, I am afraid.

Later.

Your letter has come by a late post. My father, too, according to the doctor's account, is better and there is no fear of anything permanent or organic. So that I may be happy, and am. There was never a more sudden change in anyone's humour, than in mine when your letter came; and you will not be angry with me though I tell you it was all for pleasure. I had imagined so much in a dull unacknowledged way and had so many alternatives of distress ready, that your news seemed to me positively cheerful.

Tuesday.

I am so tired, I cannot write. I have nearly finished the story of which I wrote to you: it is not nearly so good as "King Matthias"; that is to say it is not so simple, straightforward and uniform in colour; it has, however, many more elements, and is much longer.

Wednesday.

I want to send this off; and as I have determined to do no work to-day, I may manage it. I overworked shamefully yesterday, and was really played out in the afternoon. I wrote from nine to 12.30, and then from one to 2.45. It is such a temptation to get on while one is in the humour. The worst of this story, as a story, is, perhaps, the idyll at the beginning, continued and finished at the end, after the long, *baroque*, wicked interlude of the story proper; but I don't know—that may be just the best of it; it is so difficult to judge when one is in the thick of it; and the two bits are nice, I think, simple and really pleasant. You shall see.

Dear, I am wonderfully happy. Pleased with my work, not disquiet about you; I must never disquiet myself about you any more; you will have strength for all that comes, after you have found strength for what has come.

Then again, I have nice books to read. The new French poets. Sully Prudhomme is adorable—I shall have a lot of Sully Prudhomme to read when I come to you—Soulayr better perhaps—better certainly, *comme forme*, but so unsympathetic compared to Prudhomme in character and thought.

I am so sick of the mechanical exercise of writing—you can't think! and my right thumb-nail is quite flattened. I have written four and half or five hours the last four days. And it is too much. Good-bye.

Your son,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, January, 1875].

The best trumpet that I can suggest is to read Thomas Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Sick as I am of reading anything in which so much as the name of Burns appears, I was really electrified (beg par-

don for such a *Daily Telegraphism*) by this. It is full of very fine criticism, expressed here and there in rather an old-fashioned, academical style, full of beautiful humanity—see the whole passage about Burns having refused money for his songs—and full of wonderful wisdom. The whole conclusion is indeed admirable; as where he says that all fame, riches, fortune of all sorts is to true peace no more than “mounting to the house top to reach the stars”; and again about Byron: “the fire that was in him was the mad fire of a volcano; and now we look sadly into the ashes of a crater which ere long will fill itself with snow.”

I subscribe to that essay. My own is quite unnecessary. Do read it, it will do you good; it would do the dead good. It has reminded me once again of the great mistake of my life—and of everybody else’s; that we are all trying to gain the whole world if you will, except what alone is worth keeping; our own soul. God bless T. Carlyle, say I.

The weather here still keeps up to a very high degree of excellence; it is as cold as winter, and rains every afternoon. In my room here my hands are very numb and the skin is stiff across my forehead.

Read that Essay, it is in Volume Two, and keep up your heart, Madonna. For myself, I am in a thrill of religion, but too cold, and too much saddened with much making of notes, to let any of my religion out in very inspiring correspondence, I’m afraid.

My news is all good, I think. Capital health, capital with parents, capital humour for work.

. . . Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, February, 1875],
Sunday.

I have been busy and knocked about and found no time to write. How the weather changes. On Friday I went to Bridge of Allan. A beautiful clear sunny winter’s day, all the highland hills standing about the horizon in their white robes. It was not cold. I went up my favourite walk by the riverside among the pines and ashtrees. There is a little cavern here, by the side of a wide meadow, which has been a part of me any time these last twelve years—or more. On Friday it was

wonderful. A large broken branch hung down over the mouth of it, and it was all cased in perfect ice. Every dock-leaf and long grass, too, was bearded with a shining icicle. And all the icicles kept dropping, and dropping and dropping, and had made another little forest of clear ice among the grasses and fallen branches and dockens below them. I picked up one of these branches and threw it on the ground; and all the crystal broke with a little tinkle, and behold! a damp stick.

Yesterday, a thick fog, rain, and then snow, and then rain; and all along the roads the snow lay melting, and the pools froze and thawed alternately. And now to-day, a big blustering west wind and splendid sunshine, darkened ever and again by clouds and angry squalls of rain.

I am all right again, I think, though still taking eleven to twelve hours sleep per night. And I am quite strong and virtuous again, and determined to take no more money from my parents. It’s all nonsense, it should be enough and shall.

My father also is better and quite like himself again, of which I am very glad.

Ever yours,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, 1875],
Monday.

DEAREST MOTHER. This is E. A. Poe:—

Because I feel that, in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their terms of burning love,
None so devotional as that of “Mother”;
Therefore by that dear name I long have called
you,
You who are *more than mother unto me,*
And fill my heart of hearts.

I do not know to whom it was that I wrote last spring, when I was at the bottom of sorrow at Mentone—but I think it was to Bob; if it was not to him it was to you—calling for a mother; I felt so lonely just then; I cannot tell you what sense of desertion and loss I had in my heart; and I wrote, I remember, to someone, crying out for the want of a mother—nay, when I fainted one afternoon at the Villa Marina, and the first sound I heard was Madame Garschine saying “Berecchino” so softly, I was glad—O, so glad!—to take her by the hand as a mother, and make a mother of her at the

time, so far as it would go. You do not know, perhaps—I do not think I knew myself, perhaps, until I thought it out to-day—how dear a hope, how sorry a want, this has been for me. For my mother is my father's wife; to have a French mother, there must be a French marriage; the children of lovers are orphans. I am very young at heart—or (God knows) very old—and what I want is a mother, and I have one now, have I not?

[17, Heriot Row, EDINBURGH, March, 1875].
Wednesday.

DEAREST MOTHER, I am all right again, I think, and write to tell you so at once. Forgive me if I write no more. I am reading "The Village on the Cliff," and cannot tell you how beautiful I think it. I am inclined to give up literature. I can't write like that. Never mind, *je serai fidèle*.

Goodbye, dear,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[17, Heriot Row, EDINBURGH, March, 1875].
Tuesday.

Cold—cold as winter. It has snowed half the day, and the streets this evening are as glass. I have made no progress with my story these last three days; in the way of writing at least; in comprehension, I made lots, and found out all my old errors, which has perhaps been better progress than mere writing; you cannot fancy how I desire—*comment je m'acharne*—to finish it before I come south to you. You will not like it, but you may perhaps not think it quite bad; anyway, I want your sympathy or your condemnation. I do think one of my characters you will think true and likeable, in its own dry, provincial way.

Wednesday.

God bless you for your letter. I will try to get down about the 15th; sooner is impossible; that, even is not much above a hope; but I'll manage it, by Gad. Sooner cannot be—will that do? O how I want to see you. No work to-day to speak of. A cursed spell upon me; and how the days go by and go by, and I have accomplished nothing. Courage, my heart, It shall be, somehow; I must get near you. I ought to write in verse to-night; that is to say, I cannot write in

prose; and that, most people mean by writing verse. It has snowed all day and blown out of the East. It was so cold and wild. All that promise of spring is away. It was a lie, a deceit; and we are back in winter.

I wonder what this spell is; and I scarcely know whether to struggle with it or not; it is a sort of heaviness of hand and brain; nothing will come right when I am thus, although I never see clearer what is right.

Thursday.

Your son is very sad to-night, dear, very cold in body and black at heart. The snow lies melting outside under a thin northeasterly rain. It is bitter cold; and the thickest shoes are wet through in the length of a street. I have done no work to-day—it would not come; and I have been so sad; so sad, and longed for a sight of you, and a few moments of speech with you, more than I can say. Did I tell you—yes, I did, I remember—how I thought I saw you in the street? Do you know I wish so much to meet you by chance somewhere; and I keep telling myself I shall see you at the next corner, and making long stories as a child does; only you never come.

Sunday.

I could not post this to-day, dear madonna, for I have been in the house with another cold. The weather is just the same; the town still sordid with patches of dirty snow, the bitter grey east wind still blowing over the sea against us and making a faint moaning even now in the chimney. It is horrible weather indeed, and weighs upon my power of work like lead. Indeed, my vitality is very low in every way; although I am not at all ill—all I want is a little warmth, a little sun, a little of the life I have when I am by you.

The story drags and goes slowly indeed; there will be little of it done after all when I get south; but it does go for all that; I do get it better as I work at it, I believe almost. I send you mine. Yes, by Gad, I'd like to see you. But here I am, with a book that has taken to boring me, rain and wind outside, a headache, and a sofa on which I must keep lying. *Tiens—pauvre bête*.



Pulp-Wood

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

DECORATIONS BY W. FLETCHER WHITE

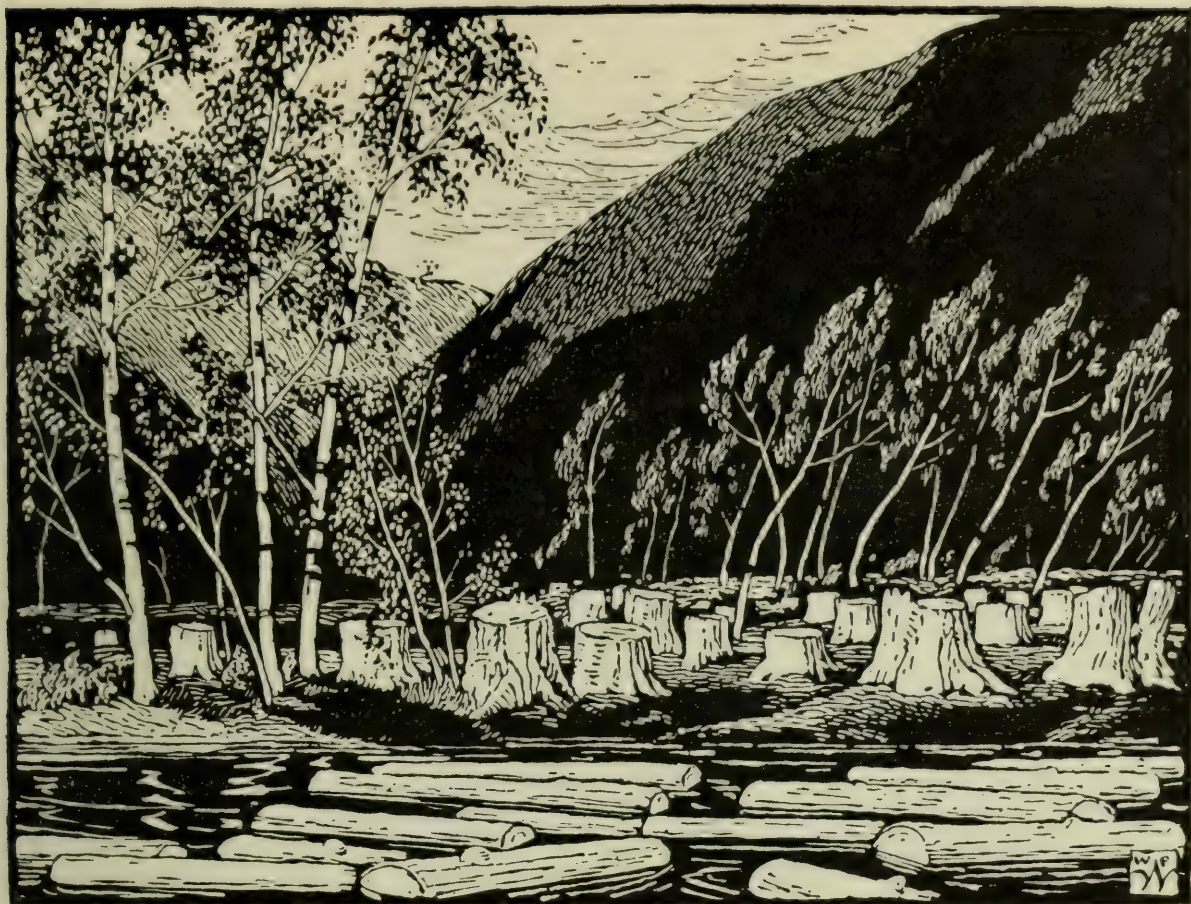
THEY are going to make a lumber road along by the Golden Pool,
Where the silver birches nod their yellowing heads to the nodding river,
Where the shadows are long and the big fish jump when the afternoons are cool,
And the steel-blue rapids brawl sweet hoarseness down through the gorge forever.

The waters are wide at the Golden Pool, and a little island heaves
Alders, and shallows of shining sand, and spears of vivid grasses;
And sometimes a moose stands knee-deep there, munching the lily leaves,
Or a mink glides, shadowy, over the rocks; and sometimes a red deer passes

I think that the sunniest silences of all the noisy world
Are gathered around the Golden Pool, and whirled in its foam-flecked flowing,
And the black-green trees are massed in ranks to guard where its shores are curled,
In the dignity of the ancient years that have watched their patient growing.

Black-green and dim and slim they stand, balsam and hemlock and spruce,
The centuries' record of fragrant life, of peace, of unhurrying quiet;
Mystic with crowding tracery, dark against heavenly blues;
And the dancing birches wave their feathers above in breezy riot.

Spruces and balsam and hemlock around the Golden Pool;
The birches drip a tawny rain down the air to the river;



Silence and singing water, and trout breaking white; but the fool
Hath said in his heart that pulp, not peace, is the plan of God the giver.

Spruces—balsams—hemlocks; pulp-wood ripe for the axe;
Measure them four inches through, while the high, dark heads sway slowly;
Slash a road through the forest for the men and the horses and packs;
Crash down the beautiful, swinging heads in a ruin pitiful, lowly.

Cover the mountains with wreckage, dam up the lakes beyond—
The mountain lakes, remote and still where the mighty moose were marching
Quite the same on the day when Moses lay by the side of his pond;
They came down to drink at the Golden Pool that day with great horns arching.

For the humans are needing paper to print the *Jonestown Star*;
Drive the moose and the cariboux out for love of the *Wampsville Leader*;
Unshaven men who read about fights on a rattling suburb car—
There are these, and there are the forests; and the forests have no pleader.

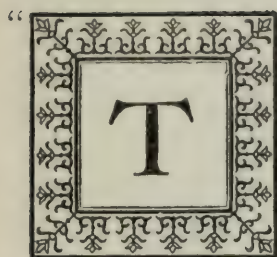
Nation of many inventors, consider a little space;
An S. O. S. flies far to-day for the woodlands that are going;
Eyes of the vision-seeing, can you glimpse no way for the race
But ruin and wreck of its harbour-hills, where the winds of life were blowing?

They are going to make a lumber road along by the Golden Pool
Where the silver birches nod their yellowing heads to the nodding river,
Where the shadows are long, and the big fish jump when the afternoons are cool,
Where the rapids have murmured down the gorge forever and forever.

A Moulder of Public Opinion

BY PHILIP PRESCOTT FROST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE



“THE American people,” said Bilkers, lighting his pipe and putting his feet on the desk, “are d—n fools!”

“Oh, I don’t know,” objected Watson a little stiffly. Watson had been Bilkers’s lieutenant in France, and enforced “respect,” and exacted the “military courtesies,” and administered “discipline,” and his shrewd, genial, long-legged boss had been a buck private and eaten a great deal of dirt. Watson was gradually limbering up, but the “officer-and-gentleman” idea still clung to him. “Of course,” he said, “the common people, the mere herd, are nothing but fools, but—you’d hardly say——”

“—that the officers are?” Bilkers finished for him, and then cackled gleefully. “My dear boy, I even had *you* pounding down the middle of Main Street not more than a week ago, if I’m not mistaken!”

Watson blushed.

“I fail to see yet exactly what you expected to accomplish by that performance.”

“Nothing!” rejoiced Bilkers. “Absolutely nothing! And for that matter, what did we ‘swat the fly’ and play ‘safety first’ for, for two years, only to keep our minds off the fact that Germany was killing our women and children and torpedoing our flag on sight, and we hadn’t the nerve to object? The ‘Do-your-Christmas-shopping-early’ campaign *did* mean a barrel of money to the department stores, but we shook ’em down for most of it for the advertising. No, sir, my ‘middle-of-the-road’ campaign wasn’t a bit more asinine than nine-tenths of those things.”

“But I don’t see yet what you did it for.”

“I did it,” beamed Bilkers, “to see if there was *anything* that the American

people would gag at. And there isn’t! I’ve *proved* that the American people are d—n fools!”

“There are eight people in hospital and one dead to pay for it.”

“If they were idiots enough to leave the sidewalks and tramp in the mud in the middle of the streets just because newspaper ads and bill-boards told them to, they deserve to be in hospital or dead. What made you do it? You were in on the thing.”

“Well,” and Watson looked foolish and a little puzzled, “I don’t know—one assumes when one’s told to do a thing that there is some good reason for it, and—playing up every case of anybody getting hurt on the sidewalks so made me sort of think about it, and as if something was going to fall on me there, and then—everybody *was* walking in the street, anyway. I didn’t want to be conspicuous.”

“You bet!” squealed Bilkers. “‘Look out below!’ and ‘Get off that walk!’ with a picture of a cop pointing his finger at you, and ‘Why are *you* on the sidewalk?’ and you out in your patent leathers with the autos splashing mud all over your best pants—and if anybody knows the game you ought to!”

“You aren’t objecting to publicity, are you?”

“Objecting to publicity? Heaven forbid! But why be bunked by it when you know better? The American people are all d—n fools, just as I said.” He reached for a copy of the *Bancroft Daily Announcer*, of which he was publisher and sole owner, and cast a derisive eye over it.

“But I don’t see yet why you did that. It must have cost a good deal if it was nothing but a practical joke, and—when you might just as well have gone out after the best thing in Bancroft County!”

“The ‘best thing in Bancroft County’ is Miss Elizabeth Kohler, only daughter



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

"The American people," said Bilkers, . . . "are d—n fools."—Page 14.

of the Honorable Philander Kohler, the Kohler Bobbin Company, the Bancroft Street Railway Company, the Bancroft State Bank, the Kohler Gas and Electric—" He paused abruptly, as though an idea had struck him.

Watson had been turning a darker and darker shade of red, and now arose abruptly, choked a moment over it, and then exploded.

"Before you get too deeply interested in the Kohler properties," he sneered, "I would suggest that Miss Kohler's acquaintance is rather strictly limited to gentlemen!" One could almost see the Sam Browne belt and shoulder-bars on his civilian suit as he stalked to the door and marched out. Bilkers stared in open-mouthed astonishment until he was gone, and then guffawed heartlessly.

"So *Lieutenant* Watson thinks he has a chance around at old Kohler's? Well, well! I wouldn't give the puppy desk-room around the office here, let alone wages, if it wasn't worth twenty-five a week to have an officer where I could kick him!"

But the Big Idea had struck him, and his mind again returned to it. If, to win a bet, and just for the fun of bedevilling the town, he could herd the whole population of Bancroft off their broad, clean sidewalks, and set them to tramping out in the mud with the traffic, and then, with a brief campaign of counter-propaganda, herd them all back again, and then make them forget the whole matter overnight with a public-school scandal, why couldn't he go out after and get "the best thing in Bancroft County"?

For she certainly was just that. Besides having as charming and pretty a girl as any man could wish for a wife, her husband would inevitably be the richest man but one in the State, a governor, a United States senator, if he had an atom of brains a Presidential Possibility, and a baron in the more real, though invisible, government of Business. Around the princess a herd of fortune-hunters, of course, contended for the prize. He ran over the list in his mind, and weighed each one. They were college-bred chappies, "officers and gentlemen" now, one of them a middle-aged West Pointer, a widower, but not a four-square man in

the lot, and not one who was not there because of her money. He felt a twinge of pity for the girl. A real man would have a thin chance in that company! As for himself, he was a college man, all right, thirty-four years old, no ladies' man or Apollo, but—great are the possibilities of publicity!

There was a rap on the door, it opened, and a pair of tortoise-shell glasses peered in.

"Ah, Wordsworth, enter!"

Wordsworth Apperson entered. The local poet was a soulful youth with large, dark eyes, affectedly long hair, and a sensitive mouth. At the entrance of America into the war he had been rejected in every physical examination he had gone up against, and he had taken it very hard and written a really touching poem on the general subject of

"Those who were found unfit to die for Thee!"

and it had been duly published in the usual place in *The Announcer*. To Bilkers, to whom war consisted largely of "squads east" and "kitchen police" and saluting and "cootie" hunting, this poem was funny. Bilkers published his verses, which were good and worth real money, and paid him in geniality and a tone of deepest respect and awe in all printed references to him, and Apperson enjoyed the geniality, and never got the sarcasm. And, indeed, it was not quite all sarcasm. Though a joke, the poet was quite genuine. He was merely lacking in a sense of humor. Bilkers liked him in a good-naturedly contemptuous sort of way.

"Another poem for us to-day?"

"I came in," and a dozen emotions played over the sensitive face, "I came in to speak with you about this walking in the street."

"They got you out in the road, too, did they?"

Apperson looked suddenly startled. "Well—no. I didn't happen to see the paper until afterward, but I noticed the people walking out there, and wondered about it."

"Didn't you see the bill-boards?"

"I don't think I noticed them." He looked positively alarmed. Bilkers threw up his hands and roared.

"Kamerad! You'll do, Wordsworth!"



"Everybody *was* walking in the street, anyway. I didn't want to be conspicuous."—Page 14.

You've more sense than I thought you had! Tell me what I can do for you!"

"Well, I don't understand why every one began talking about it all at once, and the lawyers saying that people had a legal right to walk in the street, and the doctors that it was healthful, and good for weak ankles, and a 'return to nature,' and all the rest, and I don't think it was right when really it was dirty and dangerous and foolish. I suppose you have to publish what people are saying, but I don't see why they should want to say

such things. I think some one ought to write an article about it."

"I see, I see." Bilkers choked back a grin, and at the same time, just for a moment, felt a trifle uncomfortable. "What you say is true, but I'm afraid an article on that just now would be somewhat untimely. That matter is pretty well forgotten already. What people are wanting now is something on the school situation. In a newspaper one has to keep right up to the minute, you know."

"I suppose so," dejectedly.

"I'll tell you what I could use! You've written love poems, haven't you?"

Apperson blushed.

"Well, you write me a good lot of love poems, the very best you've got in you, and bring 'em around as fast as you get 'em done! They're always timely!" He got to his feet, slapped the poet on the back, made him promise, shook his hand, and landed him outside the door without his being in the least aware that he was not leaving entirely on his own motion. Then he settled himself at his desk again and began seriously to consider the Big Idea.

Bilkers was one of those personalities far more engaging as a practical joker, however ill advised, than as a man bent upon serious business. He had once taken a course in salesmanship, and the truly American idea that "everybody is selling something" had entered into and possessed him like a conviction of sin. He was highly irresponsible and irreligious, but what religion he did have was salesmanship. His harum-scarum geniality made him hosts of friends, and he sold them right and left for fun. In his more serious moods he sold them for money. Yet he was aware that the highest and most perfect work of salesmanship is when a man sells himself. The merchant sells goods, the doctor sells health, the publisher sells publicity, the clergyman sells faith, but every man sooner or later sells himself. Thereby he establishes his own price. Whenever a man purchases anything, he may be thought of as selling his money. The farce may be carried to almost any length. And what Bilkers now meditated was nothing less than selling himself.

To a trained merchandiser there is all the difference in the world between "fortune-hunting" and "selling oneself" in a good market. Instead of fixing one's attention on the fortune to be attained, one concentrates upon the extreme value of what is to be sold. One endeavors to present its good points convincingly, distracting attention from flaws and defects. An atmosphere of distinction, desirableness, value, is built up around it. The intended victim is carefully thought of as one upon whom a wonderful boon will be conferred by the exchange. This "mer-

chandising" takes on the semblance of a profession, in which service rather than gain is supposed to be the primary consideration, and the sin of hypocrisy being added to double-dealing, self-satisfaction becomes nauseating. Other nations sell goods, but the profession of merchandising is distinctively American.

Bilkers went to work cold-bloodedly to "sell himself" for "the best thing in Bancroft County" through the usual methods of publicity, but Bilkers was better than his religion. At the end of the four weeks, preliminary campaign he was squarely back in his old stride, joyfully playing a practical joke on Bancroft, on the fortune-hunters, and on the Kohlers. Indeed, it would be a joke on the whole United States for the buck private to marry the heiress, and he was willing to play a practical joke on the world, if it came to that! It was even a joke on his own ancestors only two generations back, who would have scorned to marry a Kohler! When that idea dawned on him first he howled for joy.

And it would be pretty nice to have a home of your own with your own little wife. He'd be darned good to that girl! She'd think it was a great lark to boss the little establishment they'd begin with. She'd realize some time how he'd rescued her from that fortune-hunting gang, and she'd just— Oh, boy!

He sat up with a jerk, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and sententiously observed: "First catch your chicken, my boy! Time enough to sit and moon after the wedding-bells their tale of turbulency tell—or words to that effect. Oh, the tinkling and the winking of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells!"

But the real work was about done. There had been a campaign of articles exceedingly trying to Watson, calling attention to the heroic self-sacrifice of the man who went as a private, when he didn't have to go, as compared with the case of the man of draft age who had scrambled around and gotten a commission. In the news he had played up every case in the country of the millionaire who served under his own chauffeur, the ex-private elected to office, the socially elect in the ranks. One reading *The Announcer* would actually have imagined

that the snobbery of the army caste system had entirely failed to carry over into American civil life! In the columns of the *Bancroft Daily Announcer* the private citizen was a king, the enlisted man was at least a Man, but the perfumed chappie of rank was a cipher. With it were delicate laudations of the "moulder of public

"—were nothing but dogs?"

"Well——"

"Because you treated us so didn't make us so—nor you 'gentlemen,'" explained Bilkers. "When I cease to find you amusing, son, I am going to tie the can to you so sudden it'll make your little head spin."



A pair of tortoise-shell glasses peered in. "Ah, Wordsworth, enter!"—Page 16.

opinion" and reference to the well-known fact that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

"There's some sense in this 'power-of-the-pen' ditorial," Watson conceded, "but you're making an ass of yourself slamming the officers all the time. Everybody knows that there never was a finer body of men gotten together in the world than the 'officers and gentlemen' of our army, while the enlisted men—" His lip curled.

"Suit yourself. I'm worth a good deal more than I'm getting here."

Bilkers had a way of laughing that was worse than any "bawling out" in the army, so he laughed. Watson ignored the insult warmly.

"I don't see what you think you're going to gain by this stuff, though," he objected.

"This! To-morrow I permit my name to be presented by my many friends as a candidate for the Constitutional Conven-

tion, which, after consideration and some urging, I shall consent to run for."

"Oh, I see!" He looked vastly relieved. "But there's no salary or money attached. There'll be nothing like opposition. I don't see——"

"Expenses. And it ought to be a good bit of fun. I might as well make it safe while I'm about it."

Lieutenant Watson felt slightly better. He did not know that simultaneously with the dignified acceptance of "this high responsibility" by Bilkers, and the sudden blossoming of all the bill-boards with the face of the "heroic citizen-soldier of Bancroft," "our peerless moulder of public opinion," Bilkers had arranged to be introduced with all his breezy and genial effectiveness into the charmed circle of "gentlemen" who guarded the Presence, in a determined drive to make Miss Kohler Mrs. Bilkers! Had he known, he would have almost fainted. For while in the abstract he would have sneered at the possibility of a mere "dough-boy" gaining so much as a glance from the lady, in the concrete he would have known that it would be just like Bilkers to breeze in with the assumption that she was, after all, a flesh-and-blood girl; and in half an hour be holding her hands and beaming in her eyes while she told him all about herself. It was the way he did. American hustle has it all over mere aristocracy. But Lieutenant Watson did not know.

When you stop to consider it, the lot of an American girl with a rich father is tough. She is on the horns of a dilemma. If she marries at all, she is almost certain to be married for the money. She has two choices: either to marry a fortune-hunting snob, domestic or foreign, or some fortune-hunting hustler, not a bit less a fortune-hunter because he is vulgar. The man who isn't a fortune-hunter can't afford to classify himself as one by trotting in that class. If he did, he would have about as much chance as a snowball in Havana. Making love is always more convincing than loving. So she chooses between evils, generally getting the worst, and stands it if she can, and gets a divorce if she can't. And it is all rather sad, because most of the time she

is a rather good sort, and deserves better. Not much better, perhaps, but nine times out of ten better than she gets.

There was a rap on the door, it opened, and a pair of tortoise-shell glasses peered in.

"Ah, Wordsworth, enter! Say, I thought you were going to feed me a string of prize love poems, and I haven't seen you since. It's a month now! Been sick?"

Wordsworth Apperson radiated pleasure. He had been very well indeed.

"Muse wouldn't work, eh? Couldn't write 'em?"

"I wrote some verses, but—" Blushes chased themselves over his face riotously. He still beamed. Both the newspaper men stared at him curiously.

"Wordsworth," said Bilkers severely, "you have gone and given my verses to some girl! I can tell by the looks of you! Own up, now!"

"Well, I—she—they—" He was blushing furiously, yet looking so pleased with himself that there was no mistaking the outcome. And one had to rejoice with him in his simple, transparent little romance. He had money enough so that the girl wouldn't starve while he wrote his verses to her, and he would no doubt make a better lover than some better men than he.

"Congratulations, old man! But we've got to keep on printing your poems just the same!"

"That was what I came to see you about. She wanted I should try one of them on one of the magazines, and they took it and gave me ten dollars. I——"

"Fine! Fine! I knew you were the real thing!"

"I didn't want you to think I didn't appreciate all you have done for me." The tears actually stood in his eyes. "You don't mind if I try to sell them first?"

"Go to it, boy! Only don't forget us entirely. The best of luck to you!" Bilkers patted his back, and Watson grinned and squeezed his hand. Apperson looked quite agitated and happy.

"I think," he stammered, "I think that it was the way you have always spoken of me in the paper that first made her—that first made her—I wrote the

verses to her, and then, you know, I couldn't quite—had to—she told me to thank you for her for the nice things you've been saying about me just lately—” He choked, and somewhat to their relief bolted for the door. The thing was verging on the sentimental.

“Well,” said Watson, “at least he's a gentleman.”

“Better'n that. I'm not sure but he's a grown man.”

“Wonder who the girl is? Ought to have found out—there might be an item in it.” He picked up the telephone, spoke in it, waited, spoke again, listened, said, “What!” listened again, turned faintly

yellow, and hung up. “It's Miss Kohler!” he said feebly.

Bilkers groaned slightly and turned toward the window. A bill-poster across the street had just spread an eight-foot close-up of Bancroft's “peerless moulder of public opinion” to the public view, a day ahead of time, and swabbed it viciously in the face with his paste-brush.

“Watson,” said Bilkers plaintively, “I call you to witness that I am a one hundred per cent American! The American people——”

But it hardly seemed worth while under the circumstances to complete the remark. He had, indeed, “sold himself.”

Eighteenth-Century Golf in America

BY CHARLES EVANS, JR.



THE origin of golf seems wrapped in mystery, the honor apparently lying between Scotland and the Netherlands, and most of us arbitrarily awarding it to the land of our own

descent. Of course the game largely as we know it came to us from Scotland, and as early as 1457 it had become so popular there that the Scottish Parliament of that year found it necessary to pass a law against it. The people were giving so much time to the game that they were neglecting the practice of archery, upon which the safety of the country depended. This law not proving as efficacious as desired, another act was passed fourteen years later. The country seemed wedded to golf; and we must, at least, arrive at the conclusion that if Scotland did not originate the game, she knew a good thing when she saw it, and at an early date assimilated it more completely than any other country of which we have record.

On the other hand, it is claimed that the word golf is derived from the Dutch word *Kolf*, meaning a club, and that there are many Dutch pictures showing the

game to have been played in the Netherlands at a very early time. Judging from these pictures, these games, although played with something closely resembling golf-clubs, were played upon the ice; but the most authentic picture, inasmuch as it represents a small boy apparently attempting to put a ball into a hole in the turf, is a tail-piece to an illuminated “Book of Hours” now in the British Museum. It was made at Bruges at the beginning of the sixteenth century, nearly fifty years later than the Scottish Act of Parliament denouncing the game. There seems then no doubt that a game resembling golf was played in the Netherlands at a very early date, and that the game as we know it was intensively developed by the Scotsmen.

There I leave the problem. I do not pretend to be able to solve it; but I think that the interesting question of where and when golf was first played on the North American continent is answered by the discovery of advertisements in some old newspapers. The story is the more interesting because the information was rather stumbled upon than sought for.

A few years ago my father, while making researches in early American news-

papers before 1800 for his work on American bibliography, found the following advertisements concerning golf in Charleston and Savannah newspapers, and, thinking they would be of special interest to me, copied them out. While not searching for such evidence, the fact that I am deeply interested in the game impressed upon him anything discovered regarding it, his own researches covering the time in question.

The first discovered date was 1794, and the honor of being the first place where golf was played on the American continent belongs to the city of Charleston, South Carolina. These advertisements conclusively prove that the game was regularly organized at that early date, with the necessary officers, club-house, and greens, and that the organization was continued annually for at least six years thereafter, and probably much longer.

The first advertisement follows, and I think will be read with interest—the word “Anniversary” indicating that the club had then been in existence for a year:

NOTICE.

The Anniversary of the GOLF CLUB will be held on Saturday next, at the Club House on Harleston's Green where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 13, 1795.

The next spring the names of the officers of the club appear, and it would be interesting to know how many of their descendants are now living:

GOLF CLUB.

James Gairdner, President; William Blacklock, Vice-President; William Milligan, Secretary and Treasurer. This society dine together once a fortnight at their Club-House on Harleston's Green; the day of meeting is Saturday.

—May, 1796.

This day being the Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club, the members are requested to meet on Harleston's Green at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 15, 1796.

GOLF CLUB.

The Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club will be held on Saturday the 21st instant,

at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 12, 1797.

GOLF CLUB.

The Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club will be held on Saturday, the 29th instant, at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 15, 1798.

This day, the 26th instant, the Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club will be held at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at 10 o'clock. October 23, 1799.

—*South-Carolina State Gazette*, October 26, 1799.

And then here most unexpectedly in this old Scottish-Huguenot part of our country we come upon these notices which ought to please our Dutch friends:

KOLF BAAN.

The KOLF BAAN had its Anniversary, May 1st, 1797.

—News note in *Charleston City Gazette*.

KOLF BAAN.

Those persons who have demands against the Kolf Baan Club are requested to make them known to the Treasurer, on or before the 30th of April instant.

Andrew Vos, Treasurer.


April 22, 1799.

—Advertisement in *Charleston City Gazette*.

After reading these notices we are thoroughly convinced that South Carolina had a flourishing golf club in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and from there we pass to Georgia, where we learn that golf did not begin in that State with the advent of the Atlanta group of players, but that a club existed in Savannah, that old town beside the sea, over a century and a quarter ago. We could wish that there might have been a golf reporter present at some of those meetings. He could have told us who was the Robert Jones of that club, the longest drive he ever made, whether he was a good putter, and other important things like that. All that we have, and we are thankful for that, is the bare statement of the following notices:

GOLF CLUB.

The members are particularly requested to be punctual in their attendance on Wednesday next, the 11th instant, at 11 o'clock, at their Marquee, on the East Common, in order to transact the important business, which is allotted for the first day meeting of the club for the season.

 DINNER at the usual hour.

—Columbia Museum, Savannah, Tuesday, October 10, 1797.

GOLF CLUB.

The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the Marquee, at the usual place, on Monday next, precisely at 12 o'clock, to transact business. Dinner will be on the table at two.

—*Georgia Gazette*, Savannah, Thursday, September 27, 1798.

GOLF CLUB.

At the Anniversary meeting of the Golf Club, on the 8th instant, It was Resolved, That every Member who does not, on or before the 16th instant, signify his intention to the Secretary of continuing in the Club will be considered as having vacated his seat.

James Johnston, jun.
Sec'y.

3d October, 1799.

—*Georgia Gazette*, Savannah, Thursday, October 10, 1799.

It is very probable that these golf clubs owed their existence to the St. Andrew's Society, which was founded in 1727, and the St. George's Society, founded in 1733; it is fair to assume that the golf-club memberships were drawn principally from them. These societies existed in other of the original colonies, and were very strong and flourishing in Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia. They were in the beginning benevolent organizations intended to assist in all needful ways Scottish and English immigrants to this country. Directly following the Revolution the British emigrant must have found life in America particularly hard. The social instincts so evidenced by these societies and clubs seemed stronger among the settlers of the South than in the northern parts of the United States.

My father, in his researches for his own work, covering the period to 1800, has found no evidence to substantiate a claim that golf was played before 1794 in any other of the thirteen original colonies. The somewhat mythical reference to the

game being played by British army officers in New York, during the period of the Revolutionary War, seems not borne out by any printed evidence. In fact there is much to render such a surmise untenable. James Rivington was the King's Printer in New York; he was also a shopkeeper, and printed from time to time, in his *Royal Gazette*, lists of sporting-goods for sale and imported by him. In none of these is included the necessary clubs and balls for the playing of golf, nor is the game itself so much as mentioned.

I think, then, that we must consider it proved that the fine, healthful game of golf was first introduced in this country by the Sons of St. Andrew and St. George, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, about the year 1794; and that they were closely followed by the Dutch, in the same fortunate city, in 1796; and by Savannah, Georgia, in the same year.

As I have said before, my father's researches stopped at 1800. How much longer these Southern golf clubs flourished and issued their little notices of anniversary celebrations is a matter of interesting speculation, and one that might be pursued profitably at a later date. There is an interesting side-light thrown upon it. A short time ago the *Golfers Magazine* published, through the courtesy of Mr. W. W. Harless, secretary of the Western Golf Association, a facsimile of an invitation to a ball sent out by the Golf Club of Savannah, and the date is 1811.

GOLF CLUB BALL.

The honor of Miss Eliza Johnston's Company is requested to a Ball to be given by the Members of the GOLF CLUB, of this City, at the Exchange on Tuesday Evening, the 31st instant, at 7 o'clock.

George Woodruff,	} Managers.
Robert Mackay,	
John Caig,	
James Dickson,	

• George Hogarth, Treasurer.

Savannah, 20th December, 1811.

The hour indicated, seven o'clock, strikes us as very early, but in December darkness soon overtakes belated golf-players. One wonders if Miss Eliza Johnston could by any chance be a relative of the "James Johnston, jun. Sec'y,"

who from time to time sent little notices to the *Georgia Gazette*. I have found these names of tantalizing interest. Perhaps, carefully hidden away in some old garret in Savannah is a letter telling in great detail just how much Miss Eliza Johnston and her friends enjoyed that golf-club ball in that Christmas week so long ago.

I am wondering, too, if William Milligan, whose name appears on all the South Carolina golf-club notices, was not in fact the very first golf secretary in America. When and why were these golf clubs dissolved? Was it a slow and gradual dissolution, or swift disaster? Did the War of 1812 end them? And was the 1811 golf ball the last one enjoyed?

We may never know what stress of war or economic troubles ended those pleasant meetings in the club-house "on Harleston's Green," but conjecture is interesting. There is a little hint of dissolution in the last notice of which I have knowledge, which was sent out by James Johnston, jun., who was probably the son of James Johnston, the first printer of Savannah.

I linger over the name of Andrew Vos, treasurer of the Charleston Kolf Baan Club, and acknowledge my ignorance of any considerable Dutch group in that part of the country. Apparently it is the unexpected we always find. It would have been more in accordance with general belief to seek an eighteenth-century golf club in Dutch New York, or among the Scottish or English dwellers therein. Had they less leisure, or less interest in sport than their fellow countrymen in the South? I cannot answer. My only object in writing this little article is to present these unexpected facts, and thus point out to others an interesting field of speculation.

As for myself, I have taken much pleasure in trying to visualize the scenes "on Harleston's Green," lying now, I understand, in the very heart of the city of Charleston, and to picture in my mind that "Marquee on East Common," in the city of Savannah, where the first golfers of Georgia assembled to "transact important business" and to eat their yearly dinner.

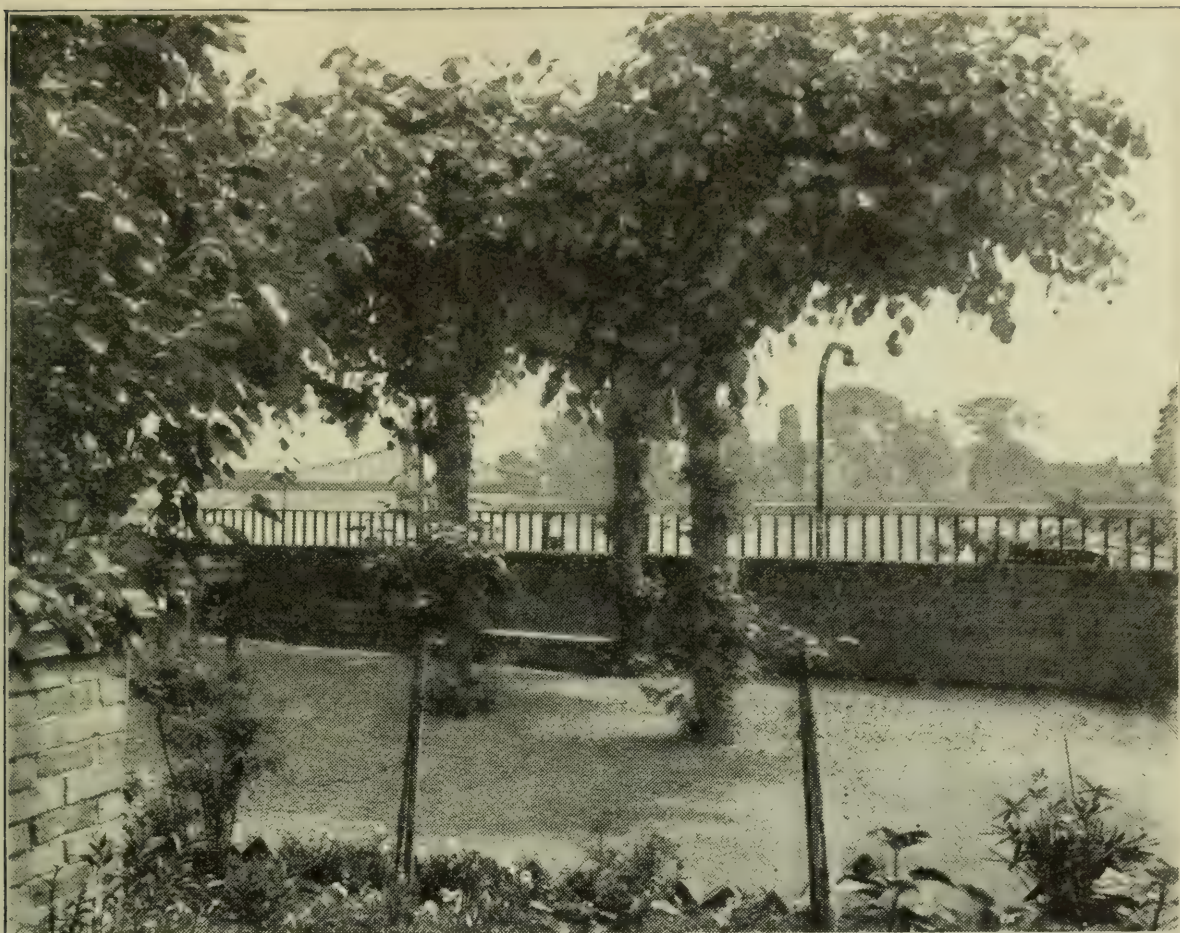
Books

BY FAITH BALDWIN

FROM these worn pages, thumb-marked by the years,
The scent of wisdom rises, and the scent
Of tears that once were Helen's, and of dust
Which, drifting lightly on Ægean air,
Remembers Troy.

Old books, in shabby cloth,
Lift singing voices in old battle-cries,
While ancient laughter gilds the faded print,
And all the verities of passion run,
Like scarlet threads, through words the gods first used
To listening men.

Old books have taught me much,
Have woven cords of silk to snare my feet,
Enchanted me with magic. Yet I learn
More from your eyes, a sharper knowledge from
Your hands' least gesture, more of truth and peace
From your courageous gaiety, more deep,
Cool wisdom from your shining silences
Than ever Homer dreamed. But he was blind;
And I have sight. Alone, I learn to read
The book of your grave beauty, and the song
Of high endeavor, which men call your life.



The river looked lovely in the warm summer haze, and the bridge in the distance and the opposite shore were like a great silhouette.—Page 27.

Cobden-Sanderson's Garden at Hammersmith

WITH GLIMPSES OF THE GARDENS OF WILLIAM MORRIS AND ROSSETTI

BY MINGA POPE DURYEA

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDRICK V. DURYEA



IN all the world there is no more sincere lover of the garden than the Englishman, either in the country or the city. He gives it his personal supervision and, more often, he cares for it and constructs it himself.

London is a delight to one, with its charming little gardens, its squares, and its window-boxes. No matter how small the plot is, it is usually cultivated and

made bright by some effort on the part of its owner, with a bit of color or an effort to beautify it in some manner with planting.

There was probably no one in London who knew more about city gardens, or took a deeper interest in them, than the late T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, who died this last September in England—the friend and contemporary of Burne-Jones, William Morris, Carlyle, and the clever American critic, William J. Stillman, who married the beautiful Marie Spartelli, a

Greek princess, who by her beauty became the inspiration of the type for Rossetti and Burne-Jones. Her tall, graceful figure and her classic type of loveliness, with her long, slender throat, had become familiar to us all in the work of the two great artists. She, too, is an artist of great distinction and merit, and is still living in London, not far from the home of the Sandersons, and a very close friend.

It was my love of the garden that prompted me to seek out Mr. Cobden-Sanderson that bright afternoon of last summer, in July, to learn from him as much as I could learn as to what would successfully grow in a city garden and what to give it to eat and to drink.

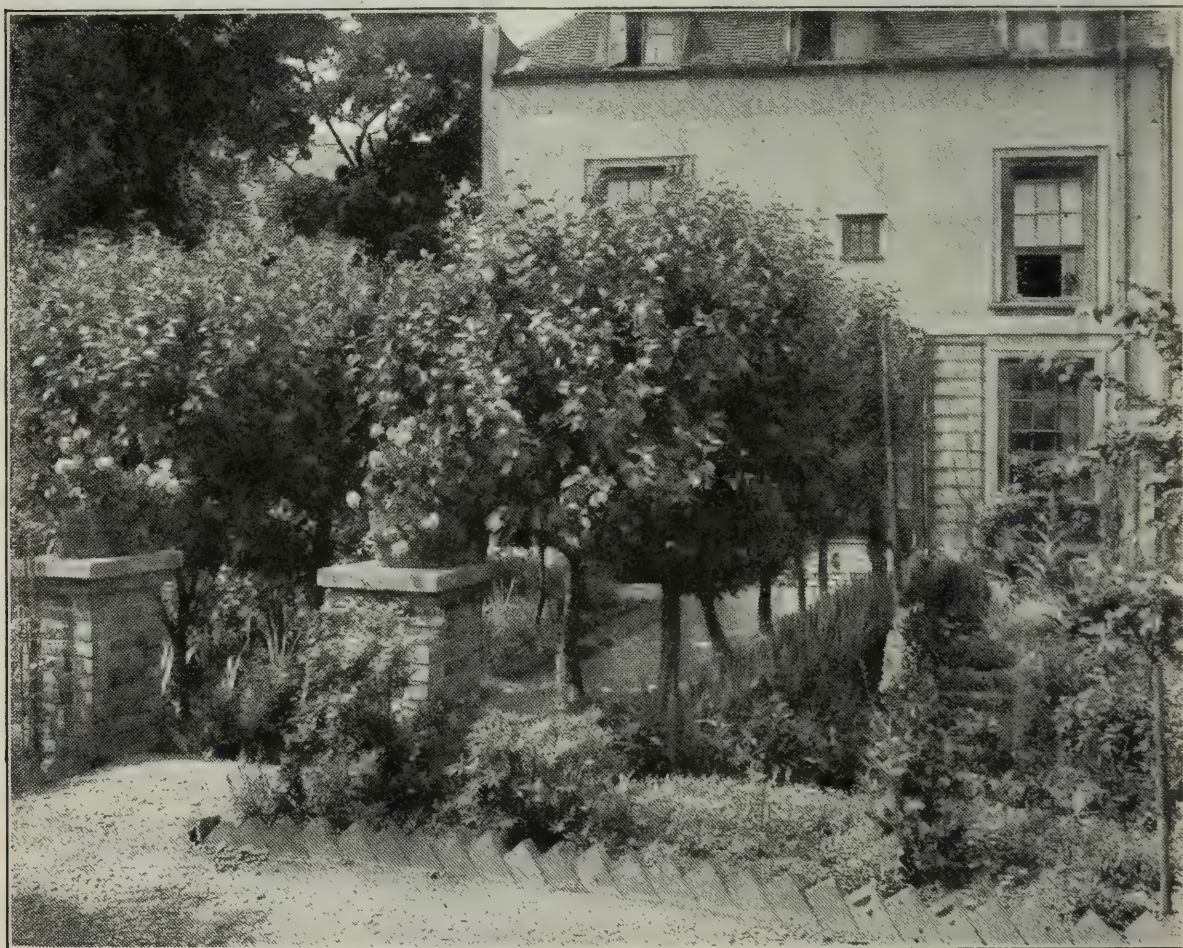
I found him in his little garden-room overlooking the garden and the river at Hammersmith. He had a very distinguished personality—about medium height, very slender, with thick white hair and a small Van Dyke beard, a face with aquiline features, sensitive, intensely

alive—a handsome face, and that of a deep thinker.

He was the well-known founder of the Doves Bindery and the Doves Printing Press, whose work for many years had been the choicest treasures of collectors and connoisseurs.

With him passes one of the last survivors of the great band of Victorian craftsmen, at the head of whom stands William Morris, linking the art movement of that day with a no less remarkable contemporary outburst of literary eminence. Of Cobden-Sanderson's outer life there is not much to record, as he lived a busy day in the seclusion of his home and workshop in Hammersmith; however, he gave some idea of his outlook on life in a short "Credo" published among the leaflets of his Doves Press.

I noticed his attention to every detail of his attire—a gray suit, a deep violet tie; the narrow ribbon which held his pince-nez, instead of black, was a deep purple to match.



A row of apple-trees was planted on either side of the brick walk in the centre.—Page 30.



Tall stalks of our common American mullein with its silver velvet leaves have almost the place of honor in the garden.—Page 30.

Mr. Sanderson was most pleased in my interest in his garden and his house. He first took me through his attractive old home. Throughout was shown an evidence of his love of color and detail. It was a small house charmingly in scale and most pleasing architecturally.

The walls were hung with interesting souvenirs, paintings, and drawings given to him by his distinguished friends and neighbors of the delightful coterie in which he had lived so many years. He prided himself upon the age of the house, which, I fancy, had been built about 1650; and with true British conservatism said "it is just as it was originally"—the old floors, mantels, panellings, and cupboards.

As we sat in his sitting-room overlooking the river, he told me many interesting anecdotes of the life they used to live there in the time of his friend Morris and the others; of that delightful group when they all lived as neighbors—how they planned and built their intimate gardens

together, lived, worked, and entertained in them. Their workshops and studios, as his did, all led into the gardens.

The river looked lovely in the warm summer haze, almost like a stage-setting. The bridge in the distance and the opposite shore were like a great silhouette. I found myself living over with him the times when there was no telephone, bustle, excitement, noise of throbbing motors, and confusion of to-day's progress, which has robbed us of so much contentment. They all had worked in this delightful circle for the betterment of art and beauty.

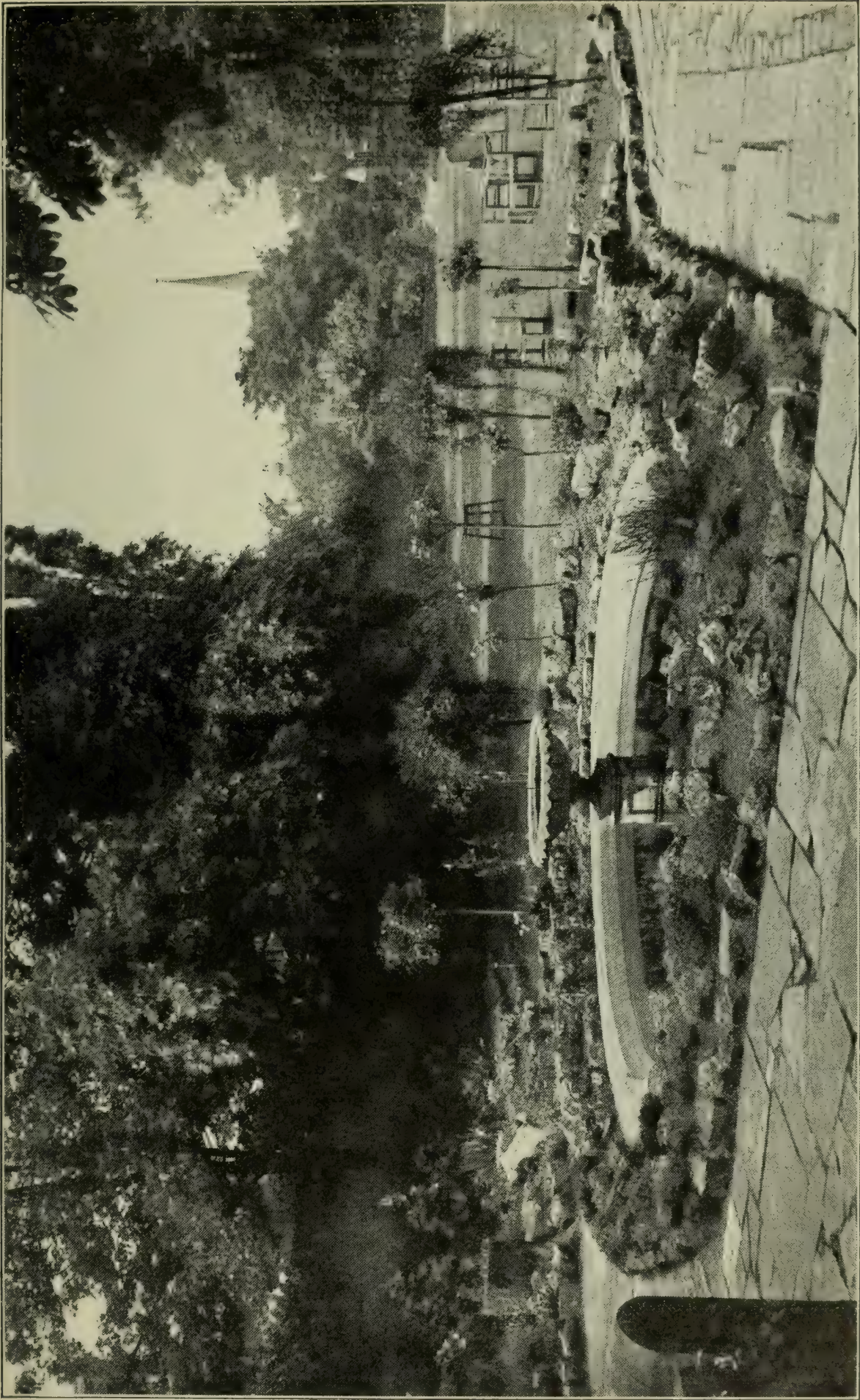
Mr. Cobden-Sanderson suggested that he first show me his garden and then we would go over the Morris house, workshop, and garden, which have since passed into other hands; but the present owner's great appreciation of Morris has prompted him to keep it quite as he lived in it and left it. Later, he said we should go to Rossetti's garden, which, too, had been kept as it was when the great painter lived.



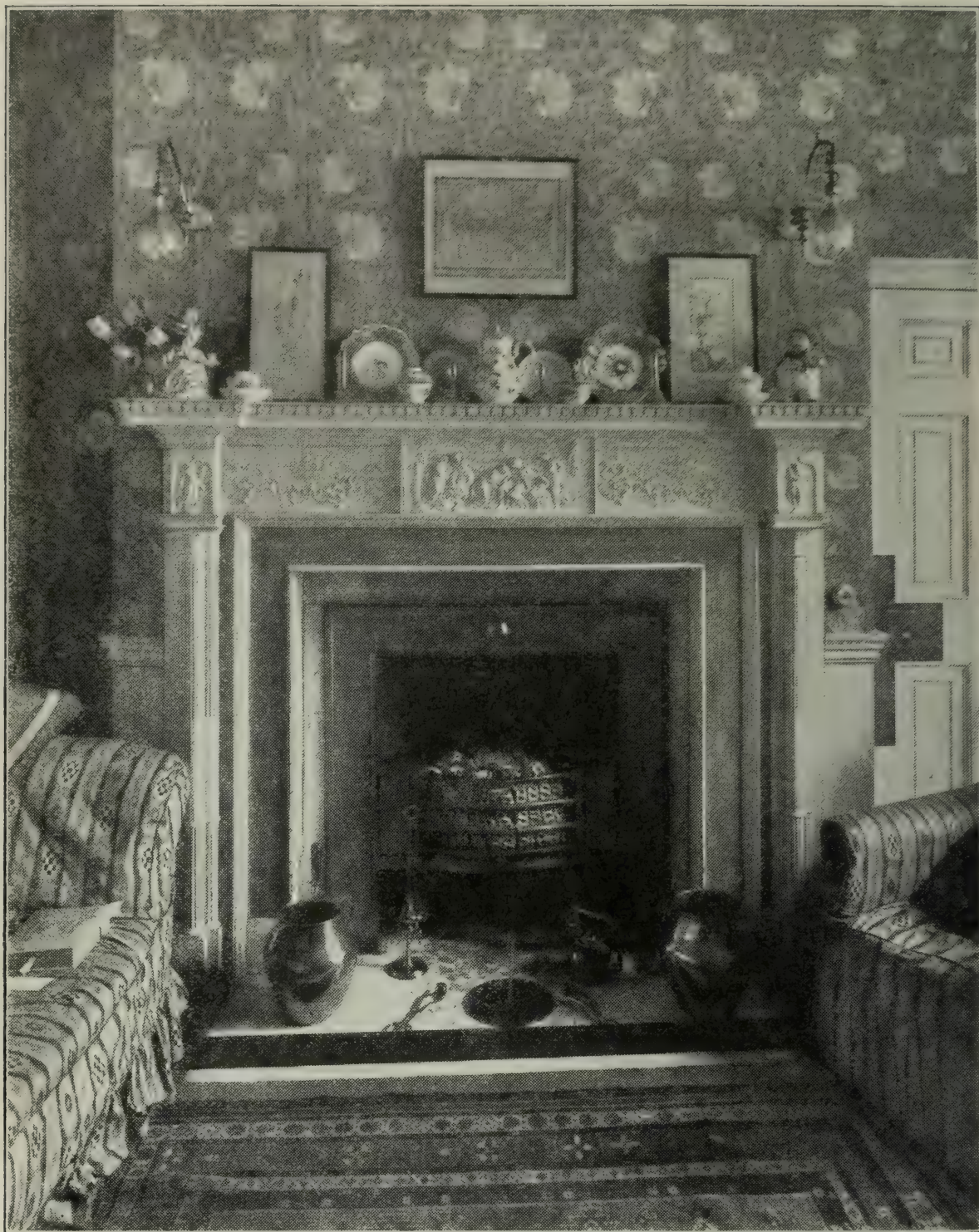
A lovely garden in the rear of the house.—Page 31.



Beautiful standard rose-trees of every variety made this garden a blaze of color.—Page 32.



The fountain in the centre of a "rock garden," with its rose-trees, was rich with color.—Page 31.



The mantel over which is shown the original old wall-paper designed by William Morris.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's garden had been laid out by himself. He planted a row of apple-trees on either side of the brick walk in the centre. His herbaceous border on either side was rich in color; he had even two strips of rock garden, with delightful little rock plants planted between the chinks of the brick on either side of the border.

I stood in amused silence before two brave, tall stalks of our common American mullein, with its silver velvet leaves, which can be seen in the photograph quite plainly and have almost the place of honor in the garden.

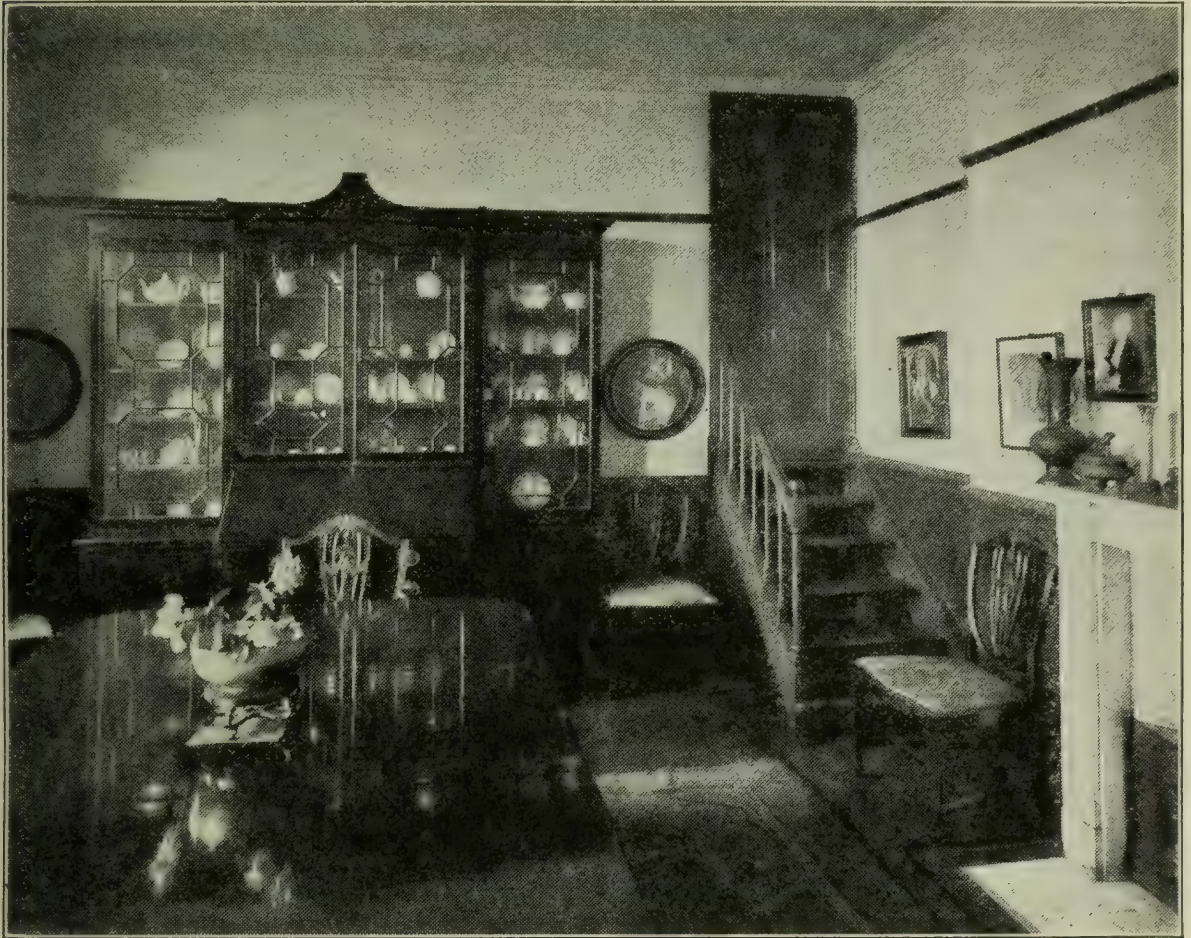
"Do you know," I said, "you have given a very prominent place in your garden to what is in America a common

weed, and I have never seen it cultivated before. But you have given it honor and distinction by planting it here."

He told me a friend had sent him the plant and that he had loved it for its silver velvet leaves. He also showed me that he had taken pleasure in cultivating our common yellow day-lily that grows alongside our country roads in such great profusion. His garden numbered nearly

tion as to the treatment of soil for a city garden. "Give it plenty of lime and you cannot fail to have as bright and happy a little spot as mine."

A terrace of red brick, with its low wall directly on the edge of the river, was given shade by a row of trees, and comfortable garden furniture made it a delightful spot for us to sit and chat. We sat there for a while overlooking the river and watched



The dining-room with a little stairway leading into the workshop of William Morris.—Page 32.

all the plants essential for a herbaceous garden. It was rich with delphinium, snapdragon, Michaelmas daisy, phlox, peony, iris, calendula, viola, wall-flower, Mrs. Simpkins pink, columbine, bleeding-heart, azalea, and with many lovely varieties of the standard rose. The brick walls on either side of the garden were heavy with the climbing rose, jasmine, and Virginia creeper.

He told me much about the preparation of soil for the city garden and how the old gardener of Battersea Park, in London, had given him much interesting informa-

the boats passing by. It was hard to realize this little delight was right in the heart of London.

"Now let us go over and see the garden my friend Morris made," he said. So we walked a few yards down the narrow cobble street to the one-time home of his old friend. The front of the house overlooked the river—a delightful old stone house with white trimmings. We passed through a dignified Georgian doorway, through a wide hall into a lovely garden in the rear of the house. Its fountain in the centre of a "rock garden," with its

standard rose-trees, was rich with color; then came a space of green lawn with a brick wall on either side thickly overgrown with ivy, roses, jasmine, and Virginia creeper. At its base was a herbaceous border bright with colored flowers. We went through an arbor heavy with roses into a formal rose garden, with its walk of broken flag and its quaint sun-dial; beautiful standard rose-trees of every variety made it a blaze of color. We admired and loved it and then went back to look at the house.

The drawing-room ran the entire width of the house and still boasts of the original wall-paper designed by William Morris. It was in this room that so many interesting people used to gather—a true salon of the time. We afterward went into the den leading into his workshop. The photograph on page 30 gives the mantel, over which is shown the original old wall-paper designed by him.

We passed then into the room shown on page 31, with a little stairway leading into his workshop. This room is used as a dining-room by its present owner, but in Morris's day was his bedroom. In William Morris's workshop was constructed the first electric telegraph in 1816 by Sir Francis Ronalds, F.R.S., and a plate of bronze on the outside of the building bears the inscription that from there was sent the first telegraphic message.

When I was a child I remembered having attended a garden-party in that same garden, and as I stood there with Cobden-Sanderson I pictured around me the faces of his many friends.

After that we went to look at the garden of Rossetti, a beautiful little garden about eighty feet long, with a high buttress brick wall about it covered with all the different varieties of ivy. In the centre was a charming little fountain, with four tiny little streams which played into a bowl with a gold mosaic lining, and a fine old mulberry-tree and a plane-tree. This section of London was originally part of the old mulberry garden when silk making was the industry. Quite close to it is the mulberry garden of Nell Gwyn.

At the end of the garden is a pergola, over which are trained a giant fig-tree and a huge hawthorn. This made the roof

of the pergola, combined with wistaria and grape-vine.

Rossetti's studio led directly out into this delightful spot; and I fancied him, when weary of his work, seated under its shade. The garden is paved with broken flags and two long strips of green turf. At the base of the wall on each side is the usual perennial border. It was a delightful garden and a restful retreat, beautifully laid out by that great artist.

My friend Cobden-Sanderson was a great craftsman and a notable figure in the printing, publishing, and artistic circles. He lived a very simple life and until late years lived a very laborious one. He was born in 1840 at Alnwick and was the son of James Sanderson, a commissioner of the income tax at Somerset House. He went to school at Owens College, where he distinguished himself in mathematics. He spent three years at Trinity College, Cambridge, however, without a degree. He was a great favorite and had many friends. It is interesting to learn that his intention was, like that of his friends Burne-Jones and Morris at Oxford, to take orders in the Church of England; but later they seemed unconsciously to give up the idea. In 1863 he left Cambridge, and in January, 1871, was called to the bar. For several years he gave himself up at the Inner Temple to legal work, including a monumental digest on the rights and obligations of the London and North Western Railway Company. The serious strain of this work broke him down in health, and he went abroad to Siena to recuperate. It was there he met his future wife, Miss Anne Cobden, one of the talented daughters of Richard Cobden, and after his marriage to her in 1882 he adopted the hyphenated name of Cobden-Sanderson. His charming wife survives him.

By this time the work of his close friends Burne-Jones and William Morris had made a deep impression upon him by their creative art. He himself up to this time had not felt the urge in the direction of artistic endeavor; however, one evening, at the home of Sir William and Lady Richmond, at Beaver Lodge, the thought first came to him of joining this band of craftsmen in a practical capacity. He

talked it over with Mrs. Morris, who was there at the time, and discussed an opening suited to his powers. "My husband," said she, "has never yet touched bookbinding. Why do you not become a bookbinder?" So a bookbinder he became. He entered upon a course of apprenticeship under the well-known bookbinder De Coverley. He had taken books there to be bound, and liked the

His style has been transmitted to a certain extent to a succession of pupils, one of whom, Douglas Cockerell, has become a master. Cobden-Sanderson's books were eagerly bought by his admiring patrons, one of whom is the present Earl of Balfour.

In 1900, after the close of the Kelm-scott Press, Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson suggested his turning his attention to the



The garden is paved with broken flags and two long strips of green turf.—Page 32.

old-world atmosphere of the place; so it seemed the most natural step to seek De Coverley as an instructor. That gentleman, however, was not anxious at first to take him on as an apprentice, but Cobden-Sanderson finally persuaded him to let him try what was destined to bring him fame later.

It is impossible to speak in detail of the hundreds of beautiful works which issued later from his hands. He brought back the golden age of bookbinding, giving to it a new richness and individuality which made his work conspicuous.

printing of books. He adopted his own type for his use, a light and lovely form of letter based on an early type of Jensen. His earliest productions were a volume of Tacitus, seven poems by Tennyson, and an address on William Morris by J. W. MacKail. These were followed by a production of "Areopagitica," or printers' declaration of rights, and a treatise by himself on "The Book Beautiful." These were, however, but experiments leading up to his grand edition of the Bible in five vellum-bound quarto volumes, published between the years 1903 and 1905,

at the price of fifteen guineas each. Nothing that he later printed realized the beauty and dignity of this work, which remains a masterpiece.

Unlike his friend Morris, Cobden-Sanderson did not care for ornament or illustration in his books. He was content with beauty of type and setting, and was always an idealist, even when composing a page of type.

As the London *Times* said at the time of his death, Cobden-Sanderson had published in his catalogue raisonné of the Doves Press publications an almost apocalyptic passage, from the introduction to his theory of printing:

"But beyond the immediate purpose of the press, as a press, there has always been another, incapable of achievement

by any press indeed, but of which workmanship in the great field of literature and its embodiment in printed form may be an illustration and an encouragement—the workmanship of life and its embodiment in forms beautiful as are those in which Literature itself has found its expression and embodiment. Greater than all that we can imagine is the Reality of Life from its beginning—IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH—in the infinitudes of Time and Space, amid which, whether as a fact or an idea, we still live to-day; greater than all we can imagine is Reality, and man's life is a part of it, and it is this which in the language of the compositor—we must compose—and in the language of the publisher—publish."

Recent Discoveries in Egypt

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Honorary Chairman of the National Research Council; Author of "The New Heavens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

"Thou risest in beauty in the horizon of the
sky,
O living Aton, Beginning of life!
When thou risest in the eastern horizon,
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty.
Thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high above
every land,
For thy rays encompass the lands,
Even all that thou hast made.

Though thou art far away, thy rays are upon
earth;
Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the
day."

—*Ikhnaton's Hymn to Aton*

(Breasted's translation).

I WRITE from Luxor, the site of ancient Thebes. From our high balcony the yellow cliffs across the Nile, pierced with the doorways of rifled tombs, stand as an imposing background to the line of mortuary temples erected along their eastern base. Medinet Habu, the Ramesseum, and the terraced temple of Queen Hatshepsut, the last magnificently set in a great bay of the highest palisades,

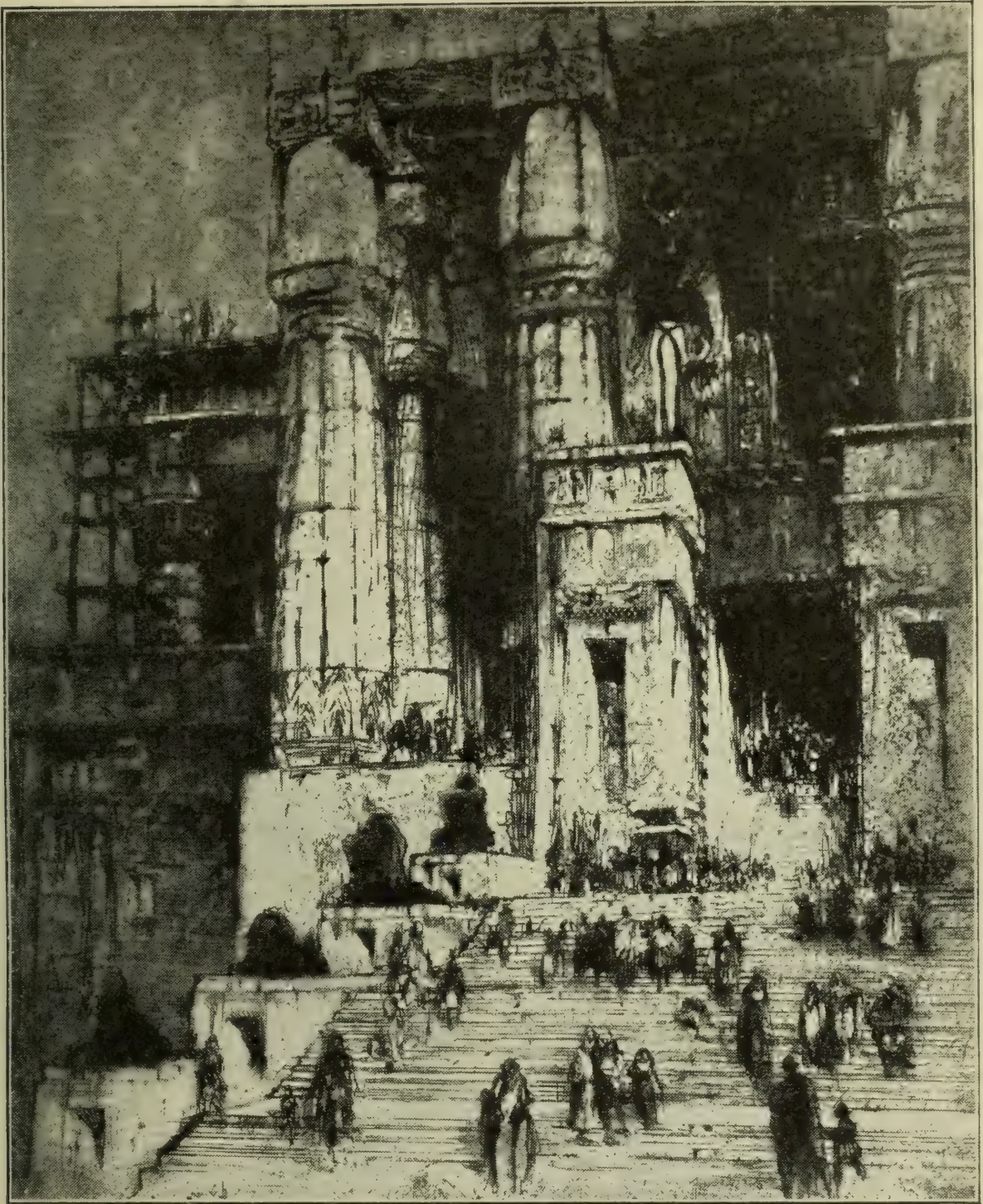
with the two Colossi guarding on the plain the buried fragments of the greatest temple of them all, testify to the opulence and endurance of the dominant city of antiquity. Behind these cliffs, which form the eastern boundary of the Valley of the Kings, lies the newly discovered tomb of Tutankhamen, tunnelled in the base of the similar cliffs that enclose the valley on the west.

With the temple of Luxor only a hundred yards from our window, and the colossal Karnak temple less than two miles to the north, the scene is inspiring enough to-day. But what must it have been when Homer, in the ninth book of the *Iliad*, wrote thus of the riches of Thebes:

"All the gold

Sent to Orchomenos or royal Thebes,
Egyptian treasure-house of countless wealth,
Who boasts her hundred gates, through each of
which

With horse and car two hundred warriors march."
(Lord Derby's translation.)



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Anthony in Egypt.

By William Walcott.

The fascinating pages of Breasted's "History of Egypt" afford many vivid glimpses, within the graphic range only of a Turner or a Walcott, of Thebes at the summit of its power. The royal barge of Amenhotep II, returning up the Nile from his conquests beyond the Euphrates with the seven kings of Tikhshi hanging head downward at the prow. The famous ex-

pedition of Queen Hatshepsut to the land of Punt, bringing back rich booty, with living myrrh-trees for the garden of her temple, as commanded by the voice of the god. The procession of masked priests bearing the image of Amon through the temple of Karnak, suddenly deposing the incense-burning pharaoh and elevating one of their own number to

the throne as Thutmose III. Ikhnaton, after he had broken with the priesthood of Amon, sailing northward to found at Amarna his new capital, dedicated to the worship of the one god, Aton, the radiant energy of the sun. And finally, to follow the changing scene no farther, the return to Thebes of his second successor, Tutankhamen, and the triumph of the priests of Amon.

THE SEALED DOOR

In such a setting and with the mystery and promise of its sealed inner chamber, hiding the mummy of a pharaoh, it is not surprising that the tomb of Tutankhamen should have aroused the interest and curiosity of the entire world. A sealed door in the heart of London would command wide-spread attention: how much more so the entrance of an Egyptian tomb, cemented and stamped with hieroglyphic seals more than three thousand years ago.

From time immemorial the mysteries of the Egyptians have teased the imagination and multiplied the fancies of mankind. Strabo spoke of the intricate windings of the Labyrinth, twisting endlessly through darkness and confusion. Herodotus, who visited Egypt about 450 B. C., related that one hundred thousand men were at work for years on the subterranean chambers of the Great Pyramid, giving room for the impression that these dark passages might extend for miles beneath the earth. Witnesses innumerable testified to the musical voice of Memnon, proceeding from the mouth of the Colossus at dawn. Others spoke darkly of the prodigious underground stables of the Thebaid, housing a thousand horses, and the crypts in Upper Egypt under the bed of the Nile, or described to the sultan a six days' voyage in a subterranean reservoir at Kaïs, the limits of which were never attained.

Such legends gave rise to the romantic tale of "The Epicurean," told by Thomas Moore and illustrated with the imaginative plates of Turner. As the youthful leader of this pleasure-loving sect, drawn toward Egypt in his quest of the philosopher's stone, stood before the pyramids of Memphis, he "beheld them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he

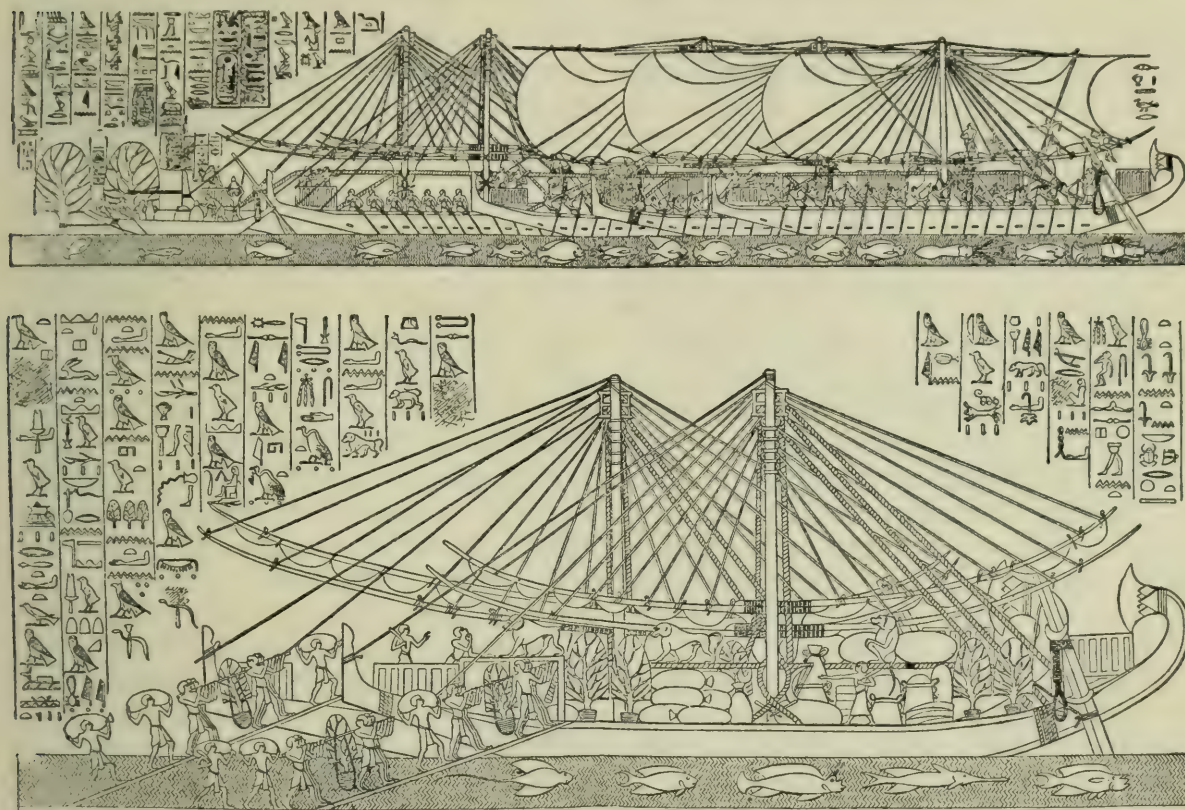
will take his last look." . . . "It is said that deep under yonder pyramid has lain for ages concealed the table of emerald on which the Thrice-Great Hermes, in times before the flood, engraved the secret of alchemy which gives gold at will. Why, then, may not the mightier, the more godlike secret that gives *life* at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings who now repose in those massy structures scooped earth to its very centre, and raised quarries into the air, to provide for themselves tombs that might outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs?"

But if romance has magnified and distorted the hidden secrets of the pyramids and tombs, while the mystical forms of the hieroglyphics have seemed to embody a wisdom far greater than the Egyptians ever possessed, the reality is quite strange enough to touch even the dullest imagination. The intricate passages that actually exist within and below the pyramids; the deep shafts and other artifices employed to deceive tomb robbers; the long corridors, winding and twisting as they descend hundreds of feet into the mountains, covered with the elaborate ritual of the underworld—all these have fused into a compelling magic which makes Egypt, far above all other lands, a world of mystery. The walls of the tombs bristle with strange beasts, interspersed among gods and goddesses with heads of cats, cows, ibises, rams, and crocodiles. Serpents with one head, two heads, and with three, coiled, crawling, rampant on weird forelegs, or still more grotesque with wings, surround the unfortunate victim as he slowly approaches the judgment hall of Osiris. With them are crocodiles, fiends of the air, hundreds of terrifying demons, and frightful executioners, one of which, the "Devourer of the Underworld," combining the hideous aspects of crocodile, lion, and hippopotamus, stands waiting to tear the guilty to pieces.

Thus every conceivable element, including the universal attraction of hidden treasure, conspired to magnify in the public mind the mystery behind the seals. But the actual problem, as seen by archaeologists, was a very different one. Rob-

bers had penetrated the outer doorway, entered the antechamber, opened the sealed boxes and left everything in confusion. Had they also reached the tomb chamber and rifled it of its richer contents? No royal mummy had ever been found intact. What were the chances that this one had escaped despoilment?

Breasted concluded that the seals were exclusively those of Tutankhamen himself, used by the masons when first closing the doorway after the burial, and again, a short time later, in covering an irregular hole broken through by the robbers. The seal inscriptions conveyed no important information beyond the approxi-



From "A History of Egypt" by James H. Breasted.

Scenes from the great series of Punt reliefs in the Deir el Bahri temple of Thebes.

Here Queen Hatshepsut depicts her expedition to the land of Punt. The upper row shows the departure of the fleet; in the lower row the vessels are being loaded and the myrrh-trees carried on board.

An examination of the seals that covered the roughly cemented opening at one end of the antechamber, undertaken by Professor James H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, at the request of the discoverers, soon set at rest the fear that the tomb had been entered during the reign of Ramses IX, when so many royal mummies had been stripped of their possessions. More than one hundred and fifty impressions of eight different seals, stamped in hasty and irregular distribution over the face of the cement, provided material for a comparative study. Most of these impressions were very defective, but by piecing together the results of a minute scrutiny of all of them, Doctor

mate date of the robbery, as they were of the usual laudatory character, mentioning the various services of the king to the gods.

Every one has read of the opening of the tomb chamber, the first sight of the great gold-and-blue catafalque covering the royal sarcophagus, and the discovery of the bewildering collection of rich and beautiful objects accompanying the pharaoh's burial. The importance of this great addition to the material of the Egyptologist has not been overstated. Of prime significance in the history of art, it is even more valuable because of the light thrown on the most dramatic and most critical period in the development

of Egypt. To appreciate this we must rapidly survey the events preceding the reign of Tutankhamen.

THE RISE OF ATON

A minor prince serving in the temple of Karnak, raised to the throne as Thutmose III through a dramatic coup d'état of his fellow priests, had enlarged and consolidated the first real empire of ancient times. As the result of his seventeen campaigns, tribute was poured into Thebes by most of the known world. From the islands of the sea to the upper cataracts of the Nile, from the farther shores of Libya to the lower Euphrates, local princes vied with each other in courting the favor of the pharaoh. So sure were his triumphs that in spite of occasional revolts his empire survived for more than a century. Thus in the reign of Amenhotep III, the constant influx of foreign gold and captives had raised Thebes to a lofty pinnacle of power and magnificence. Disposing of countless slaves and unlimited wealth, this king erected the greatest and richest of all mortuary temples, dismembered by one of his successors, but marked to this day on the Theban plain by the immense Colossi which once guarded its entrance. The lofty colonnade that he began in the temple of Luxor, recalled by the student of architecture as the prototype of the modern cathedral, was never completed.

But it is impossible within narrow limits to give any conception of the wealth and magnificence of Thebes at this culminating point of imperial Egypt. To maintain its supremacy, and to hold the allegiance of the tributary kingdoms, a strong and warlike pharaoh was needed when Amenhotep the Magnificent was buried in the Valley of the Kings. But Amenhotep IV, his son and successor, called by Breasted "the first individual in history," was of another cast. Since the earliest times the temples of Egypt had sheltered many strange gods. Always worshippers of the sun-god Re, the creator and sustainer of the world, the Egyptians had, nevertheless, multiplied excessively their tribal and subsequently their local divinities. Thus arose the falcon-headed Horus, also identified with the sun, wor-

shipped especially at Edfu; the cow-headed Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite, deity of the sky and goddess of Dendera; Osiris, entombed at Abydos, god of the dead; the lioness-headed Sekhmet, goddess of war, and many others, incarnated in a great variety of animals, which were therefore held sacred. This intricate theology was further complicated by the fact that the same god was worshipped under different names in different places, while countless lesser deities, demons, and spirits, accompanied by sainted mortals, had also been admitted to the celestial hierarchy.

Such was the galaxy of the gods when Amenhotep IV took the throne in the year 1375 B. C. During his father's reign a new sun-god had appeared, side by side with the traditional Re and with the great Amon, supreme god of Karnak. Already known as Aton, he was identified with the material sun and worshipped among the other gods. The new pharaoh not only raised Aton to the supreme place but in one stroke annihilated Amon and his celestial companions. Moreover, he gave to Aton a new significance, identifying him not with the body of the sun, but with its radiant energy, on which all terrestrial life and action depend. Thus the symbol of the one and only god became a disc with streaming rays, terminating in hands grasping the sign of life. The king who dropped the name which identified him with Amon and became Ikhnaton, the "Spirit of Aton," abolished the priesthoods of Amon and the other gods, discontinued throughout Egypt the worship of the old deities, and erased their names from the monuments. The detested name of Amon was hacked in a thousand places from the temple walls, not only in Egypt proper but throughout Nubia. Worst of all, as the cartouche of his father contained this name, it must be mutilated wherever it was found.

The many temples of Thebes, now useless and deserted, repelled the bold reformer. Abandoning the focus of the empire, he descended the Nile to a point nearly three hundred miles below Thebes, now known as Tell-el-Amarna. Here he built his new capital, Akhetaton, "Horizon of Aton," centre of the worship of the god of radiant energy. And here he en-

couraged innovations that shattered the traditions of Egypt.

ART BASED ON NATURE

The hymn of Aton, composed by Ikh-naton in praise of the god, illustrates the new king's appreciation of the phenomena of nature and his delight in the simple yet

DAY AND MAN

"Bright is the earth when thou risest in the horizon.

Thou drivest away the darkness.
When thou sendest forth thy rays,
The Two Lands of Egypt are in daily festivity,

Their arms uplifted in adoration to thy dawning.
Then in all the world they do their work."



From "A History of Egypt" by James H. Breasted.

Ikh-naton in the Rays of Aton.

This symbolical figure of the Aton religion shows a circular disk of the sun with radiating rays, terminating in human hands.

marvellous details of every-day life. The full text of this impressive specimen of early literature, paralleled in many details by the one hundred and fourth Psalm of the Hebrews, is in the translation given by Breasted in his "History of Egypt." A few of the strophes, revised and abridged especially for this article by Doctor Breasted (the first of which appears at the head of the article), will indicate its treatment of nature.

NIGHT

"When thou settest in the western horizon of the sky,
The earth is in darkness like the dead;

Every lion cometh forth from his den,
All the serpents, they sting.

The world is in silence,
He that made them resteth in his horizon."

DAY AND NATURE

"All cattle rest upon their pasturage
The trees and the plants flourish,
The birds flutter in their marshes,
Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee.
All the sheep dance upon their feet,
All winged things fly,
They live when thou hast shone upon them.

The fish in the river leap up before thee;
Thy rays are in the midst of the great green sea."

CREATION

"Giver of breath to animate every one that he maketh!

When he cometh forth from the womb
On the day of his birth,
Thou openest his mouth in speech,
Thou suppliest his necessities.
When the fledgling chirps in the shell,
Thou givest him breath therein to preserve him alive.

How manifold are all thy works!

They are hidden from before us,
O sole God, whose power no other possesseth."

MAINTENANCE OF EGYPT AND OTHER LANDS

"Thou makest the Nile in the Nether World,
Thou bringest it as thou desirest,
To preserve alive the people (of Egypt).

All the distant countries,
Thou makest also their life,
Thou hast set a Nile in the sky;
When it falleth for them,
It maketh waves upon the mountains
Like the great green sea,
Watering their fields in their towns.

How excellent are thy designs, O Lord of eternity!
There is a Nile in the sky for the strangers
And for the cattle of every country that go upon
their feet;
But the Nile it cometh from the Nether World
for Egypt."

Not only did Ikhnaton exhibit an hitherto unknown appreciation of nature but he recognized its universal application throughout the world of his time, and its dependence upon a single and all-powerful source—the radiant energy of the sun. This same regard for reality left no place for fiends and demons, or the incantations of the Book of the Dead, on the walls of the Amarna tombs. In their place appear the most lifelike representations of the daily existence of the deceased, presented in a style wholly foreign to the stiff conventionalities of the established art of Egypt. Skill in naturalistic drawing and ability to model realistic figures, both in low and high relief, had been demonstrated by Egyptian artists from the earliest dynasties. But the hardening of rigorous conventions had discouraged individualistic expression and resulted in a severe and unattractive formalism. The complete break with tradition which Ikhnaton accomplished is best illustrated by the return to nature in art. Most opportunely, the discovery of Tutankhamen's almost untouched tomb provides us with unique material, showing the new style at the height of its perfection and demonstrating anew the leadership of Egypt in the art of antiquity.

The concentration of Ikhnaton on his personal interests and his complete neglect of the needs of the empire established by his fathers soon led to its downfall. The dramatic appeals of the tributary kings, recorded in cuneiform characters on the

famous collection of clay tablets found at Tell-el-Amarna, show his Asiatic dominions slowly slipping from his grasp. As they receded, the power of Karnak rose again, and its plotting priesthood, who had been dominant for centuries, prepared the way for the restoration of Amon. Weakening under the increasing burden of state, Ikhnaton finally appointed a noble named Sakere, husband of his eldest daughter, as his successor and coregent. About 1358 B. C., after a reign of seventeen years, Ikhnaton died and was buried in a desolate valley near the city of Aton.

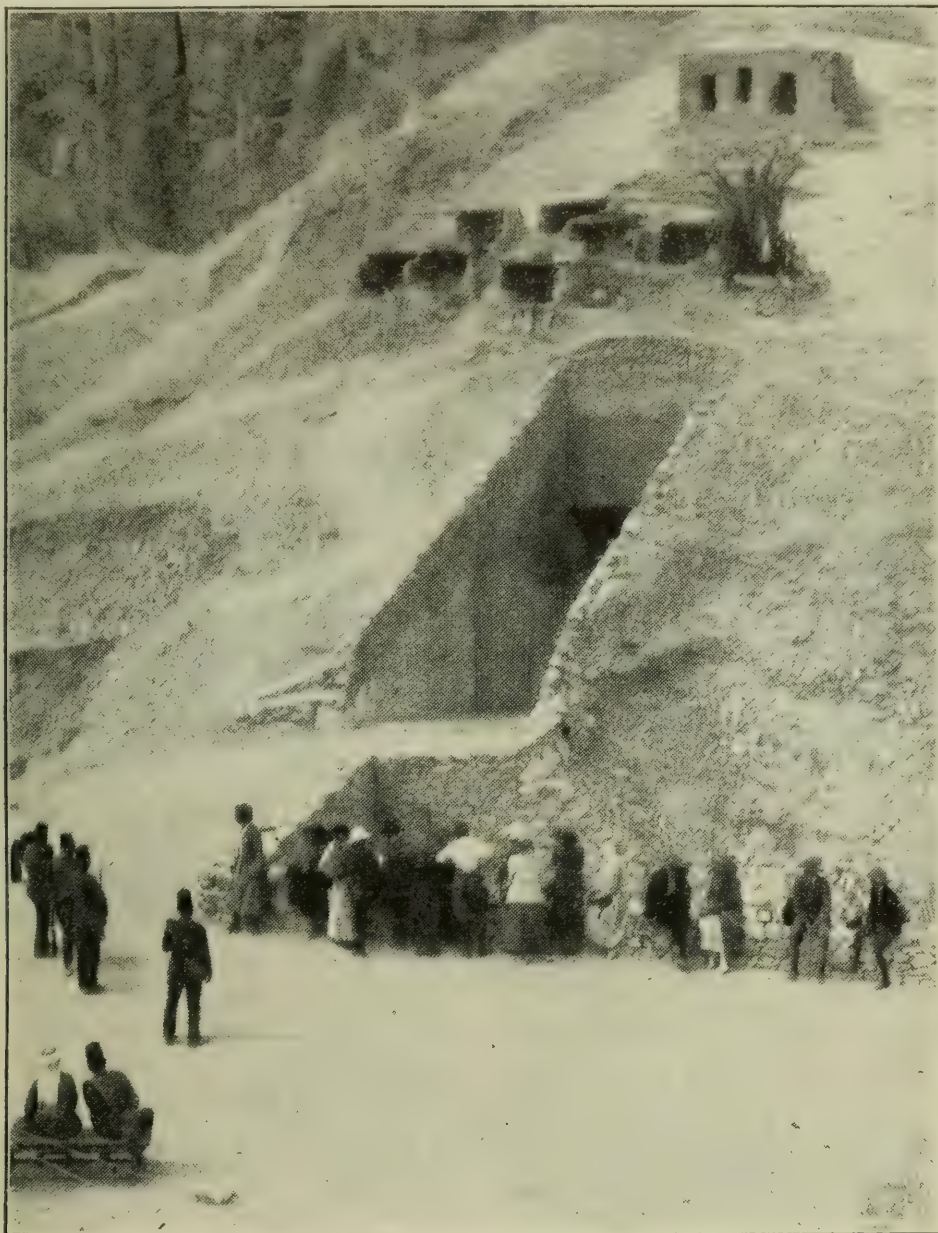
Little is known of the short and ineffective reign of the new pharaoh, but the next member of the dynasty, husband of the third daughter of Ikhnaton, has suddenly come into great prominence by the discovery of his tomb in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes. As his original name Tutenkhaton implies, he continued the worship of Aton and maintained it until induced by the reactionary party to return to Thebes and restore Amon to his old power and splendor. The exceptional significance of the discovery is obvious when the critical period he represents in politics, religion, and art, and the recovery of the actual objects he used, some of them doubtless at Amarna, are borne in mind.*

It is to be hoped that Doctor Breasted, as the leading historian of Egypt, will soon have opportunity to depict the life and reign of Tutankhamen in the light of the rich material now rendered available by the work of the late Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Carter, and their associates. The wise policy of calling in the ablest experts in every field, already exemplified by the collaboration of Messrs. Breasted, Gardiner, Mace, Lucas, and Burton, will doubtless be extended to include the services of authorities on art, textiles, metal-working, botany, and other subjects raised by the varied objects in the tomb. Thanks to the courtesy of Lord Carnarvon and of M. Lacau, Director-General of Antiquities, I have enjoyed several opportunities to visit the tomb and to examine the objects collected in "the workshop." My lack of technical knowledge renders

* For a full account of Ikhnaton and the rise and fall of Aton, see Breasted's "History of Egypt," to which I am indebted for the information briefly embodied here.

any expression of personal opinion superfluous, but a few remarks, based on the reports and comments of competent authorities, may not be out of place.

disarranged by the contemporary tomb robbers. Doctor Alan Gardiner, who has read these labels, found listed the sidelock of the king, worn when he was a child,



The Tomb of Tutankhamen.

The entrance, not visible in the enclosed photograph, is just below that of the tomb of Ramses VI in the centre of the picture. Visitors are waiting to see objects brought from the new tomb of Tutankhamen.

It had naturally been hoped that important papyri, bearing directly on the events of Tutankhamen's reign, might be found in the tomb, and the many cases that still lie sealed in the inner chamber may perhaps contain them. But thus far no significant inscriptions have been discovered. The various boxes bear labels giving lists of their original contents, those in the antechamber sadly

razors, alabaster vases, silver ewers and milk vessels, and scores of other objects. Inscriptions on riding-whips and staves are of the conventional type, describing the glorious attributes of the pharaoh and his fear-inspiring qualities. The three gilt couches, decorated with the heads of Hathor, lions, and strange beasts distantly resembling hippopotami, though thought by Petrie to be of Asiatic origin,

are inscribed with the signs of Egyptian joiners to indicate the points of junction of their parts, and the royal catafalque is similarly marked. This essentially completes the known inscriptions, excepting those employed for decorative purposes on the catafalque.

As for the significance of the objects of art, so numerous and so varied, much study by competent authorities will be necessary as the basis for a verdict.

the development of art that even Greece might envy.

RECENT WORK OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Americans visiting Egypt have every reason to be proud of the research and standing of their archaeological representatives. While at Luxor I was privileged to see something of the field work



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Metropolitan Museum.

Headquarters of the Metropolitan Museum of Art at Thebes.

However, a casual examination of those removed from the antechamber suffices to confirm one's highest expectations. The exquisite beauty of such a marvellous work of art as the king's throne, decorated in the free and natural style associated with the reign of Ikhnaton, demonstrates how far the new art had progressed in the few years during which it had been encouraged. One of the walking-sticks, carved with the head of a Semitic captive from Asia, has the intense and cynical realism of a piece of Chinese ivory. In short, the wide departure from the stereotyped forms of the Amon régime, the skill and individuality of the artists, both in conception and execution, and the swift advance accomplished under favorable auspices assure Egypt a place in

of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, which is admirably organized and equipped. Under the general direction of Mr. Lythgoe, curator of the Department of Egyptian Art in the Museum, three important lines of research are conducted:

(1) Excavation of the pyramid of Amenemhet I and Sesostris I at Lisht, formerly under the direction of Mr. Mace, now in charge of Mr. Lansing.

(2) Excavation of Eleventh Dynasty mortuary temples and tombs at Thebes, under the direction of Mr. Winlock.

(3) Recording of the decorations and inscriptions of the tombs at Thebes, in colors by Mr. de Garis Davies and photographically by Mr. Burton.

The broad and liberal policy of the



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Clearing away a great mound over the southern temple walls at Deir el Bahri.

Metropolitan Museum trustees is abundantly shown by their willingness to expend large sums annually for research and to allow two of their ablest men, Messrs. Mace and Burton, to join Mr. Carter for a term of years in preserving and recording photographically the rich product of the tomb of Tutankhamen. The scale of the Museum's work of excavation may be gathered from the fact that during last season an average force of three hundred and fifty native workmen were employed at each site (Luxor and Lisht) under a large staff of archaeologists.

Near Deir el Bahri,* known to all Nile visitors as the site of the famous temple of Queen Hatshepsut, is the headquarters of the expedition, erected at the initiative of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, long president of the Museum and keenly interested in this work. Built with heavy walls of sun-dried bricks, in an appropriate architectural style, this attractive structure provides comfortable living

quarters for the entire staff, drafting-rooms, workshops, and storage. It stands well outside the inundated area, within a desert region punctured with tomb openings between mounds of débris, resembling crater pits along the battle front in France.

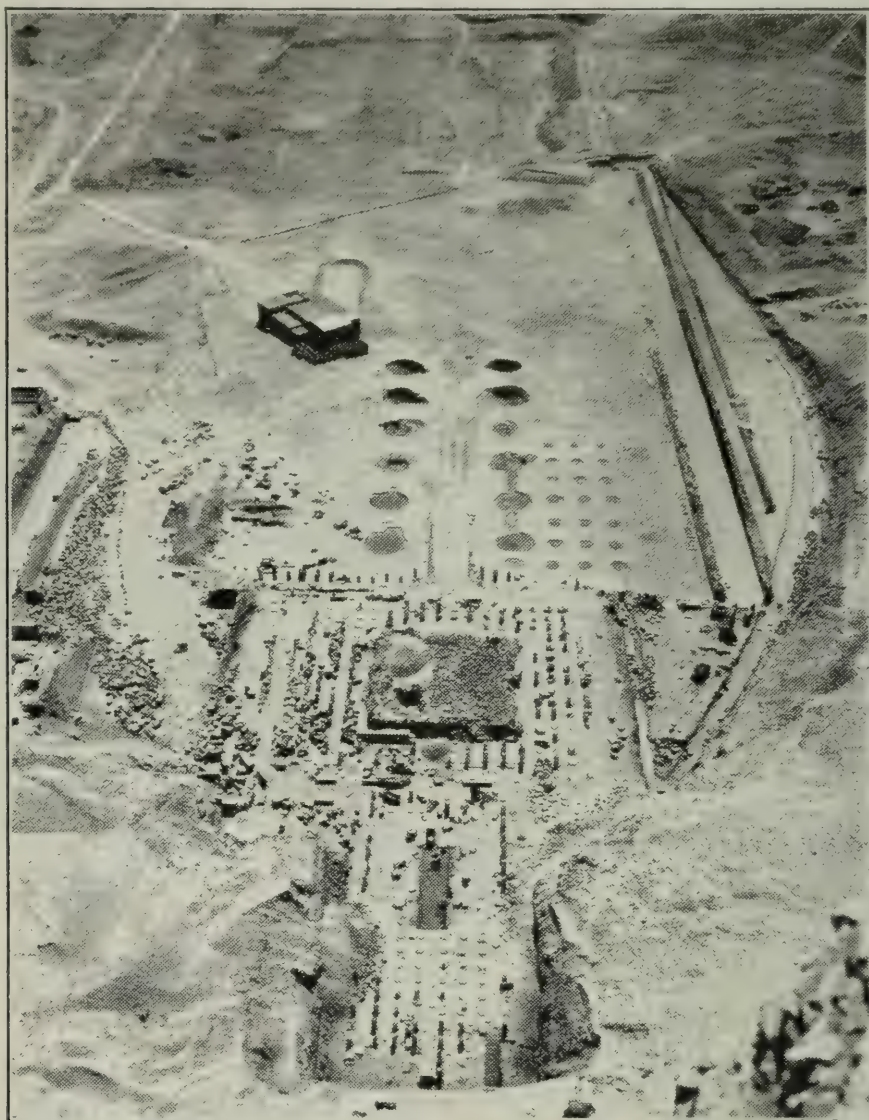
The temple of Mentuhotep III, adjoining the temple of Queen Hatshepsut on the south, was excavated by the Egypt Exploration Fund between 1903 and 1907. The adjacent parts of the court were also cleared of the deep rubbish, though not down to the ancient surface, and the excavated material was dumped within the eastern boundary of the court area.

It is the admirable policy of the Metropolitan Museum excavators to clear their sites completely, leaving nothing to chance or conjecture. This consistent thoroughness has often led to important discoveries, on areas worked over less completely by their predecessors. In discussing this policy, Mr. Lythgoe remarked, in fairness to earlier workers, that in many such cases the available funds were in-

* Meaning "Northern Convent," the Arab name given to the temple when it was occupied by early Christians.

sufficient to permit complete clearance. In this connection it may be recalled that the remarkable "Well of Strabo" at Abydos was discovered by the Egypt Exploration Fund under the dump pile

nak, far away across the Nile. Later the axis was pointed in a more southerly direction, evidently to permit the avenue to avoid the hills near the cultivated area. The curved wall shown on this page,



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Bird's-eye view of the Mentuhotep III temple from the Deir el Bahri cliffs.

of Mariette, excavator of the adjoining temple of Seti I.

The temples of Hatshepsut and Mentuhotep III are superbly set against the nearly vertical cliffs. Photographing from their summit, Mr. Burton has obtained an excellent bird's-eye view of the latter, which serves admirably to illustrate one of the discoveries described in the last report of Mr. Winlock, in charge of the work at Deir el Bahri.

In the original plan of the Mentuhotep Temple the axis of the court had been directed toward the great temple of Kar-

nak, which perhaps had only been begun, was then destroyed, and the present walls were built in its stead.

Such changes in plan, readily deciphered by Mr. Winlock, are typical of the puzzles constantly encountered by the excavator. But these are simple in comparison with others recently untangled. In the front part of the courtyard, found to be a hollow filled with fifteen feet of rock and sand, trenches were dug to the underlying bed-rock. In this a double row of funnel-shaped circular pits, thirty feet deep and filled with rocks, were en-

countered. The local workmen, thinking these to be untouched burial pits similar to those found long ago at the Bab el Gûsus, were greatly excited at the prospect of reward. But Mr. Winlock was more sceptical. To him pits for trees were suggested, but why should they be filled with rocks instead of earth? As the diggers approached the temple, however, the mystery was solved.

"One pair of holes turned out to be filled with soil, and in it we could see tree-roots. Gradually it dawned on us what had happened. The avenue had been laid out across the court, parallel to the existing stone walls which belonged to the third plan. But the front wall of the court remains to this day on the line of the second plan, at right angles to the curved walls, and the gateway is where the centre of the court would be if that second plan had been carried out. . . . A fourth change of plan was now made to correct somebody's blunder. Ten holes in each row were filled with rock and covered over and only the four nearest the temple in each row were planted with sycamore fig-trees. These were so far from the gateway that the architects judged that no one would notice that they were out of alignment with it. As a semi-poetic touch, under each tree they placed a sandstone statue of the king standing in its welcome shade—we found the broken statues lying beside each one, and the holes in the mud where they had stood—and in one case some pious person had made a little altar of earth by the tree trunk." *

This incident is illuminating, both in the light it casts on the bungling methods of these ancient Egyptian builders and the keen analysis of the modern archæologist. Armed with these conclusions, he was also in a position to recognize the value of a diagram traced in red lines on the floor slab from the temple and picked

up in the dump heap of the former excavators (see below). It represents the actual plan or project for planting the trees which had just been found. The square temple platform and the ramp leading to it are indicated by a shaded area, not drawn to scale, sketched in the central rectangle. On the right, there was room for four rows of trees. The landscape



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Part of the architect's project for the temple garden.

architect, after noting this, made his rough diagram on the floor slab in the temple, placing four rows of trees on each side of the ramp. Later, however, his attention was called to the fact that the temple was not symmetrical, so he erased the outer row on the left, leaving the three rows actually found in the narrower space on this side.

The human interest of this discovery is repeated in the foundation deposits, missed by previous excavators but now brought to light under the four corner-stones of the temple. While clearing out the sand which had drifted in at one of the angles, preparatory to the draftsman's task of replanning the building, the workmen accidentally struck with their hoes into a square hole, from which they brought out a broken mud brick. A bronze tablet had fallen from this, recalling to Mr. Winlock the corner-stone

* Bulletin Metropolitan Museum of Art, part II, p. 25, December, 1922.

deposit found in 1921 by Mr. Mace at the Lisht pyramid. So the other three corners, where similar deposits might be expected to lie, were instantly examined with the best of results.

On the great day of the corner-stone laying the priests of the temple, probably

the pharaoh. These were duly placed under the four corners, where they remained for four thousand years. But a member of the party, with little regard for the solemnity of the occasion, carelessly slipped upon one of the soft bricks, leaving his footprint as a lasting record.

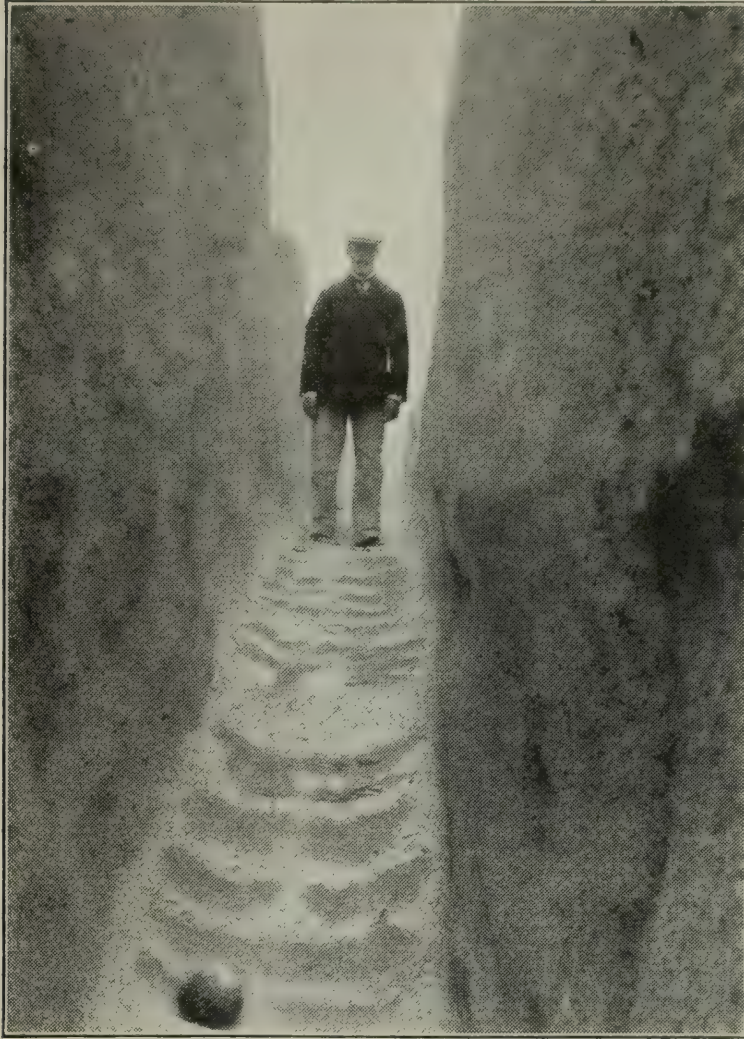
Even more remarkable were the foundation deposits discovered under the south-east corner of the adjoining great temple of Queen Hatshepsut, erected five hundred years later. These included dates, a quail, and a tray of fig branches filled with bundles of celery, in addition to the same food found in the smaller temple. Models of builders' tools were inserted, however, instead of the four symbolic bricks. These comprised the axe, adze, mallet, and chisels of the carpenter; the crucible of the smelter; the mould of the brickmaker; the pick of the digger, and the rush sieves for sand. An XIth dynasty mason's cord and reel, found in a neighboring tomb, is another realistic relic of the ancient builders.

I wish that space sufficed for a description of the many other recent discoveries of the Metropolitan Museum parties, both at Thebes and at the pyramids of Lisht. Most interesting of all were the remarkable series of papyri comprising the corre-

spondence between the Ka-servant Hekanakht and the members of his family, yielding a vivid picture of Egyptian agricultural and domestic life, four thousand years ago. Fortunately these have recently been described in the March number of this magazine by Mr. Winlock.

THE GREAT ASSUAN OBELISK

Some of the most interesting results of modern research are described and fully illustrated in Petrie's "Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt." In studying the meth-



Trench surrounding Assuan Obelisk.

One of the dolerite spheres used in cutting the trench lies in the foreground.

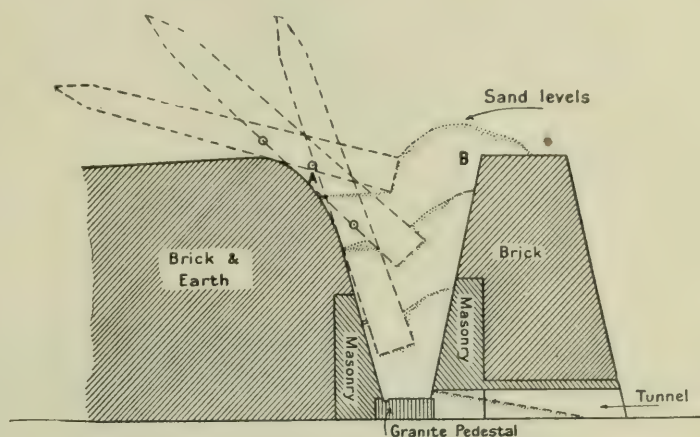
accompanied by the pharaoh, had ceremoniously visited one corner of the building and deposited the head, a leg, and a rib of an ox sacrificed for the occasion. To this food, for the future use of the king who would some day lie in the temple's tomb, they added conical loaves of bread, barley, fruits, cakes, and miniature wine-jars. After filling the hole, the masons moulded four bricks, one plain, the others set with tablets of bronze, a tablet of alabaster, and a tablet of wood—the materials of which the temple was to be constructed—each carved with the name of

ods of these craftsmen one is struck by the curious contrasts so frequently encountered. Their boldness and success in quarrying, transporting, and erecting enormous blocks of the hardest granite, weighing many hundreds of tons; the perfection of some of their masonry, said by Petrie to have surfaces accurate to two-thousandths of an inch over a length of ten or twelve feet; and the distinction and elegance of their sculptured surfaces in low and high relief, command universal admiration. Yet they seem never to have known so simple a mechanical device as the block and tackle, and though they used the potter's wheel from earliest times, the easy expedient of transforming it into a lathe does not appear to have occurred to them. In the temple of Karnak I was impressed by the examination of two deep holes, drilled near the summit of an obelisk of hard granite, for the purpose of attaching the cap of electrum. The corner had been broken away, and only the lower extremities of the two holes, drilled in faces at right angles to one another, still remained. The accuracy with which they were aligned and the perfection of the work were most striking. From a portion of the core left at the bottom of one of them, it was plain that a piece of thin-walled tubing, probably of copper or bronze, fed with emery, had been employed for drilling. Both the method and the workmanship would have done credit to a modern mechanic, armed with tools of his own selection. It is thus evident that their implements and devices are worthy of much study, particularly those involved in the construction and erection of their enormous granite obelisks.

Until recently the great obelisk at Assuan lay buried for over half its length under a great heap of blocks and chips, removed during the past year under the direction of Mr. R. Engelbach, Chief Inspector of the Antiquities Department, to whom I am indebted for the information given here.

The obelisk, far larger than any other in Egypt, still lies in the quarry bed, its lower face attached to the living rock. Its length

is about 133 feet, its breadth at the base nearly 14 feet, and its weight when finished would have been 1,168 English tons. The largest finished obelisk is that now at the Lateran, Rome, 105½ feet high, weighing about 455 tons. The colossal task undertaken by the unknown pharaoh who ordered the construction of the Assuan obelisk may thus be faintly realized, but to appreciate its scale one must pace its



Three successive stages in the erection of an obelisk.

According to Mr. Engelbach, the obelisk is drawn up the long inclined planes on the left until the base, overhanging the funnel, rests on the sand with which it is filled. As the sand slowly flows out, the obelisk rises toward the vertical position.

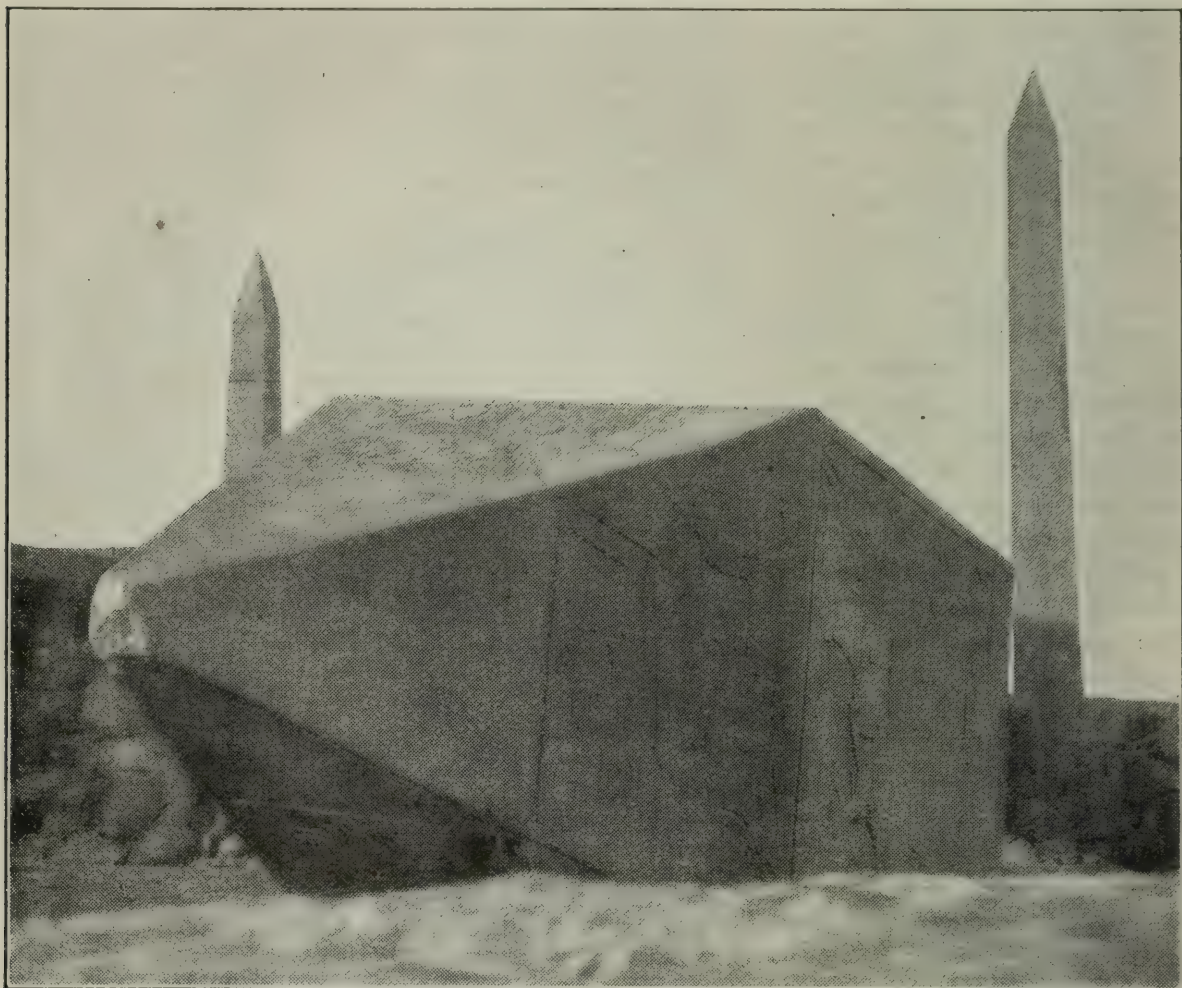
length and breadth and descend into the trench which completely surrounds it.

Here, as Mr. Engelbach has ingeniously conceived them, the methods of the ancient quarriers have left their indelible mark. Much evidence in the form of burnt mud bricks and burnt granite was found to indicate that the rock of the quarry was first reduced to an approximate level by burning reeds, banked with mud bricks, on the surface and hammering away the brittle material. Water poured on the hot surface may also have been used to splinter it. Some wedge marks on the stone, such as are common in other parts of the quarry, indicate that the next step was to remove part of the face by driving in metal wedges, perhaps like those found in the Ramesseum by Petrie. But the most interesting part of the process was used in cutting the deep trenches that surround the great block.

In these trenches and in the neighboring scrap-heaps Mr. Engelbach found thousands of spherical balls of greenish-black dolerite, an intensely hard and tough rock which occurs at both the First

and Second Cataracts. After a careful study of the trench, which shows no trace of chisel or wedge marks and has rounded corners everywhere, he concludes that these round balls were the quarry tools employed as pounders to excavate the trench. They range in diameter from eight to thirteen inches, and weigh from

A rough approximation for the time required to complete the trench to a level low enough to permit undercutting gave 7.2 months of twelve hours per day. The same calculation applied to the smaller obelisk of Queen Hatshepsut gives 4.4 months. The queen described her obelisk as "of one block of enduring granite, with-



Obelisks in the Great Temple of Karnak.

nine to fifteen pounds each. Mounted at the end of rammers, and worked up and down by two or more men, these simple tools would wear away the coarse and granular rock much faster than one might suppose. We may imagine the large gangs ramming away rhythmically, keeping in step by just such songs as we hear to-day from the oarsmen or the crew scrubbing the decks of a Nile steamer.

After examining the evidence on the spot, I believe Mr. Engelbach's conjecture to be correct. He found that by an hour's hard work he could wear away a fifth of an inch of granite, over an area one foot by half the width of the trench.

out seam or joining. My majesty exacted work thereon from the year 15, the first of Machir (sixth month), making seven months of exaction in the mountain." Allowing for undercutting and top clearance, Mr. Engelbach considers this to be a fair agreement.

It is interesting, in examining the trench, to observe the vertical red lines which mark the divisions between a series of parallel and equidistant vertical cuts, concave in section, as though made with an immense cheese scoop. These are about one foot apart, and seem to define the limits within which each rammer was worked. The red marks were evidently

extended toward the bottom of the trench as the level of the cutting descended.

Mr. Engelbach's memoir is full of interesting details regarding the obelisk. As the work progressed and new surfaces were laid bare the workmen encountered serious cracks, which were carefully investigated. Several methods of examination were employed, each involving the hammering or cutting away of the material to a lower level, to see whether the cracks persisted. The original obelisk, the form of which can still be seen traced on the upper face, was finally abandoned and several attempts were made to select a somewhat smaller obelisk, by avoiding serious cracks. The trial sketches made on the face for the purpose have been found, though some of the lines are extremely faint. Here, as in many tombs where the wall decorations were changed or left unfinished, it is even more interesting to follow the craftsman's tentative steps than to see his completed work.

The undercutting and removal of such an enormous mass of granite would have been a formidable task, but the successful erection of the huge colossus of the Ramesseum and the colossi of Amenhotep III on the Theban plain show that it was within the capacity of the ancient Egyptian engineer. By completely undercutting the obelisk (using the same method of ramming) and employing a force of six thousand men armed with ropes and levers, Mr. Engelbach indicates how the great granite block could be removed from its seat and rolled out on a bed of sand. As for its transport to the Nile, it seems probable that after it had been rolled sideways in sand to a point but little above the level of the floor of the valley, it would have been hauled the rest of the way to the Nile on rollers running on heavy timber rails. Rollers were used in Assyria in the eighth century B. C., and may have been known earlier than the fifteenth century B. C. If not indigenous in the Nile Valley, this idea may have been transmitted there through frequent intercourse with Assyria. Ancient cylinders of wood and stone, probably used as rollers, have been found in Egypt.

Once arrived at the Nile, and the difficulty of loading on boats overcome, the method of river transport is shown by

Queen Hatshepsut's picture in the temple of Deir el Bahri. This represents her two obelisks, presumably those of Karnak, placed butt to butt on a boat at least two hundred and fifty feet long.

The problem of erection is less obvious, and here Mr. Engelbach has devised a method of great simplicity and beauty, which the ancient Egyptians may well have employed. A working model, which he has kindly shown me in action, illustrates this perfectly. A square funnel of sun-dried brick, or smooth masonry, is first erected around and above the granite base prepared for the obelisk, leaving a space about twenty inches high and five feet wide, clear over the edge of the base, leading out to a tunnel. The funnel's walls are at such a slope that the obelisk when lowered into it can lie against them without being forced past its dead centre into an upright position. The funnel, flaring outward, continues to a height well above the centre of gravity of the obelisk, the slope *A* finally reaching in a gentle curve the surface of a long inclined embankment.

Up this embankment the obelisk is pulled on rollers until its larger end rests on the finest blown sand, with which the funnel has first been filled. As this sand is gradually removed the base of the obelisk slowly sinks toward its support. If properly controlled, its lower edge will finally lie in the groove always found cut in the base, apparently to keep the obelisk from twisting, and to prevent crushing of its edge. The obelisk is finally pulled into the vertical position after the removal of all the sand through the tunnel. A bed of faggots inserted between the obelisk and the wall *B* would serve as a damping cushion to check any tendency to rock to and fro.

The automatic action of the working model, when the sand is allowed to flow out below, is very effective. The method is certainly far more plausible than that proposed by Choisy in his "*L'Art de bâtir chez les Egyptiens*," or the method of Petrie,* from which this one is developed. It seems probable that it might have served even for the erection of the gigantic obelisk in the quarry of Assuan.†

* "*Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt*," p. 77.

† For complete details see Mr. Engelbach's forthcoming memoir, "*The Aswan Obelisk, with Some Remarks on the Ancient Engineering*," Imprimerie de l'Institut Français d'Archéologie Orientale, Le Caire.

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

XXIX



COMING out of the unlit rainy March night, it was agreeable but almost startling to Campton to enter Mrs. Talkett's drawing-room. In the softness of shaded lamplight, against curtains closely drawn, young women dressed with extravagant elegance chatted with much-decorated officers in the new "horizon" uniform, with here and there among them an elderly civilian head, such as Harvey Mayhew's silvery thatch and the square rapacious skull of the newly knighted patriot, Sir Cyril Jorgenstein.

Campton had gone to Mrs. Talkett's that afternoon because she had lent her apartment to "The Friends of French Art," who were giving a concert organized by Miss Anthony and Mlle. Davril, with Mme. de Dolmetsch's pianist as their leading performer. It would have been ungracious to deprive the indefatigable group of the lustre they fancied Campton's presence would confer; and he was not altogether sorry to be there. He knew that George had promised Miss Anthony to come; and he wanted to see his son with Mrs. Talkett.

An abyss seemed to divide this careless throng of people, so obviously assembled for their own pleasure, the women to show their clothes, the men to admire them, from the worn preoccupied audiences of the first war-charity entertainments. The war still raged; wild hopes had given way to dogged resignation; each day added to the sum of public anguish and private woe. But the strain had been too long, the tragedy too awful. The idle and the useless had reached their emotional limit, and once more they dressed and painted, smiled, gossiped, flirted as though the long agony were over.

On a sofa stacked with orange velvet cushions Mme. de Dolmetsch reclined in a sort of serpent coil of flexible grey-green hung with strange amulets. Her eyes, in which fabulous islands seemed to dream, were fixed on the bushy-haired young man at the piano. Close by, upright and tight-waisted, sat the Marquise de Tranlay, her mourning veil thrown back from a helmet-like hat. She had planted herself in a Louis Philippe arm-chair, as if appealing to its sturdy frame to protect her from the anarchy of Mrs. Talkett's furniture; and beside her was the daughter for whose sake she had doubtless come—a frowning beauty who, in spite of her dowdy dress and ugly boots, somehow declared herself as having already broken away from the maternal tradition.

Mme. de Tranlay's presence in that drawing-room was characteristic enough. It meant—how often one heard it nowadays!—that mothers had to take their daughters wherever there was a chance of their meeting young men, and that such chances were found only in the few "foreign" houses where, discreetly, almost clandestinely, entertaining had been resumed. You had to take them there, Mme. de Tranlay's look seemed to say, because they had to be married (the sooner the better in these wild times, with all the old barriers down), and because the young men were growing so tragically few, and the competition was so fierce, and because in such emergencies a French mother, whose first thought is always for her children, must learn to accept, even to seek, propinquities from which her inmost soul, and all the ancestral souls within her, would normally recoil.

Campton remembered her gallant attitude on the day when, under her fresh crape, she had rebuked Mrs. Brant's despondency. "But how she hates it here—how she must loathe sitting next to

that woman!" he thought; and just then he saw her turn toward Mme. de Dolmetsch with a stiff bend from the waist, and heard her say in her most conciliatory tone: "Your great friend the rich American, chère Madame, the benefactor of France—we should so like to thank him, Claire and I, for all he is doing for our country."

Beckoned to by Mme. de Dolmetsch, Mr. Mayhew, all pink and silver and prominent pearl scarf-pin, bowed profoundly before the Tranlay ladies, while the Marquise deeply murmured: "We are grateful—we shall not forget—" and Mademoiselle de Tranlay, holding him with her rich gaze, added in fluent English: "Mama hopes you'll come to tea on Sunday—with no one but my uncle the Duc de Montlhéry—so that we may thank you better than we can here."

"Great women—great women!" Campton mused. He was still watching Mme. de Tranlay's dauntless mask when her glance deserted the gratified Mayhew to seize on a younger figure. It was that of George, who had just entered. Mme. de Tranlay, with a quick turn, caught Campton's eye, greeted him with her trenchant cordiality, and asked, in a voice like the pounce of talons: "The young officer who has the Legion of Honour—the one you just nodded to—with reddish hair and his left arm in a sling? French, I suppose, from his uniform; and yet—? Yes, talking to Mrs. Talkett. Can you tell me—?"

"My son," said Campton with satisfaction.

The effect was instantaneous, though Mme. de Tranlay kept her radiant steadiness. "How charming—charming—charming!" And, after a proper interval: "But, Claire, my child, we've not yet spoken to Mrs. Brant, whom I see over there." And she steered her daughter swiftly toward Julia.

Campton's eyes returned to his son. George was still with Mrs. Talkett, but they had only had time for a word or two before she was called away to seat an important dowager. In that moment, however, the father noted many things. George, as usual nowadays, kept his air of guarded kindness, though the blue of his eyes grew deeper; but Mrs. Talkett

seemed bathed in light. It was such a self-revelation that Campton's curiosity was lost in the artist's abstract joy. "If I could have painted her like that!" he thought, reminded of having caught Mme. de Dolmetsch transfigured by fear for her lover; but an instant later he remembered. "Poor little thing!" he murmured. Mrs. Talkett turned her head, as if his thought had reached her. "Oh, yes—oh, yes; come and let me tell you all about it," her eyes entreated him. But Mayhew and Sir Cyril Jorgenstein were between them.

"George!" Mrs. Brant called; and across the intervening groups Campton saw his son bowing to the Marquise de Tranlay.

Mme. de Dolmetsch jumped up, her bracelets jangling like a prompter's call. "Silence!" she cried. The ladies squeezed into their seats, the men resigned themselves to door-posts and window-embasures, and the pianist attacked Stravinsky. . .

"Dancing?" Campton heard his hostess answering some one. "N—no: not *quite* yet, I think. Though in London, already . . . oh, just for the officers on leave, of course. Poor darlings—why shouldn't they? But to-day, you see, it's for a charity." Her smile appealed to her hearer to acknowledge the distinction.

The music was over, and scanning the groups at the tea-tables, Campton saw Adele and Mlle. Davril squeezed away in the remotest corner of the room. He took a chair at their table, and Boylston presently blinked his way to them through the crowd.

They seemed, all four, more like unauthorized intruders on the brilliant scene than its laborious organizers. The entertainment, escaping from their control, had speedily reverted to its true purpose of feeding and amusing a crowd of bored and restless people; and the little group recognized the fact, and joked over it in their different ways. But Mlle. Davril was happy at the sale of tickets, which must have been immense to judge from the crowd (spying about the entrance, she had seen furious fine ladies turn away ticketless); and Adele Anthony was exhilarated by the nearness of people she did not know, or wish to know, but with

whose names and private histories she was minutely and passionately familiar.

"That's the old Duchesse de Murols with Mrs. Talkett—there, she's put her at the Beausites' table! Well, of all places! Ah, but you're all too young to know about Beausite's early history. And now, of course, it makes no earthly difference to anybody. But there must be times when Mme. Beausite remembers, and grins. Now that she's begun to rouge again she looks twenty years younger than the Duchess.—Ah," she broke off, abruptly signing to Campton.

He followed her glance to a table at which Julia Brant was seating herself with the Tranlay ladies and George. Mayhew joined them, nobly deferential, and the elder ladies lent him their intensest attention, isolating George with the young girl.

"H'm," Adele murmured, "not such a bad thing! They say the girl will have half of old Montlhéry's money—he's her mother's uncle. And she's heaps handsomer than the other—not that *that* seems to count any more!"

Campton shrugged the subject away. Yes; it would be a good thing if George could be drawn from what his mother (with a retrospective pinching of the lips) called his "wretched infatuation." But the idea that the boy might be coaxed into a marriage—and a rich marriage—by the Brants, was even more distasteful to Campton. If he really loved Madge Talkett, better stick to her than let himself be cajoled away for such reasons.

As the second part of the programme began, Campton and Boylston slipped out together. Campton was oppressed and disturbed. "It's queer," he said, taking Boylston's arm to steer him through the dense darkness of the streets; "all these people who've forgotten the war have suddenly made me remember it."

Boylston laughed. "Yes, I know." He seemed preoccupied and communicative, and the painter fancied he was going to lead the talk, as usual, to Preparedness and America's intervention; but after a pause he said: "You haven't been much at the office lately——"

"No," Campton interrupted. "I've shirked abominably since George got

back. But now that he's gone to the Brants' you'll see——"

"Oh, I didn't mean it as a reproach, sir! How could you think it? We're running smoothly enough, as far as organization goes. That's not what bothers me——"

"You're bothered?"

Yes; he was—and so, he added, was Miss Anthony. The trouble was, he went on to explain, that Mr. Mayhew, after months of total indifference (except when asked to "represent" them on official platforms), had developed a disquieting interest in the "Friends of French Art." He had brought them, in the beginning, a certain amount of money (none of which came out of his own pocket), and in consequence had been imprudently put on the Financial Committee, so that he had a voice in the disposal of funds, though till lately he had never made it heard. But now, apparently, "Atrocities" were losing their novelty, and he was disposed to transfer his whole attention to the "Friends of French Art," with results which seemed incomprehensibly disturbing to Boylston, until he let drop the name of Mme. de Dolmetsch. Campton exclaimed at it.

"Well—yes. You must have noticed that she and Mr. Mayhew have been getting pretty chummy. You see, he's done such a lot of talking that people think he's at least an Oil King; and Mme. de Dolmetsch is dazzled. But she's got her musical prodigy to provide for—" and Boylston outlined the situation which his astuteness had detected while it developed unperceived under Campton's dreaming eyes. Mr. Mayhew was attending all their meetings now, finding fault, criticizing, asking to have the accounts investigated, though they had always been audited at regular intervals by expert accountants; and all this zeal originated in the desire to put Mme. de Dolmetsch in Miss Anthony's place, on the plea that her greater social experience, her gift of attracting and interesting, would bring in immense sums of money—whereas, Boylston grimly hinted, there was already a large balance in the bank, and it was with an eye to that balance that Mme. de Dolmetsch was forcing Mayhew to press her claim.

"You see, sir, Mr. Mayhew never turns out to be as liberal as they expect when they first hear him talk; and though Mme. de Dolmetsch has him in her noose she's not getting what she wants—by a long way. And so they've cooked this up between them—she and Mme. Beausite—without his actually knowing what they're after."

Campton stopped short, releasing Boylston's arm. "But what you suggest is abominable," he exclaimed.

"Yes. I know it." But the young man's voice remained steady. "Well, I wish you'd come to our meetings, now you're back."

"I will—I will! But I'm no earthly use on financial questions. You're much stronger there."

He felt Boylston's grin through the darkness. "Oh, they'll have me out too before long."

"You? Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"I mean that lots of people are beginning to speculate in war charities—oh, in all sorts of ways. Sometimes I'm sick to the point of chucking it all. But Miss Anthony keeps me going."

"Ah, she would!" Campton agreed.

As he walked home his mind was burdened with Boylston's warning. It was not merely the affair itself, but all it symbolized, that made his gorge rise, made him, as Boylston said, sick to the point of wanting to chuck it all—to chuck everything connected with this hideous world that was dancing and flirting and money-making on the great red mounds of dead. He grinned at the thought that he had once believed in the regenerative power of war—the salutary shock of great moral and social upheavals. Yet he *had* believed in it, and never more intensely than at George's bedside at Doullens, in that air so cleansed by passion and pain that mere living seemed a meaningless gesture compared to the chosen surrender of life. But in the Paris to which he had returned after barely four months of absence the instinct of self-preservation seemed to have wiped all meaning from such words. Poor fatuous Mayhew dancing to Mme. de Dolmetsch's piping, Jorgenstein sinking under the weight of his international hon-

ours, Mme. de Tranlay intriguing to push her daughter in such society, and Julia placidly abetting her—Campton hardly knew from which of these sorry visions he turned with a completer loathing. . .

There were still the others, to be sure, the huge obscure majority; out there in the night, the millions giving their lives for this handful of trivial puppets, and here in Paris, and everywhere, in every country, men and women toiling steadily to help and heal; but in Mrs. Talkett's drawing-room both fighters and toilers seemed to count as little in relation to the merrymakers as Miss Anthony and Mlle. Davril in relation to the brilliant people who had crowded their table into the obscurest corner of the room.

XXX

THESE thoughts continued to weigh on Campton; to shake them off he decided, with one of his habitual quick jerks of resolution, to get back to work. He knew that George would approve, and would perhaps be oftener with him if he had something interesting on his easel. Sir Cyril Jorgenstein had suggested that he would like to have his portrait finished—with the Legion of Honour added to his lapel, no doubt. And Harvey Mayhew, rosy and embarrassed, had dropped in to hint that, if Campton could find time to do a charcoal head—oh, just one of those brilliant sketches of his—of the young musical genius in whose career their friend Mme. de Dolmetsch was so much interested. . . But Campton had cut them both short. He was not working—he had no plans for the present. And in truth he had not thought even of attempting a portrait of George. The impulse had come to him, once, as he sat by the boy's bed; but the face was too incomprehensible. He should have to learn and unlearn too many things first—

At last, one day, it occurred to him to make a study of Mme. Lebel. He saw *her* in charcoal: her simple unquestioning anguish had turned her old face to sculpture. Campton set his canvas on the easel, and started to shout for her down the stairs; but as he opened the door he found himself face to face with Mrs. Talkett.

"Oh," she began at once, in her breath-

less way, "you're here? The old woman downstairs wasn't sure—and I couldn't leave all this money with her, could I?"

"Money? What money?" he echoed.

She was very simply dressed, and a veil, drooping low from her hat-brim, gave to her over-eager face a shadowy youthful calm.

"I *may* come in?" she questioned, almost timidly; and as Campton let her pass she added: "The money from the concert, of course—heaps and heaps of it! I'd no idea we'd made so much. And I wanted to give it to you myself."

She shook a bulging bag out of her immense muff, while Campton continued to stare at her.

"I didn't know you went out so early," he finally stammered, trying to push a newspaper over the disordered remains of his breakfast.

She lifted interrogative eyebrows. "That means that I'm in the way?"

"No. But why did you bring that money here?"

She looked surprised. "Why not? Aren't you the head—the real head of the committee? And wasn't the concert given in my house?" Her eyes rested on him with renewed timidity. "Is it—disagreeable to you to see me?" she suddenly brought out.

"Disagreeable? My dear child, no." He paused, increasingly embarrassed. What did she expect him to say next? To thank her for having sent him the orderly's letter? It seemed to him impossible to plunge into the subject uninvited. Surely it was for her to give him the opening, if she wished to.

"Well, no!" she broke out. "I've never once pretended to you, have I? The money's a pretext. I wanted to see you—here, alone, with no one to disturb us."

Campton felt a confused stirring of relief and fear. All his old dread of scenes, commotions, disturbing emergencies—of anything that should upset his perpetually vibrating balance—was blent with the passionate desire to hear what his visitor was evidently preparing to say.

"You—it was good of you to think of sending us that letter," he faltered.

She frowned in her anxious way and

looked away from him. "Afterward I was afraid you'd be angry."

"Angry? How could I?" He groped for a word. "Surprised—yes. I knew nothing . . . nothing about you and . . ."

"Not even that it was I who bought the sketch of him—the one that Léonce Black sold for you last year?"

The blood rushed to Campton's face. Suddenly he felt himself trapped and betrayed. "You—you? You've got that sketch?" The thought was somehow intolerable to him.

"Ah, now you *are* angry," Mrs. Talkett murmured.

"No, no; but I never imagined——"

"I know. That was what frightened me—your suspecting nothing." She glanced about her, dropped to a corner of the divan, and tossed off her hat with the old familiar gesture. "Oh, can I talk to you?" she pleaded.

Campton nodded.

"I wish you'd light your pipe, then, and sit down too." He reached for his pipe, struck a match, and slowly seated himself. "You always smoke a pipe in the morning, don't you? *He* told me that," she went on; then she paused again and drew a long anxious breath. "Oh, he's so changed! I feel as if I didn't know him any longer—do *you*?"

Campton looked at her with deepening wonder. This was more surprising than discovering her to be the possessor of the picture; he had not expected deep to call unto deep in their talk. "I'm not sure that I do," he confessed.

Her fidgeting eyes deepened and grew quieter. "Your saying so makes me feel less lonely," she sighed, half to herself. "But has he told you nothing since he came back—really nothing?"

"Nothing. After all—how could he? I mean, without indiscretion?"

"Indiscretion? Oh—" She shrugged the word away with half a smile, as though such considerations belonged to a prehistoric order of things. "Then he hasn't even told you that he wants me to get a divorce?" she began again.

"A divorce?" Campton exclaimed. He sat staring at her as if the weight of his gaze might pin her down, keep her from fluttering away and breaking up into luminous impalpable splinters. George

wanted her to get a divorce—wanted, therefore, to marry her! His passion went as deep for her as that—too deep, Campton conjectured, for the poor little ephemeral creature, who struck him as wriggling on it like a butterfly impaled.

"Please tell me," he said at length; and suddenly, in short inconsequent sentences, the confession poured from her.

George, it seemed, during the previous winter in New York, when they had seen so much of each other, had been deeply attracted, had wanted "everything," and at once—and there had been moments of tension and estrangement, when she had been held back by scruples she confessed she no longer understood (inherited prejudices, she supposed), and when her reluctance must have made her appear to be trifling, whereas, really it was just that she couldn't . . . couldn't. . . So they had gone on for several months, with the usual emotional ups and downs, till, just before the war, he had left for Europe to join his father; and when they had parted she had given him the half-promise that if they met abroad during the summer she would perhaps . . . after all . . .

Then came the war. George had been with her during those few last hours in Paris, and had dined with her and her husband (had Campton forgiven her?) the night before he was mobilised. And then, when he was gone, she had understood that only timidity, vanity, the phantom barriers of old terrors and traditions, had prevented her being to him all that he wanted. . .

She broke off abruptly, put in a few conventional words about an ill-assorted marriage, and never having been "really understood," and then, as if guessing that she was on the wrong tack, jumped up, walked to the other end of the studio, and turned back to Campton with the tears running down her ravaged little face.

"And now—and now—he says he won't have me!" she lamented.

"Won't? But you tell me he wants you to be divorced."

She nodded, wiped the tears away, and in so doing stole an unconscious glance at the mirror above the divan. Then, seeing that the glance was detected, she burst into a sort of sobbing laugh. "My nose

gets so dreadfully red when I cry," she stammered.

Campton took no notice of this, and she went on: "A divorce? Yes. And unless I do—unless I agree to marry him—we're never to be anything to each other but friends."

"That's what he says?"

"Yes. Oh, we've been all in and out of it hundreds of times."

She pulled out a gold-mesh bag and furtively restored her complexion, as Mrs. Brant had once done in the same place.

Campton sat still, considering. He had let his pipe go out. Nothing could have been farther from the revelation he had expected, and his own perplexity was hardly less great than his visitor's. Certainly it was not the way in which young men had behaved in his day—nor, evidently, had it been George's before the war.

Finally he made up his mind to put the question: "And Talkett?"

She broke out at once: "Ah, that's what I say—it's not so simple!"

"What isn't?"

"Breaking up—all one's life." She paused with a deepening embarrassment. "Of course Roger has made me utterly miserable—but then I know he really hasn't meant to."

"Have you told George that?"

"Yes. But he says we must first of all be above-board. He says he sees everything differently now. That's what I mean when I say that I don't understand him. He says love's not the same feeling to him that it was before. There's something of Meredith's that he quotes—I wish I could remember it—something about a mortal lease."

"Good Lord," Campton groaned, not so much at the hopelessness of the case as at the hopelessness of quoting Meredith to her. After a while he said abruptly: "You must forgive my asking: but things change sometimes—they change imperceptibly. Do you think my son is as much in love with you as ever?"

He had been half afraid of offending her: but she appeared to consider the question impartially, and without a shadow of resentment. "Sometimes I think more—because in the beginning it wasn't meant to last. And now—if he

wants to marry me? Oh, I wish I knew what to do!" she burst out.

Campton continued to ponder. "There's one more question, since we're talking frankly: what does Talkett know of all this?"

She looked frightened. "Oh, nothing, nothing!"

"And you've no idea how he would take it?"

She examined the question with tortured eyebrows, and at length, to Campton's astonishment, brought out: "Magnificently——"

"He'd be generous, you mean? But it would go hard with him?"

"Oh, dreadfully, dreadfully!" She seemed to need the assurance to restore her shaken self-approval.

Campton rose with an uncontrollable movement of pity and laid his hand on her shoulder. "My dear child, if your husband cares for you, give up my son."

Her face fell, and she drew back. "Oh, but you don't understand—not in the least! It's not possible—it's not moral—. You know I'm all for the new morality. First of all, we must be true to self." She paused, and then broke out: "You tell me to give him up because you think he's tired of me. But he's not—I know he's not! It's his new ideas that you don't understand, any more than I do. It's the war that has changed him. He says he wants only things that last—that are permanent—things that hold a man fast. That sometimes he feels as if he were being swept away on a flood, and were trying to catch at things—at anything—as he's rushed along under the waves... He says he wants quiet, monotony... to be sure the same things will happen every day. When we go out together he sometimes stands for a quarter of an hour and stares at the same building, or at the Seine under the bridges. But he's happy, I'm sure... I've never seen him happier... only it's in a way I can't make out..."

"Ah, my dear, if it comes to that—I'm not sure that I can. Not sure enough to help you, I'm afraid."

She looked at him, disappointed. "You won't speak to him then?"

"Not unless he speaks to me."

"Ah, he frightens you—just as he does me!"

She pulled her hat down on her troubled brow, gathered up her furs, and took another sidelong peep at the glass. Then she turned toward the door. On the threshold she paused and looked back at Campton. "Don't you see," she cried, "that if I were to give George up he'd get himself sent straight back to the front?"

Campton's heart gave an angry leap; for a second he felt the impulse to strike her, to catch her by the shoulders and bundle her out of the room. With a great effort he controlled himself and opened the door.

"You don't understand—you don't understand!" she called back to him once again from the landing.

Madge Talkett had asked him to speak to his son: he had refused, and she had retaliated by planting that poisoned shaft in him. But what had retaliation to do with it? She had probably spoken the simple truth, and with the natural desire to enlighten him. If George wanted to marry her, it must be (since human nature, though it might change its vocabulary, kept its instincts), it must be that he was very much in love—and in that case her refusal would in truth go hard with him, and it would be natural that he should try to get himself sent away from Paris... From Paris, yes; but not necessarily to the front. After such wounds and such honours he had only to choose; a staff-appointment could easily be got. Or, no doubt, with his two languages, he might, if he preferred, have himself sent on a military mission to America. With all this propaganda talk, wasn't he the very type of officer they wanted for the neutral countries?

It was Campton's dearest wish that George should stay where he was; he knew his peace of mind would vanish the moment his son was out of sight. But he suspected that George would soon weary of staff-work, or of any form of ornamental soldiering, and try for the trenches if there were any question of leaving Paris; whereas, in Paris, Madge Talkett might hold him—as she had meant his father to see.

The first thing, then, was to make sure of a job at the War Office.

Campton turned and tossed like a sick

man on the hard bed of his problem. To plan, to scheme, to plot and circumvent—nothing was more hateful to him, there was nothing in which he was less skilled. If only he dared to consult Adele Anthony! But Adele was still incorrigibly war-like, and her having been in George's secret while his parents were excluded from it left no doubt as to the side on which her influence would bear. She loved the boy, Campton sometimes thought, even more passionately than his mother did; but—how did the old song go?—she loved honour, or her queer conception of it, more. Ponder as he would, he could not picture her, even now, lifting a finger to keep George back.

Campton struggled all the morning with these questions. After lunch he pocketed Mrs. Talkett's money-bag and carried it to the Palais Royal, where he discovered Harvey Mayhew in confabulation with Mme. Beausite, who still trailed her ineffectual beauty about the office. The painter thought he detected a faint embarrassment in the glance with which they both greeted him.

"Hallo, Campton! Looking for our good friend Boylston? He's off duty this afternoon, Mme. Beausite tells me; as he is pretty often in these days, I've noticed," Mr. Mayhew sardonically added. "In fact, the office has rather been left to run itself lately—eh? Of course our good Miss Anthony is absorbed with her refugees—gives us but a divided allegiance. And Boylston—well, young men, young men, you know! It's been a weary pull for him. By the way, my dear fellow," Mr. Mayhew continued, as Campton appeared about to turn away, "I called at Mrs. Talkett's just now to ask for the money from the concert—a good round sum, I hear it is—and she told me she'd given it to you. Have you brought it with you? If so, Mme. Beausite here would take charge of it——"

Mme. Beausite turned her great resigned eyes on the painter. "Mr. Campton knows I'm very careful. I will lock it up till his friend's return. Now that Mr. Boylston is so much away I very often have such responsibilities."

Campton's eyes returned her glance; but he did not waver. "Thanks so much; but as the sum is rather large it seems to

me the bank's the proper place. Will you please tell Boylston I've deposited it?"

Mr. Mayhew's benevolent pink turned to an angry red. For a moment Campton thought he was about to say something foolish. But he merely bent his head stiffly, muttered a vague phrase about "somewhat irregular proceedings," and returned to his seat by Mme. Beausite's desk.

As for Campton, his words had decided his course: he would take the money at once to Bullard and Brant's, and seize the occasion to see the banker. Mr. Brant was the only person with whom, at this particular juncture, he cared to talk of George.

XXXI

MR. BRANT'S private office was as glitteringly neat as when Campton had entered it for the first time, and seen the fatal telegram about Benny Upsher marring the order of the banker's desk.

Now he crossed the threshold with different feelings. To have Mr. Brant look up and smile, to shake hands with him, accept one of his cigars, and sink into one of the blue leather arm-chairs, seemed to be in the natural order of things. He felt only the relief of finding himself with the one person likely to understand.

"About George—" he began at once.

"Yes?" said Mr. Brant briskly. "It's curious—I was just thinking of looking you up. It's his birthday next Tuesday, you know."

"Oh—" said the father, slightly put off. He had not come to talk of birthdays; nor did he need to be reminded of his son's by Mr. Brant. He concluded that Mr. Brant would be less easy to get on with in Paris than at the front.

"And we thought of celebrating the day by a little party—a dinner, with perhaps the smallest kind of a dance: or just bridge—yes, probably just bridge," the banker added tentatively. "Opinions differ as to the suitability—it's for his mother to decide about that. But of course no evening clothes; and we hoped perhaps to persuade you. Our only object is to amuse him—to divert his mind from this wretched entanglement."

It was doubtful if Mr. Brant had ever

before made so long a speech, except perhaps at a board meeting; and then only when he read the annual report. He turned pink and stared over Campton's shoulder at the panelled white wall, on which a false Reynolds hung.

Campton meditated. The blush was the blush of Mr. Brant, but the voice was the voice of Julia. Still, it was probable that neither husband nor wife was aware how far matters had gone with Mrs. Talkett.

"George is more involved than you think," Campton said.

"In what way?"

Mr. Brant looked startled.

"He means to marry her. He insists on her getting a divorce."

"A divorce? Good gracious," murmured Mr. Brant. He turned over a jade paper-cutter, trying its edge absently on his nail. "Does Julia—?" he began at length.

Campton shook his head. "No; I wanted to speak to you first."

Mr. Brant gave his quick bow. He was evidently gratified, and the sentiment stimulated his faculties, as it had when he found that Campton no longer resented his presence at the hospital. His small effaced features took on a business-like sharpness, and he readjusted his eyeglasses and straightened the paper-cutter, which he had put back on the desk a fraction of an inch out of its habitual place.

"You had this from George?" he asked.

"No; from her. She's been to see me. *She* doesn't want to divorce. She's in love with him; in her way, that is; but she's frightened."

"And that makes him the more eager?"

"The more determined, at any rate."

Mr. Brant appeared to seize the distinction. "George can be very determined."

"Yes. I think his mother ought to be made to understand that all this talk about a wretched entanglement isn't likely to make him any less so."

Mr. Brant's look seemed to say that making Julia understand had proved a no less onerous task for his maturity than it had for Campton's youth.

"If you don't object—perhaps the matter might, for the present, continue to

be kept between you and me," he tentatively suggested.

"Oh, by all means. What I want," Campton pursued, "is to get him out of this business altogether. They wouldn't be happy—they couldn't be. She's too much like—" He broke off, frightened at what he had been about to say. "Too much," he emended, "like the usual fool of a woman that every boy of George's age thinks he wants simply because he can't get her."

"And you say she came to you for advice?"

"She came to me to persuade him to give up the idea of a divorce. Apparently she's ready for anything short of that. It's a queer business. She seems sorry for Talkett in a way."

Mr. Brant marked his sense of the weight of this by a succession of attentive nods. He put his hands in his pockets, leaned back, and tilted his dapper toes against the gold-trellised scrap-basket. The attitude seemed to change the pale panelling of his Louis XIV background into a glass-and-mahogany Wall Street office.

"Won't he be satisfied with—er—all the rest, so to speak; since you say she offers it?"

"No; he won't. There's the difficulty. It seems it's the new view; the way the young men feel since the war. He wants her for his wife. Nothing less."

"Ah, he respects her," murmured Mr. Brant, impressed; and Campton reflected that he had no doubt respected Julia.

"And what she wants is to get you to persuade him—to accept less?"

"Well—something of the sort."

Mr. Brant sat up and dropped his heels to the floor. "Well, then—*don't!*" he snapped.

"Don't——?"

"Persuade her, on the contrary, to keep him hoping—to make him think she means to marry him. Don't you see?" Mr. Brant exclaimed, almost impatiently. "Don't you see that if she turns him down definitely he'll be scheming to get away, to get back to the front, the minute his leave is over? Tell her that—appeal to her on that ground. Make her do it. She will if she's in love with him. And *we* can't stop him from going back—not one

of us. He's restless here already—I know that. Always talking about his men, saying he's got to get back to them. The only way is to hold him by this girl. She's the very influence we need!"

He threw it all out in sharp terse phrases, as a business man might try to hammer facts about an investment into the bewildered brain of an unpractical client. Campton felt the blood rising to his forehead, not so much in anger at Mr. Brant as at the sense of his own inward complicity.

"There's no earthly reason why George should ever go back to the front," he said slowly.

"None whatever. We can get him any staff-job he chooses. His mother's already got the half-promise of a post for him at the War Office. But you'll see, you'll see! We can't stop him. Did we before? There's only this woman who can do it!"

Campton looked over the banker's head at the reflection of the false Reynolds in the mirror. That any one should have been fool enough to pay a big price for such a patent fraud seemed to him as incomprehensible as his own present obtuseness seemed to the banker.

"You do see, don't you?" argued Mr. Brant anxiously.

"Oh, I suppose so." Campton slowly got to his feet. The adroit brush-work of the forged picture fascinated him, and he went up to look at it more closely. Mr. Brant pursued him with a gratified glance.

"Ah, you're admiring my Reynolds. I paid a thumping price for it—but that's always my principle. Pay high, but get the best. It's a better investment."

"Just so," Campton assented dully. Mr. Brant seemed suddenly divided from him by the whole width of the gulf between that daub on the wall and a real Reynolds. They had nothing more to say to each other—nothing whatever. "Well, goodbye." He held out his hand.

"Think it over—think it over," Mr. Brant called out after him as he enfiladed the sumptuous offices, a medalled veteran holding back each door.

It was not until Campton was back at Montmartre, and throwing off his coat to get into his old studio clothes, that he felt

in his pocket the weight of the forgotten concert-money. It was too late in the day to take it back to the bank, even if he had had the energy to retrace his steps; and he decided to hand the bag over to Boylston, with whom he was dining that night to meet the elder Dastrey, home on a brief leave from his ambulance.

"Think it over!" Mr. Brant's adjuration continued to echo in Campton's ears. As if he needed to be told to think it over! Once again the war-worn world had vanished from his mind, and he saw only George, himself and George, George and safety, George and peace. They blamed women who were cowards about their husbands, mistresses who schemed to protect their lovers! Well—he was as bad as any one of them, if it came to that. His son had bought his freedom, had once offered his life and nearly lost it. Brant was right: at all costs they must keep him from rushing back into that hell.

That Mrs. Talkett should be the means of securing his safety was bitter enough. This trivial barren creature to be his all—it seemed the parody of Campton's own youth! And Julia, after all, had been only a girl when he had met her, inexperienced and still malleable. A man less absorbed in his art, less oblivious of the daily material details of life, might conceivably have made something of her. But this little creature, with her farrago of false ideas, her vanity, her restlessness, her undisguised desire to keep George and yet not lose her world, had probably reached the term of her development, and would trip on through an eternal infancy of fads and frenzies.

Luckily, as Mr. Brant said, they could use her for the time; use her better, no doubt, than had she been a more finely tempered instrument. Campton was still pondering on these things as he set out for the restaurant where he had agreed to meet Boylston and Dastrey. At the foot of his own stairs he was surprised to run against Boylston under the porte-cochère; they gave each other a quick questioning look, as men always did when they encountered each other unexpectedly in those days.

"Anything up? Oh, the money—you've come for the money?" Campton

exclaimed, remembering that he had left Mrs. Talkett's bag upstairs.

"The money? Haven't you heard? Louis Dastrey's killed," Boylston answered.

They stood speechless in the doorway, while Campton's darkened mind struggled anew with the mystery of fate. Almost every day now the same dreadful readjustment had to be gone through: the cowering averted mind dragged upward and forced to visualize a new gap in the ranks, and summon the remaining familiar figures to fill it up and blot it out. And today this cruel gymnastic was to be performed for George's best friend, and the elder Dastrey's sole stake in life! Only a few days ago the lad had been in Paris, just back from America, and hurrying to rejoin his regiment; alive and eager, throbbing with ideas, with courage, mirth, and irony—the very material France needed to rebuild her ruins and beget her sons! And now, struck down as George had been—and not to rise like George. . .

Once more the inner voice in Campton questioned distinctly: "Could you bear it?" and again he answered: "Less than ever!"

Aloud he asked: "Paul?"

"Oh, he went off at once. To break the news to Louis' mother in the country."

"The boy was all Paul had left."

"Yes."

"What difference would it have made in the war, if he'd just stayed on at his job in America?"

Boylston did not answer, and the two stood silent, looking out unseeingly at the black empty street. There was nothing left to say, nowadays, when such blows fell; hardly anything left to feel, it sometimes seemed.

"Well, I suppose we must go and eat something," the older man said; and arm in arm they went out into the darkness.

When Campton returned home that night he sat down and, with the help of several pipes, wrote a note to Mrs. Talkett asking when she would receive him.

Thereafter he tried to go back to his painting and to continue his daily visits to the Palais Royal office. But for the time nothing seemed to succeed with him.

He threw aside his study of Mme. Lebel—he hung about the office, confused and idle, and with the ever clearer sense that there also things were disintegrating.

George's birthday party had been given up on account of young Dastrey's death. Mrs. Brant evidently thought the postponement unnecessary; since George's return she had gone over heart and soul to the "business as usual" party. But Mr. Brant quietly sided with George; and Campton was glad to be spared the necessity of celebrating the day in such a setting.

It was some time since Campton had seen his son; but the fault was not his son's. The painter was aware of having voluntarily avoided George. He said to himself: "As long as I know he's safe why should I bother him?" But in reality he did not feel himself to be fit company for any one, and had even shunned poor Paul Dastrey on the latter's hurried passage through Paris, when he had come back from carrying the fatal news to young Dastrey's mother.

"What on earth could Paul and I have found to say to each other?" Campton argued with himself. "For men of our age there's nothing left to say nowadays. The only thing I can do is to try to work up one of my old studies of Louis. That might please him a little—later on."

But after one or two attempts he pushed away that canvas too.

At length one afternoon George came in. They had not met for over a week, and as George's blue uniform detached itself against the blurred tapestries of the studio, the north light modelling the fresh curves of his face, the father's heart gave a leap of pride. His son had never seemed to him so young and strong and vivid.

George, with a sudden blush, took his hand in a long pressure.

"I say, Dad—Madge has told me. Told me that you know about us, and that you've persuaded her to see things as I do. She hadn't had a chance to speak to me of your visit till last night."

Campton felt his colour rising; but though his own part in the business still embarrassed him he was glad that the barriers were down at last.

"I didn't want," George continued, still flushed and slightly embarrassed,

"to say anything to you about all this till I could say: 'Here's my wife.' And now she's promised."

"She's promised?"

"Thanks to you, you know. Your visit to her did it. She told me the whole thing yesterday. How she'd come here in desperation, to ask you to help her, to have her mind cleared up for her; and how you'd thought it all over, and then gone to see her, and how wise and perfect you'd been about it all. Poor child—if you knew the difference it's made to her!"

They were seated now, the littered table between them. Campton, his elbows on it, his chin on his hands, looked across at his son, who faced the light.

"The difference to you too?" he questioned.

George smiled: it was exactly the same detached smile which he used to shed on the little nurse who brought him his cocoa.

"Of course. Now I can go back without worrying." He let the words fall as carelessly as if there were nothing in them to challenge attention.

"Go back?" Campton stared at him with a blank countenance. Had he heard aright? The noise of a passing lorry suddenly roared in his ears like the guns of the front.

"Did you say: *go back*?"

George opened his blue eyes wide. "Why, of course; as soon as ever I'm patched up. You didn't think——?"

"I thought you had the sense to realize that you've done your share in one line, and that your business now is to do it in another."

The same detached smile again brushed George's lips: "But if I happen to have only one line?"

"Nonsense! You know they don't think that at the War Office."

"I don't believe the War Office will shut down if I leave it."

"What an argument! It sounds like——" Campton, breaking off on a sharp breath, closed his lids for a second. He had been gazing too steadily into George's eyes, and now at last he knew what that mysterious look in them meant. It was Benny Upsher's look, of course—inaccessible to reason, beyond reason, belonging to other spaces, other weights

and measures, over the edge, somehow, of the tangible calculable world. . .

"A man can't do more than his duty: you've done that," he growled.

But George insisted with his gentle obstinacy: "You'll feel differently about it when America comes in."

Campton shook his head. "Never about your case."

"You will—when you see how we all feel. When we're all in it you wouldn't have me looking on, would you? And then there are my men—I've got to get back to my men, you see."

"But you've no right to go now; no business," his father broke in violently. "Persuading that poor girl to wreck her life . . . and then leaving her, planting her there with her past ruined, and her future. . . George, you can't!"

George, in his long months of illness, had lost his old ruddiness of complexion. At his father's challenge the blood again rose the more visibly to his still gaunt cheeks and white forehead: he was evidently struck.

"You'll kill her—and kill your mother!" Campton stormed.

"Oh, it's not for to-morrow. Not for a long time, perhaps. My shoulder's still too stiff. I was stupid," the young man haltingly added, "to put it as I did. Of course I've got to think of Madge now," he acknowledged, "as well as mother."

The blood flowed slowly back to Campton's heart. "You've got to think of—just the mere common sense of the thing. That's all I ask. You've done your turn; you've done more. But never mind that. Now it's different. You're barely patched up: you're of use, immense use, for staff-work, and you know it. And you've asked a woman to tie up her future to yours—at what cost you know too. It's as much your duty to keep away from the front now as it was before—well, I admit it—to go there. You've done just what I should have wanted my son to do, up to this minute——"

George laid a hand on his a little wistfully. "Then just go on trusting me."

"I do—to see that I'm right! If I can't convince you, ask Boylston—ask Adele!"

George sat staring down at the table. For the first time since they had met at

Doullens Campton was conscious of reaching his son's inner mind, and of influencing it.

"I wonder if you really love her?" he suddenly risked.

The question did not seem to offend George, scarcely to surprise him. "Of course," he said simply. "Only—well, everything's different nowadays, isn't it? So many of the old ideas have come to seem such humbug. That's what I want to drag her out of—the coils and coils of stale humbug. They were killing her."

"Well—take care *you* don't," Campton said, thinking that everything was different indeed, as he recalled the reasons young men had had for loving and marrying in his own time.

A faint look of amusement came into George's eyes. "Kill her? Oh, no. I'm gradually bringing her to life. But all this is hard to talk about—yet. By and by you'll understand; she'll show you, we'll show you together. But at present nothing's to be said—to any one, please, not even to mother. Madge thinks that this is no time for such things.

There, of course, I don't agree; but I must be patient. The secrecy, the underhandedness, are hateful to me; but for her it's all a part of the sacred humbug."

He rose listlessly, as if the discussion had bled all the life out of him, and took himself away.

When he had gone his father drew a deep breath. Yes—the boy would stay in Paris; he would almost certainly stay; for the present, at any rate. And people were still prophesying that in the spring there would be a big push all along the line; and after that the nightmare might be over. Campton was glad that he had gone to see Madge Talkett. He was glad, above all, that if the thing had to be done it was over, and that, by Madge's wish, no one was to know of what had passed between them. It was a distinct relief, in spite of what he had suggested to George, not to have to carry that particular problem to Adele Anthony or Boylston.

A few days later George accepted a staff-appointment in Paris.

(To be continued.)

The Inarticulate

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

We who love song—and yet can make no sound;
We who are dumb when singers fill the earth,
What of our thoughts when thrilling notes resound,
What of our dreams when the great Word is found
That lifts us to heaven? . . . Are we of little worth?

We who love wonder and dreams—and yet are mute;
We who are passionate for swift tides of song,
Climbing to God from the tree's deepest root,
Yearning for star-dust and Love's highest fruit,
Pity us, O singers, when the years are long.

Yet somewhere and somehow we too shall sing,
Proudly articulate in far-distant spheres.
But now, in our silence, only we bring
Great understanding—oh, no little thing!—
And hark! in the darkness, our desperate tears.

National Ideals in the Drama

1922-1923

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

Editor of "Contemporary American Plays," etc.



It has been a great year in the theatre. The number and vitality of the American plays, the interesting and at times highly significant foreign offerings, the unusual opportunities to observe productions of real artistic merit such as the Moscow Art Theatre, and the notable revivals of Shakespeare have combined to provide the visitor to the theatres of New York with a programme more varied than he could find in any other place, and have justified its claim to be considered the theatrical capital of the world. The launching of the American National Theatre, even if its first offering was unsuccessful, and the attempt of the Equity Players to establish their own playhouse, in which the American playwright might find a hospitable reception, are also encouraging signs.

I have no intention of perpetrating what is known to the newspapers as a "review of the season." By the time this article, written in April, appears, readers will, I fancy, have been surfeited with lists of "ten best plays," which serve the purpose of irritation rather than inspiration. Purely descriptive criticism amounts to very little anyway, and destructive criticism, the easiest of all forms, amounts to even less. It does not help the progress of our national art to have my friend William Phelps, while discussing a recent article of mine on American drama, in this magazine, remark blighting: "But no great play has been written on this side of the Atlantic." Mr. Phelps should have stopped there, for who can define a great play? But unfortunately for his statement, though fortunately for his sportsmanship, he defined his standard as that of "Barrie,

Shaw, or Galsworthy," and delivered himself into my hands. For how can one defend an uneven standard like that? Sir James Barrie, of course, far overtops Mr. Shaw or Mr. Galsworthy, so let us meet the highest standard at once. For imaginative conception of character, Mr. Barrie's chief claim to greatness, one has only to remember Bird's "Gladiator" or "Broker of Bogota," which in Edwin Forrest's hands held the stage for half a century, in a repertory, too, which consisted largely of Shakespeare. Or there is Boker's "Francesca da Rimini," or there are "Madame Butterfly" and "Adrea," of Mr. Belasco and Mr. Long, to say nothing of Mr. O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," "Emperor Jones," and "Anna Christie," whose triumph in London has just sent its echoes across the water. After this, it is perhaps unnecessary to match Mr. Galsworthy's best analysis of social conditions by Mr. Augustus Thomas's "As a Man Thinks" and William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," or to call attention to the shining level of sincerity from which Clyde Fitch's "The Truth" or Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea" smile down upon Mr. Shaw.

We need constructive, not destructive, criticism. What has arisen out of the earnest work of playwrights and actors and the enterprise of producers during the past year which may be of permanent benefit in the establishment of surer standards of judgment and keener perception of values on the part of audiences, which may react upon the American playwright and encourage him to even finer efforts? For our concern is with the playwright, and so far as appreciation of him is concerned, things are getting better. Last July I commented on the custom of printing on the bill-boards the actor's name in large type and the playwright's in small letters. One afternoon

this fall as I came out of a dress rehearsal at the Booth Theatre, I was surprised and cheered to read the notice: "Mr. John Golden presents 'Seventh Heaven' by Austin Strong." Just below on Forty-fifth Street rose into view an electric sign announcing that "Mr. Arthur Hopkins presents 'The Old Soak' by Don Marquis." Not all producers have followed these good examples, but there is a growing tendency to emphasize the play as the attraction, and the dramatist is beginning to receive the recognition quite as necessary to him as financial reward. The public may even in time come to remember the name of the playwright who has provided their entertainment!

With that recognition comes a greater responsibility. In Mr. Belasco's recent adaptation of Sacha Guitry's comedy "The Comedian," the actor says to a playwright:

An actor is no greater than the part he's playing. It's true. . . . All sorts of people have written to me—but never once has a spectator said: "Dear Monsieur, seeing you play last night has had such an effect on me that to-day I lived the character you were playing. It has given me an ideal and I'm a better man because of it!" . . . I've reached the point where I'm asking myself if we have the right—you authors and we actors—to hold the attention of twelve hundred people every night, without giving them something to think over, . . . a memory—a memory of beauty—of truth.

It will be noticed that to the Frenchman beauty comes before truth. To the American that is rarely the case. It is easy to blame this condition on the Puritans, as though we were all descended from them. It is rather because they and their descendants did so much writing in comparison with other more charming elements of the population that the necessity for beauty has often remained unstressed, not only in our drama but also in our literature as a whole. There is no such quickener of good taste as the constant contemplation of beauty. That is why the European peasant surprises us with his good taste, and why his descendant, perhaps under the influence of the subways and their artistic atmosphere, loses that good taste with such speed that he is soon undistinguishable from the descendants of the Puritans. Under our natural passion for Americanization we are frown-

ing upon the folk-songs and folk-costumes that the immigrant brings with him, while we appreciate to the full the products of the foreign stage. Is it because the Moscow Theatre is only a temporary influx of beauty that we prefer it to those elements of beauty that we might have to live with every day?

Notwithstanding the usual opinion, there is much good taste in America. Perhaps there is not so much per capita as there is in France or Italy, but so far as the drama is concerned, I believe there are potential gropings which need only proper training to sharpen into discrimination. For example, Mr. Williams's subtle social satire "Why Not?" had quite a successful run, with very little help from the dramatic critics, while the public declined to support a much-heralded production like "Johannes Kreisler," or even a fine actress like Miss Laurette Taylor in a poor play. To be sure, a significant spectacle like "Pasteur" failed also, but that was because the national idol of France is but a name to most Americans, just as any of our national idols would be but a name to a Frenchman.

National idols are at least an indication of the national ideals. In a comparison of the most significant of the recent foreign plays that express such ideals with the most significant of our native plays, there may be discovered some tendencies in modern drama that will be of interest to those to whom the future of our stage is important. England has sent over this season very few plays, for the English stage is, at present, sterile. But it is noteworthy that each in its own way, Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties" and Miss Dane's "Will Shakespeare," celebrated the theme dearest to an Englishman's heart, the supremacy of his race. In fact a better title for "Will Shakespeare" would have been "The Glory of England," for the play rose to its height in the stirring appeal of Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare to forget his personal loss of love in the production of the masterpieces that were to give to England the dramatic priority of the world. In the fine portraiture of Miss Haidee Wright the very soul of England seemed to express itself royally as it rekindled in the mind of the dramatist the flame of artistic inspiration. In

"Loyalties" there was no such great moment, rather a steady building up of a wall of impregnable race prejudice upon which the outsider stormed in vain, until the traitor inside betrayed the citadel. If in "Will Shakespeare" it was an active glory, in "Loyalties" it was passive, but none the less it was present, fighting hard for the silence that could alone preserve it. It was a lower ideal, too, in "Loyalties," social instead of artistic, and Mr. Galsworthy seems to be a bit doubtful of its importance, for he asks through Margaret Orme the fateful question: "We have kept faith, but was it worth while?"

The national ideals of France show clearly in the two plays of Sacha Guitry, which began their careers together in this country late in March. "Pasteur" has been criticised for not being so much a play as a series of scenes in the life of the great scientist, but we have become accustomed to dramatic efforts of this episodic species, and it seemed a pity that so real an exposition of the French spirit could not have continued its career. The scene in the laboratory, when Pasteur made the decision to try the serum for rabies upon Joseph Meister, the Alsatian boy, was as quietly dramatic as life itself, and the later episode in Pasteur's home when the boy comes to thank his savior was touched with a rare and poignant tenderness. It was an ideal of service to the race and to humanity that animated "Pasteur," and the difference between it and the ideal of the English plays is epitomized in the distinction between "gloire" and "glory." There is a sense of the general—of the abstract—in the French mind that made it possible for Pasteur to be chosen by popular acclaim as the national hero of France. I wonder if that could have happened in England or America?

Less universal in theme but better constructed for the theatre, Sacha Guitry's other play, "The Comedian," presents the Gallic conception of the actor's struggle between the conflicting claims of love and art. The Comedian takes his art seriously, as the passage quoted above reveals, and his sensitive soul revolts at the suggestion of his old friend the soap-maker that he disillusion his niece as to his age and character. Instead he charms her away, and then comes the tragedy of

the waning of her infatuation and the birth of his love, set against the background of one of the most amusing stage rehearsals I have ever seen. When he has refused to allow her to proceed in the part she is incapable of playing, she leaves him, and he turns to his mirror, though his heart is breaking, with the words: "Yes, but to-morrow night—I have a rendez-vous with twelve hundred people." In that situation, upon which the curtain fell, the playwright put not only the sense of the theatric but also the gallant attitude which the Latin-Celtic races know best how to assume.

"The Comedian" was formed on the established lines of dramatic construction, though the device of including the body of the house within the scope of the stage, in both the Guitry plays, gave an impression of novelty. But the contribution from Italy, Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," brought a new dramatic idea into being. Disregarding divisions into acts and scenes, the logic of the Latin playwright presented us with an absolute unity of scene, again the stage of a theatre during a rehearsal. He began by making use of comedy elements in the stage-manager and the actors, but into this situation he introduces six characters: a father, a mother, their son, her daughter, and her two children. They are the characters in a play that has never been written, the figments of an author's brain that he declined to clothe in flesh and blood, but which demand their right to creation. The puzzled stage-manager finally grants them the privilege of revealing themselves to the actors who are to play their parts. With the Latin's confident assumption of passion, Pirandello plunges us into a tragedy of horror, but one which affords great scope for acting. Between the father, who is the leader of the band, and the stage-manager there flash constantly significant side-lights upon the relation of a character to an actor and to life itself. The father shocks the manager by declaring that he, the creation of an artist, is more real than a mere human being whose nature is so changeable and who may die. When the manager objects that the character may change also, the father bursts out: "But our reality doesn't change; it can't

change! It can't be other than it is; because it is fixed forever." After all, Pirandello is right. Who among us will ever be as old as Hamlet or as real as Romeo?

This ideal of the reality of dramatic conceptions is not, of course, exclusively Italian. Pirandello, however, has struck a note not only in this play but also in his "Henry IV," and his "Right You Are, If You Think So," which demands a searching and healthful consideration of the relative importance of actual things and of those products of art which may become greater than the human race from which they sprang. With a true Latin spirit he rails at nothing, and he is not a pessimist. For pessimism and for the scientific scrutiny of the human race, we must go eastward in Europe, to Czecho-Slavic and to Russian drama. Karel Kapek, who wrote "R. U. R.," and, together with his brother Joseph, wrote "The World We Live In," is an exponent of a new national and racial ideal. Up to a few years ago the native plays of Prague represented something like the national glorification of which "Will Shakespeare" is an example. It seemed necessary during the period of Germanic rule to insist upon the integrity of Slavic historic life by perpetuating upon the stage the deeds of their national heroes. But the Kapeks have passed on to a symbolic form of drama in which human life is satirized by comparison with automata or insects. In "R. U. R." human science has created a set of mechanical machines to do the work of the world. These machines in human shape are called "Rossom's Universal Robots," and they finally rise in overwhelming numbers and destroy their creators. The idea is not new: there is a stirring story of Fitz-James O'Brien, written in the fifties, "The Wonder Smith," which has something of the same theme; but the play has strong situations, especially the scene in which the last of the human race, as their boasted scientific devices fail one by one, wait for their inevitable destruction.

In "The World We Live In" a symbolic picture of life is drawn in the mating of amorous butterflies, in the wars of flies and crickets, and the survival of the unfittest in the slimy parasite. The picture of the ants too, fighting for their inch or two

of ground till destruction comes upon the tribe, is a powerful satire on "civilized war." The Slavic conclusion in each case is to suggest the beginning of a new life through the inevitable love of the sexes. But their conclusions are not so important to us as their methods. Has satiric pessimism an artistic lesson for our playwrights? Before we reply, let us look at Russia.

The Moscow Art Theatre has been the subject of so much comment that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon the excellence of the acting, the perfection of the stage pictures, or the mediocrity of the scenery. On the night I saw "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," my companion, who is an expert in the theatre, was sure that the last set had been painted in America! Any national art has its message, and to me "Tsar Fyodor" seemed to be trying to convey to an alien audience (much of which was not alien) a message akin to that of "Will Shakespeare"—the glory of the nation. As a background to the marvellous acting of Katchaloff in the part of the weak Tsar, buffeted by Tories and Liberals alike, there was the spirit of Holy Russia of the past, breathing in and between the lines. Perhaps it rose to its height when the Tsarina begs him to become the real ruler of his people, a scene which the genius of Madame Knipper-Tchekhova made memorable. The age of Tsar Fyodor was the age of Queen Elizabeth, and its ideals may not have been far different. As I watched this, in some ways the most typical of their plays, the thought came to me that what Russia of to-day needed was a great faith in something, to rouse the national spirit which must underlie the surface of Bolshevism. In other plays of the Moscow Theatre, such as "The Cherry Orchard," a more modern note of disillusion and decay is struck. And this brings us back to the Slavic pessimism of the stage. Has it any message for us? I think not. The Russian, crushed by a native tyranny, and the Bohemian by a foreign rule, were born to despair. The vast mass simply suffered; the more active either rebelled and were exiled or else became dreamers of dreams, remote from hope or effort.

The American nature is not so constituted. Born in a freer atmosphere, he is

not satisfied to "do nothing about it"; and when he rebels he carries his programme through—sometimes! In his drama he may learn from playwrights like the Kapeks new methods by which beauty may be secured, and he may certainly relearn from the Moscow Art Theatre the old lesson of careful training. But from the Russian philosophy of life he has little to take, for that way lies despair and madness.

There is little to be gained, either, from such Hungarian ideals as are revealed in "Fashions for Men," Molnar's clever comedy, in which the weaknesses of mankind are amiably reflected. Perhaps it is a sign of greatness in Molnar that his play might really have been laid anywhere. Much more redolent of the soil from which it sprang was Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd," in which Miss Ethel Barrymore personally triumphed over a sordid and futile attempt by a dramatist who has done much better things. I was in Munich in 1897-98 when Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Sudermann were the dramatic gods of the German nation, and especially of the student bodies of the universities. How I haunted the Schauspielhaus, in which their newest plays were performed! When I watched "Rose Bernd" this year, how much less important the play seemed than its predecessors of 1898! For none of the characters on the stage was worth while making much fuss about.

It comes back, therefore, to England, France, and Italy. From Pirandello our playwrights might learn the reality, the permanence of character; from "The Comedian" the appreciation of the responsibility of the playwright. But perhaps the most salient lesson would come from "Pasteur" and from "Will Shakespeare." As material for drama, why need we be afraid to stress a little the glory of America? Our playwrights did it long ago. Between 1825 and 1860 there were one hundred and fifty plays written with a national background. And if it were well done, as in "The Copperhead," it must appeal.

It might be argued that Shakespeare, whose revival has been one of the outstanding features of this season, did not score his greatest successes by depicting English history, and that he reserved the

right to visit even the "seacoast of Bohemia" if it suited him. Surely the plays selected this year for production in New York—"Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "As You Like It"—are not national in their themes. But as Boker truly said:

"England seems no alien land
To those great citizens of Earth."

And they were selected, of course, because they are essentially "star plays." With the acrid arguments concerning the staging of Shakespeare, I am not concerned. It was a privilege to see all of the productions. As individual pieces of acting, Mr. Barrymore's Hamlet and Miss Jane Cowl's Juliet were probably the most satisfying, but as a production Mr. Belasco's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" was most impressive. For some reason (or none) the dramatic critics fell on "The Merchant of Venice." But they seemed to forget that even if we were able to reproduce exactly the conditions of the theatre of Shakespeare, that does not mean that we should reproduce the effect upon the Elizabethan audience. The playgoers who saw "The Merchant of Venice" in 1594 were trained to supply with their imagination background and properties which the flabbier fancies of the present day cannot reproduce. Mr. Belasco translates to a modern audience the splendor and beauty with which the Elizabethan imagination endowed the performances of Shakespeare, and I, for one, am grateful to him, just as I am grateful for the spectacle of Miss Cowl's Juliet and Miss Rambeau's Rosalind, because they add to the sum total of beauty in the world.

Perhaps it was the exquisite color scheme of "As You Like It" which remained the most satisfying impression of the first and ill-fated production of the American National Theatre. The cast was a fine one, Mr. Anson repeating as Jaques the success he had made as the duke in "The Merchant of Venice," and Miss Gillmore making a charming Celia. Notwithstanding the failure of this initial performance from the popular point of view, Mr. Thomas must go on courageously to the next and most important phase of the American National Theatre,

the production of significant American plays. Those of us who have been even slightly in the confidence of Augustus Thomas, know the vision he has of its ultimate service, and I for one feel sure that with its scope widened, both as to personnel and project, the American National Theatre has a real future. But its great function must be the establishment of high standards.

That, after all, is what the Shakespearean revivals may do for the American playwright, the American actor, and the American audience. To the observant playwright they can still teach many things, for the prodigal mind that flung Mercutio into "Romeo and Juliet" still mocks at the parsimony of character creation which dulls so many moments on the modern stage. To the actor they provide opportunities that inspire, even if they sometimes only indicate the limits of wise experiment. To the audiences Shakespeare provides a perennial standard by which they may test not only what is new and what is old, but, more important, what is permanent and what is passing.

The American playwright during the past season has sounded no trump of national glory, has created no figures of heroic size like Queen Elizabeth or Pasteur. When he has dabbled in symbolic pessimism as in "The Adding Machine," he has failed to help in any way the development of native drama. What he has done most successfully is to scrutinize certain of our social institutions, such as marriage and the family, and to establish through them motives that lead either into inevitable tragedy or into true comedy. He has touched the primary emotions such as love and loyalty with reticence and distinction. He has also satirized at times with real cleverness the institutions of the theatre itself and its enemy, the moving picture. So far as exterior form is concerned, he has made little successful deviation from established tradition, being content with the originality of situation and phrase rather than that of scenic division.

Marriage continues to be the subject of the American playwright, and it is interesting that the dramatist who won the

first Pulitzer prize in 1917 with his brilliant comedy "Why Marry?" should return to the stage in 1922 with "Why Not?" his subtle study of divorce. Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams works slowly and carefully. The result is an artistic presentation of a group of real human beings, two sets of husbands and wives, who are presented with a situation that tests at once their emotional peace, their devotion to their children, and their sense of decency. But Mr. Williams describes them so well in his stage directions that I must quote:

The two married couples in this play, although there is a touch of phantasy in their behavior, are of a sort often met in life, though seldom on the stage. Intellectually, they are neither "low-brow" nor "high-brow"; socially, neither "low-life" nor "high-life"—that is, they are not in the least smart, though they doubtless would be classified as "Society people," if they got into the newspapers. They are simple, gracious gentlefolk; too well-born, well-bred and well-disposed toward one another and the world to think much about intellectual or social "position." Nor do they talk about "My Sense of Humor"—and thus demonstrate how little they possess. Indeed, they are rather old-fashioned. They even go to Church. Nevertheless they are all good.

The incongruity of this atmosphere helps to make the fun of their fantastic predicament. For this is a comedy of Human Nature versus Human Institutions.

If this had been a French or an Italian play, passion would have been taken for granted as the first great necessity to be satisfied. In this American comedy the prime essential in life to be preserved is the individual's self-respect, and the difficulties this fact creates are many. Mr. Williams's solution one recognizes as temporary. He is an artist, not a sociologist. It is not his business to provide solutions; he treats the situation from the standpoint of true comedy. Here is life—what are you going to do about it? Decide for yourself, but meanwhile, he says, I am going to entertain you. Mr. Williams strips life of its pretenses, and yet in some magical way preserves its most precious asset, its illusions. And the epigrams fly so fast that I saw several lost in the growing expectation of the audience.

We have not been overburdened in the last few years with American plays in which the characters represent gentlemen and gentlewomen, and that is another rea-

son we are grateful to Mr. Williams and to the other writers of real social comedy who have enriched the stage this year. Mr. Philip Barry, author of the Harvard prize play, "You and I," seems to be quite aware of social values. He has given us a charming pair of lovers in his play, but the chief interest lies in the boy's parents, who are faced with the question of love versus an artistic career, both for father and son. Years before, the father had given up his dream of becoming a painter on account of his early marriage, and his wife had accepted the sacrifice unquestioningly. When the newer generation brings the problem up again, she tries to turn back the hands of time and restore her husband's lost chance, but it is too late. Under the clever surface of this play, sometimes just a little too clever, there glows the spirit of cultivated American life where great decisions are made without display, and when Maitland White recognizes that he cannot escape his responsibilities even at the call of art, there was no question of the sympathetic response from the audience.

We are gradually building up a standard of high comedy in this country, but it is slow work. Mr. Barry's play shows in the beginning, for example, the influence of "Why Marry?" and Mr. Richman's clever comedy "The Awful Truth" more clearly reflects "The New York Idea." In fact, when I watched the divorced wife trying to recover her lost husband in "The Awful Truth," it was not only because I had seen Mr. Bruce McRae recaptured before as John Karslake that I noticed the resemblance. "The Awful Truth" was very light, but it was at times delightful fooling. Any dramatist who can do such different kinds of work as the author of "Not So Long Ago," "Ambush," "The Awful Truth," and "The Serpent's Tooth" should go far. I suspect that the last play was headed for tragedy, for it was a tense situation which Miss Marie Tempest interpreted finely at the end of the second act, and then something happened!

Less charming and less of a social comedy than "Why Marry?" and "You and I," but more searching and more disquieting, is Miss Crothers's study of the modern young woman in "Mary the Third."

Miss Crothers is really not so much concerned with the social aspects of her problem as she is with the moral and the personal ones. She shows us Mary the First in 1870 taking her mate by the lure of physical attraction; then she pictures Mary the Second in 1897 being taken by a man who among her lovers is the most insistent. And then, bringing these two women into the play as grandmother and mother, she reveals Mary the Third in 1923 with a vocabulary that conceals nothing and with a determination to know the theory and practice of marriage, before which conventions fly. These periodic scenes are not mere preludes; every appeal to propriety from the horrified grandmother's lips sends the audience back to the memory of what she did in 1870! And the despair of the children when they overhear their father and mother strip their married life of its illusions is a really dramatic theme. When the curtain falls on the second act it seems impossible for the family life to go on, but Miss Crothers shows that the irresistible pressure of habit will bring the parents together again, and that Mary the Third will choose her mate just as her mother did, because he needs her most—or she thinks he does. Human nature makes the ending of "Mary the Third" probable, just as it made the ending of "The Serpent's Tooth" improbable; but to call it a happy ending is to misunderstand a few essentials.

In real marriage there is no ending; in false marriage there was no beginning. These apparent truisms are the basis of a study of the marriage relation in "The Changelings," Mr. Lee Dodd's comedy, which started auspiciously in Philadelphia in April. Its success must be attributed partially to the remarkable cast, headed by Mr. Henry Miller and including Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Laura Hope Crews, and Miss Ruth Chatterton. After three married couples, parents and children, have skirted the very edge of destruction, the powerful clutch of decency draws them back. It is refreshing to see an American play in which the four male characters represent an editor, a novelist, a publisher, and a college instructor as human beings. But the most important event connected with "The Changelings"

was the announcement made by Miss Blanche Bates in her curtain speech that this venture of Mr. Miller is to be the beginning of an American stock company, which will produce American plays. The eloquent plea of Miss Bates for public support of a native theatre, and her delicate yet determined reference to the artificial preference for exotic products swept the audience, already enthusiastic over the cast and the comedy.

Tragedy is not necessarily more sincere than comedy. In such studies of rather drab life in Michigan as Mr. Beach's "The Square Peg" and Mr. Cunningham's "Hospitality," the tragedy is inevitable, and the authors have resolutely carried the motive through. The two dominating mothers who are too busy to love or to show their love for their families are drawn with skill in both instances, but with this essential difference. In "The Square Peg" Mrs. Huckins rules her family primarily for her own self-satisfaction, and the play leaves her among the ruins of her family life without hope and with no compensation to the audience for having assisted in the tragedy. Now an audience has a right to demand that if they have been made to suffer through their sympathy, the suffering must be worth while, and there must be an aftermath of exaltation. But nobody really cares about Mrs. Huckins or her family. In "Hospitality," on the other hand, the death scene of Mrs. Wells is lighted with the glory which comes from the completeness of her inarticulate sacrifice. Perhaps it was the remarkable acting of Mrs. Hale, but I left the theatre feeling that every bit of trouble in that play had been worth while, and that it had introduced its hearers to the realities of life, where even in the moment of its apparent defeat a great love had conquered.

The theme of a mother's love is hard to deal with on the stage, for obvious reasons. Perhaps that is why Mr. Owen Davis chose to present in his domestic play, "Ice Bound," the influence of a dead mother controlling the lot of those she loved and those she despised. The scene in which "the Jordans," waiting for their mother's death, reveal the hard, mean natures of a certain type of New England character is as good in its way as a some-

what similar scene in Mr. O'Neill's "The First Man." But the second act of "Ice Bound" is even better. Jane Crosby, the young cousin the rest hated, has been left the property, and she dominates them all, including Ben Jordan, the returned and unrepentant prodigal, who alone among her children Mrs. Jordan had loved. It has been a long time since a more dramatic moment has been granted to our stage than that in which Miss Phyllis Povah, as Jane Crosby, reads to Judge Bradford Mrs. Jordan's letter to her. It is unfair to Mr. Davis to quote a few sentences from the letter, but here they are:

I'm doing this, the meanest thing, I think, I've ever done to you. . . . Ben's a bad son and a bad man. I can't leave him the money. He'd squander it and the Jordan money came hard. . . . If squandering the money would bring him happiness, I'd face all the Jordans in the other world and laugh at them, but I know there's only just one chance to save my boy, through a woman who will hold out her heart to him and let him trample on it, as he has on mine. Who'd work and pray and live for him until as age comes on and maybe he gets a little tired, he'll turn to her. . . . It takes a long time to make a Jordan.

There is little reformation of Ben; Jane marries him under no illusions as to her permanent happiness, but simply because she loves him. After all, no one ever loves any one else for a reason! What if there are echoes of "The Hero" in "Ice Bound," which Mr. Ames's fine acting made more reminiscent? Mr. Davis has to his credit a significant American play, with distinct characters, with a real motive, and with splendid workmanship.

It is not the custom of our playwrights to deal frequently with moral or economic conditions. When they do they are likely to reveal the lesson or the satire by as concrete a treatment as possible. When Mr. Channing Pollock wrote "The Fool," he evidently wished to hold up a mirror to unfortunate conditions of life through the figure of a man who attempted to live the life of Christ, and who had things happen to him in consequence. There is symbolism in "The Fool" but it is not the symbolism of "R. U. R." or "The World We Live In"; it is a return rather to the methods of the mystery-play, and we have the Magdalen and the crippled child concretely represented. "The Fool" is too much of a sermon to be a great play, but

it has moments of inspiration, especially the one in which Mr. Pollock took his hero out of clergyman's garb, and it has the great artistic virtue of sincerity. Better constructed as a play, but with less original a conception, Mr. Don Marquis's "The Old Soak" is a successor of "Rip Van Winkle," "A Temperance Town," "Lightnin'," and other plays which protest against the tyranny of law-made morality and present the genial drunkard for our observation and sympathy. Such an appeal hardly ever fails, for the drunkard on the stage has qualities in which drunkards in real life are unfortunately lacking.

"The Fool" and "The Old Soak" have been popular successes. So has Mr. Austin Strong's melodrama of French life, "Seventh Heaven," interesting because of the attempt of an American playwright to lay the scene of his work abroad and because he has caught the French note, especially in some of the minor characters. But the reason the audience is shaken to its emotional depths at the climax of the second act is simply because a great actress has been provided by a dramatist with a situation based on one of the fundamental facts of life. To read about a young girl who has been brought up in misery suddenly coming to life under the inspiration of a young man's love is one thing—to see Miss Helen Menken come to life on the stage is quite another thing, and it is unforgettable.

With the theory of dramatic criticism that looks with suspicion upon any play that pleases thousands of people, I have little sympathy. Many a fine play fails for lack of discrimination, but I agree with Doctor Johnson that any sincere artistic product which delights many people has its place. The two plays in which the American playwright satirized his dearest foes, the amateur actor and the moving pictures, have under their surface of froth the solid substance of ideas. "Merton of the Movies," by the heavenly twins of comedy, Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly, and "The Torch Bearers," by Mr. George Kelly, have outlined two distinct characters: the adolescent youth, with a passion to be a great "movie star," and the managing directress who makes a social playground of the stage. These types are redolent of reality. It would be idle to

demand of these plays the philosophy of Pirandello or the strong *amour propre* of "The Comedian." They are farces, not serious drama, and it accords with our national ideals of the theatre to treat it lightly rather than as a social institution as they do in Italy or France. And how could we treat the moving picture seriously—for if we do there comes despair! It is different with the theatre, and it was a pity that a more serious study of the artistic temperament in contrast with domestic responsibilities, Miss Akins's "A Texas Nightingale" should have been so poorly cast as to invite failure.

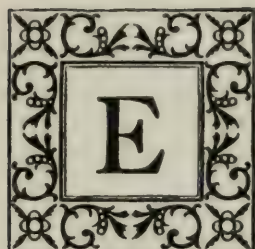
Thirty years ago Dion Boucicault prophesied that "the grandeur of the future American drama will be its truth, its purity, its delicacy and tenderness," and that our dramatists would write about what they knew. How we have justified this expectation, let our artistic conscience speak. But when we consider among our recent plays only those that have a right to consideration, the national ideals shine through. In the constant peril of being called "parochial" we have steadfastly continued to look upon life in its broadest aspects and in its proper proportions, relegating murder, illicit love, and kindred themes to that small percentage of attention which the experience of the average American actually justifies. That decent people, living our sufficiently complicated lives, may give occasion to situations that are essentially dramatic, the experience of the present season has proved. That there are actors competent to interpret the playwright's work is also clear. Our playwrights are not unaware either of what is going on elsewhere, for was not the author of "Ice Bound" the adapter of "The World We Live In"?

Our greatest dramatic genius is at present carrying to Paris, London, and Berlin the products of American originality and power. Meanwhile a band of expert craftsmen, unabashed by "expressionism," "impressionism," "presentationism," or what-not, are skilfully depicting on the stage significant types of American character. All they need from us, and they need it as vitally as we need the sunlight, is the encouragement any race owes to the artists who interpret with sincerity the ideals of its national life.

Vanilla Wafers

BY MYRA MASON LINDSEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH



LIZABETH CHAT-TERTON sat on the end of the last Pullman and stared backward into the flying dusk.

"I am like those cotton-fields," she thought, "dimmer and more monotonous the farther I go. Sandy land in a drought."

She was sorry when the woman with the six-year-old twins, the fat man with green goggles, the two travelling salesmen, and the tall Westerner who had got on the train at Memphis, answered the last call to dinner. She hated to be alone with the voices of the clacking wheels.

"You're a fool to run away," they shrieked with merciless rhythm, as telephone-poles whirled dizzily by. "You're a fool, you're a fool, you're a fool. No escape, no escape, no escape."

"I am a sentimental fool to dream of escaping," she concluded half aloud as a flagman staggered through the heavy door and hung out two red lanterns.

Elizabeth was thirty-seven, and had never been kissed by any man except her father and her father's friend, the old English bishop, both dead since her childhood. She was still pretty, too, but nobody seemed to notice it, least of all Elizabeth herself.

For twenty years she had taught the seventh grade in a little Mississippi hill town whose proudest boast was that it contained no citizens but deep-water, close-communion Baptists, and old-time-religion Methodists who could tell you to an eighth of an inch the waist measure of the whale both before it had gobbled Jonah and afterward.

Now she was keeping in the "second generation" and cramming dusty infinitives, partial payments, and pink maps of South America down their unwilling

throats. She knew, therefore, what was meant by the sins of the fathers' being visited. They were visited on the teacher.

Lately former students had been introducing their infant offspring to her and speaking of the day when she would teach them also. She had become as inevitable as the Solid White South or the Democratic party, and as necessary to community education as yearly "tent meetings" were to "salvation." The men, women, and children of the town seemed to think that she not only taught school but thought school, ate school, slept school.

When Brother Bowling spoke to her of the life to come, his terms were pedagogical. His parochial visits always left her heavy with the dread that, in heaven, her portion would be to expound celestial sentences to St. Peter and to deliver moral lectures to Judas Iscariot. If a parent met her in a teeming rain, he did not offer her the comfort of his umbrella. Instead he reminded her of Mack's cleverness in solving a knotty problem about the per cent of rainfall in the Gulf States.

Did she enjoy the vivid slang of a boy near her at a field-day contest, some consciously cultured mother stage-whispered: "Sh-h-h, Miss Lizzie'll hear you!" She was never invited to rook parties given by her own chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was taken for granted that Miss Lizzie, being an educational and corrective institution, disapproved of such casual, if not downright carnal, indulgence.

Christian cards like rook and flinch were harmless for wives and daughters of trustees, for students themselves and their mothers, but for teachers—heavens! Teachers were fattening their purses on from forty to sixty-five dollars a month during the eight-and-a-half-months' school term. The very least they could do in return was to set a moral example

the whole year through. If the townfolk refused to profit, the fault was theirs.

Trustee Baxter, boss of the school board, furnished the one blessed uncertainty in Elizabeth's life, her only hope of

been a field-marshal conferring upon a conscripted private the Croix de Guerre, not because the private had fought bravely or usefully, but because the field-marshal had so much glory that he could af-



He hurled this at Elizabeth accusingly.—Page 74.

change. To him alone she did not stretch from everlasting to everlasting. He was a swollen, fishlike man with weepy eyes and puffy hands that constantly caressed each other except when they figured his profits on coal and ice or passed the collection plate twice every Sunday at Calvary Church.

When, each spring, he announced to Elizabeth her re-election, he might have

ford to scatter a little of it among the humble. He made Elizabeth feel, too, that a man so overwhelmingly married as himself—he had two wives dead and one almost dead—could not but condescend to her celibate state.

About him there was always a threat to her, an attitude of "you-wouldn't-be-tolerated-here-but-for-me." He didn't see how the town could afford to continue

Miss Lizzie's five-hundred-fifty-two-dollar salary. Just because a woman has taught twenty years in one school, she has no right to demand favors, he hinted. He could get a high-school girl for three hundred a year, a home girl who could afford to take less. Besides, anybody could teach the seventh grade.

The boll-weevil, he continued, was stripping the cotton patches as clean as Old Ben Butler had once stripped New Orleans of her silver spoons. If the Big Black overflowed the corn lands in the bottom again, he would be compelled to fire some of the faculty. In all probability the school would run quite as well with seven teachers as with ten, anyway. Why, when he went to school, one teacher taught eighty pupils and didn't get off at four o'clock either, and *he* was not an utter failure. He hurled this at Elizabeth accusingly, his thumbs in the armholes of his vest.

Elizabeth's younger associates feared Trustee Baxter while they berated him in secret. But Elizabeth thanked God for him. He at least did not regard her as an immovable piece of school furniture. She dreamed sometimes that he might oust her and refuse to recommend her for the seventh grade anywhere else. But, though his bark gained in profundity as well as in momentum as the years went on, he seemed to have as little determination to dismiss her as she had to resign.

"I'm really running away from those Sunday-night suppers, too," murmured Elizabeth to the darkness as she propped her slender feet up on the rail of the observation. "Vanilla wafers, gritty evaporated peaches, and tepid boarding-house tea, served dismally in a dingy, cracked green-plastered dining-room. Mrs. Nelson's sharp questions about the fine points of Brother Bowling's sermon to discover if anybody were backsliding through inattention, Miss Effie's good-natured banter dashed with denominational vinegar on the rival righteousness of baptism by sprinkling and by immersion, and Miss Kate, the primary teacher's unending complaint about the spitballs that Freddie Baxter blew in the direction of her desk. Ugh!

"Nothing to look forward to but indigo

Monday and a written lesson on "Lee's Valley Campaign," throbbed Elizabeth's memory. "Keeping in after school. Correcting stacks of badly spelled papers at night. Coaching failures in the summer at a dollar a month each. Washing shirtwaists and handkerchiefs on Saturday. Turning that old blue dress again. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night. Helping Mrs. Nelson to entertain the presiding elder and other visiting brethren during quarterly conference. Chaperoning the seventh-grade picnic to Willow Springs. The same old things day after day, month after month, year after year, yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

Elizabeth had often wondered during revivals while Brother Brimstone Sullivan, conference evangelist, smacked his vitriolic lips unctuously over a hell of his own elaborate painting, whether she would be denied the glorious blaze of eternal fire, all blue and gold and crackling, and be forced to teach fractions to the fallen in some drab corner and to eat satanic vanilla wafers on Sunday nights.

"Anything but vanilla wafers," she shuddered. "I believe she bought them by the gross just so they'd be musty. God! how I hate the smell of them!"

Elizabeth sat up straight. For the first time in her life she had said God not in prayer. Mrs. Nelson and Trustee Baxter were right; just the thought of New York made one wicked. What would she be after she got there?

Since her mother's death fifteen years ago Elizabeth had boarded with old Lady Nelson, Presiding Elder Nelson's garrulous widow, who "took" the teachers, all of them old maids, sentenced as such by the town and bearing its sign and seal. The school children had done their innocent best to make the epithet true in Elizabeth's case.

She had begun her career as Miss Chatterton. But gradually she had flattened out to Miss Lizzie. A woman has a chance of youth as long as she is either Jane or Elizabeth, Miss Taylor or Miss Chatterton. But let her become Miss Jane or Miss Lizzie and she is damned, matrimonially, at least. Elizabeth knew this and she met it defiantly with rusty-black coat suits, white wash shirtwaists, generally at outs with her skirt bands, and

a most immodest exposure of her small ears when ears were out of style.

Last Hallowe'en she had dressed like a gypsy and told fortunes at a school party because one of the girls had fallen ill. The

hastily daubed talcum powder over the lines around her mouth and eyes and counted twenty-two gray strands above her temples.

"God!" said Elizabeth again and felt



"Why, Miss Lizzie, you don't favor yourself."

bright red of her dress reflected itself in her swarthy cheeks and deepened her brown eyes to match her night-colored hair hanging in strong, loose braids from under her fantastic head-dress.

"Why, Miss Lizzie, you don't favor yourself; you look so young and pretty!" thrilled a group of "her girls" in honest surprise. She didn't favor herself, she acknowledged next morning when she

better. A grim exultation in her own madness pricked her spine. What a furor her trip had created among the townfolk!

"Elizabeth Chatterton, you're crazy to squander what you've skimped twenty years to save," exclaimed a chorus. "Four hundred dollars for six weeks in New York! It's enough to embarrass you to death to have to go to school again even at Columbia University after you've

taught so long yourself. You know enough, anyway. Besides, what'll you live on when you're old?"

Her critics, she had noticed, had been shocked out of calling her Miss Lizzie. She had become Elizabeth once more. Her blood flowed in quick tide to the thought.

"I've spent my youth planning for senility," she had retorted. "Now I'm going to be young in my old age. I'll have something to think about in the Old Ladies' Home, anyhow."

And she laughed in a way that made Trustee Baxter look at her longer than he had ever done before.

And here she was whirling through the night on her first, perhaps her last, adventure, her courage fast trickling away.

"If I had gone in to eat, I could have ordered vanilla wafers. Just looking at them would have fortified me," ran Elizabeth's thoughts as her fellow travelers, returning noisily, again took possession of their chairs.

The six-year-old twins, mouths greasy, hands greasier, leaned against her lap. Like all children, they made free with her.

"I don't mind," she said to their inefficient young mother. "Let them alone," and she wiped their hands on her handkerchief. ♪

"It's easy to see that you have children of your own," ventured a barytone voice from the shadowy doorway. It was the tall Westerner. He had lent her a magazine during the afternoon and had discussed the League of Nations with her when she had returned it two hours later.

"Is it?" laughed Elizabeth. "I have three."

If a nest full of mice or a Bolshevik bomb had tumbled into her lap, Elizabeth could not have been more shocked. The words had issued from her lips but they had been spoken by another woman. Thank Heaven, there was one person in the world who had not appraised her as a perennial pedagogue. Maybe she looked a little human after all. She had never lied before, but, if this was lying, there was an electric thrill in it.

"Would you mind telling me about them?" The Westerner fell into the nearest chair and lighted a cigar.

The new woman crawled entirely out of

the chrysalis that had been Elizabeth. She saw that hills and little mountains and quiet streams were springing out of the darkness. The flat cotton lands had disappeared.

"Don't let me talk too much," she answered, trying to sound apologetic. "A mother never tires of the perfections of her own offspring. Bettie and La Una are just pink-faced third graders with bobbed hair, millions of questions, and dirty hands except to me.

"And, Jack—well, Jack always makes me incoherent. People say he's like me. Maybe that's why I can't wait till August to see him."

Jack, it developed, was going from his prep school on the Hudson to a summer camp in Canada before he returned home for four weeks in August. (Elizabeth had once had a pupil who did this.) His exploits grew like the bean-stalk, as did Jack, being nearly six feet tall and a wonderful athlete, according to his mother.

"Impossible that you should have a son sixteen! You must have married in swaddling-clothes." The man was genuinely amazed.

So was Elizabeth. "I was young," she gasped, pinching herself.

"I like to hear a Southern woman talk," he complimented. "My mother came from South Carolina, and all her years in the West didn't give her a single r. You remind me of her."

"Thank you." Elizabeth felt like a brindle "nigger" dog caught yellow-mouthed in the act of sucking eggs.

"It's partly that, perhaps, that makes me like to talk to you. I'm generally afraid of women. The only ones in miles of the ranch are fat Mexicans and cranky school-teachers. I can't jabber Mex and I'd run like a cyclone from one of those female spanking-machines. Dried-up prunes and prisms. I prefer my horses and cattle."

"Now, don't be too hard on the poor creatures; we're all sisters under the skin." Elizabeth's tone was as tolerantly patronizing as she conceived it proper for a snug, smug matron's to be. Rather like Mrs. Marsden Doolittle's when she addressed the teacher part of the Parent-Teachers' Association.

"What do you know about them?"

The question was amused. "You Southern women of family are so sheltered from disagreeable facts."

"I—I—have a kinswoman who once taught the seventh grade. And, oh, how she hated vanilla wafers!"

glers from local trains and occasional adventurers from the Eastern Limited, which sometimes stopped there for water, sat on high stools and consumed strong coffee and ham sandwiches over a fly-specked counter. Elizabeth and the Westerner



The woman in the mirror . . . smiled wickedly.—Page 78.

"Vanilla wafers?" puzzled the Westerner. A long, shrill whistle had drowned all but those words. "I'll see what I can do for you at the junction. We're blowing for it now, I think."

Elizabeth realized that she was hungry, that the diner was closed, and that vanilla wafers, much as she loathed them, were a safer topic than a brand-new husband and three new-born children.

There was a little eating joint at the junction where section hands and strag-

bought a bagful of sandwiches. And they were very gay as they ran to catch their train.

"I'll lay you my best Hereford that you race with that boy of yours," panted the man, while Elizabeth was catching her breath and the train was getting under speed again. "You run like a kid."

"My—husband—says I am."

"What's he like?" The words were clipped.

"Who?"

"Your husband."

Elizabeth couldn't think to save her life.

"He—he—lets me do as I please, hats and everything." Elizabeth had read those very words in a recent novel. Besides, she had worn the same hat five years.

"I imagine he's much older than you."

Elizabeth felt almost juvenile when she agreed that he was, then changed the subject abruptly.

"You miserable liar!" flamed Elizabeth with what she tried to think was reproach to the woman in the dressing-room mirror, while the porter made down her berth two hours later.

Where, oh where, was Miss Lizzie? The woman in the mirror, hair loosened over her ears, face flushed, eyes dancing bright, smiled wickedly. She was not an old maid. She was a young matron with a stylish new coat suit and a big boy and two little girls and an adoring husband and, perhaps, another man in the case. She could not explain the transformation; she just accepted it. The coat suit, at least, was real. She stroked it lovingly and blew a shy kiss along its folds as it hung swaying beside her.

Next morning she overslept, the first time in years. She dreamed that she was rocking in her little red cradle with her mother smiling over her and chanting, "Baa, baa, black sheep!"

"I waited to go to breakfast with you," said the Westerner, who was standing in the vestibule of the diner. "I hope you won't think I'm fresh. I like to talk to you and I don't take a shine to talking to many women, either."

Elizabeth's momentary embarrassment and awkwardness fled when, in the diner, she began pouring coffee for them both. Mingled with her half-guest deference, she wore a half-hostess authority born naturally to all women who sit behind coffee-urns and teapots and dispense hospitality, as queens once dispensed gracious favors from thrones. Elizabeth had not poured anything for anybody in years except lemonade from a tin dipper for her pupils during their annual spring picnic.

Somehow, as the smoking brown liquid curled into the cup that she handed across to her neighbor, she saw not him but a

husband whose features were not at all clear and three rosy child faces that smiled at her encouragingly. She felt like a householder.

The woman who had spoken from her throat last night spoke again.

"No, I don't think you fresh! Of course not. I'm glad to have company on the journey. Besides, why should a man be fresh with a woman who has a young giant for a son?"

"Is he going to meet you in New York?" inquired the man across the table.

"He? Yes—why, I mean, no—I don't know," she faltered. "Gracious! that's the hottest coffee I ever tasted." She recovered herself and wondered if Jack would have met her had there been a Jack. "It might be pretty hard for him to get away, with exams and everything," she hazarded finally.

"I was about to suggest that, if you were going to be in New York a few hours, we might run around a bit together."

"Oh, I'd love it!" replied Elizabeth with the same look that leaps into a schoolboy's eyes when he expects to stay in and doesn't have to, after all.

"Anything you care for especially?"

"Oh, everything, everything!" Elizabeth was glowing. "I want to see every street at every hour of the day and night, all the goodness and all the badness, ships that smell of far seas, brave, graceful towers that venture their dizzy heads into heaven, lights and shadows, joys and sorrows, theatres and museums, cathedrals and cabarets, and people by millions and trillions, foreigners with quaint customs and queer tongues, princes and pick-pockets—everything, everybody! I must see them all. For I'm never coming again."

"Never coming again? Why, how sad, how final you sound. Yes, yes, you will. When you come to New York once, you've got to come again. You can't help yourself. It's like a thirst after salt. New York is the Lady-Mother of all Magic and she won't let you rest till you come back to her for more bewitching. Some folk she takes by the hand like comrades; thousands she tramples under her careless, cruel feet; the reckless who dare to kiss her lips go mad or die of heart-break; but many lives starved and broken she has warmed at her breast. You'll kiss

the hem of her garment and she'll take you for her own. I know. One of her children can always recognize another."

The Westerner stopped abruptly, evidently embarrassed by his own vehement eloquence. Elizabeth's cheeks and ears

glowed as if to a child who was being let into the secrets of the fairies. Elizabeth could not remember when she had felt so happy. A man had not spoken to her either gently or gaily since her father died. The trustees were anything but



"No," denied Elizabeth, "he's a doctor."—Page 80.

felt hot, and she dropped her spoon on purpose.

"I'd love to show you Fifth Avenue on New Year's eve," the man continued in a more practical voice. "We'd fight our way on foot all the merry miles from Central Park to Washington Square, then ride down to Wall Street to hear the bells of Trinity chime in the New Year."

"What's it like?"

"I can't tell you; you've got to see it, hear it, feel it. And *you* could."

The Westerner spoke with a gentle

gentle, and Parson Bowling was anything but gay, and she seldom talked to any other man.

She had to steady herself to appear natural when her neighbor suddenly fell silent, clearing his throat.

"This is the most marvellous old Virginny bacon. Do give me another piece," she entreated. "You see," she said when she had taken a bite, "I can't just pack up and leave my children, no matter how much I adore New York." Her tone was meant to sound extenuating.

"Who'd you leave 'em with?" asked the Westerner bluntly but with a returning embarrassment that somehow pleased Elizabeth.

"Why—their—f-father, when he's there." Elizabeth's laugh was artificial and she took two pieces of toast, though there was a piece untouched on her plate.

"You didn't tell me what he did," questioned the man rather hesitantly. "I imagine he's a cotton-planter."

"No," denied Elizabeth, "he's a doctor." She had never been sick a day in her life and had always thought that doctors were romantic. "But the Widow Nelson directs the housekeeping while I'm away."

Elizabeth whispered to her inner self: "She'd have you turned out of the church for this if she knew. But then you, at least, wouldn't have to act as century-plant to the Susanna Wesley Bible Class for Young Ladies."

As they finished breakfast, the train pulled into Washington and slowly out again. Elizabeth looked from the window and asked questions eagerly while her companion pointed out the white of distant Arlington across the shining Potomac, the lift of the Capitol dome, and the peak of the Washington Monument.

"You are dreadfully young, do you know it?" he resumed suddenly when they were steaming through the beauty of a Maryland June. "You enjoy everything as if it were brand-new."

"Everything is brand-new," answered Elizabeth. And she was startled to find what a deep truth she had proclaimed.

The world indeed was as new as if washed with a tropical torrent, all the dust of monotony and school-teaching flowing away in some kindly underground ditch out of sight forever.

"I'll bet you live in a big white house like yonder one among the apple-trees," ventured her fellow traveller.

"No, it's a rambling brick affair with huge rooms and heavy colonial furniture," lied Elizabeth. As a matter of fact, the outside of the Widow Nelson's house was in strict accord with the green-plastered dining-room.

"I can see your frail blue china and dull old monogrammed silver."

"How did you know?"

"I told you that you were like my mother. Those things seem to belong with you somehow."

Farther on the Westerner pointed to another country estate on a hill. "And has it a brick chimney like that one?"

"Yes, with a fireplace that cradles a pine-knot blaze big as a bonfire," agreed Elizabeth, her imagination warming as she heaped on more verbal kindling.

"I can hear you tell Uncle Remus to those lucky kids." The man leaned forward, elbows on knees, eyes eager, as if to share with those same "lucky kids" the excitements of Bre'r Rabbit's venturesome career.

"Especially on Sunday nights," acquiesced Elizabeth. "That's our big time, the hour when we're all together. That's the one night in the week that I relax all rules, even those of the table. I refuse to have cold supper, no matter if the cook doesn't come back and I have to fuss around myself. We have regular feasts, hot waffles and Louisiana molasses a specialty."

"We laugh and sing and play jokes on each other and pile the fire higher," flamed Elizabeth with an ardor that would have made Baron Munchausen glad to claim her as his godchild. "Why, I even let my children dance a jig if their spirits move them to it. I want every Sunday night of their youth to glow so brightly that the reflection will make rose-pink Mondays all the rest of their lives, no matter what the world may offer them later in the way of horrid blue ones. And I'll fight to shield them from one theme and one vanilla wafer!"

Tears trembled in Elizabeth's voice, and her eyes were blazing eloquence.

"You're a funny little person to get so agitated over trifles like themes and vanilla wafers. Besides, what earthly connection have they, anyhow?"

"I was thinking—of—my kinswoman who taught the seventh grade and was fed vanilla wafers at her green-plastered boarding-house kept by a presiding elder's widow."

"You are too sympathetic. Don't worry over school-teachers. They are generally pretty callous."

Stifling a retort that would have murdered her husband, buried her children,

demolished her beautiful brick house, slivered her egg-shell china, and quenched her Sunday-night hearth-fires, Elizabeth hurriedly turned to the porter who was passing and paid him to bring her two packages of chewing-gum. It had been part of her pedagogical duty to be a total abstainer in this respect. She had not touched a piece of gum in years except to take it away from some Epicurean seventh grader who could not resist the urge of the flesh till after school. She was an iconoclast now and she might as well smash everything.

"I'm going to dissipate," giggled Elizabeth. "I can't let my children see me chewing, and yet I adore it. I feel like a football-player breaking training before the big game. Have some?"

"There's no objection to my chewing any time. Chewing is the most fashionable of social diversions on my ranch, where there are no ladies but Hereford ladies."

"Oh, tell me about it," invited Elizabeth. "I adore ranches, the wilder and woolier, the better."

"Have you been West, then?"

"No, I've never been anywhere except in books. It's my duty to take Wild West thrillers away from my—I mean, my kinswoman seizes them as contraband from her seventh graders and I read them. Tell me about your ranch. Do you ride miles and miles?"

"Oh, yes, not romantically, though, as you think, but mostly by flivver. Even on a horse, I don't wear chaps and a six-shooter. Just plain knickers that I golf in, too."

"And do you have links all your own?"

"You could hardly call 'em that. Just a three-hole course."

"Do you climb the mountains?"

"Not except when I spree at Estes Park. We're in the plains, elevation almost a mile, not far from Denver."

"Do you come East often?"

"Once every year, sometimes twice. Ship my cattle to Chicago. Then I rolic around New York a week or two and finish up in Chicago at the stock show. Gee! I'm glad you're going to see some plays with me. I hate them by myself all the time."

"Plays? Oh, maybe I oughtn't."

Elizabeth gripped her purse. She was thinking of her savings and wondering how far they would stretch along Broadway. She was willing enough to go with the Westerner. She could tell a nice man when she saw one, but she could not let a casual stranger pay for theatre tickets.

He evidently misinterpreted her hesitation. His long, rather sallow, face flushed. "I don't think your husband would care. He wouldn't if he knew how empty a theatre can be when you are skylarking alone."

Elizabeth looked out of the window. Her glib tongue could find nothing to say.

She finally took refuge in flippancy such as she had heard privileged young matrons use to men. "I'll bet you've got a girl back in Colorado who wouldn't want you skylarking with an old married woman any more than you seem to think my husband would want me to run around with you too much."

"Well, I did have a girl once, but she isn't in Colorado." He hesitated with a color that made him appear ten years younger than he probably was.

"Where is she now?"

"I'm going to find out," replied the man. "She was in New York, but I can get her address from her sister."

"What was the matter?" asked Elizabeth rather faintly.

The Westerner was silent a moment, then blurted on: "Oh, we were temperamental young fools, as they say in the story-books. But I'm going back. Your crackling fires, your Sunday-night waffles, and your children's rose-pink Mondays—why, I never knew how lonesome I was. Maybe *I* can have a brick house with blue china, too, and somebody to care whether I stay out in the rain or eat vanilla wafers or live or die.

"Do you wish me luck?"

"Yes, I do—oh, I do," hastened Elizabeth, trying to swallow her tonsils.

"Will you dance at my wedding?"

"I don't dance." The lilt was gone from Elizabeth's voice. The world outside, washed before with an after-rain newness, was as old and dusty and monotonous as if it had been a chalky blackboard stacked with unending sums in partial payments.

"What are those dirty red-brick things?" Elizabeth asked with a matter-of-fact asperity that would have done credit to Miss Lizzie's tone on a delft-blue Monday to a seventh grade that had played hooky the entire week before.

"Factories." The Westerner gave her a

feel any such thrill. She was about as happy as if she had been grading examination papers on Christmas eve.

She was rather terrified at the bigness of the unknown. She had been in Memphis only once before she had changed trains there the day before yesterday, and



"I'm a liar!" she almost shouted, "and I want you to know it."—Page 83.

straight look and drew himself up to his utmost tallness, which was very tall indeed. "New Jersey at her ugliest and wealthiest. She is a modest lady who saves her loveliness till you know her well. Want to see from the observation?"

"How much farther to New York?" asked Elizabeth.

"About an hour and a half. You can hardly wait to glimpse it, can you? I always feel that thrill, too, when I'm getting into New York, often as I've been there."

Elizabeth discovered that she didn't

to Jackson twice, during the State fair. She wondered if she would find her way safely to Columbia University, who would be her roommate in Whittier Hall, and if she could get into Professor Erskine's poetry class without any college training except what she had crammed during one six-weeks' normal course at the state university back home when she was twenty-one. And she was acutely aware that three hundred dollars in travellers' checks with twelve dollars and fifty-eight cents in bills and small change was all that stood between her and the Old Ladies' Home—

and vanilla wafers for Sunday-night suppers till then.

"How do you get to Columbia University?" she asked suddenly.

"From the Penn Station? Oh, several ways—subway, trolley, bus, taxi. You going up there?"

"Yes, that is, I know somebody who's going to be there."

"Oh, I thought you said you knew nobody in New York."

"I—have a—kinswoman who's going to study there this summer."

"You mean the tiresome spinster who teaches the seventh grade?"

"Yes. I fear she is tiresome and old, too," faltered Elizabeth, who was feeling rather sorry for herself.

"I beg your pardon. I was rude. I know you Southerners are intensely loyal to your relatives."

"I was thinking I'd better go right on out there. She'll be expecting me to supper—dinner, I believe you say up here."

"But you promised to have dinner with me."

"Maybe I'd better not. Your own friends will want you. You mustn't think I make engagements with any man I happen to meet on the train."

"Why, I don't. Why, what's the matter?"

Before Elizabeth could reply, one of the six-year-old twins whose hands she had wiped the night before came through the door and sidled up to her.

"I want to sit in your lap. You have a nice lap."

Elizabeth lifted her up.

"About the size of your little Bettie, isn't she?"

"Bettie?" Elizabeth had forgotten that she had a daughter. "Yes. No, no, *no!* Jump down, child, and run to your mother." And Elizabeth stumbled to her feet.

"I'm a liar!" she almost shouted, "and I want you to know it."

The Westerner stared hard at her, then took her gently by the shoulders and pushed her backward into the chair.

"Wait till I bring you some water."

"I don't want any water. I'm not sick," answered Elizabeth. "I've made a fool of myself and I've lied to you. Everything I've told you has been a lie,

one stacked on top of the other. But somehow I must tell you the truth before I go. I'll never see you again and I want you to forget every syllable of this. But I must tell you. I've never lied before and I never will again. I don't know what made me do it.

"*You* helped me do it," she stormed with a sob. "You did, you did!"

"I!" gasped the accused.

"You said it was plain that I had children of my own, and I said I had and added a husband, a house, and china and happy Sunday nights. And I haven't any of them. I never have had any of them. I never shall have. I want you to understand this; for twenty years I've had nothing, absolutely nothing but stale vanilla wafers and cracked green dining-rooms and broken-mouthed wash-pitchers and shiny blue coat suits and school, school, *school!* I've never had a proposal in my life and everybody calls me Miss Lizzie—and, now, you've m-made me l-l-lie. I never lied before. But when you took me for a woman and not a grade book, when you actually seemed to think I was like other people, it just went to my head, I reckon. But I am only the kinswoman who taught the seventh grade, the cranky old prune and prism that you thought so t-t-tiresome—and—and——"

"This is Manhattan Transfer," the man broke in quietly and irrelevantly. "We take on the electric engine here."

"Oh, I knew you'd be disgusted and everything else, but I had to tell you. Please don't stare at my eyes. I can't h-help c-crying."

"Better get your things together and put on your hat," soothed the Westerner in a handkerchief-on-the-troubled-tears voice. "Run along."

Instead of running, Elizabeth stood stiller than ever and, urged by a flicker in his eyes, asked him when he meant to look up his old sweetheart.

The man laughed and waved away an approaching Pullman porter.

"Do you want the humiliating truth? I've never had a sweetheart in my life till I got on this train. I can't explain at all what has happened to me on the journey; but I know very surely that it has happened. I lied as well as you did, if you want to call it that. My only excuse is

that I was trying not to make love to a woman who said she was another man's wife."

"But wasn't my Jack lovely?" asked Elizabeth, gazing with magnifying-glass intensity at the stubby toes of her brogues. "I'm half sorry he won't be there to meet me, after all."

"Your Jack doesn't have to meet you. He's with you now. My checks are signed John Tallcott but I'm Jack to all who love me. Won't you call me that, too? Say you will. Say it now."

Just then the big train crashed into the blackness of the Hudson Tunnel, and her answer was neither seen nor heard.

From Immigrant to Inventor

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XI.—THE RISE OF IDEALISM IN AMERICAN SCIENCE



I MUST make a digression now, in order to arrange suitable contacts between the preceding parts of my narrative and its concluding chapters. The main object of my narrative was, and still is, to describe the rise of idealism in American science, and particularly in physical sciences and the related industries. I was a witness to this gradual development; everything that I have described so far was an attempt to qualify as a witness whose testimony has competence and weight. But there are many other American scientists whose opinions in this matter have more competence and weight than my opinion has. Why, then, should a scientist who started his career as a Serbian immigrant speak of the idealism in American science when there are so many native-born American scientists who know more about this subject than I do? Those who have read my narrative so far can answer this question. I shall only point out now that there are certain psychological elements in this question which justify me in the belief that occasionally an immigrant can see things which escape the attention of the native. Seeing is believing; let him speak who has the faith, provided that he has a message to deliver.

A foreign-born citizen of the United States has many occasions to sing praises

to the virtues of this country which the native-born citizen has not. Such occasions arise whenever the foreign-born citizen revisits his native land and hears opinions about America which are based upon European prejudice born of ignorance. On these occasions he can, if the spirit moves him, say many things with much more grace than a native American could do it. The spirit will move him if his naturalization means that he knows America's traditions and embraces their precepts with sincere enthusiasm. Statements which, coming from a native American, might sound as boasts and bragging, may and often do sound different when they are made by a naturalized American citizen. I have had quite a number of experiences of this kind; one of them deserves mention here.

Four years ago while visiting my native land I was invited to attend a festive public meeting in a town not far from my native village. It was the town of Panchevo, where in my boyhood days I went to school, and where from my Slovenian teacher, Kos, I had heard for the first time of Benjamin Franklin and of his kite. The earliest parts of this narrative show that many memories of my boyhood days had nourished in my heart an affectionate regard for this historic town. Panchevo reciprocated and hence the invitation. There was another reason. In March of 1919 the chairman of the Yugoslav delegation at the Paris peace conference invited me to go to Paris, ex-

pecting that with my knowledge of the English language and of the Anglo-Saxon mentality I could probably assist the delegation in its work at the peace conference. I went and spent seven weeks in Paris. The result, I was assured by Premier Pashitch of Serbia, was very satisfactory; and he invited me to go to Belgrade as guest of the government, for the purpose of studying the condition of the war orphans in Serbia. This study resulted in the organization of the Serbian Child Welfare Association of America, whose splendid work is known and appreciated in every part of the Serbian nation. When Panchevo heard that I was in Belgrade it sent me the invitation.

The literary society of Panchevo, called the Academy, had arranged a gala public session, and the occasion was the "Wilson Day," which the town was celebrating. The orator of the day was a young Slovene, a learned lawyer and man of letters. The subject of his oration was: "President Wilson and his fourteen points." He wound up his splendid eulogy of President Wilson by exclaiming: "*President Wilson is an oasis of idealism in the endless desert of materialism.*" The image of my old friend Bilharz, the hermit of Cortlandt Street, suddenly appeared before me, and his favorite phrase, "American materialism" rang violently in my ears. I was afraid that the United States of America would be understood to be a part of the endless desert mentioned by the speaker, and the possibility of such an inference I did not like. A most enthusiastic and long-continued applause greeted this oratorical climax, and before the applause was over the chairman, who was the mayor of the town, approached me and asked whether I would like to address a few words to the great assembly of the intellectuals of the town. "I not only like to do it," said I, "but I insist upon it." The chairman looked pleased, because he could not help observing that the orator's concluding figure of speech had stirred me up considerably, and that my response to it might add a few lively notes to the rather monotonous programme of the Academy session.

I repeat here some of the sentiments which I expressed on that occasion.

"President Wilson is an idealist and his

idealism commands my deepest respect and admiration. I deny, however, that he represents an 'oasis of idealism in an endless desert of materialism,' that is, if the United States of America are understood to be a part of this endless desert. I am sure that in this town, liberated only a few months ago from the Austrian yoke, the expression 'materialism' cannot refer to the United States of America. Two million American soldiers were fighting on the Western front when, a few months ago, the armistice was signed; several million more were waiting in America for their turn to join the ranks of the allied armies in France. American industries and American savings made a supreme effort to brace up the allied cause, and the war was won. Go to Paris now and watch the proceedings at the peace conference, as I have done during the last seven weeks, and you will find that America asks for no territories, for no mandates, and for no onerous compensations. It is the only great power there which preaches moderation, and demands unreservedly full justice for the little nations. Yugoslav Dalmatia, Istria, Goricia, and Fiume had been, in a period of stress, bartered away by some of our allies; America is to-day the only fearless champion of your claims to these Yugoslav lands. American men and women hastened to every front, and there, amid many perils and discomforts, they nursed the sick and the wounded. They fed the hungry and clothed the naked and the destitute. This they did even before America had entered the world war. Need I remind you that it was an American mission which, in 1915, saved Serbia from the destructive ravages of typhus, and that several Americans, victims of these very ravages, are now buried in Serbia's soil? To-day you will find Americans even in the countries of our former enemies, in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, doing the work of mercy and of charity. The name of Hoover is just as well known and beloved in Vienna and Budapest as it is in Belgium. A country of materialism cannot display that spirit which America has displayed during this war. Let the idealism of President Wilson remind you of American idealism.

"The phrase 'American materialism'

is an invention of ill-informed Europe; but the European who has lived in the United States, and has had the good fortune to catch the spirit of America, revolts whenever he hears the untutored European mind utter that phrase. Read the history of the United States from its earliest beginnings, when the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, three hundred years ago, and you will find that idealism runs through it from beginning to end. The Pilgrim fathers themselves were idealists, who undertook the perilous voyage 'for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith.'

"A hundred and fifty years later the Continental Congress of the colonies issued, at Philadelphia, the 'Declaration of Colonial Rights,' and this declaration, as well as the documents accompanying it and addressed to the people of the United Kingdom and of British America, breathe the spirit of lofty idealism. The same Congress in 1775 issued another declaration, setting forth causes which forced the American colonies to take up arms; and in 1776 it issued the Declaration of Independence, which announced to the world the ideals for the attainment of which the colonists were ready to sacrifice their lives. No other human documents ever stated so clearly and so definitely the 'divine right of man' as these documents did. The men who composed these documents were not ordinary men; they were idealists of the highest type. Read the lives of Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Jay, Jefferson, and of other leaders of the American Revolutionary period, and you will find what a wonderful power idealism has when the destiny of a young nation hangs in the balance. But when the struggle was over, after the victory had been won, the leader of the new nation, immortal Washington, assumed the supreme executive office of the land and retired from it after two terms of service with a spirit of dignity and of humility which has no equal in human history. His Farewell Address to the American people, advocating the practice of idealism by the cultivation of religion, morality, patriotism, good faith and justice toward all nations, is an echo of the voice of idealism which was the driving power of the American Revolution.

"The idealism of the Revolutionary period was the guiding star of the American patriots of the stormy period preceding the Civil War. One of them, Daniel Webster, was a youth of seventeen when Washington died, and he knew personally some of the great leaders of the Revolutionary period, like Jefferson and Adams. He certainly caught by direct contact the idealism of this period. Read his speeches, as I have read them during my apprenticeship days in America, and you will understand what I mean by American idealism, if this war has not shown it to you better than any words of mine can do it. Webster's idealism was in the hearts of men of his generation who under the great leadership of Lincoln, one of the greatest among American idealists, conducted the Civil War and preserved the American Union. Lincoln's immortal words: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all,' will forever remind the world of the idealism which was in the hearts of the American people who fought for the preservation of the American Union. President Wilson is one of the best biographers of George Washington, and he also published a splendid study of the constitutional government of the United States. No profound student of these themes can escape becoming an exalted idealist. His speeches, which during the world war he addressed to the American people and to the whole world, are sermons on American idealism, which guided the people of the United States from the very beginning of their history; but some of you in Europe never understood it. The world war has made you eager to listen to every word which inspires your anxious hearts with new hopes. President Wilson's words and his acts at the Paris peace conference inspire you with these new hopes, and hence this Wilson Day, an honor to him and a credit to you. In honoring him you are honoring the idealism of the American people, for which act I am most grateful to you.

"It was here in Panchevo that I first heard of Benjamin Franklin, nearly fifty years ago; to-day I deliver to you, people of Panchevo, a greeting from Franklin's native land and a message that the cultivation of American idealism is the most

powerful arm for the defense of the destiny of your young nation.”

Hamilton Fish Armstrong, our military *attaché* in Belgrade at that time, was present at the meeting. He did not understand a word of my address, because it was delivered in Serbian, but he assured me that judging by appearances it must have been at least as good as my address in Princeton in the beginning of the world war in 1914; he was then a senior at Princeton College. The Princeton address was a eulogy of Serbian idealism which I imported into America when I landed at Castle Garden in 1874; the Panchevo address was a eulogy of American idealism which I brought back to Panchevo forty-five years later. I must confess, however, that, twenty-five years earlier, the above address was delivered in substance to Protoyeray Zivkovich, the poet-priest of Panchevo, when after graduating at Columbia in 1883 I returned for the first time to my native village. On that occasion the poet said, and here I quote from an earlier chapter of my narrative:

Tell your mother that I am happy to bear the whole responsibility for your wandering away to distant America. It is no longer distant; it is now in my heart; you have brought America to us. It was a new world in my terrestrial geography; it is now a new world in my spiritual geography.

I often think of these words now, and I firmly believe that there are many millions of people in Europe to-day who think that America is a new world in their spiritual geography. The people in Panchevo, I am certain, think so. But it needed a world war to eliminate from their minds the old superstition that this is the land of “American materialism.” The world pendulum has swung the other way, and I often wonder whether we can live up to the very high reputation which we now enjoy in the opinion of a large part of the world which now knows our virtues but does not know our shortcomings.

A short time after the Panchevo celebration a number of scientists of the University of Belgrade, members of the Royal Serbian Academy, invited me to an informal conference, and asked me to tell them something about American science

and its National Research Council in Washington. I do not think that on that occasion my discourse on this most interesting topic impressed my Serbian friends as strongly as my Panchevo discourse did. For a long time after this conference I thought of many things that I might have said, but did not say. The more I thought about it the more I was dissatisfied. I was informed several months after this conference that one of the Serbian scientists present remarked to a mutual friend that from my Panchevo address on American idealism he was led to believe that at the Belgrade conference I would say something about idealism in American science. But I said nothing, and he inferred, therefore, that there cannot be much idealism in American science, a thing which he always suspected. Many European scientists suspected that, long before he did. That permissible inference of the Serbian scientist hurt me, and it hurt the more because I felt that the omission was unpardonable. But the psychology at the Panchevo celebration was different from that at the conference in Belgrade. In Panchevo a remark was made from which, I was afraid, one might have inferred that this is a country of materialism. Nobody at the Belgrade conference suggested the thought that American science might, perhaps, have a taint of materialism. But, of course, no Serbian scientist could have suggested such a thing when the memory of the service of American science rendered to Serbia during the typhus ravages of 1915 was still fresh in everybody's mind.

A fireplace fed by slow-burning wood has to be stirred up often to maintain a lively flame. Similarly, the flame of a slow mental combustion cannot be maintained without occasional stirring. My mental combustion at the Belgrade conference was certainly slow and needed a stirring up, similar to that which it received in Panchevo. My early studies of American history and American traditions would have proceeded much more slowly, if it had not been for my old friend Bilharz, who stirred me up with his prejudices against American democracy, and with his everlasting complaints against the imaginary spectre which he called American materialism.

This stirring up is experienced by many American citizens of foreign birth whenever they visit their native land. Every one of these visits speeds up the Americanization process which is going on in them. I firmly believe that the amalgamation of the foreign-born would be speeded up wonderfully if we could make it obligatory that every foreign-born American citizen should revisit his native land at stated intervals of time. Had I not visited my native land so many times since my landing at Castle Garden in 1874, the memory of my early experiences in America, described in the earlier parts of this narrative, would probably have faded away completely long ago. Had I not visited Belgrade and Panchievo in 1919 I should not have been stirred up on the subject of American idealism, and particularly about the American idealism in science. It was in Belgrade and Panchievo where the stimulus was applied which revived the memory of my experiences in Columbia College, in the Universities of Cambridge and Berlin, and in my professorial work at Columbia University, and made me pass in rapid review through all my experiences which have a bearing upon American idealism, and particularly the idealism in American science. Ever since that time I have been revolving in my mind many of the things relating to American science, that I might have mentioned at the Belgrade conference, but did not mention. The painting, "Men of Progress," which I first saw at Cooper Union in 1876, came back to my mind. The men represented in it, like Peter Cooper, McCormick, Goodyear, Morse, and others, did not represent the idealism in science which the Belgrade scientist had in mind; they were practical inventors. They were the scientific idols of the American people, but they were not idealists in science. The time for idealism in American science had not yet arrived. The Union Pacific Railroad had not yet been built when that picture was painted; the Western plains had not yet been compelled to yield their potential treasures of golden grain; and the vast quantities of coal and mineral ore were waiting anxiously to be raised to the surface of the earth to serve in the development of our vast territory between

the Atlantic and the Pacific. He who could aid the people in this gigantic development became the idol of the people. The names of the inventors, like McCormick, Goodyear, and Morse, were household words with the people of the United States, just as the names of Edison and of Bell are to-day. Joseph Henry, the famous scientist, was also in that historic painting, but he was in the background of it. His expression seemed to indicate that he did not feel quite at home in a group of men who were practical inventors. He was a friend of Lincoln, and his idealism in science was just as exalted as Lincoln's idealism in political philosophy. But in those days an idealist in science attracted little attention among the people of the United States, who were busily engaged in solving their numerous economic problems. Hence Joseph Henry, the idealist in science, was practically unknown. This was the mental attitude which Europe called "American materialism" in science. De Tocqueville, the famous French traveller and keen observer, said this about us in a book which he published about seventy years ago:

It must be confessed that, among the civilized peoples of our age, there are few in which the highest sciences have made so little progress as in the United States. . . . The future will prove whether the passion for profound knowledge, so rare and so fruitful, can be born and developed so readily in democratic societies as in aristocracies. . . . The man of the North . . . does not care for science as a pleasure, and only embraces it with avidity when it leads to useful applications.

To-day this criticism sounds like a national libel, but fifty years ago it was swallowed like a bitter pill which, in the opinion of many patriotic thinkers, we needed if we were to be cured of a malady which threatened to become a national calamity. The greatest leaders of scientific thought in this country pointed to our educational system, in order to prove that de Tocqueville was right and that science was neglected in our schools and colleges. Foremost amongst them were, as I have already pointed out in this narrative, Joseph Henry, President Barnard, of Columbia, President White, of Cornell, Draper, Youmans, and others. They were all idealists in science, and when they invited Tyndall to this coun-

try, fifty years ago, they invited the most eloquent apostle of scientific idealism. The great movement for higher scientific research inaugurated in England by the immortal Maxwell and his supporters, and in this country by the great Joseph Henry and his followers, was a movement for idealism in science, or, as Andrew White called it, "hope for higher endeavors."

When the European speaks of materialism in American science, he is resurrecting notions which de Tocqueville had in his mind when he wrote the lines quoted above. These notions were correct, but wonderful changes have taken place in this country since de Tocqueville wrote his book. If he were living now and published another edition of his famous book, I am sure that he would insert a chapter which would speak of idealism and not of materialism in American science.

What is the mental attitude which I call "idealism in science"? Before answering this question it is well to quote here from an earlier part of my narrative:

The *eternal truth* was, according to my understanding at that time, the sacred background of Tyndall's scientific faith, and the works of the great scientific discoverers, their lives, and their methods of inquiry into physical phenomena were

the only sources from which the human mind can draw the light which will illuminate that sacred background. He nourished that faith with a religious devotion, and his appeals in the name of that faith were irresistible. His friends in America and in England, who were glad to have him as their advocate of the cause of scientific research, had the same faith that he had, and they nourished it with the same devotion. I know to-day . . . that this faith was kindled and kept alive . . . by the light of the life and of the wonderful discoveries of Michael Faraday. . . . He was their contemporary and his achievements, like a great search-light, showed them the true path of scientific progress.

The worship of the eternal truth and the burning desire to seek an ever-broadening revelation of it constitute the mental attitude which I call "idealism in science." Its growth in the British Empire, and particularly at the University of Cambridge, has been most remarkable since the great movement started under the leadership of Maxwell a little over fifty years ago. What progress have we made since Tyndall's visit to this country in 1872? If in my narrative I succeed in answering this question I shall be more than satisfied, and I shall certainly send a translation of it in part to my scientific friends in Belgrade. It will tell them what I ought to have told them four years ago.

Florence

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

*"Forse vedrai Fiorenza la mia terra
"che fuor di se mi serra,
"vota d'amore, e nuda di pietate."*

Look now on Florence where she lieth dead.
What life was hers! The emptied cup of shame
Has dropped from her cold hand, and round her head
The immortal laurel glows like emerald flame.
Death cannot alter her. She was the same
When her marred beauty cast its spell on them
Whose blood is brown upon her garment's hem,
As now, when little babblers of an hour
Peer at her in amazement where she lies.
Look not too long—her dead face keeps its power.
This is the magic that held Dante fast,
Through weary years of treading alien ways—
This is the face that swam before his eyes
In pitiless splendor, till they closed at last
To open on the luminous green gaze
Where Bice's lover found his Paradise.

Adventures in a Fiction Factory

BY REBECCA N. PORTER

Author of "The Wives of Xerxes," etc.



THE customary public attitude toward those who yearn, without apparent justification, to write, is one of derision. The amateur poet with his rhapsodies on moonlight and unrequited love, the story-writer with his stilted dialogues and melodramatic passions, have long served as the legitimate prey of our national joke-smiths. But to me there is something deeply significant in the almost universal groping of our American people after a means of creative expression. Why do men and women, ever increasing numbers of them, in all walks of life, with widely different temperamental and academic equipment, want to write?

It was chiefly with the desire to find an answer to this question that two years ago I opened in conjunction with my university a fiction factory. The craving to *make ourselves known* is a normal, not an abnormal, condition of mind, but through the enterprise of conducting a university-extension course in story-writing I wanted to get more deeply into the heart of the motive than this. Why choose writing rather than other forms of human endeavor?

The answer to this query led me, as all research inevitably leads, into deeper currents. For I discovered, mingled with the very positive desire to write, an equally positive and wide-spread industrial discontent. Any person whose daily occupation brings him in constant contact with the public must have been struck by the fact that the large majority of men and women are bitterly unhappy in their work. There is scarcely a profession or trade which does not contribute its quota of lamentation.

"If I could only get out of nursing!" "If I could only give up teaching!" "If my daily work at the office were not such

a grind!" In the face of this universal dissatisfaction one is tempted to fare forth with his lantern in quest, not of the honest man, but of the happy one. Where is the contented laborer? Is there really such a person? If so, how has he managed to find and keep his treasure?

From being originally a literary problem the venture of the fiction factory thus became at core a labor problem. For it was to me obvious almost at the start that America faces to-day a situation much more serious than non-employment—and that situation is malemployment. People, larger and larger numbers of them, are engaged in work that they hate. And this in an age when vocational guidance is in full flower.

"What does labor really want?" I asked a celebrated economist. His reply was given in the two cryptic words, "More money."

"Why do people want to learn to write?" I put this question to a successful professor of journalism. "Because," he explained, "they think there is much money in the writing game."

The key to the thing remained still undiscovered. It was the workers in the fiction factory who revealed its hiding-place. And the fiction factory was neither reluctant nor aggressive in yielding up the secret. The process of disclosure was completely unconscious. But first a word as to the factory itself.

Modern economic research decrees that he who would study labor conditions must go and work with disgruntled labor. But the results of such adventures as exploited in our magazines by reporters in disguise are not wholly satisfying. And the reason for this is that they invariably show the worker at his worst. The man who is performing a perfunctory task in which he feels uninterested and unappreciated cannot furnish reliable material for psychological research. He colors his whole environment with prejudice and self-pity.

The proper study of mankind is man engaged in congenial work.

To find the common denominator of modern industry may seem an incredibly difficult task. In reality it is quite simple. The chief requirement is that we shall interpret the universal groping after "something different" in spiritual rather than material terms. Find some task which shall offer to men and women of whatever age or class a means of expressing what is within them. Music will do this. Landscape gardening will do it. There are other forms of endeavor that will do it. But because authorship uses the easily accessible medium of every-day language more people turn to it and so it furnishes the ideal basis for experiment.

In this university workroom, composed entirely of fully mature students most of whom were employed somewhere throughout the day, I resolved to test some of the practices of modern labor by the drastic method of reversing them. The technique of extension classes, as prearranged by higher authority, aided in this. Instead of paying workers for their time, extension students are required to pay a nominal sum on registration. This I regarded as an earnest of good intention and a public confession of faith in that sanest of all creeds, which ranks the opportunity to work at a congenial task as a privilege. And the laborers in the fiction factory were held responsible not alone for their own output but, in a measure, that of their neighbors. Constructive criticism of each other's work was required of every one.

To my memory, as I write this, comes the voice of Nevin. He was a sinewy blond giant whose academic education had been acquired largely at night-school. Opposite the word *Occupation* on his registration card was the laconic information, *Drayman*. Late one Saturday evening Nevin's voice came to me over the long-distance telephone.

"Say, I've been thinkin' about that lumber-camp story that Mrs. V—— read at the last meetin'. She's got a bully plot there, but—well, you see, I used to work in a lumber camp, and there's some things in that story that wouldn't go down with people that *know*. So I rang you up to ask— Do you think she'd mind if I wrote her a line and pointed out the weak spots?"

I doubt if Mrs. V——, a world-weary society woman, had ever received a letter from a drayman before. But I knew, as I watched them in earnest conversation at the next meeting, that she had never had a letter that she appreciated more. For she was one of those very rare persons who realize that when the work-ridden offer us a moment from their business they do us a favor, but when they proffer us that moment from their leisure their gift is the very gold and myrrh of sacrifice.

Why did Nevin want to write stories? Why did Mrs. V—— want to write? I didn't find the answer just then, but I did know even then that it was not a desire to sell their wares which impelled them. To them, and to most of the others in the class, a literary market was a far distant and only dimly discernible goal. Perhaps this was due in some measure to the fact that we rarely talked of markets in the fiction factory and that never for a moment were the difficulties of literary success minimized. And even when the marketing of stories *was* the ultimate hope this ambition was, I discovered, usually rooted in some deep heart need.

There was, for instance, the case of Barton. He had another name in the fiction factory, but he shall be Barton here even though there is no possibility now that he may recognize this story of his achievement. He came up at the end of one of the courses, explained that he couldn't register for another, but asked if he could take a course by correspondence while he was away in the mountains rest-curing.

"You are going to drop your work in the printing office for a while?" I asked.

He nodded. "The doctor says I've got to get away and—live outside. I stayed with job-printing too long."

I looked at his sunken cheeks with their telltale flush, the red-lidded eyes that betrayed insomnia, and I wished that the doctor had told him this before. "Why not take a complete rest?" I suggested. "Why burden yourself with any work at all—until you recover your health?"

He dropped the wire paper clip that he had been turning between nervous fingers. "I couldn't get away with that," he explained. "You see, it's this way. I had a straight-from-the-shoulder talk with the doctor. He's a mighty good chap and I

think he's done everything for me that can be done. But we both know that it's only a question of a few months. Now my little wife" (his tone craved indulgence for affection's follies), "she has always had the idea that I could be a writer—a real professional. She thinks the only thing that has stood in the way of my writing the great American novel is lack of time. Now, you see, I've got the time at last. So the Doc and I have cooked up a little scheme. I can't tell her the truth, but between us we've fixed up this: He orders me up to a little shack of his in the mountains; but the idea is that I'm just going to rest and devote my time to writing. I took out a three-months' leave from the shop, and if I take a university correspondence course— Why, don't you see? My wife's tickled to death. She's telling all our friends that I'm going away to write stories. Of course, my writing may never come to anything even with all that time, but I thought— Well, if I could just get one thing into print somewhere, it would mean a lot to her—afterward."

It did mean "a lot to her afterward," and I shall treasure always that copy of the obscure little agricultural magazine which she sent to me containing Barton's single contribution to the profession of authorship.

The case of Martinet was different. For Martinet suffered from that malady common to all of the potentially illustrious. He was misunderstood.

"I'd like to join this class," he announced one night, "but I'm afraid I can't."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I've just been cinched out of college and I don't think they'll let me take an extension course."

A lithe athletic fellow was Martinet, with corduroys, a fraternity pin and other evidences of affiliation with culture. His quest, I learned, was not for a vehicle of self-expression, but for an audience.

I was reminded, as he talked, of that little story told recently in one of our literary weeklies. "Did you ever read, 'To a Field Mouse'?" an enthusiastic lover of Burns inquired of a young lady who was trying not very successfully to discuss verse. "No," she answered breathlessly, "How do you get them to listen?" That

was Martinet's trouble; he couldn't get anybody to listen. He had covered reams of paper with his ideas upon political, social, and religious reform. But because he was supposed to be concerned with law problems during his undergraduate days, no one would take his essays and stories seriously.

I told him that I was sure there would be no difficulty in his entering an extension class if he didn't demand credit for it, but he shook his head. "You don't seem to quite understand my case," he patiently explained. "You see, I was so badly cinched out that they as good as told me that they didn't want me even to come on the campus any more."

Catastrophe dealt with so lavish a hand cannot fail to be impressive. The omnipotent *They* from whose ukase there is no appeal had evidently been unwilling to "listen," but I was eager for explanations. "How did you manage it," I asked, "in that wholesale fashion?"

"Part of it was my fault, but a good deal wasn't," he answered darkly. "There are a lot of other people mixed up in it. One of them is my Dad. He sent me to college to learn law. There has always been a lawyer in my family and I was picked to carry on the tradition. I don't mind the law either when I'm not busy with my writing. But I got stuck with a professor who hasn't got any sense of justice. I did some good, hard studying on his course, but I forgot just which day the final was going to be held. I was writing a big serial story and I forgot the day. I went and explained that to him as man to man—and what do you think? He wouldn't accept my apology. He cinched me cold—and he's only one of a whole group."

I was certain that Martinet had the temperament of a writer. And he has not disappointed me. In a very small town not far away he has a very small room which he calls an office. Its equipment, as he has described it to me in letters, appears to consist chiefly of a typewriter, a waste-basket, and an eraser. There, pending the time when the autocratic *They* will reinstate him in college, he is going his glorious, unhampered way. And in a very large town very far away Martinet's breezy romances are beginning to be known. Very slowly, but with in-

finite satisfaction, he is solving the problem of "getting them to listen."

It was apparent from the first why he had wanted to come to the fiction factory. With some of the others the motives were for a long time inexplicable. There was, for instance, Mrs. Dean, a wiry, life-beaten little woman who sat always in the front row, committed to a note-book every word of the informal lectures, and never missed a meeting. Mrs. Dean never wrote anything, rarely asked a question and only with very tactful urging could be induced to enter the general discussion of class stories. "Oh, I've never tried to write!" she hastily assured me when I reminded her once that she was entitled to submit some work. But as soon as the course ended she rescheduled for another. She had almost finished this second set of lessons when one evening she brought me a manuscript. "I don't know whether it's against the rules or not to ask you to read this," she demurred. "Because, you see, I didn't write it myself. My daughter wrote it."

"Your daughter is interested in writing, too?"

"Oh, yes!" Her voice was fervent. "You ought to see how interested she is! I'm buying her one of those little typewriters that she can use in bed, and since she got that— Why, besides her stories she writes out all the notes I bring home and the references for reading and——"

Then it was that I got my first glimpse of the impelling force back of Mrs. Dean's patient attention to lectures, her unbroken record of attendance. Tired out with her day's work of assistant fitter in a large department store, she came every week to the fiction factory as an ambassador extraordinary to the bed-ridden daughter at home.

I had been in the fiction factory a year when I decided to discover motives by the simple process of asking for them. There were other vital things that I wanted to know, too, and so I issued at the end of one course a questionnaire. One of the questions was, "Why did you take this course?" Many times I have wished that some of those persons who like to believe that we are a nation of crass materialists whose only real concern is for money and more of it, might have read

some of those replies. Out of a class of sixty only twenty per cent confessed to an ambition to become professional authors. Many were amused at the very idea of entering upon such a difficult and precarious means of livelihood. I had asked them to be brief in their answers. They were both brief and decisive. Here are some of the data:

"Because I want to have a better appreciation of what I read."

"To spice up the days."

"So that I can have something new to talk about to my friends." And (most illuminating of all) "to give me something interesting to think about *while I work*."

Even more elucidating were the responses to the query, "Do you consider your present occupation a help or a hindrance to creative work?" From workshop, office, schoolroom, and home came the veritable avalanche of embittered testimony which crystallized my conviction that the large majority of people belong to the class of malemployed.

Well, where does it all lead? To what signs of the times does it point?

It points first, I think, back along the trail of early education. The members of the fiction factory differed widely in the *amount* of academic training, but not at all in the *method*. They were, almost without exception, the products of our present public-school system. I feel justified in drawing conclusions concerning education from my work with them because they were the typical finished products of this system. Fiction-writing, that most self-revealing of all the arts, brought me nearer to them than I could possibly have come in any other way, and what I learned from them about the present wave of industrial discontent that is sweeping our country reveals stretches of quicksand along the path of our training of citizenship. Our present method of highly specialized education is a prolonged and persistent assault upon the human soul.

In the years when we should be putting into the hands of our young people the keys which will open for them the rich treasuries of art and literature and history and the other means to culture, we say instead (and we say it way down in the grades now): "Tell us what you want to do

for a living and we will eliminate from your training everything that does not lead directly to that profession or trade." That there shall be anything in the kit of the traveller to help him across the deserts and bogs of life that lie before us all, regardless of what we may be doing for a livelihood, does not enter into the plan at all. If you are going to be a stenographer all you need is a commercial education. It would be obviously a waste of time for an office worker to have any kinship with the great, the heroic, the inspiring forces of life.

Most of the members of the fiction factory would have admitted that in literature they would find adventure, entertainment, and beautiful phrasing. That it held for them also comfort, courage, and the quality of inspiration that may be used in every-day life, was to many of them an almost incredible revelation. In an age which likes to boast vociferously of its "rights" and the right of everybody to those rights, it is an unbelievable thing that we should permit any person or board of persons to so deprive us and our children of our share in the kingdom of heaven.

And who are these autocrats who decide what we shall carry with us on our life voyage? An acquaintance of mine, who is himself a well-known educator, sat next to one of them not long ago at a chamber of commerce banquet. Eager for the ideas of this president of the board of education in whose city he was visiting he put to him this question: "In your opinion what is the greatest problem which our modern public schools have to meet?" After a moment's reflection the president answered earnestly: "Well, I should say that the greatest problem that we have to meet here is economy of floor space."

If the golden years of our youth have been spent under the tutelage of officials whose greatest concern for us is economy of floor space is it any wonder that we come to the arid stretches of middle age with restless and resentful spirits? Is it any wonder that we strike out wildly for something that will "give me something interesting to think about while I work"?

No, the laundryman with his trunkful of unmarketable stories and poems is not a joke, unless the shipwrecked man cling-

ing to his straw in mid-ocean is a joke. The astounding thing is that under the stress and strain of modern life he should still retain his ardor for self-expression. That he still does retain it and is willing to fight for his hold upon it against ridicule and contempt is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Not quite yet is the human soul willing to give up the struggle and submit itself to the card-catalogue system of existence. Every normal man and woman is on a perpetual quest for a means of self-expression, and the darkest obstacle which the crusader meets in his path is specialized education.

Where modern education drops its gruelling task modern industry takes it up. What are the professions and trades which offer something to the questing spirit of man?

There was a time when shoe-making was a means of self-expression. In that day a man might point with pride to the feet of a distinguished fellow citizen and say: "I make his shoes." Under the present industrial system he is doomed to turning out shoe buttons or cutting uppers. There is no possibility of stamping the day's output with his own personality.

School-teaching used to be a highly creative task, and for this reason it attracted some of the most brilliant minds of antiquity. Could any one class the fulfilment of the demands of a modern board of education as a creative task? The board members are certainly not to blame for their attitude. They were cheated, too, and they must give the public what the public apparently wants.*

And so the only recourse left to the laborer robbed of his legitimate spiritual recompense is to satisfy his pride with *numbers*. Present-day industry is dominated by a lust of numbers. "To-day I turned out four hundred shoe buttons; by the end of the week perhaps I can get it up to five hundred." Even our universities have fallen under this bondage, and the taxpayers who reluctantly foot the bills feel in some degree repaid when they read that their institution of learning is the second or third largest in the country. And in exchange for the priceless opportunity to express himself we give our

* Even motherhood has lost its creative possibilities. Whether or not we like to admit it, child-training has become largely a community enterprise and both motherhood and pedagogy have been beggared in the process.

worker the title of specialist and the privilege of striking for higher wages.

Into the office of our university extension division there strode one day a resolute young man. He studied for a moment the announcement of courses, then confided his problem to the secretary in charge. "I've decided to enter one of your extension classes, and I want one that promises quick results. How about this class in novel and short-story writing? If I take that will I be able to get out and sell my stuff to the magazines?"

There is no reason why such an attitude of mind should either startle or amuse us. This applicant for first-aid-to-authorship merely voiced completely and succinctly our educational and industrial ideals. Says the average college freshman: "Here am I with my time and capital. Give me in exchange for it sufficient technical knowledge of something to enable me to earn as much money as possible. Serve it hot and be quick about it."

Our schools and colleges no longer serve table d'hôte refreshment carefully planned by dietetic experts with a view to nourishment and the stimulation of intellectual curiosity. What they serve is a bewilderingly varied collection of short orders. From these the student, with one eye upon the fluctuations in the labor market, makes his choice. When scientific farming demonstrates its market value the agricultural department must be enlarged to meet the sudden influx into this profession. When social service wins economic status the sociology classes are overcrowded. And the terrific pressure under which we perfect ourselves for wage-earning leaves us no time to "listen" to what any one else is trying to say. Why say anything at all except what there is a definite market for saying?

Specialized education and specialized industry are in league to standardize the human soul. One by one they have closed the doors to almost every avenue of creative achievement. It is the dim realization of this that has cluttered the modern schoolroom with manual training, bead work, folk dancing, and millinery. These are concessions to the normal craving for finished products. They are an apology to the child from a public which is trying to make of him a self-starting, self-sufficient wage-earner.

In an age not yet remote there was a source to which even the illiterate might turn for refreshment and inspiration. That source was religion. In this era of the general abandonment of religion this sustaining prop has been removed. Nothing more clearly reveals the resulting chaos than modern fiction. Again and again with a monotony almost incredible we are presented with the middle-aged man and woman who, prostrated with the hideousness of a grossly material life, endeavor to satisfy their cravings for something better by taking new mates and beginning the struggle once more. That what they really crave is an adventure of the *spirit* is unrealized by the modern school of novelists because they themselves are profoundly unacquainted with such experience. Our present-day religion is a vague admonition to the universe to be "glad." The popularity of our novels of self-conscious optimism as put up by the literary confectioners is what might be expected of a young, bewildered, and spiritually starved people on a search for something to put in the place of the abandoned religious faith of our forefathers. What we want is something that will corroborate the comfortable theory that whether or not God is in His heaven, "all's right with the world."

And yet, in spite of all that modern civilization is doing to us, we are born with a vision of the perfect, and our idealism is dying hard. The question that comes uppermost in my mind concerning my days of research in the field of the malemployed is this: Is it possible to restore to the soul-hungry people of middle life any portion of their lost heritage?

As typical of the many who want something and know not what it is I thought of Sullivan. My acquaintance with Sullivan began one evening at the opening of a new class. I was reading aloud, but the noise of two men engaged in hot dispute out in the corridor threatened to drown my voice. Then suddenly a man in the rear row stole out, closing the door behind him. His method of dealing with the disturbance was so prompt and effective that after the class I endeavored to express my gratitude.

"I'm not goin' to have any rough stuff around here," he promised, and the authority in his voice was unmistakable.

"Yeah, I'm on the force," he confessed. "But," his pen poised reluctantly above the occupation line of the registration card, "but don't tell anybody," he entreated. "I don't want 'em to know that I'm a copper."

I doubt whether any of the other workers ever did know it. Certainly they never would have guessed it from the type of stories which Sullivan submitted for their criticism. For if you imagine that a traffic officer wants to write of automobile thefts and crime chasers your knowledge of the motives which underlie the profession of authorship is rudimentary. Why should the amateur writer be expected to depict that world in which he himself moves? It is from that very world that he seeks escape. The wife of a Methodist minister turned in the most lurid crime story that the fiction factory ever produced. The devoted mother of six grown children wrote a sex novel whose dialogue would have thrilled Mr. Robert W. Chambers. Through Sullivan's fiction college-bred men and women, faultlessly attired, magnificently unemployed, moved and talked of golf and European tours. After two months of this his activity suddenly ceased. Questioned about it he shook his head. "I'm stuck," he explained morosely. "I've got a bully fellow in this new story and a peach of a girl. They were gettin' along fine and then all at once I remembered the war. Any feller that's young and worth writin' about would go, and if he does— Darn the war! If you're doin' up-to-date stuff you've got to mention it, and if I do take out all that time—why, the plot is ruined."

And then I knew that Sullivan had indeed entered into the perplexities and difficulties of modern authorship. With what resourcefulness he could muster he, too, in company with his army of colleagues, must surmount the Great Divide.

On my way home from the fiction factory I used often to ask myself was the thing worth while? I thought of my students working hard at night after days of hard work in office and store to perfect some bit of fiction that might after all never be anything but a commonplace bit of fiction. There were many with genuine talent who would go on and carve out for themselves literary careers. But

what of the others? Was there anything in this "writing game" that would "spice up the days" of ordinary living?

One evening I was engrossed with this question while I went about my Saturday errands. It was five o'clock and the streets swarmed with commuters hurrying ferryward. Driven to reckless imprudence by a glance at the ferry clock I plunged not wisely into the seething centre of Market street. When it was too late to retreat I saw a world composed entirely of wheels and noise bearing down upon me. There flashed across my mind incidents which I had read of persons caught in like predicament who had triumphantly defied death by flinging themselves flat on the asphalt or standing perfectly still. While I debated the advantages of these two measures the wrathful eyes of draymen and chauffeurs glared a fiery path to my brain. Then all at once I knew why they glared. Something had paralyzed them. They were as motionless as the inhabitants of an excavated village. The universe waited breathless as if for some stupendous event. I felt a strong hand close upon my arm. Out of the sudden hush came a voice vibrant, triumphant, tense with eagerness. "Say, how would it be to have her turn him down at first and then marry him when he comes home from the war?" And while Sullivan and I stood there deciding whether or not she ever would marry him, the universe waited.

How long will they wait? That is the question to which my Adventures have ultimately brought me. How long will any of us wait and hope and strive for a way out? How long will it be before we cease to feel any desire for the things of the spirit? On the demands of the physical being we have very definite data. Biology tells us, and proves it, that unused parts of the body gradually atrophy and we forget that we ever had them. But in the realm of the soul we move with less assurance. What is to become of the vast spiritual wealth of the nation? Education ignores it, industry stifles it, religion fails to find it. And yet it is here, a vast warehouse of unused increment, stored away in the souls of our great army of malemployed. Its voice is the universal voice and its cry is not for more wages but for more life.

The Breaking-Point

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "The Runaway Woman," "Nancy: Her Life and Death," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERT N. SALG



HER neighbors said of her that for twenty years she had not smiled, and it was true. Her husband had not observed this, though he had observed another thing equally remarkable—that for twenty years she had not wept. He smiled with pride when he thought of this, because it seemed to him proof of his merit as a husband.

Only her son, Anson, coming twenty-one years of age, had observed the absence of both smiles and tears.

She was only forty-three years old, but she was already like an old woman. She spent all her time working about her house, silently, going from one thing to another as if led unerringly by habit. Her eyes were expressionless, as if she had come to demand of life nothing in the way of variety or surprise or promise. Occasionally she sat down and sank into a drooping posture and stared straight before her without seeing anything. This moment of surrender, as it might perhaps have been called, always ended in the same way: with a sudden blinking, a purposeful getting up, a passing on to the first task that came uppermost.

This too had been the manner of her life for twenty years.

And then change and relief—transformation—came on the evening of her son Anson's twenty-first birthday.

On that evening, at seven o'clock, she was in her dining-room, a room which would have seemed very pleasant if there had been a happy person in it. It was neat and wholesome, and it had an attractive bay window toward the west, where the light of day was now softening into a golden vapor. She was intent upon a simple task. She spread a newspaper,

folded across once, on the table, moving the sugar-bowl and the spoon-holder back out of the way. She meant presently to place a cake here on the table. She presented a sad, appealing picture as she smoothed the paper without quite appearing to put her mind upon what she did.

The cake was still in the kitchen range, and she sat down to wait for it to bake. With the skill of a practised housewife she kept the cake in mind, but she thought of something else too. She thought of her husband.

Her husband had been sitting out on the front porch enjoying his pipe and calling out with loud good-fellowship to persons who went by on the sidewalk. Now he had left his place on the porch and was walking up the street, up the hill, in the dusk. She had not known just when he left the front porch, as he had a way of doing some things furtively; but she could see him from the bay window. She watched listlessly as he walked with a kind of swagger up the hill, and she noted the manner in which the neighbors responded to his greetings as he passed. For example, the Gwinns, working among their flower-beds up on their bit of terrace—the month was June—smiled back at him willingly enough, though with a kind of irony, an effect of innuendo. He laughed loudly as he passed the Gwinns.

She surmised that he would probably stop at the house of Mrs. Woods, who dwelt midway up the hill with her three grown daughters, including the eldest, Mrs. Crabtree, a grass-widow. Mrs. Woods was herself a grass-widow, and she and all her daughters were always spoken of lightly and vaguely.

She got up and went out to look at her cake in the oven; but the image of her husband was still in her eye and she was thinking: "What was it about him that ever fascinated me?"

Her husband, Charley Fowler—everybody called him Charley, though he was nearly fifty years old—was a rather striking man to look at. He was very robust and ruddy, his head rising erectly from his magnificent chest and shoulders. He was so powerful a man that it would have seemed hopeless to undertake to subdue or humble him save by the use of a bludgeon in relentless hands. He held his head with the arrogance of noisy good humor, and he laughed loudly and talked in a voice like thunder. A block away you could hear his laughter, his boisterous greetings; you could catch the gleam of his lustrous teeth under his thick red mustache. He seemed always care-free and happy.

But his wife, looking carefully at the cake in the oven, and drawing back from the rush of heat, realized that there was something gross, something beastly, about him, too. This appeared particularly when he walked. There was something bearlike rather than manlike in his powerful carriage.

She was not a learned woman; yet for an instant she vaguely pictured him as a beast of burden, yoked with another of his kind, dragging heavy loads; and in her mind there was a dim consciousness of the peasant way of life, when men toiled in stony fields and were the product of tyranny and wrong. Her husband's carriage had made her think of these things.

At that moment she was, perhaps, at the threshold of a true interpretation; for a student would have seen in Fowler the headstrong impulses of a slave set free, the familiar phenomenon in our American life, of Europe and the past mingled with America and to-day. He was a pagan made jocund and singing out of key.

The cake in the oven—the several layers in their shallow pans—was not quite done yet; and she returned to the dining-room with the question still in her mind: "What was it about him that ever fascinated me?"

She thought how passionately she had loved him when she was a girl, when she first met him, when they were married. Of course, her love had been that of a young animal, overflowing with life as a cup is filled with water. It hadn't been love, really, but only the foundation upon

which, sometimes, love is afterward built. Still, it had been the response of one living atom to another; and why had her response been so intense?

Only because he was strong? Was the human soul so base a thing, then, that it worshipped mere strength of body?

No, it couldn't have been just that. Other strong men had not attracted her as he had done. Reaching back in her consciousness she groped for the thing which had fascinated her.

She heard him laughing in the distance and she leaned forward, seated at the table, so that she could see him through the bay window. He had stopped to talk to Angie Killifer, the cashier in Woolfson's store down on the avenue, who had grown up in the next block. Angie, her work done for the day, was on her way home, looking incredibly fresh after her long hours at Woolfson's, and her face was now lit up amazingly in response to Charley Fowler's roaring laughter with which he ended every sentence he uttered.

Suddenly she realized two things clearly; one a little thing and one a momentous thing. The little thing was that her husband had not said anything to Angie to justify that loud laugh. Angie's pretty face betrayed bewilderment quite as much as it expressed pleasure. The momentous thing was that it had been his good humor which had won her when she had been a girl—his warm, beaming face, his actually embracing delight, his laughter which filled his chest and throat and shook him all over.

Now, looking back across the years, she knew that her husband's good humor was a perfectly meaningless thing.

For whom and when had he not laughed like that? For every man and woman and child of his acquaintance, and especially when there were others by to observe him. He loved to make a noise; he liked to be observed. His good nature was in fact selfishness, a form of egotism.

She could hear him laughing and shouting from the beginning, at every one. At every one save herself. Alone, in their home life, he had been quiet, almost stupid, seemingly dwelling in his mind upon things elsewhere. He had never discriminated when he walked abroad. Base men and evil women had evoked his



The Gwinns, working among their flower-beds, smiled back at him.—Page 97.

good humor as easily as any others. He had not laughed and jested for the sake of others, but for his own sake. And baseness had been mingled with his good humor, too. In crowds, when babies in their mothers' arms had put out their hands to him, the mothers had sometimes smiled

into his eyes—and then their smiles had faded away abruptly, giving place to an expression of uneasiness.

Almost at the beginning he had been an unfaithful husband and had made an uproarious, taunting jest of his unfaithfulness.

She had withdrawn from him in her mind, first in pride and anguish, but in the course of time with something like indifference. She had not intended in the beginning that the breach between them should become lasting, and she had scarcely realized when it had become so.

He had fixed the breach between them by not minding it at all. He had gone on laughing and shouting and beaming rosily upon others.

She could recall how, year after year, she had heard him in the evenings and late at night as he parted from his companions before his own door, laughing with a very flood of good-will—and how, a moment later, he had come into the house with heavy features, with a sullen word, as if he had come perforce into the one place in the world which held no pleasure for him.

She had gone on tending her house dutifully, without smiling or weeping. She had learned to accept her situation in silence: she was a woman of his own class, though not of his own kind.

She got up suddenly, remembering her cake.

She went out into the kitchen with its shining nickel and steel and aluminum, its spotless floor. She opened the range door and her face expressed a certain satisfaction. The cake had turned out a perfect success, the various layers, each in its shallow pan, being delicately brown and symmetrically rounded.

She turned the heat off and removed the shallow pans from the oven. At the kitchen table she went forward with her task: removing the layers of cake from the pans, and placing the layers one on top of the other with a filling of cocoanut and icing between and on the top. All this required a degree of skill comparable to that of the average watch-maker; yet she worked without pride, because it was her idea that, since it was a woman's work she was doing, it was of little consequence.

At last she sat down before the kitchen table and drew a small parcel from behind the bread box, where it had been concealed. And now her expression became in a measure animated, so that one watching her would have followed her further movements with curiosity.

She opened the parcel with firm hands

and brought to view two delicate little pasteboard boxes of an oblong shape. She removed the lid from one of these boxes and took into her hands the contents of it: twelve lovely wax candles of various delicate colors—pink and blue and red and orange and lavender and white. She regarded them with bright eyes, handling them exquisitely, as if she were caressing them. There was really something almost magic in their soft prettiness.

Thoughtfully, almost solemnly, she began placing the candles on the cake, each candle representing a year. And despite the fact that if it had been her own years she was contemplating, it would have been needful to have only candles of a uniformly gray hue, she was most watchful that a charmingly variegated effect should be wrought; and she ranged the tiny candles so that a pink one had only a lavender or a blue or an orange or a white candle to stand beside it. For this was her son Anson's birthday cake she was finishing; and perhaps in her uncommunicative mind there was the hope that her son's years had been really pleasant.

When there were only three candles left in the second box, which had also contained a dozen, she knew that her work was done. However, she counted, to make sure; and she also tried the effect of a slight readjustment here and there. There was another lavender candle in its box which she wished she might use—it was so lovely; but of course she couldn't have more than twenty-one.

She leaned back in her chair and sat with folded hands and face a little inclined, taking in the cake and its ornaments, its twenty-one softly tinted candles. No, she couldn't have more than twenty-one, even if there was that remaining lavender candle. A voice repeated the words to her sternly: "You can't have more than twenty-one!"

Suddenly she whispered abjectly: "But I didn't have twenty-one. I was married at twenty." And then she firmly drew her hands down across her face as if to readjust there the mask of immobility which it had worn so long. After all, she had nothing to do with years. This was her son Anson's cake, and they were his twenty-one years.

She began to think of her son more curiously than she had done for a good many years. She had wronged him, perhaps, by paying so little heed to him—merely because she was discouraged, because life had treated her shabbily. She was glad she had thought to make him a birthday cake, now that he was twenty-one. Certainly it would surprise him; perhaps it would please him.

He would be home presently, at almost any moment now. He worked until seven in the evening every day in the summer, his employer being a truck gardener over near the river a mile away. He would be coming presently, ravenously hungry, spent with labor, silent—like his father.

Yet no, not like his father—that was to wrong him, to compare him with his father. But at any rate, quiet and reserved and really mysterious. Anson was always quiet, an odd youth who seemed always to analyze things and to arrive at no conclusion.

She did not know that she loved her son passionately. How should she know, since she had done with yielding to the emotions these many years? She had never been confidential with any one; and certainly a woman could not have confided to her son the sort of stories there were to tell about Charley Fowler. She had never spoken to her son of her unhappiness. At first it had not seemed worth while, and later it had not seemed possible. She had simply withdrawn from her son, because he was a figure in that world in which she no longer had the heart to live.

However, she now obeyed an impulse to get up and go into her son's room.

Undoubtedly she had felt a strange stirring because of that cake with its twenty-one beautiful candles; and when she entered the room where her son spent his nights she experienced a sudden feeling of tenderness.

She had come to think of Anson as a man, as a mature and taciturn person who no longer needed her. But the youth which he no longer manifested in any way was expressed here in his room in ways which seemed wistful and touching.

He had once wished to be a scholar, and had put aside his ambition only after his father required him, at the age of sixteen,

to leave his class in high school and go to work. But the emblems of the old boyhood ambition were here in the silent room: school flags on the walls; a pile of text-books, forlorn and dilapidated, on a table; a class book filled with a sort of rapturous conglomeration of things. There was a baseball bat in one corner of the room. Anson had performed a prodigious feat with that bat long ago and had won a game for his class. And there were a pair of boxing-gloves which had once been to him as the apple of his eye, and which he had used with great skill.

Suddenly her heart ached because of a sense of guilt, of opportunities neglected.

She had permitted her son to become a stranger to her, to regard her as a dull creature who cared for nothing, to suppose that she was the thing she was through choice rather than necessity. She had made no effort to keep close to him, to hail him across the deep chasm of a husband and father who cared for neither of them.

His life—her son's life—had been a tragedy too, she realized. He, too, had been a victim of Charley Fowler's brutal egotism. Fowler, the ruddy and laughing, had never had anything but a growl, a sidelong glance, for his son. He had seemed actually to hate his son, as if in his heart he feared him. He had beaten the boy a time or two for no reason at all other than that Anson had stared at him curiously when he laughed.

She wondered if Anson felt the same passive despair, the same hopelessness, that she felt in the presence of the master of the house. It occurred to her that her son's life, too, had been ruined.

She took up the pillow from his bed and beat it with her hands; she refolded one of his ties; she took up the baseball bat and inspected it curiously. Yes, perhaps his life, too, had been ruined. It was true, he was only twenty-one, twenty-one today, and that life might be said to be just beginning for him. But no, she concluded, life didn't begin at twenty-one; it began at the beginning.

She started almost guiltily—she had heard him walking in the yard.

She slipped out of his room, fearful of being found there. It seemed to her unfair for her to loiter in his room. If she

had always masked her very self from him, what right had she to spy out his soul, there in that room where he had spent his boyhood?

He was going around the back way, because of the soil on his shoes. She reached the kitchen before he entered it and stood between him and the cake on the table.

"Go right in and sit down, Anson," she said. "I'll bring your supper right away."

He stopped at the sink to wash his face and hands and she waited uneasily. He would wonder why she did not put the things on the table promptly. But she only stood waiting. When he went into the dining-room she hurriedly followed with the supper things. There was a dish of stew simmering on the top of the range, and a salad and strawberries in the ice-box, and bread and butter.

She went back into the kitchen while he ate and stood regarding the cake with its twenty-one candles. She looked with satisfaction at the cake, which was perfect, and at the same time she listened to the sounds in the dining-room. If Anson should wish for anything more she should want to serve him instantly, to prevent him from complaining or becoming impatient.

Her son did not speak but she knew by the sound of the dishes when he had put his plate aside and was eating his strawberries. She heard the click of the spoon in the sugar-bowl.

She waited a moment longer and then she went in, bearing the cake in her hands. There was the faintest tinge of color in her cheeks; her eyes were fixed anxiously on the cake.

She placed the cake before him and looked at him almost shyly.

He exclaimed in simple surprise—"Mother!" And then he lifted his eyes to her, wondering, a trifle abashed.

"I didn't forget that you are twenty-one to-day," she said.

He sat regarding her, taking in the fact that she was deeply moved in secret, that there was a kind of childish entreaty in her gaze, that her voice had trembled, that—most strange of all!—there was a kind of loveliness about her.

He said: "Mother—sit down, won't you?"

She sat down opposite him and regarded him with a painful stirring at her heart. Something in his tone, in his eyes, had seized hold of her.

He seemed to be contemplating the cake now. He gazed at it a long time, but at length he lifted his eyes to her. She could not bear to meet his glance. Dusk was now falling and she found relief by lighting the twenty-one candles.

He watched her thin hands; he lifted his glance again and again to her face. When the candles were all lighted she sat down again.

Suddenly he leaned his elbows on the table and said with deep intensity—

"Mother! Mother, why have you gone on living as you have all these years?"

She nervously smoothed the tablecloth with her hands and made no reply. What did he mean? What was she to say in reply?

"I mean," he went on, "why didn't you leave him long ago?"

She lifted her glance to him in alarm.

"I know," he continued, "you haven't been like this always—like a woman walking in her sleep. I can see that now. I know he is a beast, that it's been his fault. What made you give in to it?"

"Anson!" she whispered warningly.

"I've known what he was," he said; "ever since I was a little boy. Everybody knows. I don't remember how long ago it was that I knew about him and understood everything—how he'd stop at a gate in the evening and talk across to women who were rubbish, and then slip back to them after dark. Men always laughed at it, and women would pretend not to understand; but everybody knew what it meant. You had no right to put up with it."

She continued to smooth the tablecloth with her hand; she sat with her head inclined, her lips tremulously alive.

"You've allowed yourself to die. Why did you do it?"

She was confused, distressed. Her son was no longer a boy; he was revealing himself to her as a man; he was accusing her, demanding that she take him into her confidence. She had the wish to justify herself.

"You'll scarcely understand how I loved him," she said. "I was very foolish,

perhaps. I was young, you know. And I couldn't make him over, make him different. There didn't seem anything I could do. There was nothing to do. I just gave up."

"But how," he asked, "could you have ever loved such a man?"

She met his searching, incredulous gaze above the lightly wavering candles. Their light was increasing as the darkness deepened. They gave to his expression a mysterious authority, an unwonted color, an elusive movement.

The apathy which had folded her about like a net for many years released her. She desired greatly to win the respect of her son, this man who questioned her. Her brows contracted from the effort to form a plea in defense of herself.

"How can a woman say why she loves a man?" she demanded. "There's no use trying to explain."

He sat regarding her pityingly, yet with a certain incredulous wonder too.

She tried again. "The ancients admitted that there were four mysteries in life," she said.

He broke in with vehemence, with a hint of irony—"Four!" And then patiently and with candor: "What were the four mysteries, mother?"

"One was the way of a bird in the air and one was the way of a lizard on a rock, one was the way of a ship in the sea, and one was the way of a man with a maid."

He sat in silence, turning the words over in his mind.

She went on: "I don't know as I ever saw a lizard; but when it comes to birds and women——"

He interrupted: "Let's not mind about the birds. That seems easy—their way of sailing in the sky and getting back to safety when the wind blows——"

"But I think maybe the birds and the women are a good deal alike. The mystery about the birds is something deeper than you've said. It means their coming back to where their homes are, their loving the place where they belong. You know they say even the littlest birds fly thousands of miles away in the winter-time, across mountains and seas and forests, to where it is warm. But they come back in the spring all the way to where they were born. They find their way

somehow. You can see how mysterious it is."

He was moved almost beyond the power of speech by something tender and sad in her voice, by something steadfast in her eyes.

She continued: "The wonder is that they should wish to come back from the lands of summer. It—it is so dreary here. You can't think what attracts them. The happy days here are so few and short. There is just a glimpse of the sun, as if it were lost from its place—and then the bitter winter comes."

He could not look at her for a moment. "And—mother, there is the way of a man with a maid. What is the mystery about that?"

She continued to smooth the tablecloth and he perceived that her hands were trembling now. Presently she said: "Men do attract girls, of course—most of all when they are strong and happy. But I think the ancients should have said something about the way of a maid with a man. It is the girls who are mysteries, I think, wanting to make life something that it isn't, wanting to be nice, wanting to be secure, wanting to be at peace. That's the real mystery. It's the same kind of mystery there is in the birds wanting to come back to dreary places. I don't know what it is. We're driven, the birds and the women, too. We are looking for something better than life allows. We can't help ourselves. I don't know why we do it."

She lifted her perplexed glance to him. He was bending closer toward her so that the flames of the candles illuminated his face. But much more wonderful was the fact that there seemed to be a sort of illumination from within, too. She observed heedlessly a scar half hidden by an eyebrow—the mark of his father's angry hand left there years ago when her son had once rebelled against his father's authority. But the vital thing she saw was the strange expression of elation in the eyes bent upon her, the expression of recognition, of discovery.

He brought his hands together with the rapture of one who is saved.

"It isn't a mystery, mother!" he exclaimed. "It's a proof! It's proof that there is something in life that we don't

control—something back of us, above us. You might say it's proof of God if you wanted to. Anyway, proof of goodness stronger than our logic, stronger than anything men have made or done."

He had arisen and he stood looking triumphantly down upon her, his face withdrawn now from the glow of the candles. Out of a half-shadow he talked to her.

"Mother," he said, his voice vibrant with emotion; "I want to tell you something, to confess something. I've been proud and stubborn a long time, too proud to talk to anybody about what was going on in my mind. I felt I had been wronged, even ruined, by having the kind of father I've got. You see, I've been like him in one way, thinking mostly about myself. But I'm going to be different from now on. I *am* different. My eyes have been opened—by you, mother! You're bigger than a thousand fathers! I can see now that all the time you've been meaning everything I've wanted life to mean: something sound, something to tie to. I'm going to be different from now on. We're going to share things—our thoughts, mother, and all we hope for. We're going to *live* together, you and I——"

He stopped, because something was happening to his mother. She had begun to beat her hands together nervously; she arose as if she hoped by movement of some sort to keep her emotions under control. Then with a surrendering, spasmodic movement she flung her forearm up so that it lay across her eyes. A tortured cry escaped from her, and then she was weeping, her breast was wracked, her features were distorted, tears coursed down her cheeks.

After twenty years of stolid self-possession she wept again.

Her son stood back in the shadow gazing at her, wishing to go to her, to comfort and reassure her. But the wonder of it all held him in his place an instant. She was not crying as a woman twenty years younger than she might have wept; she had gone back to the beginning, she was crying like a little girl. The flood-gates of her emotions had been swept open by simple words of kindness, spoken by one who understood.

So the two stood opposite each other a moment; and then they were both dismayed and shocked by a booming voice, the voice of Fowler, who had come into the room unheard.

"Hey?" he thundered; "hey? What's this? Hey?" He looked from his wife to his son, from his son to his wife, and then at his son again. His hair was bristling, his face was inflamed with passion. He strode ferociously toward his son. "Hey?" he repeated, and his booming voice trailed off into inarticulate blasphemies. He plunged forward and spun his son about by a vicious box, as from a lion's paw, on his shoulder. "Hey?" he demanded again and again. By sheer momentum he began to bear down upon his son, meaning, it appeared, to crush him, to destroy him.

But it was to be observed that Anson began almost immediately a kind of manœuvring. He gave way before his father, but not as one who is afraid, who seeks to escape, but rather as one draws on an adversary. He kept his head proudly erect—a trick inherited from his father—and his face was set, his eyes keenly watchful.

He backed away out of the dining-room into the kitchen; out of the kitchen into the secluded garden enclosure at the rear of the house. There he hastily glanced about to make sure of his footing; and then, quite astoundingly, he began a kind of attack upon his father. He began by moving lightly this way and that, but no longer backward. He stooped and dodged and sprang aside when his father bore down upon him with his arms moving like flails. And then suddenly he did a surprising thing: he sprang forward like a catapult and dealt a ringing blow with his right fist on his father's barrel-like chest. Immediately he was away again, cautiously balanced on his toes.

Fowler stood still, seeming to expand with amazement and new fury. He was speechless; and then he lunged forward again, his great paws extended, trembling with hunger to get a grip upon this shifting adversary. But Anson watched for his chance again, and again he struck—now a stinging blow to his father's jaw. And again he was away, alertly watching his father, thrilling with the realization



"Oh, Anson mustn't hit him again!" —Page 106.

that certain training of his high-school days had been of greater value than he had ever dreamed.

Mrs. Fowler had come to the kitchen window and was looking out. She was at first alarmed, and then incredible—and then thrilled. She stood like a pillar, the

tears still finding lodgment in the creases of her cheeks. Away in the dining-room the twenty-one candles burned unseen, and wavered ominously, each the object of a separate impulse, of divergent airs, each the puppet of its own law. But Mrs. Fowler no longer needed to see the

twenty-one candles to realize clearly that her son had come to be a man.

Fowler was becoming blind with fury; he sought to prevail by the weight of authority. He uttered abusive, booming words, and advanced overbearingly.

A fierce blow beneath his chin, which he seemed to lean forward to receive, brought him heavily to his knees. But he was up quickly. He took a lesson from his son's book and began striking out with his fists. Occasionally one of his blows found its target; and presently Anson's mouth was bleeding, one of his eyes was closing from a swelling which appeared as quickly as a bubble is blown. But Anson was still seeing perfectly, and he was keeping his head. He began to carry the battle to his father now, instead of fighting on the defensive. His father, muscle-bound, immense and heavy, was beginning to make a snorting noise as he drew his breath. All his powers were already on the wane—all but his blind passion. He rushed forward again; and now a blow sent him heavily, full length on his back, on the grass.

He got up and advanced more deliberately. Again he was knocked down. He arose, mumbling, and came back to the attack—and again he fell.

Now, when he arose, his legs were trembling, he could not regain his balance; he seemed to be walking in his sleep.

Mrs. Fowler, still at the kitchen window, murmured to herself: "Oh, Anson mustn't hit him again!"

But Anson did and now Fowler lay a moment where he fell, and when he tried to arise it was plain that he was utterly bewildered, all but unconscious. He propped himself up on his right arm and lay gasping for breath, his head nodding.

And then Anson helped him to rise, and guided him into the house, slowly and laboriously, and to a chair in the dining-room which Mrs. Fowler eagerly brought forward.

It was Mrs. Fowler who knelt beside him and peered at him solicitously, in alarm. It seemed to her that he might be fatally injured, that he might collapse in a moment. He lifted his dazed glance and seemed to be trying to make out who

it was over there beyond those swaying candles. He frowned in perplexity.

Mrs. Fowler spoke to her son, who stood beyond the candles: "Bring me a wet towel, Anson; and then—then you'd better go away a little while. You'd better leave me alone with your father." She was thinking, "I don't see why he wanted to strike him, that last time."

Anson brought a dripping towel and placed it in his mother's eager hands. His mother did not look at him, did not note that he walked with a superior air, with a newly acquired dignity. He went away and sat down in the back yard, beyond hearing.

Mrs. Fowler began to bathe her husband's bruised and swollen face. Suddenly she stopped and gazed at him with a kind of deep bewilderment. And then she spoke.

"Charley," she said; "I don't understand—why did you get so angry at him? I mean, when you came in and found us together."

"Why?" he reiterated dully. "Why? Because—he made you cry!" And he groped for her hand and pressed it feebly.

She leaned closer toward him, and the thrill she had got long ago when she had held to his strong hand came back to her now—or something related to it—at the touch of his hand which clung to her.

She began to bathe his face solicitously with the soothing cool towel. She observed that he held his face up eagerly, like a child.

It came to her gratifyingly that he would not have liked another woman to bathe his face like this, and it occurred to her that a man might go thoughtlessly enough to another woman for trivial services and pleasures, but that he would want to come to the woman he loved when he was hurt.

She thought again: "Anson went too far, a powerful young man like him. His father isn't the man he used to be; he's getting along in years."

Suddenly she put the towel down in her lap and slipped her hand about her husband's head. She gazed at him musingly, almost in a rapt way; and then impulsively she drew his head down against her breast. "It won't hurt very long," she said, her cheek lying against his rough

hair. She wanted to kiss him, and she lifted his face and did so.

Fowler's hand tightened on hers again; he clung to it gratefully, with returning strength. It was now certain that he was not hurt seriously, that he had only been dazed for a moment. He held his face up again to receive her ministrations, closing his eyes and sighing.

And ministering to him she began to undergo another transformation. A curious little disturbance took place about

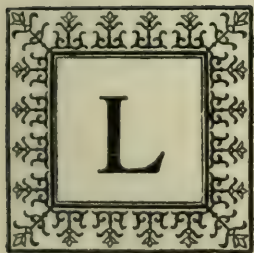
the set line of her lips. There was an unwonted, spasmodic twitching, a seeking of an outlet for newborn energies. She turned her face away to hide a tremor which ran along the line where her lips met. In spite of her wish to prevent it the line presented a tucked-in and turned-up appearance.

She leaned forward, applying the soothing towel, and watching to see that he did not open his eyes. And for the first time in twenty years she smiled.

Bats Macabre

BY ISA URQUHART GLENN

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY OTTO J. GATTER



LATE afternoon in the tropics. A long, narrow pier stretching from the flat town into the flat bay, out toward a small island. Another long, thin line up in the sky, seeming about to connect the town and the island—bats awaking from their day's sleep and journeying forth upon a night of sinful revelry. Large bats such as one sees in dreams—bats with a sweep of wing so vast as to cast a shadow over the soul—with a stretch of dirty body so dark as to throw a suggestion of horror into the approaching night. Harbingers of evil—symbols of a world contended for by God and Lucifer.

It seemed to Odom, as he stood aside on the pier of Zamboanga and watched his company march aboard the little inter-island transport, that he was suffering more than any man deserved.

Past him, swinging along in steady line of khaki, went "M" Company. And "M" Company was going into a fight and leaving him behind. Disability was an accursed word to apply to a soldier; a weakened heart action was a poor end for a fighting man.

He had heard the doctors talking about him. They had whispered of things

worse than the weak heart. Odom knew that the doctors were wrong. But he had been out here a long time; and he had brooded over facts of which the doctors knew nothing. He realized that life did not stop at what one could see. He was of Highland and Scandinavian stock. The north knows intuitively what the tropics prove to be true. These whispering doctors did not worry him. He had greater troubles than what they thought of him. The company was leaving for Jolo. No place at the front for a sick man.

Odom kicked savagely at the iron girder by which he stood. With despair in his heart he watched the feverish preparations going on around him. Moros trotted past with burdens, running in single file up the gangplank. Out of their way scattered the onlookers. On the outskirts of the crowd hovered symbols ominous as the bats in the sky—tiny Japanese women from the houses of ill fame which were located beyond the city where the quagmires began.

In a group to one side were the wives of the soldiers who were going out to fight. These women, on whom the fortunes of war fell heaviest, had come to look for possibly the last time on their men in health. On their cheeks were traces of the tears they had shed—présage

of tears to come. These poor things, marooned in a strange land, were trying to smile and cheer on the departing soldiers. The pluck of the women of fighting men was theirs. Children accompanied them; children gay of heart. A little boy was seized by his mother and pulled out of the way of the column.

"He will be a soldier some day," said one of the childless women.

"Yes," answered the mother in a colorless voice. She stared straight ahead, seeing visions of a future full of this agony of parting.

In the khaki line Odom's bunkie, Smythe, swung along,—lithe figure carrying its load of blanket-roll and rifle and rattling canteen with a youthful jauntiness, campaign hat set at a dashing angle on the fair head, wide mouth grinning impishly. As he marched past Odom he called out gaily:

"Hasta la mañana, Odom! Buck up! You'll be down by the next boat."

But Odom knew that he would not be down by the next boat. He told Smythe so.

"I felt, when I first saw those bats, that they'd bring me bad luck! And they are so confounded big—the bad luck was bound to be big, too!"

Odom's sick soul was full of the bats which, every evening at sunset, issued from their cave and swept over the harbor to the mainland. Their cave was on a small islet in the bay. But on the islet was no fruit; and these were the huge fruit bats of the tropics. Therefore they foraged on the mainland. They ate the fruit of Zamboanga and its rich suburbs, returning to the cave at break of day. Odom called Smythe's attention to the smear against the sky—adventurous bats out before their mates.

The soldiers who overheard Odom's remark laughed. But the women shivered in the warm air. They were in no mood to laugh at superstition.

Odom's lean, dark, melancholy face set in hard lines of self-control. His cheekbones showed plainly through the paper-like skin stretched over them. His tightly clenched teeth brought into play muscles that looked to be a series of little knots.

The last soldier was aboard. The

Moros ran back along the gangplank to the pier. The anchor was hauled up. There was finality in the rattle of its chain.

The soldiers crowded to the rail of the transport. They laughed and joked. They were going into the great adventure. On the pier the band broke into "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—battle-song of the Army.

The air was split by the whistle of the transport. The ship began to pull away from shore. The stretch of water between its side and the timbers of the pier widened.

Odom strained his eyes to see Smythe for as long as he could. But he was looking through a blur of tears of which he was ashamed. He brushed his hand across his eyes, furtively. Already Smythe was indistinguishable among the figures at the rail.

The band stopped playing. The musicians shouldered their instruments and in silence marched back to the post.

Odom, left behind on the pier, sat down on the spare girder. He stared out to sea, at the smoke of the transport. The black smoke belched forth, spreading into a low-lying funnel-shaped cloud.

The transport became a speck on the horizon. It seemed to hang on the curving line of sea and sky. The smoke was now a delicate tracery. The sun was setting.

The black dot that was the transport disappeared.

A larger, denser, funnel-shaped cloud swept up into the sky. The bats were coming from their cave across the water and striking out for the mainland. They had awakened for their evening feast. This second funnel-shaped cloud swirled from the mouth of the cave and rose into the evening air. It spread out as it neared the mainland until, when it was overhead, it obscured the dying light of day.

Odom looked up at the bats. He cursed them. They had brought this misery upon him.

With the haste of the equator, night fell down upon the pier and upon the city beyond. Lights began to twinkle in the houses along the main street of the town. But in the go-downs at the end of the pier

all was darkness. The Chinese merchants had gone to their homes.

Odom started back to the post. He must report at the hospital. He must be put to bed. For he was useless. He was sick.

He walked slowly through the town. In the houses that he passed he could hear the preparations for the evening meal. On the square verandas up above the level of the narrow sidewalk began to assemble exiles from the white men's countries. The heat of the day was over. The cool land breeze of the night gave its first refreshing puffs.

He passed along the avenue of centenarian almond-trees leading through the post to the hospital. Overhead he could hear the bats settling down for their gorging. He could hear them gritting their teeth.

Odom began to mutter to himself as he walked along the dark road.

"Damned big! Damned big bad luck, too!"

Every afternoon during the three days that followed Odom went down to the end of the long pier. He would sit on the girder and stare out to sea, to that spot on the horizon where the funnels of the transport had sunk out of sight. He would be the only soldier on the pier; for on the post a band concert would be going on, and the men would be listening to it. Odom resented the band concerts. He resented the unflagging gaiety of garrison life—the cheerfulness necessary when death is in a man's business. "Be merry, for to-morrow we die!" is the slogan of the profession of arms.

This is well. It keeps up the morale of those who go forth to fight. But it plays the devil with those who stay behind. Odom knew that this gay music was good to hear as one left the garrison. But Odom was still in the garrison. He had to listen to it every afternoon. There was no wall thick enough to shut out the sound.

Always with the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" the bats arrived. As their shadow swept over the town melancholy swept down upon his soul. Melancholy as black, as dense, as ominous, as the shadow overhead.

Odom would walk past the band-stand

and past the laughing soldiers; and he would hate his own kind. These cheerful fellows were not in "M" Company. They were not supposed to be in the fight now raging down at Jolo. But he should be there; only the bats— He would hurry along with averted eyes. He would sit on the girder until the spot whence the smoke of the transport had waved farewell was dissolved in the enveloping darkness. Then he would go slowly back to the hospital, along the almond avenue, underneath the feasting bats. He got into the habit of muttering to himself about how he hated the bats. He would shake his fist at them. But the bats could not see that he was menacing them with this futile gesture. It was dark as pitch in those old branches. However, Odom continued to shake his fist at them. He grew more and more convinced that they had, by their machinations, put a blight upon his health. They had hoodooed him; now they were laughing at him. He knew that, when they gritted their teeth, high up above his head in those trees, they were laughing at him. They were grinding out challenges to him. They were telling him how much stronger they were, in their Satanic lore, than he could hope to be with his human cleanliness of soul.

So he stopped, every few feet of his slow progress along the road underneath the trees, to shake his fist up at the bats. He was showing them, by that fist, that he defied them.

One day a young soldier stopped him. "Say—what you think? I been out shootin' bats; and guess how big those creatures are? Six feet, average, from tip to tip of their wings. Some birds—huh?"

He extended a handful of skins. But Odom shrank away from contact with them.

"No!—No!" he exclaimed hurriedly. "I don't want to see them. I—I don't want to touch them."

The youngster went on down the road until he found a more congenial man. This man appreciated his kill. Together they examined the skins. They marvelled over the size of these "birds."

"Odom's loony," volunteered the youngster. "Afraid of 'em, he is. Wouldn't touch the skins. Sure loco!"

Odom heard this. He was growing to hear a long way. He was almost amused. How little men knew! How little he had known, until he got to "Zambo" and those bats first swept out of their cave and into his life! But he was learning more every day—and especially every night, when he dreamed back the folklore of his mother. He must remember never to touch the bats. There came into his mind something that his mother had told him, one moonless night when he had been afraid: no evil power could get possession of the soul of a human being unless it had first succeeded in touching that human body. He would not touch the bats. But some night they would swing low and touch him. They would finish their work.

The usual rumors of defeat began to come in. They were brought by tramp steamers, by Spanish lorchas, by Moro vintas.

On the fourth day of the fight Odom chanced to pass headquarters as the captain of a coast-guard steamer came out of the building. The captain had been retailing, to the General, his sensational version of carnage. He had met with a cool reception at the hands of that seasoned old fighter, and was now ready to try his luck with the enlisted men. The haunted eyes of Odom promised good material. He again recited his lurid tale. The troops were being turned back; he had heard the news the last thing before sailing from Jolo.

Odom was enraged by this account of disaster to his company. He stammered forth a mixture of unbelief, defiance, and blasphemy. The coast-guard captain laughed at him.

"You'll find that I am right," he stated.

"That's 'M' Company, holding the advanced position!" said Odom in a loud voice. He glared straight into the small eyes of this civilian. What did a civilian know of company traditions? This man could not know that a company which had never been turned back could not be defeated. He did not know that the men of such a company could die but they could not retreat. "'M' Company never got licked yet!" he added authoritatively.

"Then, if you're so proud of that com-

pany, why aren't you down there helping them?" asked, quite naturally, the coast-guard captain.

But Odom turned wearily away. What use to explain to a civilian? He walked slowly down to his vigil on the pier.

The bats came over from their cave. Odom fell to cursing them. All his woe over the coast-guard captain's tale he unloosed on the bats.

"If 'M' Company is whipped, it will be your fault—damn you! You bring me bad luck every time. You bring me bad luck in everything. You kept me here in the hospital. And now, if 'M' Company is licked, it will be your fault—" He almost shrieked aloud his maledictions on the bats. He was near to losing control of himself. For, in spite of what he had said to the coast-guard captain, he was afraid for "M" Company. And he was not there to help them. "Why—one man more might have turned the trick! And I'm—I'm useless!"

As he went back to the hospital at nightfall the bats seemed to be grinding their teeth together fiendishly. Their challenge to him seemed to be louder than ever before. They fought together up in the branches. One of them, wounded, fell at his feet. Shuddering, he broke into a run.

"If that—that—had touched me, 'M' Company wouldn't have a chance!" he said to himself.

As he ran he pressed his hand to his heart. He breathed with difficulty. The running, or something—the bats, he thought—gave him a sudden and agonizing pain.

That night, for the first time, he went to a tienda. He would try if a drink of vino could help him forget the bats' malice. Vino killed men, if they took too much; but it could not kill him. The bats were after him. They had marked him for their prey. And the bats were stronger than vino. But if the bats took it out on him and left the company alone, he would be satisfied.

He took his drink. It had no effect. He was keyed up to fear—more subtle intoxicant than vino.

But he fell into the habit of taking a glass of vino every night, after he left the pier. With that one drink of the fiery

distillation of the cocoa-palm he could better face the bats. To be sure, he noticed that the bats gritted their teeth with more open malice after the drink; but he did not care so much. He could swagger a little as he went underneath the branches of the almond-trees.

On the eighth day came the news of victory.

Odom hurried to the bulletin-board in front of headquarters. He read the posted despatch. "M" Company had done good work, but at heavy cost. Overcome with pride, Odom burst into cheers. He strutted down the parade. He was of "M" Company—and they had won the fight!

It was "band concert"; but Odom forgot to go down to the pier. He forgot his bad luck. Had not the luck of the company been good? He forgot the bats. But when he returned to the hated hospital he slunk to his bunk. He lay with his hands clasped behind his head. His sombre eyes stared at the ceiling. He was suffering shame. He was ashamed that he had not been in the fight with his company—with his comrades.

The light in the big ward grew dimmer. He saw shadows creeping into the room.

The bats were coming in and obscuring the evening glow as they flitted past the windows. The almond avenue was far away, he reflected. They were coming after him; that was what it meant. They had missed him on the pier. They had not seen him pass under the almond-trees. They had come to find him.

An orderly, entering the ward to light the oil-lamps, began to rail against a country where the bats were so big that they could shut off the light so early in the evening.

"Ain't them bats off their beat to-day?" asked a lad in the bunk a few feet away. "What you suppose is the matter with 'em?"

"Almonds give out, I guess; and they're huntin' for the banana groves behind the post," replied the orderly. The orderly was busy with the lamps. He did not care, anyway, about what might be the matter with the bats. He hurried through the ward, grumbling.

Odom, lying quietly on his bunk,

grinned to himself in the dusk. He knew better. The bats were hunting him. They were not done with him yet. Funny—that idea about the banana grove; it made him laugh! For the next hour, until he fell asleep, he laughed frequently.

His dreams that night were more terrifying than ever before.

He was exhausted the next morning. He went through the day with resignation in his soul. He began, in the light of those dreams, to believe that his soul was the price that must be paid for the company's clean record.

As he waited on the pier for the first sight of the boats which were bringing the wounded from Jolo, he was glad that he had been able to pay the price. The company would return victorious—the company that had always returned victorious. He felt spiritual victory flowing through his body like strong drink.

He looked around at the women and children—officers' families, soldiers' families, in one huddled group of fearful waiting. These women did not yet know which of them were widows. They did not yet know to which of them belonged the maimed and suffering men who were coming up the harbor on those boats of ill omen. Their dry eyes were turned in one direction. From off their still faces had been wiped all expression. They waited.

The sounds of the harbor ceased. The incoming boats did not whistle. Those wounded men could bear no more, after the hell through which their fate had led them. The rattle of the chains, as the anchors dropped overboard—the swish of the ropes from the capstans—seemed, in the dead silence, to be stupendous noise.

Odom looked up at the decks of those two boats. The decks were crowded with stretchers. On the stretchers were quiet figures. The figures had large heads—heads of bandages—bloody bandages. One of the figures lifted its stiffened mass of bandages and looked toward the group on the pier. It called out to the captain's wife:

"The capt'n wasn't hurt, ma'am!"

The figure fell back on the stretcher, exhausted. The captain's wife began to

weep. She wept quietly, but with a persistence that was amazing. She shook dreadfully.

"It's the relief, poor thing!" whispered a soldier's wife.

Odom began to wonder if the bats had done any of their dirty work on Smythe. Probably; they knew that he loved Smythe. The company had been too strong for them. But he and Smythe—they were just men. No man was strong enough to get away from those Things. They would certainly have taken it out on Smythe.

They began to bring the stretchers off the boats. The women, with their dreadful, quiet faces, looked at the load on each stretcher. But they only wept after they were told that their men had not been hurt. The women who claimed those bandaged figures smiled on what they could see of the faces. They walked away beside the stretchers that they claimed, patting what was left of their men.

Odom pressed closer to the line of stretchers. Smythe was very young. A boy of eighteen should not have one of those bandaged heads. He asked a hospital steward for news of Smythe. The hospital steward answered with the surface heartlessness of one who deals in suffering.

"Smythe can't never talk again. The dentist down to Jolo patched up a silver jaw, of a sort, for 'im; but there ain't nobody can give you back a tongue when them Moros have blown it out of your mouth with a load of rusty nails! There he comes, now—that guy on the second stretcher from here."

But Odom did not know the face on the stretcher. Was it a face? He went nearer. He bent down to look into the eyes that, conscious, stared up at him with a smile in their sunken depths. Swollen mask of a human face as it was, he recognized it by the smile. The bats had done for Smythe!

He leaned over Smythe. He whispered to him:

"You're lucky—that's what you are—lucky! Why, I'd—I'd rather have lost my jaw, and my tongue, and my hands and feet—than to have been left behind!"

The funnel-shaped cloud rose from the cave of the bats. It moved toward the pier.

Odom leaned closer over the helpless Smythe. He tried to shield Smythe from the shadow of the bats.

"They can't hurt you any more, Smythe! They've done their worst to you, because you're my bunkie! But you've got a lot out of it. You've got glory, boy!—glory!"

He started following the train of ambulances toward the post.

The bats were coming over in denser and ever denser clouds. Far up in the sky as they were, he could hear them laughing at him—with the sound that other men thought was the gritting of teeth but that he knew was bat laughter.

"Let 'em laugh!" he muttered under his breath. "It can't matter now."

The bats went on with their laughter.

He turned back toward the town. He broke into a run.

They found Odom the next morning in a ditch beside the road that ran underneath the almond-trees.

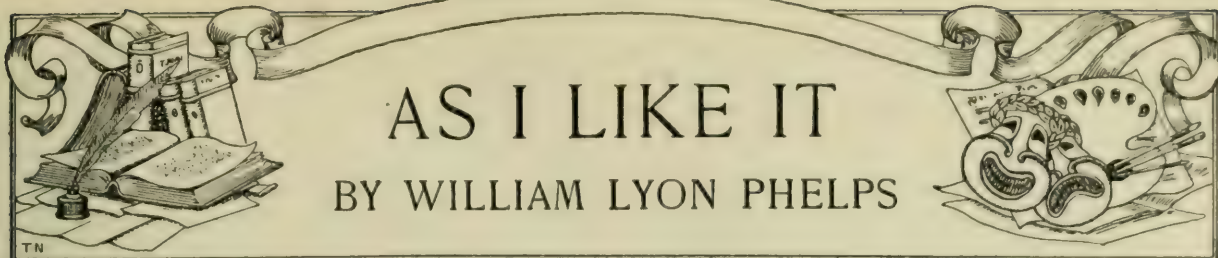
"Vino," said one of the crowd. "He's been queer ever since you fellows went out. Been hittin' it up. Drunk, probably."

But Odom was not drunk. They discovered when they turned him over that he was dead.

The post surgeon said that it was heart failure. He said that the man had been dead for hours.

They traced his movements after he had turned and run back toward the town.

He had gone to the tienda just outside the post, and had ordered a drink of vino. The girl at the tienda reported that he had not taken enough vino to kill him. He had taken only the one drink. She remembered it particularly because he had got to the tienda just after she had heard Retreat sound in the post; and he had left at once, while the bats were still coming over. She was sure of the hour, because she had thought that the bats were casting a denser shadow than usual; and, when she had looked up to see why they were making everything so dark all of a sudden, she had noticed that they were flying low.



I SOMETIMES think there are no persons, who, as a class, do more good than professional librarians. The men and women in the cities, villages, and universities who have charge of the books and bring author and reader together, have daily opportunities for elevating human taste and character. It was a librarian in Hartford, Mr. Frank B. Gay, who, when I was a small boy and applied for some books by Oliver Optic, suggested that I read Shakespeare. He spoke to me quietly and tactfully, remarking that there was no reason why I should read trash *all the time*; and he induced me to try "Julius Cæsar." I was so captivated by this play that I proceeded to read all the others; I have never forgotten that I owe the impulse to Frank Gay. Librarians are constantly distressed to see juvenile readers, and adult readers with juvenile minds, carrying off froth and piffle, when they might use the precious hours to better advantage; they feel as I suppose a sagacious bartender used to feel when he was forced to supply liquor to a man who already had too much. Librarians should be wise as serpents, harmless as doves. They are undoubtedly the most harmless of all people, which is saying a good deal. They are perhaps our most highly civilized class. There is something in the daily society of thousands of books that makes for civilization; the necessity of quiet in a public library keeps librarians from becoming obstreperous and raucous. Yesterday I received a letter from a man who visits a great public library every day. He writes: "After all, a librarian is sure to be a good man. No librarian ever killed a man or robbed a church, or stole an automobile. No one of them was ever suspected of a violent crime. There is something very mousy about librarians. They move gently; they don't bump into you; they don't slam doors. They are never offensively profane. No one has ever found a libra-

rian leading or even taking part in lynching."

All this is true. To go from the noisy street into a public library is to go from this mortal coil into eternal calm. The modern librarian is the real servant of the people, and there is no calling that has at once more usefulness and more dignity. The enormous growth of libraries and the still greater increase in the number of people who read, has revolutionized the office and attitude of the librarian. In olden times, he was, in every sense of the word, the keeper of the books. He was a watch-dog, and his business was to see that no stranger carried off anything. The old ideal came near to realization in a German public librarian who flourished some fifty years ago. He was asked about his work and he said with a mingling of asperity and pride: "In this library every book is now on the shelves except one; and I know where that one is, and I am going to get it this afternoon."

Times have changed. The modern librarian is not a watch-dog; he is a middleman. The office requires idealism, knowledge, wisdom, and tact. I wonder how many of us realize the enormous influence for good exercised by these peaceable men and women? "No day without a good deed" may not be the motto of their lives, but it is something better than a motto—it is an accurate description.

They are, as a class, extremely happy people. Daily association with books and readers makes them cheerful. Every day they see inquiring faces and they know the answer. It is the perfect illustration of the law of supply and demand. It is as agreeable to give a boy or girl with an asking face the book that satisfies, as it is to see starving children eat. I used to wonder why women, who as a rule eat little themselves, can find such satisfaction in watching hungry men eat. One day as I was feeding my dog, the answer came to me. I love to see dogs, horses,

and cats eat; their satisfaction in food is to me a real delight. Now when a woman sees a man eating, I suppose it affects her in just that way.

One of the profound differences between a man and a woman is, that a man can always eat. If a woman has passed through tragedy, or acute mental suffering, or is highly excited, or terribly depressed, she cares nothing for food. But a man will seldom omit a meal. He can and will eat, under any and all circumstances. Oscar Wilde expressed a truth when at a fashionable dinner-party he exclaimed, "How nice it is to be eating again!"

To return to book-hunger and its satisfaction, there is no better specimen of librarians in America than Edmund Lester Pearson, of the New York Public Library. I do not believe he could be dull if he tried. He has recently published a tall volume, which I unhesitatingly recommend to all lovers of good reading, and to all persons with a well-developed sense of humor. It is called "Books in Black or Red," and is profusely and appropriately illustrated. Admirable anecdotes abound. The conscious and unconscious humor of bygone days revisits the glimpses of the moon. Old-fashioned formal treatises on the training of daughters are pleasantly compared with the ease of the present generation. "Not many months ago I read a speech by an English bishop about the manners of to-day. He said that he tried not to be an old-fashioned parent, and yet when his daughter said to him, 'I say, Old Egg, got any cigarettes?' he thought things had gone rather far."

Mr. Pearson speaks kindly of the magazines that made radiant the days of his childhood, and I agree with him that there was never anything quite so good as *Our Young Folks*. I also used to read every word of the English *Chatterbox*, nor can I forget the wonderful story of those two organizations at school, the "Union Jacks" and the "Brickbats." Unfortunately for myself, I decided at the age of six to transplant these two societies from the English school to the grade school I attended in America; not content with this initial error, I made the further mistake of taking the Union Jacks for my-

self, and allowing one of my antagonists to use the name Brickbats. I should have known that such a name had a thousand times more advertising power than Union Jacks. I found it out on the afternoon of the first day, when the two companies met after school to have a fight. The Union Jacks numbered about fourteen, and the Brickbats at least three hundred. The charge of the three hundred (and they charged as soon as they saw us) was so terrifying that I regret to say the Union Jacks unanimously ran in the same direction, and judging by the excellent start made by some of them, I think they are running yet.

There is one unpardonable omission in Mr. Pearson's delightful book, unpardonable because the author is a librarian. It has no index.

What a magnificent building is the New York Public Library, and what a superb site! I remember the old reservoir. It is a happy change from that which satisfies the thirst of the body to that which satisfies the thirst of the mind. Shall I be forgiven if under the circumstances I remark that not only can I remember the old reservoir, but that I well remember it?

My remarks about my own and other men's ignorance of flowers, called forth, as I hoped and believed it would, keen discussion and sharp dissent. In "Jim" Borland's column, in the *Franklin and Oil City News-Herald* for 31 March, I am justly rebuked. He says my education has been sadly neglected. Now it is not the fault of my teachers, it is my own stupidity. I love the bright faces of flowers, and I have a glorious summer garden; but although I am told every day that this is cosmos, to-morrow I am sure to think it is candytuft. I cried out in joy over the superb lilacs; but she, after agreeing in their superbity, informed me they were wistaria. "Jim" writes: "I'll wager that almost every man knows peonies, gladioli, dahlias, golden-glow, and cosmos when he sees either growing in a garden." It is lucky for "Jim" that I am not a betting man. I may, however, take advantage of his printed invitation to visit some day the gardens in his home town.

"Jim" adds: "The distinguished man who told Mr. Phelps that 'if no flowers at

all came up in the spring, he would be unaware of their absence,' made a confession of which he should be ashamed."

Now I am not sure that we should be ashamed of any confessions; it is rather the things we don't confess of which we should be ashamed. But I submitted the damning sentence to the distinguished man, whose name I will not hand down to infamy. He writes:

This newspaper man brands me as I deserve. But in fact when my attention is called to the presence of flowers I often admire them, but not always. I like the sweet pea and adore pansies, but I detest above all things the mawkish, emaciated, anæmic, white lily which everybody gives to every one else at this season. I hate its thin stalk, the few, miserable leaves which look as if they grew on the north coast of Iceland. And then the china cup which is called a flower; bah! it reeks of poverty and disease. Flowers ought to be rich, magnificent. They express the abundance, the generosity of nature. One wants a tub full of roses, or pansies, or anemones, or violets, which are like the full flood of a nightingale's song. This lily is only one feeble note, a solitary monotonous chirp.

Yet the true enthusiast, the lover of wild flowers, is their deadliest foe. His highest pleasure is to detect some rare bloom (how I hate that word when used as a noun!) to pull it up by the roots, to lay it on the floor of his carry-all, *i. e.*, motor-car, and to let it die there. That is what he calls the love of flowers, and he sniffs at you and me who are merely agnostics in the matter of horticulture.

In a later issue of the *News-Herald*, 7 April, "Jim" writes: "I guess William Lyon Phelps, editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE [the only compliment he pays me], started something when he made his observation recently about the ignorance of men in regard to flowers." Well, that is exactly what I aimed to accomplish. He publishes a letter from Madison Cooper, who says that he has "taken twenty names at random from the State of Ohio and twenty names at random from the State of Connecticut, both outside the big cities, and finds that only twelve out of the forty are female names." More men than women doubtless are in the flower business. I had in mind private gardens. Men are so constituted that they will make money out of anything, even out of flowers; I am yet more hardened and callous, for I make money out of literature.

The latest book about flowers is a particularly charming one, and I recom-

mend it cordially, to "Jim," Madison Cooper, and also to the twenty-eight male flower-growers of Ohio and Connecticut. This is called "Garden Whimsies," and is written by Mrs. C. B. Lomas, of Springfield, Mass. She not only knows all about flowers and gardens, but knows how to write about them. Her charming, witty, and original chapters make excellent and stimulating reading.

No better poet of flowers can be found than old Robert Herrick, who lived in Devonshire three hundred years ago. His "Hesperides" is a flower-garden in verse, the poems being as delicate and lovely as the flowers themselves.

When the Elizabethan poet, Tom Campion, sought a metaphor that would fitly describe the beauty of a woman's face, he had the inspiration to think of a garden.

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow:
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow:
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till 'Cherry-Ripe' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of Orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till 'Cherry-Ripe' themselves do cry."

Under the direction of Mengelberg, the New York Philharmonic Society played the Ninth Symphony twice, on April 12 and 15. I was there both times. No year should ever pass without its being performed, this greatest of all orchestra compositions. Let me repeat that where voices cannot be obtained there is no reason why the symphony should not be played up to the choral part. This was done with success a few years ago by the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, and I am pleased to see by a programme just received from San Francisco, that on February 23 and 25 the local orchestra, directed by our old friend, Alfred Hertz, played the first three movements. An explanatory note appeared on the printed programme, stating that there was no room in any San Francisco theatre available for both chorus and orchestra. To me the most beautiful passage in Beethoven is the movement in the Ninth Symphony immediately following the *Adagio*

molto e cantabile, called *Andante Moderato* and given to the second violins. The only man who ever agreed with me about this was Philippe Marcou, who used to teach romance languages at Harvard.

On the whole, the chorus in Mengelberg's performance, from the Schola Cantorum, did the best singing I have ever heard in the Ninth Symphony. They were magnificent. The quartet was poor, though it should be remembered the music assigned to the solos and quartet is almost unsingable; still if it cannot be sung adequately, there is no particular reason why it should be gargled. It had been a severe winter, and I am sure many in the audience were reminded of their own efforts to cure colds.

Those of us who are not professional musicians need not feel too much humiliation, when, after hearing a singer and enjoying the performance, we are told by some one having authority that she sang off the pitch. For the benefit of those who have often had their pleasure ruined and their self-esteem shattered by this remark, I will tell the following strictly true story. Years ago, Madame Calvé came to New Haven and sang in grand opera; some days later I expressed my satisfaction to a professional musician who said: "She sang sharp all the evening; singers frequently commit this fault when appearing in a small theatre." I accepted this statement deferentially until I met another professional musician who commented in general terms on the performance. "But," said I, "Blank says that all the evening Calvé sang off the pitch." "He is quite right," came the reply; "she constantly flatted."

No one, not even a critic, can know everything; and it is best to confess ignorance where knowledge is lacking. The foremost pianist in the world told me that every now and then he would play another piece than the one on the programmes, and that frequently the professional critic would in his review disclose the fact that he was unaware of the substitution. How little any of us knows for certain about anything; how easily we can be deceived! After spending his entire life on the Norman conquest of England, Freeman was wrong about the battle of Hastings.

The death of H. E. Krehbiel, musical critic of the New York *Tribune*, removes one of the famous quartet who have for so long acted in this capacity for the metropolitan press. I refer to Richard Aldrich of *The Times*, W. J. Henderson of *The Herald*, Henry T. Finck of the *Evening Post*. These four men have been a public blessing. I do not believe any city in the world can show abler musical critics. They have been honest, incorruptible, sincere; and their very positiveness has been a sign of sincerity and a stimulation to the appreciation of good music. Mr. Krehbiel was a man of violent prejudices, but also of vast knowledge, and he was extremely careful to be accurate in matters of fact. In addition to his daily work on *The Tribune*, extending over forty years, he published a number of valuable and important books. His popular work, "How to Listen to Music," has helped in the education of thousands of ticket-buyers; his last and most monumental achievement was the preparation of Thayer's "Life of Beethoven," one of the most important contributions to history, biography, and art that the twentieth century can show.

I am glad that Lawrence Gilman has been chosen for the post on *The Tribune* made vacant by the death of Mr. Krehbiel. Mr. Gilman is a thoroughly competent musical critic; he is also a literary critic who must be reckoned with, and as a writer of notes for programmes he has for years delighted readers by his wit and humor, and his capacity to relate music to life. It is a fine thing for the cause to know that we can now read Lawrence Gilman day by day, instead of occasionally; for he is the kind of writer who day by day in every way grows better and better.

I not only subscribe to *The Tribune*, *Times*, *Herald*, *World*, and *Post* in order to see what the critics of music and drama are saying; I subscribe to that weekly, *Musical America*, and I advise every one who loves music to do the same. It is surprising that John C. Freund, can, in "Mephisto's Musings," be chronically interesting on all subjects.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was first performed on 7 May, 1824, and the centennial next year should be commemo-

rated everywhere in the world by a gala production of the work. Every endowed and municipal orchestra should render it in whole or in part. At the original performance, the composer was present, though he could hear neither the music nor the applause. One of the reasons why a deaf man wrote the greatest music ever known is because he heard it all in his mind, and was not interrupted by street noises or any other sounds. He could compose a whole movement, secure in the knowledge that no discordant invasion could check or distract the steady flow of his genius. Was there ever a finer illustration of the words of Keats—"Heard songs are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Perhaps if civilization continues to advance, it will reach such a point that in order to concentrate we shall have to become deaf.

One of the best American historical romances I have read in years is "Blowing Weather," by J. McIntyre. This is a thrilling amphibious novel of Philadelphia in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when Citizen Genêt made his notorious excursion to our shores. The book is replete with incident and is as artistic and well written as though the author had nothing to say. It makes a double appeal through its stirring scenes and excellent literary style. At that time, by the way, President Washington, just because of our friendship with France, and because she had so recently been our ally, did not feel it necessary to support her in all her undertakings.

A good many letters come to me every day; out of every ten there are seven which have the envelopes carefully licked up to the extreme corners, so that in opening them I cut my fingers, break my nails, and often tear the contents into shreds before I can reach them. It is not in the least necessary that every or any envelope should be hermetically gummed; the letter itself does not require an airtight enclosure. The superfluous mucilage that the lick absorber into his system by this method must make him taste his letters long after they are on their journey; while the recipient's time, energy, and character are wasted. It will be an act of mercy to do less licking.

Of course you will say: "Why don't you have a steel implement to open the envelopes?" I have, but I can never find it when I want it. At all other times it thrusts itself upon my attention like an undesirable relative.

Likewise when individuals—not publishers—send me books, they come wrapped in four or five suits of paper, frequently tied up three times so that when I finally reach the heart of the matter and extract the precious volume from its series of wrappings, I am exhausted and the floor of my room looks as if I had unpacked a grand piano. All that is necessary in sending a book is to shove it stark naked into a paper envelope with a wire clasp, the entire operation taking five seconds. The book never suffers. A few months ago I pushed a book in that fashion into a Columbian clasp envelope, sent it to an address in London and it came back to me, my English friend being not at home. The book had taken two voyages across the Atlantic and two train trips; it came out of the envelope as fresh as a baby.

I have been reading Zona Gale's "Faint Perfume," with the accent on the second syllable. The case of Zona Gale is extremely interesting. Like George F. Babbitt, she is a graduate of a state university. But she caught it, while apparently he was immune. She began her career by writing a few sentimental novels, which, except in intermittent flashes, gave no hint of the true flame in her soul. Then without any preliminary flourishes, in the year 1919 she produced a novel significantly called "Birth," which is a triumph of realistic art. There is no suspicion of sentimentality; the story is written with austere dignity, and she might honestly have placed the motto on the title-page which Guy de Maupassant put on his first and best novel—*l'humble vérité*. Fine as "Birth" is, it attracted little attention; but in its composition, Zona Gale had attained mastery; for in the next year, 1920, she produced "Miss Lulu Bett," which is remarkable in many ways, but chiefly in this: in a short book she accomplished perfectly what most of her contemporaries fail to do in five times the space. The outline of "Miss Lulu Bett" is like a Greek statue, in its econ-

omy, severity, and restrained beauty. The life and career of the unfortunate Lulu are completely set before the reader, not by the multiplication of details, but by what is emphasized and by what is omitted. Such a novel is interesting in content, and beautiful to contemplate. Three years later, with the same method—the method of selection and omission, she repeats her success. "Faint Perfume" is altogether the best American novel I have thus far read in 1923. I smell only one danger; in her extreme care not to print a single sentence until it has been hammered, carved, and filed, she may possibly fall into the pit which Henry James eventually reached. It would be sad if she should lose the capacity of saying a simple thing in a simple way.

"Faint Perfume" would be an honor to any living writer; with so many novels loosely constructed and slovenly written, "Faint Perfume" looks as if it had been made not by a pen, but by a chisel.

It is pleasant to see a man who is big enough to change his mind. Max Farrand called my attention to the following. Years ago, Bernard Shaw made the following epigram: "He who can do, does; he who cannot, teaches." But in his Preface to the W. E. A. Education Yearbook (1918), we find, "And it may very well follow that a good deal of the most helpful teaching will still be done by academic persons who know the nature of the science without special skill in its operations: indeed, without any skill except in thought. This, by the way, is the best answer to my famous gibe, 'He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches.' . . . 'He who can do, does: he who can think, teaches' is just as true as the other formula."

In the New York *Evening Post* for 25 April, 1923, under the heading "Declares Snobbism Hurts Music Here," there is a press despatch from Chicago in which a lady, who is chairman of the Opera in Our Language Foundation, is quoted as saying, "There is patriotism in art, or there is no patriotism at all." I dissent from this statement; patriotism has no more to do with art than it has with food. During the war there were many who refused to hear Wagner's music, while taking into their patriotic bodies German

medicines. They rightly regarded their bodies as more important than their minds. The lady proceeds: "We as a nation have a language: we have . . . more than seventy American operas fit for hearing in any opera-house in this country, and to have them banished from companies incorporated in the United States is an injustice every true-hearted American should resent." I forbear to comment on such a statement, for it seems to me it answers itself with overwhelming power.

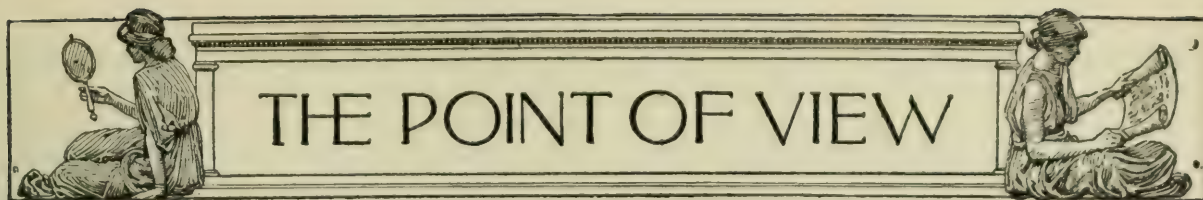
I knew that my remarks on "ain't" in the issue for May, would call out a flood of letters; it is a tidal wave. A correspondent from Seymour, Conn., cleverly suggests that we take the three words "am not I," elide the "m" and "o," with the result "a'n't I?" Now pronounce this residuum as you ought to pronounce the word "can't." Webster damns it, says my correspondent, as "colloquial" and "illiterate," but she wisely adds, "A little use would soon fix that."

Which leads me to two reflections. First, that words, unlike some other things, rise in beauty by use. Second, is not perhaps "a'n't I?" the original of the corruption "aren't I?" Just as that glorious phrase, Welsh rabbit, has been absurdly and affectedly corrupted into Welsh rarebit.

Another correspondent suggests, instead of "aren't I," some such expression as "isn't it so?" or "I am a little late, I fear." But after due consideration, I think there is the same objection that rules out "am I not?" It is too formal for intimate conversation.

A college professor writes, "Another expression which I find even more annoying because more commonly heard is 'sell the idea.'" He cannot possibly despise this vulgarism more than I do. It is nauseating.

My comparison of Stewart's novel "Valley Waters" to a Hood River apple, brought a magnificent protest from a man in Virginia, who asks, "Why Hood River? Haven't you ever heard of our Virginia winesaps? I am sending you a box in order to prove that they are just as good as those from the West." They are certainly fine. Lately I ate some marvelous York ham. I wonder if there is anywhere in the world such ham as York ham?



THE POINT OF VIEW

IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, last July, was an article called "The Tents of the Conservative," in which the writer turns the search-light of analysis upon the average Chautauqua audience. The article is sane and in many ways admirable, but a little

An Inveterate
Chautauqua
Fan

one-sided in that it is written by one whose chief acquaintance with such audiences is formed from the platform instead of the benches. I can but feel that the outlook of such an observer is a bit distorted by the smoke and cinders of hot, dusty trains, and his judgment a little warped by the monotonous rush of one-day stands sandwiched between "bowl and pitcher" hostelries.

I speak as a dweller (by marriage) in the tents of conservatism, and have mingled with my particular Chautauqua tent-mates for about the same length of time that the writer has been catching his moving-picture views of other tents and other communities. I have studied the reaction to programmes with the peculiar interest aroused in the wife of a stand-pat guarantor who is in annual danger of sacrificing a new hat or gown in the interests of community uplift. Every woman will therefore understand that my interest in audiences is earnest and persistent. As an inveterate Chautauqua fan, therefore, I hope that I have no chip of provincialism ready to be knocked from my shoulder, but I cannot help taking a little exception to one or two phases of Mr. Albert's summary of our psychology. I feel throughout the article an undercurrent of what he himself calls "the undersurface contempt of the representative scholar for the concessions required to hold the attention of general audiences." Well—perhaps—I admit the need of the concessions, but not of the contempt. We who come to the Chautauqua lectures come, for the most part, as eager-minded learners, earnestly seeking the truth from the best teachers who can be persuaded to visit our communities; and, as intelligent thinkers, willing to be led into new paths of thought, we deserve no scholarly contempt, though we must have technicalities explained or omitted. We tent-listeners are, as a bunch, not so

keenly interested in material details and scientific processes of trades and arts—that is, as mere processes—but we are tremendously eager to know and reasonably able to assimilate what that trade, art, or profession is doing or may do for the world. So that lecturer who can arouse our best and most wide-spread enthusiasm is he who can hold in honest respect our ignorance of the material side of a question, and has no intellectual disdain for our keen searching for the real meaning of it all. Such a speaker can hold our interest on almost any subject, from the making of pins to the development of our criminal classes.

Oversqueamishness in moral life, no appreciation of real music—we are even behind the jazz wave, it seems—not up to our college youths in free verse, no progressivism in politics, no appreciation of the arts, and, "most unkindest cut of all!", penny-pinching!—these are the chief characteristics that we present to our lecturer, a general all-around lack of progress. In only one respect were we overestimated, and that was our implied knowledge of Shakespeare and the Bible and—was it Drinkwater? Some of us know the Bible, but Shakespeare is a mere name to at least half of us, and we are one hundred per cent ignorant of Drinkwater.

Now, in the face of all this evidence, first-hand and seemingly irrefutable, how am I to spring my anachronism and state that we conservatives are the true progressives? We of the narrow-path type are the really liberal-minded. Why? Proof? Let us consider who it is that makes up the Chautauqua audience.

I look around my own particular tent of conservatism, which is, I think, typical of this great American institution. Here is a group of nurses from our hospital, women whose thinking process is made up from a first-hand and continuous intimacy with life stripped of all veneer and illusion. Progressive? Yea, verily, too progressive to be caught by any new theory until it has proved true. They know in their profession that blind experiment is impossible, yet how keen they are for any real advance. Over

there are some teachers from the public schools. Behind the glasses of every one of them is a mind ever on the alert for some real step ahead. No class of people on earth has been so weighed down and hampered by such a mass of new theories, doctrines, and foibles, coming from the would-be progressives, as these same teachers; yet every real thinker among them knows that the pure art and science of teaching have advanced very little in the last twenty years. They have learned to be very wary in their acceptance of all the attractive folderols presented to them. Are they non-progressive thereby? After all, it would seem that the truly progressive fish is the one that has learned to avoid the carefully camouflaged hook.

There is always in the tent a goodly sprinkling of business men and farmers, as genuinely interested in business principles and developments as J. D. Rockefeller himself. Here is a bunch of post-office clerks, whose service and intelligence are usually way beyond the measure of their salaries, and whose insight into the workings of the United States Government is keen and understanding. Scattered all over the tent are women who are wives and mothers, and among them is a sprinkling of college women, who, viewed from the platform, look exactly like the others. They, too, have learned to weigh and prove before clasping new theories to their hearts. If a woman's only text-book is a woman's magazine, she learns what a mass of useless theory must be cast aside for every grain of real help in her own field.

And we are all, every man and woman in the tent, politicians. Some of us are calling ourselves Democrats and others Republicans. Many of us have tried out the Socialists and found them wanting, and most of us scratch our ballots, proudly and unblushingly. Almost to a man we are ready to hop off our rotten little old party planks, because we know them to be unreliable and unsound. It is not from blind fanaticism or gross ignorance that we still hover over them, but because we are too really progressive to leap into the stream until we see the next safe stepping-stone. We are waiting with fasting and prayer for deliverance from political corruption. Some are looking for a Moses, a great leader to guide us out of this political Egypt in which we find ourselves

making bricks without straw; some are wondering when the American people will wake up to the fact that they have the power to stop these infernal machines; all are waiting in their hearts for some glimmer of a truly progressive light. We are in too deadly earnest, we conservative progressives of the tents, to be blown about by uncertain winds of doctrine.

We are a tolerant lot, too, we of the Chautauqua audiences. Few of us have any claim to be called real critics (we are so seldom technical), but many a comparatively mediocre entertainment has received fairly generous applause, given from sheer good nature. One may speak with twenty friends on the way out and hear such comments as: "Yes, that will do for a starter"; or "Pretty soon they will give us something real"; "Of course they have to mix some poorer things along with the fine ones." Rank and file, we are never fooled. The bombastic "home and mother lecturer" who doesn't ring true would be horrified to know how many understanding glances and whispered "hot airs" are exchanged by the conservative listeners leaving the tent.

There is, no doubt, a golden vein of truth and right running through religion, morality, arts, sciences, and politics. We who frequent the "tents of conservatism" believe that we have, in a few rare instances, struck that pure gold in the midst of much useless ore. Which, then, is the true progressive—he who tries to stay near the vein, patiently sifting and melting the ore, always hoping to recognize the next pure gold, or he who runs noisily in all directions, picking up useless dross and often losing sight of the proven way?

The true progressive, often dubbed conservative, is like unto a man scaling a high precipice, who, finding a foothold, however narrow and uncomfortable, stays his feet therein until he is sure of the next step; while his companion, trying here and there a new possibility, often falls, and is of no use in finding the upward way, except to show Progressive where he must not step.

FOR ages it was man's uninterfered-with right and privilege, and indeed his most distinguishing attribute—that of enjoying ill health. If he wished to do the things he ought not to do, or not to do the things he ought to do, it was nobody's busi-

Compulsory
Health

ness but his own. He might feast till his head (or other part of his anatomy) ached, drink till he saw serpents, enjoy the luxury of idle muscles, close his windows against chilly night air, sleep in feather beds, go without baths, save dentist's bills, have hardened arteries and high blood pressure, if he chose. There was no one to frown upon him or say him nay. Moreover, when the plague was abroad, there was abundant opportunity to be social and contract the disease, with all its varied experiences not to be obtained in the ordinary every-day humdrum of existence.

Now all is changed or in course of being changed. One is set upon by restless fellow beings of sundry non-human, myopic, mental twists-for-being-different, who are forever trying to do away with the good old days and good old ways. They set themselves up to censor our every step, and to restrain our once free choice to enjoy life as we pleased and to work out our own evolution.

It all began with the interference of these busybodies with one's natural right and inclination to spread the seeds of such softening and civilizing influences as leprosy and plague, although life is admittedly "the larger and better" for the experience of sickness. That was only a beginning. There arose one Jenner, who, in the name of humanity, but of course merely for his own glorification, discovered a means of taking advantage of an infant and, by introducing some poison into his blood, of preventing his having smallpox all the rest of his days.

Time was, not long since, when one might imbibe freely of typhoid germs from the kitchen tap or from the old oaken bucket, but alas, what with filtering and sterilizing, those good old days are passing, and with them the days when one might get something besides mere food (and drink) for one's money from the milkman.

Of late this encroachment upon liberty has taken a new and still more aggressive turn. The air we breathe is being tampered with. We must have our windows open at night and our thermometers must hover near the point of discomfort by day. Lest we enjoy our ease, we are prodded into wearying exercises. Vitamines were invented, and forthwith we are set upon by the milkman, the yeastmaker, the carrot-raiser, and other enthusiasts who seem to

consider health (along with a well-filled pocket-book for their own use) the most desirable of attainments.

Since adults rebel against all this, the unsuspecting school-child is taken advantage of; and with clumsy clowns, unconvincing fairies, and bad imitations of sainted Mother Goose, he is inveigled, against his better judgment, to eat this and drink that, to abstain from confections, and to stay away from movies,—in a word, to go without all that makes life worth living, besides losing the few precious opportunities of being an invalid which his parents possessed.

Not only are our children taken advantage of, but also the children of the race, for the French sanitarians have written a health book for the Arabs in which the scriptures are quoted to their purpose, that is, the purpose of the high-handed savants. Passages from the Koran are used to show that Mohammed believed in microbes, although these were not discovered until centuries after the days of the prophet, while his admonitions to holy genuflections and ablutions are twisted to mean that he recommended gymnastics and a full bath, although, even for Allah, a bath in the Sahara would be a miracle.

Time was when the church (our own church) lent its influence for personal freedom, and sickness was looked upon as something of divine origin sent for a purpose—to shape us to a better life. Hardly a hundred years ago the divines rallied strongly to stem the tide of those who would render a man incapable of contracting smallpox, and our own Boston rocked and swayed "as though the devil had broken loose" as the opponents of "inoculation" warred a fierce but losing battle against such interference with the workings of Divine Providence. But religion itself has become weak and corrupted, until, lo, in this same city, there has arisen a sect which would banish sickness altogether and make of it merely a myth.

So vigorous has the activity of these fanatics for health become that even the undertakers (pardon, we meant morticians) have become alarmed and are showing a gratifying activity in stemming the tide that would seem to doom their honest trade. They are using that most potent power, printer's ink, and employing creditable conceits of picture and phrase. In a trolley-car of our national capital our eye was

caught and our spirit comforted by a picture of the Taj Mahal with this motto attached: "India's most wonderful temple is not more impressive and beautiful than Wery O. Life's funeral service—an eloquent tribute to sympathetic attention to detail." We have always admired the Taj immensely, and if funerals can be made as beautiful—let nothing interfere with the custom, even if the blessings of previous ill health are banned.

The hygienists seem never to have considered, in their blindness and lack of feeling, whither their policy will finally lead. None of them has, to our knowledge, made any suggestion as to what is to replace sickness and suffering as the greatest of civilizing influences and developer of human sympathy. Perhaps the trouble with western civilization (for that there is something decidedly wrong with it every one will admit) is that we are getting too sanitary, and that we need to return to a more natural existence. Individually we may be getting better and better, but collectively we seem to be getting worser and worser.

ALL my life I have suffered from a too ready response to scenes of pathos in the play, from descriptions of tenderness and noble deeds in prose and poetry, from little unexpected deeds of kindness by friends; all these are apt to make my throat

"Mere
Sentiment"

swell and my eyes water. Why, I can't even watch a regiment coming *back* from a war or see the flag go up at an army post or come down on one of our ships without strange emotions; and, as for standing with my hat off when the band played the national anthem during the war, my only salvation in a crowd was to use my handkerchief and look the other way.

"Emotional prodigality," of course, poorly attuned nerves, or mere physical weakness.

I am often ashamed of myself, for, of course, big strong men don't let their feelings get the best of them. Far from it; they smile and say "Nonsense" at the mere thought of such "sentiment."

Now this has been brought to my attention very recently in a way little expected. I read the account of the "Old Iowa Sunk by Huge Shells Off Mississippi," and as I read at the breakfast-table I found my eyes

growing misty and my glasses in need of cleaning; in fact, I had to put the paper down a minute to get my bearings. Of course, I felt like a weakling, and was glad my state of eyes was not observed.

"Just seventeen minutes after the firing began the old ship turned over on her side and sank, while the bands on the observing ships crashed out the last strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' When the last firing started the ship had already listed to port from the water taken aboard during the previous bombardment."

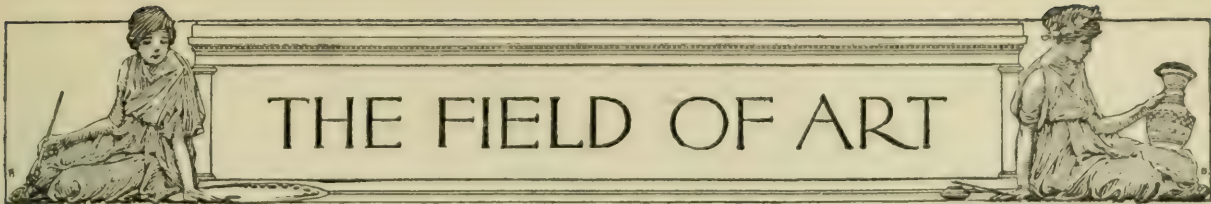
I read on: "Settling slowly on her star-board side, the ship went majestically to her grave."

I had seen the old ship in her days of glory—as I have seen so many of our fleet as they have steamed up and down our great river, the Hudson. And I have been on them as a guest and felt something of the thrill of joint ownership, at colors, that belongs to every right-minded citizen of our country.

As she sank I, too, could hear the band playing the national anthem hundreds of miles away—no, not by radio—but as I have heard it played on our ships, and as I heard it played so many times when our boys were going "over there."

Then as I came to the end of the story I read: "Tears came to many eyes as the historic ship faded from view. Admiral Jones, commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, and Admiral Pratt, of the general board of the navy, did not conceal their emotion."

All my life I have been trying to put a curb on "mere sentiment," felt ashamed of it, wanted to hide it in a bold don't-give-a-hang manner, and then sometimes I read of men like Admiral Jones and Admiral Pratt, and men like Lincoln, and great strong men like Roosevelt not being ashamed of their emotion, and cheer myself with the thought that I share my weakness with the strong-in-heart. And, too, I wonder what kind of a world it would be for me if I could read, say, the final chapters of "The Newcomes" or Mrs. Andrews's "The Perfect Tribute" with dry eyes, or listen to the national anthem on some great patriotic occasion without emotion or any response to the "sentiment" of the music.



THE FIELD OF ART

Elihu Vedder

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

ELIHU VEDDER was the last of those early American artists who were Italianate by residence and by inspiration—and far the greatest of a line on the whole more interesting personally than notable artistically. He himself was remarkable on both counts, being not only one of the greatest imaginative designers of his time, but also, and somewhat paradoxically, a most witty and whimsically delightful man.

All this was hardly to be expected from his ancestry. He came of a solid and much-intermarried line of Dutch stock, pioneers at Schenectady, New York. He was born in Varick Street, in the city of New York, in 1836, sent to the usual schools, and in early boyhood displayed of his future talents only a desire to make almost anything and a restless inventiveness.

His father, a merchant in the Cuban sugar trade, was mostly absent. Visits to him in Cuba, charmingly described in "The Digressions of V," must have gone far to make the

future artist. There was a freer life, glory of ponies and boots and spurs, dark-eyed little girls who gave look for look and some-

times kiss for kiss, slaves, pestilence, cheapness of human life, and waving of giant palms between blue sky and bluer sea.

Things happened, too, to make the eager little boy face grave issues. He one day found a beloved lodger crumpled and quiet against the wainscot. The memory of the thing twenty years later created one of his best little canvases, "The Dying Alchemist." When an old cemetery was moved at Schenectady he saw come out of the ground the white bones of an uncle whom he had never seen in the flesh. An Aunt Sarah habitually saw visions and told them and,

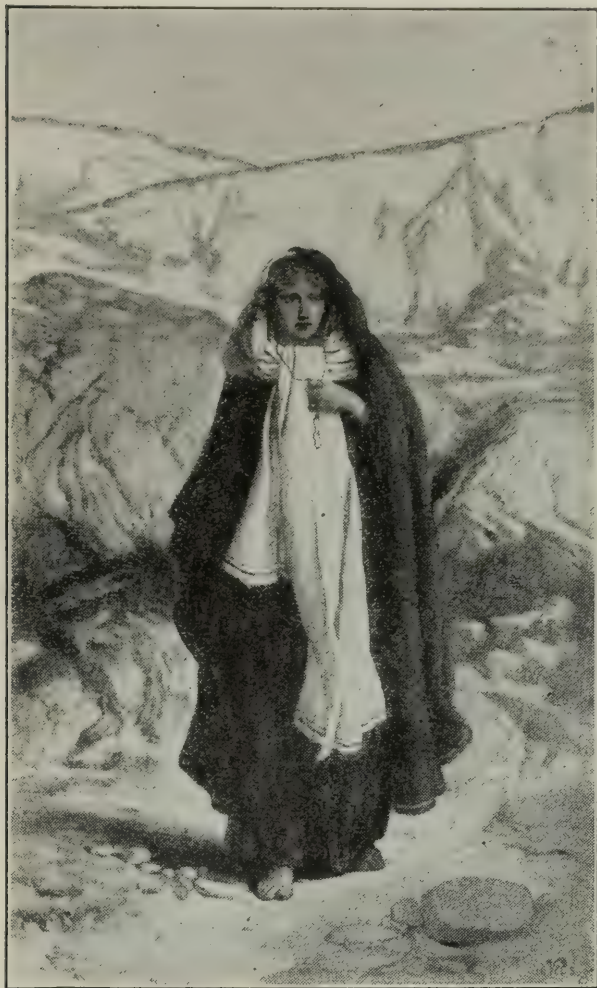
having committed the unpardonable sin, quietly awaited damnation. An Uncle Custer went mad, but not before predicting that carriages would move by their own power and that machines would fly. Young Elihu himself was shot and nearly killed in



Elihu Vedder.

From the pastel by William Sergeant Kendall.

hunting. At sixteen he saw his mother fade and die. In Cuba he viewed the strand where the unbaptized dead were cast out to the sun and the buzzards. That memory of festering rags and worse later got into his picture, "The Plague in Florence." Then there were always girls—encounters casual



The Lost Mind.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

or ardent. All this meant an exercise in seeing or feeling such as an American lad rarely gets. It greatly enhanced what he later called "the rich, romantic sadness of youth."

From his 'teens he began to draw, and after a vain attempt to break him in in an architect's office, his father faced the inevitable and put him with a drawing master, nicknamed "Pilgrim Matheson," from his favorite theme, at Sherbourne, New York.

At twenty, 1856, he set out for Paris, where he drifted into Picot's class for the antique. Some fatality kept him from, perhaps protected him from, the current successful masters, Couture and Boisbaudran,

and he missed also the new wonder of Courbet, Manet, Millet. To the established glories of Ingres and Delacroix he was equally oblivious. Fate willed it that his art should be, in his own words "home-made," but it was not precisely that, for it was soon to possess itself of the richest of backgrounds—that of the Italian Golden Age.

What luck led him tramping along the Cornice Road to Italy he does not tell. At Florence the pedantic Bonaiuti furthered him little more than Picot had at Paris, but at least gave the student the example of a strenuous and elevated spirit—a lesson not lost on such a youngster as Vedder. But his artistic education came from Italy itself—the old masters, the villa-clad hills, the crumbling streets of old cities, the climbing cypresses on the winding roads. These things he sketched with gusto and growing skill and with a freer brush than he later commanded.

In 1861 it became impossible for his father to continue the six hundred dollars a year that had spelt Italy and liberty. After a perilous voyage from Cadiz young Vedder, now twenty-five, anchored in New York on the day when Sumter was fired on.

Vedder's old gunshot wound, which caused the left arm to be permanently weakened, made the usual military service impossible. He settled to a bitter struggle, slept on a pallet, at times lacked food. Working for the wood-block cutters, the wages were fifty cents for a pictorial idea, a dollar and a half for a suggestive sketch, three dollars for a finished drawing on the wood. But in the lean war-time years he imagined and created "The Questioner of the Sphinx," "The Fisherman and the Genii," "The Roc's Egg," "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," "The Lost Mind." Few young painters have ever made a more solid and brilliant début in imaginative design. The critics hailed him. In 1865 he was elected to the National Academy, being probably the youngest painter who has ever received that honor. These early canvases are among the biggest little pictures that have ever been painted. "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," with its sense of vastness and loneliness and its hint of terror and its exceptionally lovely color, has for years been one of the best seen pic-

tures in the Boston Museum. "The Lost Mind," which has recently been given to the Metropolitan Museum, is one of the dozen most impressive pictures on its richly garnished walls. Vedder had achieved what no American painter before him had seriously attempted—Albert Ryder and John La Farge had not asserted themselves

of hack work. Next, as the Italian associations faded, he found nothing to replace them. He made various excursions in New England and found nothing he wanted to paint. But the true reason is well recounted in the "Digressions" in an interview with Emerson. The sage of Concord had repeatedly insisted that, nature being one, all



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One of the illustrations from the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyam.

—an art fraught with gravity, simplicity, and noble imaginative content—as Mr. W. C. Brownell wrote twenty-seven years ago, a work "penetrated with thought, with reflection, with significance."

If I could persuade the reader to turn to Mr. Brownell's essay in this magazine for 1895, I could both abridge and greatly better, vicariously, my task of appreciation. As it is I shall here and there quote from it.

That Vedder should run away from such a success and settle in Italy seems at once odd and characteristic. Various considerations prompted the decision. First, in five laborious years he had barely made a poor living—and at that had been driven into all manner

heavens should be alike for the artist, who had better remain under that which saw his birth. To this Vedder objected:

"Mr. Emerson, I think there is a great difference between the literary man and the artist in regard to Europe. Nature is the same everywhere, but literature and art are nature seen through other eyes, and a literary man in Patagonia without books to consult would be at a great disadvantage. Here he has all that is essential in the way of books; but to the artist, whose books are pictures, this land is Patagonia. Take from your shelves your Bible, Plato, Shakespeare, Bacon, Montaigne, etc., and make it so that you could not consult them without

going to Europe, and I think it would soon be—Ho, for Europe!”

So Ho for Europe it was. There was an interval in Paris and Brittany with the William Hunts and the lifelong friend, Charles Caryl Coleman. In 1867 Vedder became engaged to Caroline Rosekrans, and the period of episodic girls ended. In 1869 he married the stately and accomplished woman who was to be his helpmate for forty years, and settled rather by habit than by intention in Italy. In the remarkable records of works of art sold between 1869 and 1883, the year of the Omar illustrations—see the “Digressions” for the list—these seem on the whole fallow years. The four children came rapidly. The little picture available for the passing tourist had to be cultivated: there was the joy of exploration and sketching in the hill towns, the pleasure of working in wood and metal, and amusingness of reviving the little painting—the *cassone* manner of the Italian Renaissance. In these years, divided between Perugia and Rome, Vedder seems to have lived on the small change of his art. Perhaps the best things are still hidden in his portfolios—for he hated to let a fine sketch go. Anyhow there are crayon sketches of magical cleverness and dexterity—an unexpected note in the illustrator of Omar—dating from these years, unawarded prizes still open to the intelligent museum director or open-minded amateur. And there are sketches which have the sense of tears in them. For these days saw the death of many comrades and of two beloved sons. To the “rich romantic sadness of youth” was added abundantly those real sorrows of maturity—those tears which best water the plant of genius.

For better or for worse Vedder is likely to be known as the illustrator of Omar. He learned of the quatrains at Perugia through Henry Ellis, adept in Chaucer and in Blake. Blake and the “*Rubáiyát*” gave to Vedder’s mature imagination just the shock needed to detach new visions from the Renaissance background. Vedder never seems to derive from one master in the sense that his friend La Farge may be said to draw from Delacroix and from Titian. Vedder assimilated rather the principle of the Italian Renaissance than the particular practice of any master. And the principle was that the human body is not only beautiful apart from any ulterior meaning, but is also uni-

versally available and adequate for the noblest symbolism. So in the century of illustrations for Omar, “accompaniments” Vedder appropriately called them, we have grand and elemental figures nude or lightly draped which not only convey the meaning of the quatrains, but often seem to raise these meanings to a higher significance. We are dealing in text and picture with the simplest poetry of the race—the short sweetness of life and love, the keen but uncertain solaces of that wine which is both drink and philosophy, the pathos of death and parting, the mystery in life and the darker obscurity beyond—in short, with those great but generally unperceived commonplaces which are of the very essence both of meditative poetry and of monumental design.

To embody all this, Vedder’s crayon wrought out massive and gracious forms of men and women, fit receptacles for all that love and life can pour forth, as for all that death and fate can drain away. There is passion in these forms with resignation and melancholy. No painter of the century, with the single exception of George Frederic Watts, has found such vivid and convincing symbols for those great reflective emotions which, if we will, are ours simply by our right as human beings. The drawings were put through in a gush of inspiration in twelve months of 1883 and 1884, amid the dank, funereal laurels and cypresses of the Villa Strohl-Fern at Rome. Unhappily they were but indifferently reproduced in the original large edition. They come better in the successive small editions, but the real publication remains to be made. Since the drawings are still kept together a real reproduction is still possible. It would not only be a signal monument to Vedder’s genius, but also one of the most significant memorials of our imaginative design.

Following the Omar came some of the best paintings: the noble and sensitive head of Lazarus, “The Enemy Sowing Tares,” “The Cumean Sibyl.” Also any seeing eye could read in the designs for Omar the assertion of a great gift for mural painting. Charles McKim first made this discovery and endeavored to enlist Vedder for the World’s Exhibition at Chicago in 1893. The conditions of time being impossible for him, Vedder escaped from Daniel C. Burnham’s joyous crew of painters and accepted a commission for a ceil-

ing in the New York residence of Collis P. Huntington. He chose, as a Renaissance decorator would have done, the obvious impersonations that lent themselves to abstract handling of the figure—the “Sun with the Four Seasons,” in a great medallion; the “Moon and Fortune,” in narrow spandrels with a winding pattern of arabesques and small nude caryatids. The whole was disposed, after Raphael’s prece-

regret were both ill-founded. What Vedder had to say was complete in line, mass, and composition. His idea of decoration needed only an enriched monochrome; more color, or a more realistic treatment, would have compromised the terse and logical abstractness of the method. The intimate and particular graces of painting are not valid in the field of general ideas. Raphael knew that and so did Ingres. Thus Vedder’s



Lazarus.

dent, as a gracious and significant filling of chosen geometrical spaces, without such tricks and illusions of perspective as are usual in ceiling designs. The decoration was conducted with emphatic linear rhythm and without much positive color. There is a plastic quality about the modelling, and the design—as in all of Vedder’s mural paintings—could be acceptably rendered in low relief and in monochrome. This plastic quality many critics have objected to, and Vedder himself, in the “Digressions,” seems to deplore the rather negative quality of his later color. Indeed, he used to say ruefully, and I think self-deceived, that a fine colorist had gone astray in himself.

Personally I think the objection and the

economy of color and incident should be regarded really as a mark of richness—of complete clarification and control of the intellectual conception.

While the Huntington decorations were going on, McKim got Vedder to do a lunette, “The Idea of Art,” for the Walker Art Gallery at Bowdoin College. The year was 1894. The theme was Nature flanked by personifications of Sculpture, Architecture, and Poetry on one side, and by Harmony, Love, and Painting on the other. We have the gracious unfunctional postures of the Renaissance style, a fine contrast of types and figures, and a simple and compelling rhythm.

In 1896 and 1897 Vedder designed for the



Panel for the Bowdoin College Art Building.

Library of Congress five lunettes representing good and bad government and their results—subjects dear to such mediæval painters as Giotto and Ambrogio Lorenzetti—and the mosaic of Minerva. He affected to think lightly of these designs, but I fancy it was a whimsical pose. The lunette of Anarchy seems to me one of the best things in the mural painting of the century. It has not only the customary largeness and rightness of design, but legitimate intellectual subtleties all its own. The joy of ruthless destruction, of a power that has passed beyond human good and evil, could not be better expressed.

Here Vedder's work as an artist virtually closes. It had consisted of three great spurts—the early imaginative pictures of 1863 to 1865, the Omar illustrations of 1883 to 1884, the mural paintings of 1893 to 1897. For lack of training and opportunity Vedder had come tardily to his own. The great impulse toward mural painting and the waning of our æsthetic parochialism found him an old man, if a singularly sturdy one, and ready to rest on his oars. The proceeds of his mural painting went into his Xanadu, the delightful Villa dei Quattro Venti which he built astride the saddle between the two great mountains of the Island of Capri. There and in Roman winters he

lived mostly in memories, cultivated old and new friendships, wrote his delightful autobiography, "The Digressions of V," 1910, and two books of quaint verses, "Moods," 1914, and "Doubts and Other Things," 1921. The last book—beautiful in its make and illustrations—came into his hands the evening before he died peacefully in his sleep. For that I am glad, since "V" adored his verses. He had outlived his strength by six years, but not his wit and his musings.

What Vedder might have accomplished could he have chosen a later birthday, had he been professionally trained instead of having to train himself, had he enjoyed that small but certain and adequate income which he wistfully envisaged as the root of all artistic righteousness—is an interesting matter of speculation—it is the under-note of elegy in the fun and fancy of the "Digressions." As it is, it may seem enough that he was the greatest intellectualist painter of America in his day, and with few rivals among his contemporaries anywhere. With all his limitations—and painfully he knew them—he had, in Mr. Brownell's words, emphatically expressed his own "native inclination for whatever is large and noble in form," and as well "a penetrating feeling for beauty in its full rather than in its fleeting aspects."



From a painting by Glen Mitchell.

“ ‘A desert dark without a sound
And not a drop to eat or drink
And a dark desert all around!’ ”

—“Late—299,” page 140.

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Late—299

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY GLEN MITCHELL

I
I §



It was disconcerting to the governor. The man's smile was so peculiar. Of course these educated prisoners—doctors, solicitors, parsons—one could never say good-bye to them quite without awkwardness; couldn't dismiss them with the usual: "Shake hands! Hope you'll keep straight, and have luck." No! With the finish of his sentence a gentleman resumed a kind of equality, ceased to be a number, ceased even being a name without prefix, to which the law and the newspapers with their unfailing sense of what was proper at once reduced a prisoner on, or even before, his conviction. No: 299 was once more Doctor Philip Raider, in a suit of dark-gray tweeds, lean and limber, with gray hair grown again in readiness for the outer world, with deep-set shining eyes, and that peculiar smile—a difficult subject. The governor decided suddenly to say only, "Well, good-bye, Doctor Raider," and, holding out his hand, he found it remain in contact with nothing.

So the fellow was going out in defiant mood—was he! The governor felt it rather hard after more than two years, and his mind retraced his recollections of this prisoner: An illegal operation case! Not a good "mixer"—not that his prisoners were allowed to mix; still, always reassuring to know that they would if not strenuously prevented! Record—Exemplary. Chaplain's report—Nothing do-

ing (or words to that effect). Work—Bookbinding. Quite! But chief memory that of a long loose figure loping round at exercise, rather like a wolf. And there he stood! The tall governor felt at the moment oddly short. He raised his hand from its posture of not too splendid isolation, and put the closure with a gesture. No: 299's lips moved:

"Is that all?"

Accustomed to being "sirred" to the last, the governor reddened. But the accent was so refined that he decided not to mention it.

"Yes, that's all."

"Thank you. Good morning."

The eyes shone from under the brows, the smile curled the lips under the long, fine, slightly hooked nose; the man loped easily to the door. He carried his hands well. He made no noise going out. Damn! The fellow had looked so exactly as if he had been thinking: "You poor devil!" The governor gazed round his office. Highly specialized life, no doubt! The windows had bars; it was here that he saw refractory prisoners in the morning, early. And, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he frowned. . . .

Outside, the head warder, straight, blue-clothed, grizzled, walked ahead, with a bunch of keys.

"All in order," he said to the blue-clothed janitor, "No: 299—going out. Any one waiting for him?"

"No, sir."

"Right. Open!"

The door clanged under the key.

"Good day to you," said the head warder.

The released prisoner turned his smile

ing face and nodded; turned it to the janitor, nodded again, and walked out between them, putting on a gray felt hat. The door clanged under the key.

"Smiling!" remarked the janitor.

"Ah! Cool customer," said the head warder. "Clever man, though, I'm told."

His voice sounded resentful, a little surprised, as if he had missed the last word by saying it. . . .

Hands in pockets, the released prisoner walked at leisure in the centre of the pavement. An October day of misty sunshine, and the streets full of people seeking the midday meal. Chancing to glance at this passer-by, their eyes glanced away at once, as a finger flies from a too-hot iron. . . .

2 §

On the platform the prison chaplain, who had a day off and was going up to town, saw a face under a gray hat which seemed vaguely familiar.

"Yes," said a voice, "Late—299. Raider."

The chaplain felt surprise.

"Oh! Ah!" he stammered. "You went out to-day, I think. I hope you——"

"Thanks very much."

The train came clattering in. The chaplain entered a third-class compartment; Late—299 followed. The chaplain experienced something of a shock. Extremely unlike a prisoner! And this prisoner, out of whom he had, so to speak, had no change whatever these two years past, had always made him feel uncomfortable. There he sat opposite, turning his paper, smoking a cigarette, as if on terms of perfect equality. Lowering his own journal, the chaplain looked out of the window, trying to select a course of conduct; then, conscious that he was being stared at, he took a flying look at his *vis-à-vis*. The man's face seemed saying: "Feel a bit awkward, don't you? But don't worry. I've no ill feeling. You have a devilish poor time."

Unable to find the proper reply to this look, the chaplain remarked:

"Nice day. Country's looking beautiful."

Late—299 turned those shining eyes of his toward the landscape. The man had a hungry face in spite of his smile, and the chaplain asked:

"Will you have a sandwich?"

"Thanks. . . ."

"Forgive my inquiring," said the chaplain presently, blowing crumbs off his knees, "but what will you do now? I hope you're going to—" How could he put it? "Turn over a new leaf"? "Make good"? "Get going"? He could not put it, and instead took the cigarette which Late—299 was offering him. The man was speaking too; his words seemed to come slowly through the smoke, as if not yet used to a tongue.

"These last two years have been priceless."

"Ah!" said the chaplain hopefully.

"I feel right on top."

The chaplain's spirit drooped.

"Do you mean," he said, "that you don't regret—that you aren't—er—?"

"Priceless!"

The man's face had a lamentable look—steely, strangely smiling. No humility in it at all. He would find society did not tolerate such an attitude. No, indeed! He would soon discover his place.

"I'm afraid," he said kindly, "that you'll find society very unforgiving. Have you a family?"

"Wife, son, and daughter."

"How will they receive you?"

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"And your friends? I only want to prepare you a little."

"Fortunately I have private means."

The chaplain stared. What a piece of luck—or was it a misfortune?

"If I'd been breakable, your prison would have broken me. Have another cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

The chaplain felt too sad. He had always said nothing could be done with them so long as their will-power was unbroken. Distressing to see a man who had received this great lesson still so stiff-necked! And, lifting his journal, he tried to read. But those eyes seemed boring through the print. It was most uncomfortable. Oh! most! . . .

II

I §

IN the withdrawing-room of a small house near Kew Gardens, Mrs. Philip Raider was gazing at a piece of pinkish

paper in her hand, as if it had been one of those spiders of which she had so constitutional a horror. Opposite her chair her son had risen, and against the wall her daughter had ceased suddenly to play Brahms's Variations on a theme by Haydn.

"He says to-night!"

The girl dropped her hands from the keys. "To-night? I thought it was next month. Just like father—without a word of warning!"

The son mechanically took out his pipe, and began polishing its bowl. He was fresh-faced, fair, with a small head.

"Why didn't he tell us to meet him in London? He must know we've got to come to an arrangement."

The daughter, too, got up, leaning against the piano—a slight figure, with bushy, dark, short hair.

"What are we to do, Mother?"

"Jack must go round, and put Mabel and Roderick off for this evening."

"Yes, and what then, if he's going to stay here? Does he know that I'm engaged, and Beryl too?"

"I think I told him in my last letter."

"What are *you* going to do, Mother?"

"It's come so suddenly—I don't know."

"It's indecent!" said the boy violently.

His sister picked up the dropped telegram. "'Earl's Court, five four.' He may be here any minute. Jack, do hurry up! Doesn't he realize that nobody knows down here?"

Mrs. Raider turned to the fire.

"Your father will only have realized his own feelings."

"Well, he's got to realize. I'll make him——!"

"Doctor Raider, ma'am."

Late—299 stood, smiling, in front of the door which the maid had closed behind him.

"Well, Bertha?" he said. "Ah, Beryl! Well, Jack!"

His daughter alone replied.

"Well, Father, you might have let us know beforehand!"

Late—299 looked from one face to the other.

"Never tell children they're going to have a powder. How are you all?"

"Perfectly well, thank you. How are you?"

"Never better. Healthy life—prison!"

As if walking in her sleep Mrs. Raider came across the room. She put out her hand with a groping gesture. Late—299 did not take it.

"Rather nice here," he said. "Can I have a wash?"

"Jack, show your father the lavatory."

"The bathroom, please."

The son crossed from the window, glanced at his father's smiling face, and led the way.

Mrs. Raider, thin, pale, dark, spoke first. "Poor Philip!"

"It's impossible to pity father, Mother; it always was. Except for his moustache being gone, I don't see much change anyway. It's you I pity. He simply can't stay here. Why! everybody thinks you're a widow."

"People generally know more than they seem to, Beryl."

"Nobody's ever given us a hint. Why couldn't he have consulted us?"

"We must think of *him*."

"He didn't think of us when he did that horrible thing. And it was so gratuitous, unless—! Mother, sometimes I've thought he had to do it; that he was her—her lover as well as her doctor!"

Mrs. Raider shook her head.

"If it had been that, he'd have told me. Your father is always justified in his own eyes."

"What am I to do about Roddy?"

"We must just wait."

"Here's Jack! Well?"

"He's having a bath as hot as he can bear it. All he said was: 'This is the first thing you do when you go in, and the first thing you do when you come out—symmetrical, isn't it?' I've got to take him up a cup of coffee. It's really too thick! The servants can't help knowing that a Doctor Raider who gets into the bath the moment he comes to call must be our father."

"It's comic."

"Is it? He doesn't show a sign of shame. He'll call it from the housetops. I thought, of course, he'd go abroad."

"We all thought that."

"If he were down in the mouth, one could feel sorry for him. But he looks as pleased as Punch with himself. And it's such a beastly sort of crime—how am I to put it to Mabel? If I just say he's been in prison,

she'll think it's something even worse. Mother, do insist on his going at once. We can tell the servants he's an uncle—who's been in contact with smallpox."

"*You* take him the coffee, Mother—oh! you can't, if he's to be an uncle! Jack, tell him nobody here knows, and mother can't stand it, and hurry up! It's half past six now."

The son passed his fingers through his brushed-back hair; his face looked youthful, desperate.

"Shall I?"

Mrs. Raider nodded.

"Tell him, Jack, that I'll come out to him, wherever he likes to go; that I always expected him to arrange that; that this is—too difficult—" She covered her lips with her hand.

"All right, Mother! I'll jolly well make him understand. But don't launch out about it to the servants yet. Suppose it's we who have to go? It's his house!"

"Is it, Mother?"

"Yes, I bought it with his money under the power of attorney he left."

"Oh! Isn't that dreadful?"

"It's *all* dreadful, but we must consider *him*."

The girl shook back her fuzzy hair.

"It does seem rather a case of 'coldly received.' But father's always been shut up in himself. He can't expect us suddenly to slobber over him. If he's had a horrible time, so have we."

"Well, shall I go?"

"Yes, take him the coffee. Be quick, my dear boy, and be nice to him!"

The son said with youthful grimness, "Oh! I'll be nice!" and went.

"Mother, don't look like that!"

"How should I look? Smiling?"

"No, don't smile—it's like him. Cry it off your chest."

2 §

Late—299 was sitting in the bath, smiling through steam and the smoke of his cigarette at his big toe. Raised just above the level of the water, it had a nail blackened by some weight that had dropped on it. He took the coffee-cup from his son's hand.

"For two years and nine months I've been looking forward to this—but it beats the band, Jack."

"Father—I ought to——"

"Good coffee, tobacco, hot water—greatest blessings earth affords. Half an hour in here, and—spotless, body and soul!"

"Father——!"

"Yes, is there anything you want to add?"

"We've—we've been here two years."

"Not so long as I was there. Do you like it?"

"Yes."

"I didn't. Are you studying medicine?"

"No. Botany."

"Good. You won't have to do with human beings."

"I've got the promise of a job in the gardens here at the beginning of next year. I'm—I'm engaged."

"Excellent. I believe in marrying young."

"Beryl's engaged too."

"Your mother isn't, by any chance?"

"Father!"

"My dear fellow, one expects to have been dropped. Why suppose one's family superior to other people's? *Pas si bête!*"

Gazing at that smiling face where prison pallor was yielding to the heat, above the neck whose sinews seemed unnaturally sharp and visible, the boy felt a spasm of remorse.

"We've never had a proper chance to tell you how frightfully sorry we've been for you. Only, we don't understand even now why you did such a thing."

"Should I have done it if I'd thought it would have been spotted? A woman going to the devil; a small risk to oneself—and there we were! Never save any one at risk to yourself, Jack. I'm sure you agree."

The boy's face went very red. How could he ever get out what he had come to say?

"I have no intention of putting my tail between my legs. D'you mind taking this cup?"

"Will you have another, Father?"

"No, thanks. What time do you dine?"

"Half past seven."

"You might lend me a razor. I was shaved this morning with a sort of bill-hook."

"I'll get you one."

Away from that smiling stranger in the bath, the boy shook himself. He must and would speak out!

When he came back with the shaving gear, his father was lying flat, deeply immersed, with closed eyes. And setting his back against the door, he blurted out: "Nobody knows down here. They think mother's a widow."

The eyes opened, the smile resumed control.

"Do you really think that?"

"I do; I know that Mabel—the girl I'm engaged to—has no suspicion. She's coming to dinner; so is Roddy Blades—Beryl's *fiancé*."

"Mabel, and Roddy Blades—glad to know their names. Give me that big towel, there's a good fellow. I'm going to wash my head."

Handing him the towel, the boy turned. But at the door he stopped. "Father——!"

"Quite. These natural relationships are fixed, beyond redemption."

The boy turned and fled.

His mother and sister stood waiting at the foot of the stairs.

"Well?"

"It's no good. I simply can't tell him we want him to go."

"No, my dear. I understand."

"Oh! but, Mother—! Jack, you must."

"I can't, I'm going to put them off." Seizing his hat, he ran. He ran between small houses in the evening mist, trying to invent. At the corner of the long row of little villas, he rang a bell.

"Can I see Miss Mabel?"

"She's dressing, sir. Will you come in?"

"No. I'll wait here."

In the dark porch he tried hard to rehearse himself. Awfully sorry! Somebody had come—unexpectedly—on business! Yes! On what business?

"Hallo, Jack!"

A vision in the doorway—a fair head, a rosy, round, blue-eyed face above a swansdown collar.

"Look here, darling—shut the door."

"Why? What is it? Anything up?"

"Yes, something pretty badly up. You can't come to-night, Mabel."

"Don't squeeze so hard! Why not?"

"Oh! well—there—there's a reason."

"I know. Your father's come out!"

"What? How——?"

"But of course. We all know about it. We must be awfully nice to him."

"D'you mean to say that Roddy and everybody— We thought nobody knew."

"Bless you, yes! Some people feel one way, and some the other. I feel the other."

"Do you know what he did?"

"Yes, I got hold of the paper. I read the whole trial."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why didn't *you*?"

"It was too beastly. Well?"

"I think it was a shame."

"But you can't have that sort of thing allowed."

"Why not?"

"Where would the population be?"

"Well, we're overpopulated. Everybody says so."

"That's quite another thing. This is the law."

"Look here! If you want to argue, come in. It's jolly cold."

"I don't want to argue; I must go and tell Roddy. It's an awful relief about you, darling. Only—you don't know my father."

"Then I can't come?"

"Not to-night. Mother——"

"Yes, I expect she's frightfully glad."

"Oh! yes—yes! She—yes!"

"Well, good night. And look here—you go back. I'll tell Roddy. No! Don't rumple me!"

Running back between small houses, the boy thought: "Good God! How queer! How upside down! She—she—! It's awfully modern!"

3 §

Late—299 sat in the firelight, a glass beside him, a cigarette between his smiling lips. The cinders clicked; the clock struck. Eleven! He pitched the stump of his cigarette into the ashes, stretched himself, and rose. He went up-stairs and opened the first door. The room was dark. A faint voice said:

"Philip?"

"Yes."

The light sprang out under his thumb. His wife was sitting up in bed, her face pale, her lips moving:

"To-night—must you?"

Late—299 moved to the foot of the bed; his lips still smiled, his eyes gazed hungrily.

"Not at all. We learn to contain ourselves in prison. No vile contacts? Quite so. Good night!"

The voice from the bed said faintly:

"Philip, I'm so sorry; it's the suddenness—I'm——"

"Don't mention it." The light failed under his thumb. The door fell to. . . .

Three people lay awake, one sleeping. The three who lay awake were thinking: "If only he made one feel sorry for him! If only one could love him! His self-control is forbidding—it's not human! He ought to want our sympathy. He ought to sympathize with us. He doesn't seem to feel—for himself, for us, for anything. And to-morrow what will happen? Is life possible here, now? Can we stand him in the house, about the place? He's—frightening!"

The sleeper, in his first bed of one thousand and one nights, lay, with eyes pinched up between brows and bony cheeks of a face as if carved from ivory, and lips still smiling at the softness under him.

Past dawn the wakeful slept, the sleeper awoke. His eyes sought the familiar little pyramid of gear on the shelf in the corner, the bright tins below, the round port-hole, the line of distemper running along the walls, the closed and solid smallness of a cell. And the blood left his heart. They weren't there! His whole being struggled with such unreality. He was in a room staring at light coming through chintz curtains. His arms were not naked. This was a sheet! For a moment he shivered, uncertain of everything; then lay back, smiling at a papered ceiling.

III

I §

"It can't go on, Mother. It simply can't. I feel an absolute worm whenever I'm with him. I shall have to clear out, like Beryl. He's just one object all the time—to make every one feel small and mean."

"Remember what he's been through!"

"I don't see why *we* should be part of his revenge. We've done nothing, except suffer through him."

"He doesn't want to hurt us or any one."

"Well, whenever people talk to him, they dry up, at once, as if he'd skinned them. It's a disease."

"One can only pity him."

"He's perfectly happy, Mother. He's getting his own back."

"If only that first night——"

"We tried. It's no good. He's absolutely self-sufficient. What about to-morrow night?"

"We can't leave him on Christmas Day, Jack."

"Then we must take him to Beryl's. I can't stick it here. Look! There he goes!"

Late—299 passed the window where they stood, loping easily, a book under his arm.

"He must have seen us. We mightn't exist! . . ."

2 §

Late—299, with the book under his arm, entered Kew Gardens and sat down on a bench. A nursery governess with her charges came and settled down beside him.

"Peter, Joan, and Michael," said Late—299, "quite in the fashion."

The governess stirred uneasily; the gentleman looked funny, smiling there!

"And what are you teaching them?"

"Reading, writing, and arithmetic, sir, and Bible stories."

"Intelligent? . . . Ah! Not very. Truthful? . . . No! No children are."

The governess twisted her hands. "Peter!" she said, "where's your ball? We must go and look for it."

"But I've got it, Miss Somers."

"Oh! Well, it's too sharp, sitting here. Come along!"

She passed away, and Peter, Joan, and Michael trailed after her.

Late—299 smiled on; and a Pekinese, towing a stout old lady, smelled at his trousers.

"It's the cat," said Late—299. "Dogs and cats their pleasure is——"

Picking up the Pekinese, the stout old lady pressed it under her arm as though it were a bagpipe, and hurried on like a flustered goose.

Some minutes passed. A workman and his wife sat down to gaze at the pagoda.

"Queer building!" said Late—299.

"Ah!" said the workman. "Japanese, they say!"

"Chinese, my friend. Good people, the Chinese—no regard for human life."

"What's that? Good did you say?"

"Quite!"

"Eh?"

The workman's wife peered round him.

"Come on, John! The sun gits in me eyes 'ere."

The workman rose. "'Good,' you said, didn't you? *Good* people?"

"Yes."

The workman's wife drew at his arm. "There, don't get arguin' with strangers. Come on!" The workman was drawn away. . . .

A clock struck twelve. Late—299 got up and left the gardens. Walking between small houses, he rang at the side entrance of a little shop.

"If your father's still blind—I've come to read to him again."

"Please, sir, he'll always be."

"So I supposed."

On a horsehair sofa, below the dyed-red plumes of pampas-grass, a short and stocky man was sitting, whittling at a wooden figure. He sniffed, and turned his sightless eyes toward his visitor; his square face in every line and bump seemed saying: "You don't down me."

"What are you making?" said Late—299.

"Christmas Eve. I'm cuttin' out our Lord. I make 'em rather nice. Would you like this one?"

"Thank you."

"Kep' 'Is end up well, our Lord, didn't He? 'Love your neighbor as yourself'—that means you got to love yourself. And He did, I think; not against Him, neither."

"Easier to love your neighbors when you can't see them, eh?"

"What's that? D'you mind lendin' me your face a minute? It'll help me a lot with this 'ere. I make 'em lifelike, you know."

Late—299 leaned forward, and the tips of the blind man's fingers explored his features.

"'Igh cheek-bones, eyes back in the 'ead, supraorbital ridges extra special, rather low forehead slopin' to thick hair. Comin' down, two 'ollers under the cheek-bones, thin nose a bit 'ooky, chin sharpish, no moustache. You've got a

smile, 'aven't you? And your own teeth? I should say you'd make a very good model. I don't 'old with 'Im always 'avin' a beard. Would you like the figure 'angin', or carryin' the cross?"

"As you wish. D'you ever use your own face?"

"Not for 'Im—for statesmen, or 'eroes, I do. I done one of Captain Scott with my face. Rather pugnacious, my style; yours is sharp, bit acid, suitable to saints, martyrs, and that. I'll just go over you once more—then I'll 'ave it all 'ere. Sharp neck; bit 'unchy in one shoulder; ears stick up a bit; tallish thin man, ain't you, and throw your feet forward when you walk? Give us your 'and a minute. Bite your fingers, I see. Eyes blue, eh—with pin-points to 'em—yes? Hair a bit reddish before it went piebald—that right? Thank you, much obliged. Now, if you like to read, I'll get on with it."

Late—299 opened the book.

"... But at last in the drift of time Hadleyburg had the ill luck to offend a passing stranger, possibly without knowing it, certainly without caring, for Hadleyburg was sufficient unto itself and cared not a rap for strangers and their opinions. Still, it would have been well to make an exception in this one's case, for he was a bitter man and revengeful."

"Ah!" interjected the blind man deeply, "there you 'ave it. Talkin' of feelin's, what gave you a fellow-feelin' for me, if I may ask?"

"I can look at you, my friend, without your seeing me."

"Eh! What about it with other people, then?"

"They can look at me without my seeing them."

"I see! Misanthropical. Any reason for that?"

"Prison."

"What oh! Outcast and rejected of men."

"No. The other way on."

The blind man ceased to whittle and scoop.

"I like independence," he said; "I like a man that can go his own way. Ever noticed cats? Men are like dogs mostly; only once in a way you get a man that's like a cat. What *were* you, if it's not a rude question. In the taxes?"

"Medico."

"What's a good thing for 'earthburn'?"

"Which kind?"

"Wind, ain't it? But I see your meanin'. Losin' my sight used to burn my 'eart a lot; but I got over that. What's the use? You couldn't have any worse misfortune. It gives you a feelin' of bein' insured-like."

"You're right," said Late—299, rising to go.

The blind man lifted his face in unison. "Got your smile on?" he said. "Just let me 'ave another feel at it, will you?"

Late—299 bent to the outstretched fingers.

"Yes," said the blind man, "same with you—touched bottom. Next time you come I'll 'ave something on show that'll please you, I think; and thank you for readin'."

"Let me know if it bores you."

"I will," said the blind man, following without movement the footsteps of his visitor that died away:

3 §

Christmas night—wild and windy, a shower spattering down in the street; Late—299 walking two yards before his wife, their son walking two yards behind his mother. A light figure, furred to the ears, in a doorway watching for them.

"Come along, darling. Sorry we had to bring him."

"Of course you had to, Jack!"

"Look! He can't even walk with mother. It's a disease. He went to church to-day, and all through the sermon never took his eyes off—the poor old vicar nearly broke down."

"What was it about?"

"Brotherly love. Mother says he doesn't mean it—but it's like—what's that thing that stares?"

"A basilisk. I've been trying to put myself in his place, Jack. He must have swallowed blood and tears in there—ordered about like a dog, by common men, for three years nearly. If you don't go under, you must become inhuman. This is better than if he'd come out crawling."

"Perhaps. Look out—the rain! I'll turn your hood up, darling." A spattering shower, the whispering hushed. . . .

A lighted open doorway, a red hall, a bunch of hanging mistletoe, a girl beneath, with bushy hair.

"Happy Christmas, Father!"

"Thanks. Do you want to be kissed?"

"As you like. Well, Mother darling! Hallo, you two! Come in! Roddy, take father's coat."

"How are you, sir? Beastly weather!"

"That was the advantage we had in prison. Weather never troubled us. 'Peace and Goodwill' in holly-berries!—Very neat! They used to stick them up in there. Christianity is a really remarkable fraud, don't you think? . . ."

Once again those four in the street, and the bells chiming for midnight service.

"What an evening!"

"Let them get out of hearing, Jack."

"Worse than ever! My God, he'd turn the milk sour! And I thought liquor might make him possible. He drank quite a lot."

"Only a few days now, and then! . . ."

"Do you agree with mother that he doesn't mean it, Mabel?"

"Oh! yes, I do."

"The way he sits and smiles! Why doesn't he get himself a desert?"

"Perhaps he is . . ."

4 §

"'Ere you are!" said the blind man. "Best I can do under the circs. 'Ad a bit o' trouble with the cross; got it top-'eavy, I'm afraid; but thought you'd rather carry it."

"Quite a masterpiece!"

"Speaking serious?" said the blind man. "You could improve it with a box o' colors; make it more 'uman like."

"I'll do that."

"I wouldn't touch the face, nor the cross—leave 'em wooden; but the hair and the dress, and the blood from the crown o' thorns might be all the better for a bit o' brightenin'. How's the man that corrupted 'Adleyburg?"

Late—299 opened the book.

" . . . Goodson looked him over, like as if he was hunting for a place on him that he could despise the most; then he says: "So you are the Committee of Inquiry, are you?" Sawlsberry said that was about what he was. "H'm! Do they require particulars, or do you reckon

a kind of *general* answer will do?" "If they require particulars I will come back, Mr. Goodson; I will take the general answer first." "Very well, then; tell them to go to hell—I reckon that's general enough. And I'll give you some advice, Sawlsberry; when you come back for the particulars, fetch a basket to carry what's left of yourself home in." " "

The blind man chuckled.

"Ah! I like that Mark Twain. Nice sense o' humor—nothin' sickly."

"Bark and quinine, eh?"

"Bark and bite," said the blind man. "What do you think of 'uman nature yourself?"

"Little or nothing."

"And yet there's a bit of all right about it, too. Look at you and me; we got our troubles, and 'ere we are—jolly as sand-boys! Be self-sufficient, or you've got to suffer. That's what you feel, ain't it? Am I mistook, or did you nod?"

"I did. Your eyes look as if they saw."

"Bright, are they? You and me could 'ave sat down and cried 'em out any time—couldn't we? But we didn't. That's why I say there's a bit of all right about us. Put the world from you, and keep your pecker up. When you can't think worse of things than what you do, you'll be 'appy—not before. That's right, ain't it?"

"Quite."

"Took me five years. 'Ow long were you about it?"

"Nearly three."

"Well, you 'ad the advantage of birth and edjucation; I can tell that from your voice—got a thin, mockin' sound. I started in a barber's shop, got mine in an accident with some 'air-curlers. What I miss most is not bein' able to go fishin'. No one to take me. Don't you miss cuttin' people up?"

"No."

"Well, I suppose a gent never gets a passion; I'd a perfect passion for fishin'. Never missed Sunday, wet or fine. That's why I learned this carvin'—must 'ave an 'obby to go on with. Are you goin' to write your 'istory? Am I wrong, or did you shake your 'ead?"

"I did. My hobby is watching the show go by."

"That might 'ave suited me at one

time—always liked to see the river flowin' down. I'm a bit of a philosopher myself. You ain't, I should say."

"Why not?"

"Well, I've a fancy you want life to come to heel too much—misfortune of bein' a gent, perhaps. Am I right?"

Late—299 closed the book and rose. "Pride!" he said.

"Ah!" said the blind man, groping with his eyes, "that's meat and drink to you. Thought as much. Come again, if I don't worry you."

"And take you fishing?"

"Reelly? You will? Shake 'ands."

Late—299 put out his hand. The blind man's groped up and found it. . . .

§

"Wednesday again, is it, partner, if I'm not troublin' you?"

"Wednesday it is."

At the door of his house, with the "catch" in a straw bag, the blind man stood a minute listening to his partner's footsteps, then felt his way to his horse-hair sofa under the pampas-grass. Putting his cold feet up under the rug, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction, and fell asleep.

Between the bare acacias and lilac-bushes of the little villas, Late—299 passed on. Entering his house, he sought his study, and stretched his feet toward the fire, and the cat, smelling him fishy, sprang on to his knee.

"Philip, may I come in?"

"You may."

"The servants have given notice. I wanted to say, wouldn't you like to give this up and go abroad with me?"

"Why this sudden sacrifice?"

"Oh, Philip! You make it so hard for me. What do you really want me to do?"

"Take half my income and go away."

"What will you do, here, alone?"

"Get me a char. The cat and I love chars."

"Philip!"

"Yes?"

"Won't you tell me what's in your heart? Do you want always to be lonely like this?"

Late—299 looked up.

"Reality means nothing to those who haven't lived with it. I do."

"But why?"

"My dear Bertha—that is your name, I think?"

"Oh, God! You *are* terrible!"

"What would you have me—a whining worm? Crawling to people I despise—squirming from false position to false position? Do you want humility? What is it you want?"

"I want you to be human."

"Then you want what you have got. I *am* so human that I'll see the world damned before I take its pity, or eat its salt. Leave me alone. I am content."

"Is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes, stand out of my firelight. . . ."

6 §

Two figures, in the dark outside, before the uncurtained window.

"Look, Mabel!"

"Be careful! He may see. Whisper!"

"The window's shut."

"Oh! Why doesn't he draw the blinds—if he must sit like that!"

"A desert dark without a sound
And not a drop to eat or drink
And a dark desert all around!"

Jack, I pity him."

"He doesn't suffer. It's being fond of people makes you suffer. He's got all he wants. Look at him."

The firelight on the face—its points and hollows, its shining eyes, its stillness and intensity, its smile; and on the cat, hunched and settled in the curve of the warm body. And the two young people, shrinking back, pass on between small houses, clutching each other's hands.

New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

EDITED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

[THIRD PAPER]

THE story on which in the two following letters Stevenson describes himself as working is probably "A Country Dance"—never completed or printed. "Adelaïde" is, of course, Beethoven's famous song. "Prose Poems" means a projected volume of which the title, and to some extent the scheme, were suggested by Baudelaire's "Petits Poèmes en Prose," but which was never carried to completion; although a score or more of pieces intended for it were written, as mentioned in further references below and particularly in the published "Letters," vol. I, p. 237, Scribner Edition, 1911. "My poet" is W. E. Henley; whom Stevenson had lately been taken by Leslie Stephen to see in hospital, as related in "Letters," vol. I, p. 209, Scribner Edition, 1911, and with whom he quickly formed

what, although broken before the end, was destined to be for long a close and stimulating friendship.

[EDINBURGH, Spring, 1875]

Thursday.

Well, my dear, at last. I have been working so hard, every day till yesterday, that I had no hand even to put down a word to you when I was done; and yesterday I was seedy and afraid to write at all. I have finished the two first chapters now; but before going farther, I have set to work to transcribe them yet again, because I am not quite sure of the characters. I can't tell you what a joy of battle I have in this work. Two days ago, when I read some pages over, and found them bad, I went out and had a walk for half an hour. I was not depressed; I said

** The notes and explanations added to the following correspondence have been kindly supplied by Sir Sidney Colvin; the references to letters already printed are to the four-volume edition of 1911 (Scribners).

"This is harder than I thought; but I'll make it right or die." You know, if I could make it right, it would make such a difference, I could be so much more free, if once I had a position and could make money. And then, it's all work, of course. The amount of work I am doing takes the Springtime out of me a good bit, and I cannot give way to the unrest and delightful sadness of it, but what you say is true—every year it is sadder and gladder and more intense. Only this year I have given the giant a fall, and turned him to work, in irons, on my luckless story.

Friday.

I do not know if you are aware how much you help me in my work; it is not only that I have a strong motive; it is that I have always a woman to think of; and that is for so much.

I had *Adelaïde* sung to me to-night—a girl cousin living in the house—and it took me such a far journey into the past. There goes a quarter to twelve on the chimney clock on the stair; there is a faint moaning of wind without; and the night looks in at me, blue as a sapphire, through the window. There—there were two new noises; a railway whistle, and the roll of a cab in neighbouring streets.

[SWANSTON, Spring, 1875],

Friday.

Write to you, it seems, I cannot. I hope, only, you will not draw any wrong conclusions. I cannot write letters—that is all. One of the things that keeps me unhappy is just this, that I fear you will think I do not write because I am somehow changed towards you. Perhaps I am; I think not; I know I cannot spare you any more than before, my mother; I cling to you as a drowning man to a straw. Only I am changed to myself; all my *sham* goodness, I mean the orderliness, and citizenliness, and sort of respectability, that I had laid on, is going away and away down through wind into everlasting space. I cannot play these games; I am made for the other thing; as I grow well, I fall back into it, day by day. O don't forsake me for that; despise me if you like; though I can't see anything despicable in it—quite the reverse—only I'm so frightened you may; despise me if you please, my lady,

but mind you, I'll do good work in spite of it all, even though I cannot catch trains (as now *I cannot*) and cannot write letters (O mea culpa! mea culpa!) and cannot keep engagements, nor, generally, do anything that a stout thoughtful citizen should do by nature, as he took his mother's milk.

Saturday.

Such pens as I have, and such an empty ink bottle! I have to paint and potter over half the words. Prose poems going on; also (fear not!) the law. The law comes in the second place; duly! Colvin never writes to me; it is past a joke. However, I don't deserve people to write to me, and, so long as they do not quarrel with me, I am content. God knows about the summer. My parents, I think, have it in their heads to follow me; they insist on Switzerland (the place of my pet abhorrence!) and now I hear them talk threateningly of London.

Sunday.

I must just send this scrap to you, though I am ashamed of it, and ashamed of the little I have done also. I have got the first chapter as good as I can get it. The second requires transcription still. The third, fourth, and fifth I haven't attempted yet, but I know about them.

My poet writes good stuff; it is slack still, and unequal, but I think some of it capital.

I simply can't write. Never mind, I shall see you in no very long time, and I shall bring all (all!) that I have written, and take a holiday. I really do work hard anyway; I take every bit of virtue I can get out of my body to put into this poor story; for poor story, of course, it will be; I am not fool enough to expect anything else.

Ever your loving son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The dating of the following letter is conjectural only. The idea of his possible intromission in Scotch ecclesiastical politics can hardly have been more than momentary and nowhere recurs. The character of George Wishart, the Scottish reformer, by his pupil Emery Tylney, occurs in Tylney's "Narrative" in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs": in applying some words from it to his correspondent, Stevenson has to change the gender of the pronouns to suit her sex.

SWANSTON, Thursday,
[Spring, 1875.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Again a fine, moonlight night with a high wind; and again no news. Forgive me, if I be a little despondent when I am left in the dark; I cannot help it; and my despondency is at least of a serviceable and cheerful sort. I should go on working doggedly whatever turned up; and, whatever turned up, you would know what place you had in my intention. I think I am going to make a figure in Scotch ecclesiastical politics; at least I am turning over in my own mind the expediency of the step, as I have been doing for some time back; and more and more as days go by do I seem to see my way to doing possibly some good with small chance of harm. If the Church be virtuous enough to take my suggestion, it has the elements of life in it, and would live whether or no; I shall only give another heroic example for mankind; and, of these, we cannot have too many. If, on the other hand, it has too little virtue, or too much policy, I shall have done good service in unveiling a sham and struck another deathblow at the existence of superannuated religion. Besides, I am not politic in these matters. I prefer to see men noble, even if it be to the ruin of my own views; what I wish to see in the world is not the triumph of these views, but the multiplication of noble and disinterested men. The views may be hurtful; good men will ever be helpful. These are very dark sayings, but if my purpose ripens you will see more clearly what I mean.

Friday night.

I am so glad to hear no ill of your health. You must not die. I cannot think of what life would be to me if you were gone; a great black hole, without form and void. Please keep this in view. Although I speak jocularly I am grave at heart. I should be left to speak in the words of surely the most affecting historical document in the world—Emery Tylney's character of George Wishart, "O that the Lord had left her to me, her poor boy, that she might have finished what she had begun." I can't tell you how beautiful that whole paper is from which these words are imitated. I was reading it again the other day, and my heart came

into my mouth when I got to that passage: one is so little prepared for such a cry of the soul amid the succinct details of life and manners that surround it. And the saying, in my mind, attaches itself to you: I have had to explain all round that you might understand the full meaning of the words and how they are not simply my words, but have been sanctified by the fire of martyrdom and the name of one of the good, pure, quiet delicate spirits of the Earth; and you needed to know that to know why I like to apply them to you. I shall keep this letter until you are at Mrs. H.'s, as after my highland experience I have a horror of letters arriving after one is gone; they might as well be cast into the sea with a millstone about their neck.

[EDINBURGH, Spring, 1875.]
Friday.

Now I have a moment to write to you. I have been working every spare moment, and *obsédé* by two girls living in the house, on whom I was called to lavish attentions.

First, the Wagner Concert. Yes, it was a great success, and what do you think? Baxter said the very thing of him that you had said, to wit, that he was like Walt Whitman. Baxter and I go together to all the concerts that are going; however, we generally come and go with Beethoven—we have now added Wagner to the list; he is jolly and fresh, like a wind.

I have been in a curiously impressionable state; the sight of people and things has pursued me, (spring, spring, I suppose). The other day, a little wee deformed girl, with that curious voice, neither boy's nor girl's nor man's nor woman's, but of sexless and ageless deformity; yesterday, two little children—such pretty children, who had been lost, and were being taken to the police station, the wee boy stoically eating scone on the policeman's shoulder, and the wee girl trotting unconcernedly at his side, with a great semicircle of scone, about as big as herself, in one hand, and the hem of the policeman's trouser in the other; a train that I saw going round the outside of our station (I was looking down from overhead on the Bridge) on a very curved line of rails—if you had seen the sinuous grace of it as it turned slowly from one curve on to another; lastly, a nice ugly girl who

went by me smiling, and looking so happy, that I could not help smiling myself and was happy for a great while after. These are some of the things that took hold of me. I don't like being so sensitive in town though, for the impressions are more often painful than agreeable. In the country now, it would be different.

Saturday.

I am idle to-day; I had a little tic last night, but somehow I am better in spirits. I have thrown off the worst of my depression; indeed this morning I can scarcely call myself depressed. I am a little *February*, that is all.

I am to act Orsino (The Duke) in Twelfth Night at the Jenkins's. I could not resist that; it is such a delightful part; and I got them to put off my rehearsals to the last moment; so that I may get a fortnight with you in London and a fortnight with Bob in France; for that must be done this time, *coûte que coûte*. I am not altogether satisfied that I shall do Orsino *comme il faut*; but the Jenkins are pleased, and that is the great affair.

Colvin says he does not know what I have been doing. Well, I don't know myself. I seem to waste my time sadly, and yet I do try to work, I think you know that.

O—I must tell you a nice thing about my mother; when I was in low spirits about my work to-day, she came up quite suddenly and kissed me. I think this shows we are on good terms, does it not?

Sunday.

What to say, I do not know. It rains, the bells ring clamorously for church; and as they ring, all the weary Sundays of my childhood go in a procession through my heart. O, the ennui, the ennui, the ennui of it all!

Never mind, I will work and keep brave and happy, till the time comes.

Ever your loving son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[SWANSTON, February or March, 1875.]

Thursday.

I have been in town, and had a fine time with toothache; I am writing such nice things—at least, so I fancy, I have no time for elaborate letters, and yet my heart is much with you, as you will see when you come to read what I have written.

Friday.

Since Tuesday evening, I have written six prose poems, and I shall likely do a seventh before night. At this rate, I shall have a book in no time. What about my exam? O God knows. To-morrow for that—to-morrow for that: I do believe some of them are good. There's one about Sudbury water-meadows which is simply a little masterpiece. I desire to repeat that, in case you might think I didn't mean it. I'm as cock-a-hoop as a man can be; and that, in spite of toothache which hangs round me and now and then makes a run in.

I have done "The quiet waters by"; that's Sudbury. "In a Garden," that's well, it's rather private. "A Summer Night," that's about staying out a whole night making plans in the streets of Edinburgh; Bob and I did it. "The drunkard and the Sea," that's a wild thing; that I am pleased with. "The Lighthouse: no. 1; On the roof": I'm going to have another called "The Lightroom." Lastly, "A sermon by your leave"; but I don't know if they will give me leave. Of course, they'll remind people of Baudelaire, but I think they're really quite unlike.

Saturday.

Not a moment. Catch post. All well and jolly. Don't keep me too long, although after this sorry note, anything would be fair. Like Jingle in Pickwick. *Dieu vous benisse*.

Sunday.

Interrupted. Well, you can't get a letter till Tuesday. I had a nice time to-day, hanging about the church outside in the sunshine, hearing the psalms and the strong solitary voice of the preacher. All the same, Sunday comes hard on me. The mind goes back of a Sunday; and repents. I hope you will like my prose poems. I hope you will like something of mine, anyway. I think there are some of the bits of letters I have written to you that might come in; a letter for instance, I wrote last May or June about the green and daisies and great spring winds. Perhaps, too, a thing I sent last winter about the lamp in the chapel.

Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[SWANSTON, March, 1875.]
Sunday.

I don't know why the recurrence of this day always depresses me; but it does. O the bitter, bitter, dead, empty life—it is dull and vile.

I am teaching my cousin Algebra, have I told you? It is something to cling to, that makes me feel as if my life were less hollow.

Goodnight.

Monday.

A steeping rain, a wet mist, clings and falls about our wooded garden. It is wet and cold and sorry.

My father has been quite sewed up for some days back, by Clifford's article (a fine article it was, too). I wish he hadn't been, poor man, for he has enough on his shoulders just now. The world is not using him well. As indeed, does it use anyone.

O the wild wet world, the soaking rain, the aching heart. And I am so well, all the same, brown and strong and growing fatter, they say. Thanks be to God for all His mercies! I lick my greasy lips, "Give me some more pudding, please God. I am a good boy. This is the best of possible worlds, and you are a very fine fellow for having made it." Noble R. L. S.!

Tuesday.

I could not sleep, so I arose about half past six, and went out into the breathing world. You must be very miserable indeed if you can be miserable in the open air. It stupefies and woos and amuses you; it is like some great healthy narcotic; and the visions are visions of green trees, and men ploughing, and larks, and the golden morning clouds breaking and showing us the high blue sky beyond. *A la bonne heure!* After all, life is very liveable under the open sky. It is in houses mostly that the blue devils do consort. Goodbye. I am as fresh and jolly as the open air.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

XIV prose poems in existence now!—
No. 15!!

Stevenson's first visit to Barbizon in the forest of Fontainebleau, besides being the occasion of an immediate temporary improvement in his health and spirits (com-

pare "Letters," vol. I, p. 210, Scribner Edition, 1911) marked also the beginning of a great and abiding change in his life and habits. It seems doubtful whether the letter next following his return, in which he announces his consciousness of such a change, dates from before or after this visit.

[BARBIZON, April, 1875.]

My dear,—I am much better here in the forest, but not yet quite what I ought to be. I went about your sister's affair on Monday before I left Paris, but it was *un jour férié* and they would do nothing for me. I shall see to it when I go back. I am exposing my mind to the forest day by day, and hope it is going to get into an article to redeem my failure. I suppose, of course, that no news means good news. Hotel Siron, Barbizon, Seine et Marne.

Ever your faithful

R. L. S.

[PARIS, Spring, 1875.]

My dear, the Gods are against me. I have missed the trains so freely that I am stuck here for yet another night. I shall be in London, however, to-morrow at six. I shall go straight to the club, in hopes of finding Colvin, or a note from you. It is the most splendid weather, the trees are out along the bright streets in their first greens, and the whole town sounds and shines about one, so that it goes to the head like wine.

Ever your faithful

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, Spring, 1875.]

Friday.

For the first time for so long, there has come a real rent in my life; and that was when I managed to be happy for a while, without afterthought, in my old easy way; managed to take food and drink, and the sweet winds and sun, and trees, and people, as they came to me, and be glad in them without irony. Well, you know what that did; it made some years become the past; it closed up a long, long, present; my life went into another tense. I cannot say how glad I am of it, how glad I am to feel my own body again, and recognize my own laugh. And yet I don't quite know how to say it, but I despise myself

a little that it should have happened. I must not write about that, though; for the wolves are at the door; I must wait for the perfect day, before I unbolt it and go fairly out into the sunshine, me and my whole pack of thoughts, as in old times.

And remember this always, when I say I find myself again, I mean I have found much that was me, nay, and most, nay, and I think *all*, only there is another thought in it now. This spirit of mine must ever be somewhat holy ground; your son must be better than the sons of other people, madonna.

[SWANSTON, Spring, 1875.]

Saturday.

I can make no plans for the summer. I do not think I shall get my thousand pounds; and indeed all my ideas of taking more money from my people vanished from me as soon as I shook off the barbarism of the forest (see my Fontainebleau article, which ought to be a beauty); I am going to pay back the ten pounds that were advanced to me. Gumminess also is gone; it went the length of a pair of dress boots and there miserably perished. Life is a curious problem (original remark: copyright); and I do not see my way through it very distinctly at present. I do so hunger and thirst after money (i. e. happiness); *and yet to get that, I must give up my hope of making myself strong and well (i. e. happiness).* Two birds are building a nest in the holly before my window; you should see them fly up with great straws in their mouths; God prosper them. They are better off than we; they are not obliged to play other people's games, wear other people's clothes, walk with other people's gait, and say other people's silly words after them by leaden rote, under pain of breaking hearts and drawing hot tears and driving home the gross dagger of disappointment into breasts full of hope. There, you see, I am as moral as ever, again, God help me. Wild work, madonna, wild work—this decency to others. I may say with Sir Andrew, "Nay, I care not for good life!" It seems to me the wildest of follies, the most indecent prodigality of our little hopes and chances; and yet—Hey, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon. From circum-

ference to middle, the whole is a riddle, and I hope to be out of it soon.—Impromptu verses: copyright. Adieu. Well, one thing I have to be thankful for to "Whatever Gods may be." I am no longer the miserable perverse tremulous childish DEVIL, who came down to London in March. I could throw my hat over the house when I think of it—over the house?—over Uranus.

Always your faithful,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The following letter must date from a second visit paid by Stevenson to Barbizon in the summer of 1875. "Nous n'irons plus aux bois" is the beginning of a poem by Théodore de Banville, which he had set himself in these days very successfully to translate, or rather paraphrase (see "Letters," vol. I, p. 229, Scribner Edition, 1911). "Béranger" means an article on that poet which Stevenson had been commissioned to write for a new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

[Chez Siron, BARBIZON, Summer, 1875.]

Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupés; that thing has rung in my ears ever since I saw you, Madonna. I could not write for a thousand reasons; and even now, write only in the teeth of a positive reluctance, lest you should think I had forgotten you; which is not so.

I have had one of my curious inertias and desires to sleep these last days; yesterday I slept almost the whole day; but I am alright again now. I should like to sleep a great deal; I do not like being awake and averse from work; which is a virtuous feeling. Béranger still trails on, I cannot get my back into anything.

Birds chirp, cocks crow, asses bray, a little wind goes about among the trees, some women splash wet clothes outside my window.

Good-bye, think of me a little if you can. Love to all.

Ever your faithful,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, Early Spring, 1876.]

You may well say why; but I can't answer. I had a favour to ask too, which—without further delay—I shall ask: please

send me that piece of Augier's by post; Henley wishes to see it.

I am in capital health, I have re-written a story with which I mean to try *Blackwood*; I have written an article about the Raeburn Gallery, with which I am trying Stephen; and I am about half-way done with another article with which I am to try Morley. So you see I have not been idle. Indeed, I am in a state of wonderful mental activity. My spirits are good. I am not thinking anything that I can help, except about my work. There's work and thinking for you. Will you be angry if I send such a scrap? I wish to catch the post to-day, and my back is aching so that I can't write more. I have been working since half-past nine this morning; and have scrolled between five and six magazine pages. Don't suppose I am ever likely to forget you my dear friend, even if I am remiss. I rest in the thought of you so much now.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

None of the several writings mentioned in the above letter found any favour with editors. No story of Stevenson's ever appeared in *Blackwood*. Nothing of his appears about this date in *The Fortnightly*, of which Morley was then editor. His essay on Raeburn was declined with one consent by *Blackwood*, *The Pall Mall*, and *The Cornhill*, under the editorship though it then was of a good friend of his, Leslie Stephen. To make amends, however, Stephen printed the papers "Walking Tours" and "Forest Notes" in *The Cornhill* for April and May of this same year.

[EDINBURGH, 1876.]

My dear madonna, I don't know where and how I have been living this while back. I had a letter written to you some time ago, and burned it because I thought it nasty; since when I have not been able to write any. I have now been three days in the house with sore throat, very painful, but not serious. This is the beginning of my third; and except that I keep reading XVth Century, my mind is as loose as—as a fish in a river. I think I am now, if you know that old word under the sign of *Nonchaloir*. I am quite jolly, but I have lost my hold of life; and so much the

better, perhaps; only as I did live earnestly for a while, the change is not easy. That is all there is to say about me. I hope my forest notes may be in the *Cornhill* by April, but it is no more than a hope for that date. I have written to-day a little piece on Walking Tours; mais je ne le trouve pas bon.

Please let me hear how you all are. I have spent 2/- in the last fortnight, which is not extravagant.

"Quand on ne peut avoir ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." Ouida! C'est très beau ça; seulement—pas moyen!

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

With these last letters a chapter in Stevenson's life can be felt to be closing. The day was approaching when he was ready, a character formed and firm, to stand on his own feet for the future. In compliance with his father's wish he had passed for the English Bar in the summer of 1875; but this had been barely more than a matter of form, and it was tacitly accepted that literature should be his real and working vocation. He was left master, within such limits as his finances made possible, of his own movements; and naturally leaned less entirely than before on the sympathy and guidance of his first friends, although without the least breach of his affection for them or of intimate confidence in them upon occasion. He spent more of his time each year in France, especially frequenting, in the company of his cousin "Bob," Barbizon and the other artist haunts in the forest of Fontainebleau. There in the summer of 1876 he met the American lady, Mrs. Osbourne, whom he presently determined to make his wife. Under the circumstances of her life and his, to realize that determination made a new call on all the grit and strength of will in his nature. He succeeded, and the world knows how stimulating a companion, and how devoted a nurse and critic, Stevenson had thenceforward in his wife. In the period of trial and difficulty which preceded it, Mrs. Sitwell remained as closely as ever his trusted friend and helper, and now and again at need an intermediary between himself and his father. But their

occasions for the interchange of letters became fewer, and from the date of Stevenson's expedition to California and return as a married man in 1879, the lady became, of the pair, Mrs. Sitwell's far more frequent correspondent. The very few letters remaining here to be printed are separated one from another by wide periods of time.

The "my book" of the next two letters is "The Inland Voyage," and the dedication is to Sidney Colvin. Stevenson's father, the "Scotch Presbyterian," presently to be mentioned, had been taken by Stevenson into confidence about the new complications of his life, and had just been to see his son in Paris. I was about to stay as his guest at the family home in Edinburgh, where I was under engagement to give a lecture.

[BARBIZON OR PARIS, Spring, 1878.]

I have corrected 96 pages of my book in proof.

I am in bed; for two days I was really very seriously ill; and I am still very pale, very weak, very full of rheumatisms and rather a bad hand at passing the night. However, the doctor says there is nothing really very wrong. Indeed, it is a wonder either of us is alive. And my father, too; after his journey here and back at his time of life; but he seems quite well, and writes me the kindest letters.

I am sorry I shall not be in Edinburgh for Colvin. But I daresay he will not object to meet the Scotch Presbyterian who has been to Paris under such strange circumstances.

Please write, and take a short note from

An invalid, R. L. S.

[GAIRLOCH, Easter, 1878,]

PATMOS, Ash Wednesday.

I have begun several letters to you, and ended by giving them up; to say truth I was worried, and after trying around for a confidante, gave it up altogether and went without. I have been ill, and still am, but am on the mend. I cannot walk, cannot work, and am not very good at eating or the little internal chemistry that should follow thereafter.

Are you at home? Are you well? What's your news?

I am staying with my people at Shan-

don Hydropathic Establishment, Gairloch, Clyde. I hate it and am dull, stupid, and a little wee bit gloomy between whiles. When I cannot work, cannot walk, and am not much in the humour to read, my time hangs upon my hands. I think I never feel so lonely as when I am too much with my father and mother, and I am ashamed of the feeling, which makes matters worse.

Be a good lady and write me a word. I am so tired of being ill. I kiss your hand with affection.

Don't imagine me worse than I am either in body or mind. I am only withered—suffer very little pain now, and hope, although somewhat chimerically, to get up and be myself again after each new night's rest.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

My book is through the Press. I have dedicated it as I said, Silence! for your life. I am so frightened lest he should find out.

I am so languid as hardly to reckon among men. And yet I believe a little happiness would pick me up at once. But it does not come my way in the meantime; it goes to others though; God bless them! When I see you, as I hope it may be given me soon, I shall explain the little mystery at the beginning of this note. F., in a letter which did me much good, sent you her love.

[17, Heriot Row, EDINBURGH.

Summer, 1878.]

My dear friend, here I am pretty well and all squared with my people. I know no way of thanking you for all you have done. Perhaps, after all, the confident trust with which I came to you was better than any thanks after the event. At least, so I try to think. I am afraid Fanny is not very bright in health, but she says she is taking care. And Fate has handled us so lightly hitherto, that I almost begin to think it means us well in the main. Her letter to me was mostly about you. Indeed you need be under no surprise if you have made a very enthusiastic friend of her. She could not honestly be less. Will you write and tell me how your cold has been getting on? And pray forgive my silence. There is a

heavy nervous reaction after my struggles and excitements, and I am so stupid and sluggish as to be hardly sane!

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Hotel Buol, DAVOS, 1882.]

My dear, thank you for your letter. I am in the blackness of low spirits to-night, for Fanny has had a sharp relapse, and I have hurt my dog, and bust my own knee. We have been both in bed again for near a week; but I am up, though wretched. I will not write much more, for I should fear to say what I really felt. Mrs. D. is condemned; poor little D. out here again, so wretched: Symonds' oldest daughter ill; his wife and he both wild in consequence. I write out of a dark cloud. But though I have no pleasant news to give you, and little spirit to write at all, I wished only to tell you that I am

Yours always the same,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I have said how from the date when Stevenson's life and destiny had come to be bound up for good and all with those of Mrs. Osbourne, whom he followed to California and brought back to England as his wife in 1879—I have said how from that date the lady became, of the pair, much the more frequent correspondent of his old friend and confidante, Mrs. Sitwell. But when he did take up the pen to write to her himself, it was in a tone always of quite unabated affection and confidence. The reader has just had before him one such letter written from the Swiss mountain-cure station of Davos in a mood of sickness and black depression; he will doubtless be glad to see the present specimens of the correspondence close in a contrasted mood of a year or two later—a mood of riotous high spirits and topsyturvy nonsense such as in the actual presence and company of his friends was at all times, to their delight, apt to come upon him. The following letter was written during the eight or nine months of good health and prosperous work which

Stevenson spent at Hyères on the Provençal coast in the year 1884: unluckily the first sheet is lost, and the letter begins in the middle:—

[HYÈRES, 1884.]

Fanny out of sorts; self had a cold, but better, and only silly, as the above will amply demonstrate. I have wasted all my time fooling, and now must close this valuable epistle. There is nothing like a good correspondent: Absence is destroyed: Why, it's like living in the same house! All the details of your friend's life unroll before you like a panorama; you know his thoughts, his feelings, his minutest habits and surroundings. So, in this era of the postal union, we laugh at separation. But I fear I weary you with this extreme particularity, or I might go on to tell you . . . and that . . . and all about . . . which it would be too much to ask you to peruse. Let us then bring this document to a deserved conclusion, and may the Lord have mercy on its soul!

It is as impossible for me to be serious as for a Camel to go through the eye of a Commercial Traveller. Something gave way within me, like a trap falling, and ever since I have not ceased to laugh. Heaven grant I be not fey! Do you know what fey is? A certain causeless mirth and high spirit is supposed in Scotland to be the forerunner of destiny. The Greeks thought so too; and for aught I know, the Mesopotamians. Thus if you see anyone extremely happy, you may predict with certainty that his mood will not continue unchanged; and if you find him offensively melancholy, you had better look out for somebody else. Joy and grief are rarely permanent, or so philosophers affirm, and I am too little of a scholar to controvert their doctrine. Let us, therefore, take them as they come; and when we are out of spirits be damned miserable, and when we are happy, be as foolish as we know how—Shakespeare. But I fear I digress. To continue: I remain

Ever your affectionate friend,

R. L. MCIDIOT STEVENSON OF BEDLAM.

J. Smith, Spicklefisherman

BY FREDERICK WHITE

Author of "The Whirling Dervish"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



EXCEPT that years of experience have taught me that anything may happen on a trout stream I could not have believed it.

Occasionally strangers projected themselves into our carefully preserved and protected trout water, and we landholders and club members used our judgment in either graciously permitting them to fish or gruffly refusing the privilege. With most of us it depended on the man and his methods. If he looked like an understanding fisherman, stuck to the fly, and observed the legal limit as to size and number, we smiled upon him and wished him a day of good sport; but woe betide the pot-hunter or bait fisherman caught defiling our cherished water. In short, we were willing to be brothers of the angle but not of the anglerworm.

But here was a case so flagrant, so shameless in its raw crudity, that I pulled up in astonished and smouldering resentment.

He sat upon the very rock from the shelter of which it had been my intention to cast a long and crafty dry-fly, and no more incongruous figure had, to my knowledge, ever bulked itself against the background of hemlock and rhododendron that enhanced the beauty of Shadow Pool.

He was garbed in a rusty-black alpaca coat, with nondescript trousers flopping damply above broken patent-leather shoes. Beneath a shapeless sports hat of once-white canvas, bushy eyebrows merged into a thicket of sideburns, which, in turn, commingled with the sweep of a heavy gray-shot beard. Other outstanding features included a nose of really noble proportions and a necktie of green and yellow, the flowing ends of which were

tucked into the upper pocket of his coat, decoration-wise.

And while I gazed, still almost unbelieving, he raised a thick two-piece rod and swung into the air an undeniable salt-water rig of heavy line, sinker, and two snelled hooks, to which were attached horrid gobs of half-drowned anglerworms. With a glance at the untouched bait, he heaved the mess back into the middle of our usually chaste and always cherished pool.

I had a vision of trout, no less scandalized than I, scurrying away from this desecration of all our mutual finer instincts and the flouting of years of progress and education along the line of the higher sportsmanship.

But no such feeling disturbed the mental processes of the figure on the rock. He straightened his line against the weight of the sinker, tested it for a moment, and, apparently satisfied, lit a cigarette and settled back to wait, hopefully.

I was angry—righteously angry—as I clumped through the shallow riff, intent on putting an end to the sacrilege without delay.

"Hello there!" I cried, by way of warning.

"Hello, Meester!" he replied, turning his head with an ingratiating smile, as I splashed up to the rock. "You ketch 'em sometings—not? Me, I ketch two chums, but no spicklefish."

He opened a dilapidated black-leather bag, such as I have often seen salt-water fishermen carry on subway and elevated when the flounder and tom-cod season is on, and displayed two silver chub, their staring eyes and gaping mouths set in a more than ordinary expression of pained surprise—or so it seemed to me.

"Always, I ketch chums," he added despondently. "Not eelers or spicklefish. You ketch spicklefish?" he questioned.

"Vat you say, drouts—fishes mit spickles—red mit black unt goldt?"

So that was what he meant by the strange nomenclature that had puzzled me.

"Yes," I answered testily, "I catch them"—and I was about to raise my war-cry when he broke in eagerly:

"You ketch 'em to-day? You show me vunce?"

Something—the eager appeal—or was it the tacit admission of piscatorial superiority—disarmed me. Belligerency oozed from head and heart and was swept away on the dancing ripples about my feet. If he wanted to see a trout—taken in the orthodox manner—I would endeavor to make the demonstration.

"See," I said. "This is the way we do it"—and I held out for him the perfect little ginger quill, dressed on a No. 14 hook, which graced the tapered end of a gossamer leader.

He looked at the feathered replica uncomprehendingly, shook his head, and glanced at me with a hopeless shrug.

I took out my dry-fly box, and snapped back the covers of the several compartments.

His eyes brightened understandingly and his hands displayed typical signs of excited amazement.

"Young bugs!" he pronounced, and then demanded: "How you ketch 'em?"

"Flies," I corrected. "Artificial flies. Tied with silk and feathers."

Again he shook his head and looked puzzled.

"Meester," he said apologetically, "please excoose. Some Inglees I haf, but not mooch. Pickled, iss it—dot leetle bugs?"

Again I endeavored to explain that the flies were modelled and cunningly manufactured to represent the living insect—not pickled or mummified—but he seemed unable to accept even demonstrable evidence of the miracle. So I moved away and began casting in the shallow water under the bushes of the opposite bank. A seven-inch trout rewarded my efforts, and I carried it over to let him admire the unfaded coloration.

"Leetle," he said, unimpressed. "Not so grosser as chums or carp. You feesh all time for leetle spicklefish?"

"No, I don't," I retorted. "I fish for big ones."

"Vere iss?" he demanded. "Show me!"

Despite a certain irritation, caution came to my rescue. One big one, with whom I had a rising acquaintance, lived in this very pool. "Oh, they're all around," I said carelessly, "but it's hard to get them up on the fly."

"You got no vums?" he asked.

"Vums?" I repeated.

"Shure, dirt vums. See, I lent you some. Odder time you do same mit me."

"We never use worms here," I protested angrily.

Again he looked baffled, and again a light dawned in his eyes. "You take 'em anavay," he said. "Blenty I haf, unt vat iss a cuppla vums mit frendts."

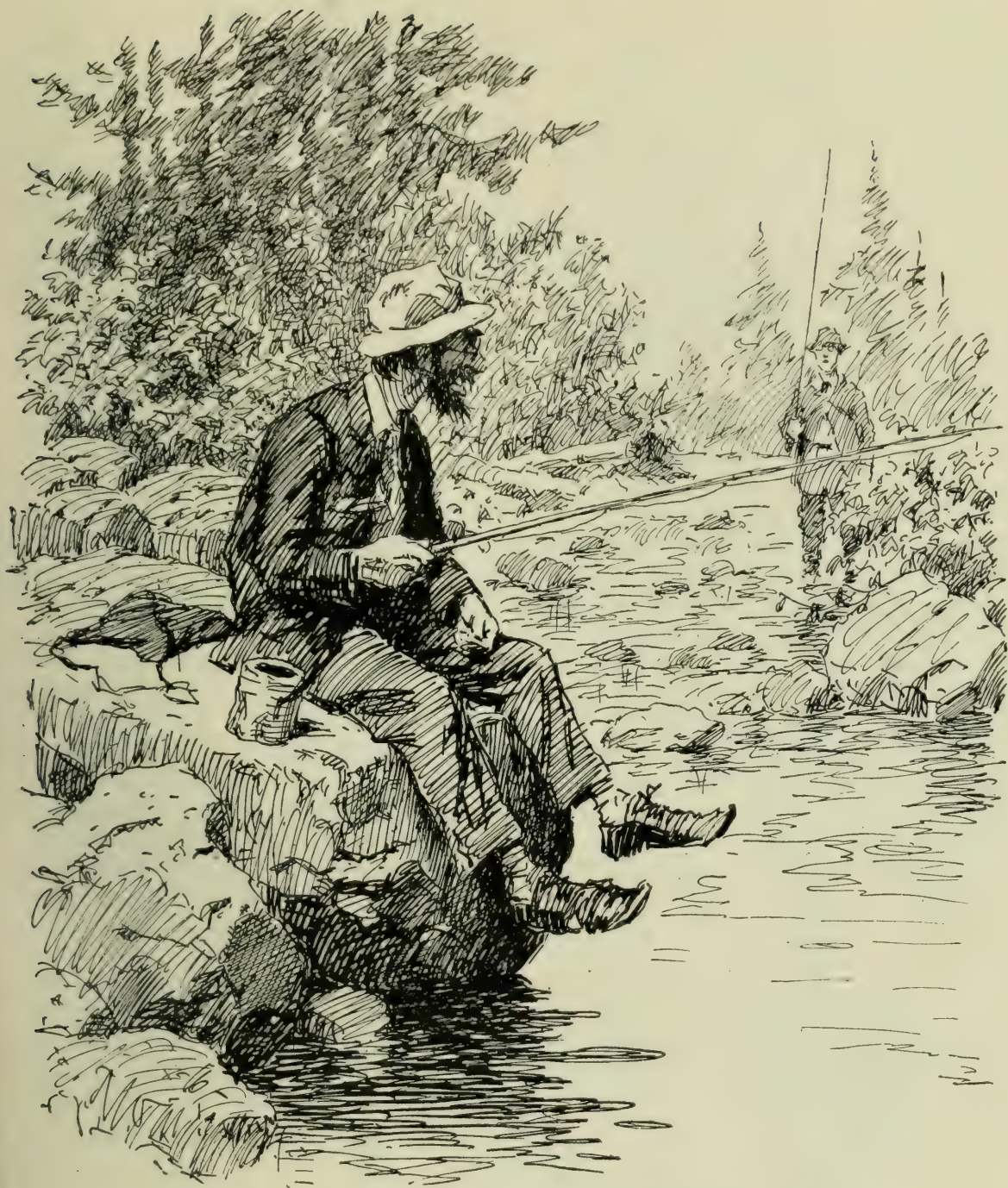
It was hard to make him understand, and harder still, in the face of his helpful simplicity, to bring myself to the point of conveying to him that he and his methods were not popular on our trout stream. In fact, it was not long before I found myself completely disarmed and practically routed.

It happened in this wise. Somehow, I found myself listening to the story of his life: his coming from Warsaw with his parents at the age of ten; their early struggles and his for a foothold, and his final success as a small manufacturer.

He had married, had children, helped support his own and his wife's parents in their old age, and was happy and content until a quick series of stunning blows left him alone and lonely, with the loneliness of one of a race to whom the family relation means everything—except business.

"Now," he said, with a long look at the distant hills down our little valley, "I haf noddings but me unt der beezness. Lonely I am unt sad; mit no wife, no poys, no girl, no noddings. So I feesh to remember not. Rockaway, I ketch me tommies unt flat feesh unt eelers; Yersey, I ketch carp unt sunnies. Now I come here, by Meester Ravinofski, to see mebbe I get spicklefish; but always I ketch chums, noddings but chums."

Ravinofski ran the big, bare boarding-house, without shades or shutters, on the hill. What his guests did to amuse themselves we could not discover. Seem-



"Hello, Meester!"—Page 149.

ingly, three meals a day and strolling in companies along the highway was all they desired in the way of summer diversion, for apparently they had no inclination to fish. Our present visitor was evidently a pioneer, and in turning to fishing—even as a solace for sorrow—unique among his people.

"Well," I said, weakly capitulating, "I hope you catch a trout. I'm getting along up-stream. Good luck."

"You lif here, Meester?" he inquired.

"Yes," I said, pointing out with my rod the bungalow where it nestled in the old orchard on the side hill. "Up there."

"So," he said. "You marry?"

"Yes," I answered. "Wife and two children."

"Vell," he said, with an inimitable shrug, "vere vife unt yoong ones iss, iss habbiness, even in so loneliness as der coundry. Me, I vass habby vonce, by

Essex Street. Now I got only der beezness."

He fumbled in his pocket and produced a soiled card, which he offered me. I took it and read: "J. Smith, Neckties," and the address was on the far East Side.

"Smith?" I inquired, with something more than surprise.

"Shure," he asserted, almost aggressively. And then, with a return to his friendly, half-apologetic manner, he added confidentially: "Smith iss better in beezness by Noo Yorrik. Vat's your line, Meester?"

I felt as if I was getting in over my waders, but I told him. "Lawyer," I said.

"Lawyer iss?" he echoed, apparently pleased. "Mebbe I gif you a yob; collections or somedings. Vat name, pleeze?"

Then I realized that I should have obeyed my first impulse and driven him away with loud cries, or even, if need be, with sticks and stones. I might have lied—perhaps for the sake of wife and children and friends I *should* have lied. For the first time I was ashamed to give the information and equally ashamed to withhold it or to prevaricate.

"Smith," I said chokingly. "Jackson Smith."

II

OFTEN I have wondered how men feel, how they live and laugh and carry on when burdened with a guilty secret concealed from family and friends, and unsuspected by the community in which their lot is cast.

But I wondered no longer. I *knew*! Never again could intolerance and smug satisfaction oust the very proper feeling of sympathy and understanding which one human being should accord another, even when the other stoops to folly, and, in furtherance of the folly, adds concealment to the burden he already bears.

J. Smith, spicklefisherman and manufacturer of unspeakable neckties, had become my guilty secret. Almost in the twinkling of an eye I found myself involved with him in his nefarious practice of an honored pursuit. How he had beguiled me I could not understand, but the bald fact stood out that when we parted I had the uneasy feeling that he regarded

me as a fellow-sportsman, a sympathetic friend, and a possible business associate. I pass over the accident of our similarity of names. His gratification over that unkind trick of fate was intolerable.

I wanted to lose him—to forget him. All the following day I kept away from the stream, much to the astonishment of my wife, who accepted with—what seemed to me *suspicious*—reservations my avowed intention of devoting myself to my family and various household chores, heretofore put off from day to day on the plea of the exigencies of fishing.

Late in the afternoon I wandered down to the bridge and leaned over the rail, looking for signs which might show the possibilities of the evening fishing. Below, telltale circles on the flat water indicated that the inevitable trout of the pool were feeding on infinitesimal insects, while above, the long stretch of ripple and run showed no hopeful break or flash of rising fish. However, the air was soft, the sky lowery, and, as usual, I felt creep over me that optimistic feeling in regard to an evening catch and a consequent feeding session of hungry fish. With the intention of snatching a hasty supper and hurrying back to the stream I was about to make my way to the house, when I heard a hail from the path which leads from the bridge end to the road across the stream.

It was Horton, returning from somewhere up-stream, and I waited to hear what his report of the afternoon might be.

"Look here, Jackson," he exploded aggressively, as he clumped up in his heavy brogues, and behind his tortoise-rimmed glasses I could see his eyes snapping, "did you give permission to fish to a whiskered old geezer from Ravinofski's?"

"No, I didn't," I said slowly, with an awful sinking feeling. "I saw him yesterday, but he didn't seem to be doing any particular harm. He was only catching chub."

"Noddings but chums," Horton quoted sarcastically. "That's the one! Do you realize what it means if we permit that sort of thing? We'll be overrun and driven out, sure as fate. Why didn't you chase him?"

"What's the use of getting excited?" I defended lamely. "This old fellow will get tired and go away."

Horton looked at me strangely and shook his head. "See here, Jack," he said, "of course, if you're under business to understand that you and he were business associates or something. Of course, I didn't take any stock in the similarity



"Did you give permission to fish to a whiskered old geezer from Ravinofski's?"—Page 152.

obligations or anything, I can understand, but——"

"What!" I cried, appalled.

"Well," Horton admitted, with apparent reluctance, "when I started to hound him out of the stream he gave me

of the family name," he added with a grin.

"Did he—did he—?" I sputtered.

"He certainly did. Made it awkward for me, for he seemed to know all about you: where you lived, family affairs, and

everything. Perhaps I misunderstood—he isn't easy to follow—but I gathered that he had even swapped worms with you on at least one occasion."

"You can't believe that!" I cried, aghast.

"Frankly, I can't," he replied. "I've fished with you too long. But the entire affair is beyond me. However did you get tangled up in such a mess?"

I told him—fully and sorrowfully. How my belligerency had been minimized by his simplicity and my sympathy aroused during the recital of his life-story and by his present lonely state.

"And they call you a successful lawyer," Horton scoffed, when I paused. "Now he'll stick to you like the Old Man of the Sea, and it makes it deuced awkward for the rest of us."

"Mea culpa," I admitted. "First impulses are best. I should have chased him."

"Right!" Horton exclaimed. "Wish I'd beaned him on sight. If we meet again you can bet there'll be one less Smith cumbering the directory. Beg pardon, old man—thoughtless of me—but—oh, hell! we can't have this sort of thing around here. Just suppose," he went on, "just suppose he landed our big one. He might do it, by chance, on bait."

Now the "big one" to which Horton referred lived in Shadow Pool, and we estimated his weight at three pounds. He was a consistent riser, but wary about taking the fly. Twice that summer Horton and I had struck him, but each time he had managed to tear loose before we could slip a landing-net beneath his shining bulk. We both fairly ached to see that fish stuffed and mounted above our respective hearthstones, and we were eager, if friendly, rivals for the honor of landing him. The thought of J. Smith hauling him out with his worms and salt-water tackle was intolerable.

"Horton," I said, "I'm sorry. I should have nipped this thing in the bud yesterday. The next time I meet him on the stream I'll get rid of him, never fear."

"Do it—if I don't get to him first," he answered savagely. "By the way, I'm thinking of trying Shadow Pool this evening. Perhaps the big 'un will be inter-

ested in a nice clean white miller after being insulted by that creature's unspeakable bait all day."

"All right," I said. "Go to it and good luck to you. Call me up when you get back—if you do anything. I'm fishing down below after supper, but I'll be home by nine-thirty."

"Good enough," Horton replied. "Hope you hit something. Feels as if we might have a good rise to-night"—and with a wave of his rod he turned back and took his way homeward down the road.

I lingered on the bridge for a few minutes, watching the cloud shadows drift across hill and meadow and stream, and then sauntered back to the house. Half-way up the path I received a sudden shock, which brought me up standing and almost stunned by a mingled surge of wrath and dismay.

On my door-step sat the unmistakable figure of J. Smith and, astride his knee, my first-born, Junior, aged five, tugged with one hand at the green-and-yellow necktie, while with the other he patted and caressed the luxuriant beard of my happily smiling Nemesis.

"Giddap, horsey!" my carefully protected heir was crying gleefully as I staggered up.

Now Molly and I had agreed, long before, upon the unwisdom of displaying anger or excitement in the presence of our children—and, in fairness to my wife I must admit that this imposed restraint was, on her part, a vicarious offering designed to show her willingness to share with me the worst as well as the best of our mutual responsibilities. So, with an effort, I controlled myself, and, standing before the misguided pair, ejaculated: "What's this?"

"See!" exclaimed J. Smith, "I make acquainted mit your leetle poy. Fine poy, unt so sthrong he iss. Like a young calluf he pulls on my negtie."

"Junior," I said severely, "go at once and get washed for supper—washed all over!" And I picked him up and set him in the doorway, where he began to swell visibly, as he always does before he starts to howl.

J. Smith, too, looked sorrowful.

"Too mooch vashing mit kids iss no

good," he declared. "Mebbe weakens 'em."

"I hope it may," I snapped, as Junior's roars faded away gradually in the recesses of the house. "Now what's the trouble with you?"

"Trouble iss," he admitted eagerly. "Comes a loudt man mit spicticles unt svear vords, unt says I should beat it, quick. To hell, he says, I should beat it," he added, with an apologetic gesture of hands and head.

I had no difficulty in identifying Horton.

"Well," I asked, "what about it?"

"I should beat it—not," he said with dignity. "Ven you be so nice mit me, Meester Smit, unt you so reech a man, mit house unt landt unt vater froont. Iss it I must insoolt a frendt? So I tell him unt—so I stay."

Again I felt myself slipping. Short of actual brutality of expression it was impossible to make him understand, and weakly, I admit, I tried to pass the buck.

"I'll tell you, Smith," I said. "I don't own all this water. Other people have equal rights to it, and they don't want strangers fishing here. Some of them are likely to make trouble if they find you on the stream."

"So," said J. Smith, moving his head slowly up and down. Then he said quietly: "Trouble I haf enough, alretty. Likes me I should ketch vun spicklefish, but loock I haf not—noddings but chums. Morning, I go back by Essex Street unt beezness."

I wanted to give three cheers. The deed was done, and without violence. The war-clouds were lifting, and the sun of peace shining once more on our peaceful valley. Soft words—diplomacy—the appeal to reason—had accomplished more than hard knocks. And I was glad, for, somehow, I knew that I could never bring myself to assault J. Smith strenuously by word or deed. At the moment I had to admit that he was inherently decent—and I almost liked him.

"I'm sorry about the trout, Smith," I said almost cordially. "Better luck another time. Perhaps, some day, you'll catch a big one."

"You like ketch beeg vun, Meester Smit?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered. "We're all after big ones."

"So!" he said thoughtfully, and then: "Loudt mans mit svear vords, he vant beeg vun, too?"

"He does indeed," I answered, and added: "There's one big one he'd give a leg to get before I do."

"Unter der rock by der shore vere I feesh!" announced J. Smith. "Shure, I seen him yoomp."

He spread his hands about a yard apart and then turned palms downward, clearly indicating his estimate of the size of our trout in Shadow Pool and the height at which he had thrown himself from the water.

"Listen, Meester Smit," he went on, "you treat me nice unt I like see you get um—not loudt mans. You try night crawlers—beeg vums," he whispered confidentially.

"Or June bugs, or bumblebees, or mice," I suggested sarcastically.

"Bugs iss no good unt bees bite," he said decidedly. "Micers, mebbe. I ain't try."

There was no use attempting to make him understand, so I let it go. Then, hearing Molly's voice in the house, I tried to get rid of him.

"Well, good-by," I said. "I hope you'll find the business all right."

"Shure," he assured me, as we walked down the path. "Sometime you come see me. I gif you nice negties mit no charge. All to silk negties, unt stylish."

"All right," I promised, "sometime"—and to my embarrassment, after shaking hands, I found myself touching my cap in emulation of his own act of courtesy.

Truly there was something about J. Smith that "got" me in spite of my inherent antagonism.

"Who was that queer-looking man, Jackson?" my wife inquired as we sat down to supper.

"Oh," I said carelessly, "he's an old fellow up for a couple of days' fishing. He's going home to-morrow."

Junior, who looked excessively scrubbed and somewhat resentful, broke in:

"He's a nice man. He has long whiskers and he played horse with me 'til daddy came."

"You have some very remarkable fish-

ing friends, Jackson," said my wife doubtfully. "I wonder if a change to the sea-shore would not be a good thing for the children, next year?"

"I wanner go bathin'! I wanner go bathin'!" Edith, aged four, chanted. She was a bright child and remembered a week-end at the sea the previous September.

"I had two baths," bragged Junior. "One right after the other."

"Did you know that Junior had *had* his bath when you sent him up-stairs?" my wife asked.

"No," I said.

"Well, he had. Katie gave him one at four o'clock. I did not know it when he came to me, crying, with your message, so I gave him another."

"Well," I said, "I thought he needed it—he usually does—and I don't believe it will weaken him."

"Weaken him?" Molly's eyes were full of surprised wonder. "Why should it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said hastily, and after kissing her and the children, I sought the back porch and my fishing paraphernalia.

It was after nine o'clock and quite dark when I returned with a light heart and heavy creel. The evening rise had been a good one, and for once I was ready with the very fly which the trout had selected for their evening meal. My heart was light as my creel was heavy, for, aside from a perfect evening's fishing, the spectre of the Old Man of the Sea ceased to obtrude itself in the guise of J. Smith, spicklefisherman. It—and he—had departed. Forever, I hoped.

Damp waders off, dry slippers on, and with pipe going comfortingly, I was about to take my well-earned ease when the telephone-bell jangled. "Three long and two short," I groaned as I recognized our call and, perforce, lowered my legs from the muscle-stretching veranda rail.

"Hello! Hello! Jackson, that you?" came smouldering over the wire.

"Yes. Who's speaking—Horton?"

"You're damn right it's me! Now get this straight! That double condemned *cousin* of yours is loose again, and next time I lay eyes on him I'll shoot at sight!"

"Hold on there," I said, with a sinking feeling in my heart. "Calm down and cut out the profanity. What's up?"

"Calm down! What do you think I am? That—whiskered relative of yours rocked Shadow Pool to-night when I was fast to the big trout—the slippery scoundrel—and *you* ask *me* to calm down!"

So that was it. J. Smith had broken out again with a vengeance. And yet—and yet—

"Did he get away?" I asked falteringly.

"Get away!" Again a period of flashes and blanks—"How could I hold him with half a tree across my line, but listen here, if ever I lay hold of that——"

Again the gentle censor intervenes, but I gathered that both the big trout and J. Smith had escaped, much to Horton's chagrin.

When the wire quieted down I ventured to express my regret and Horton's voice came back almost tearful in its intensity of feeling.

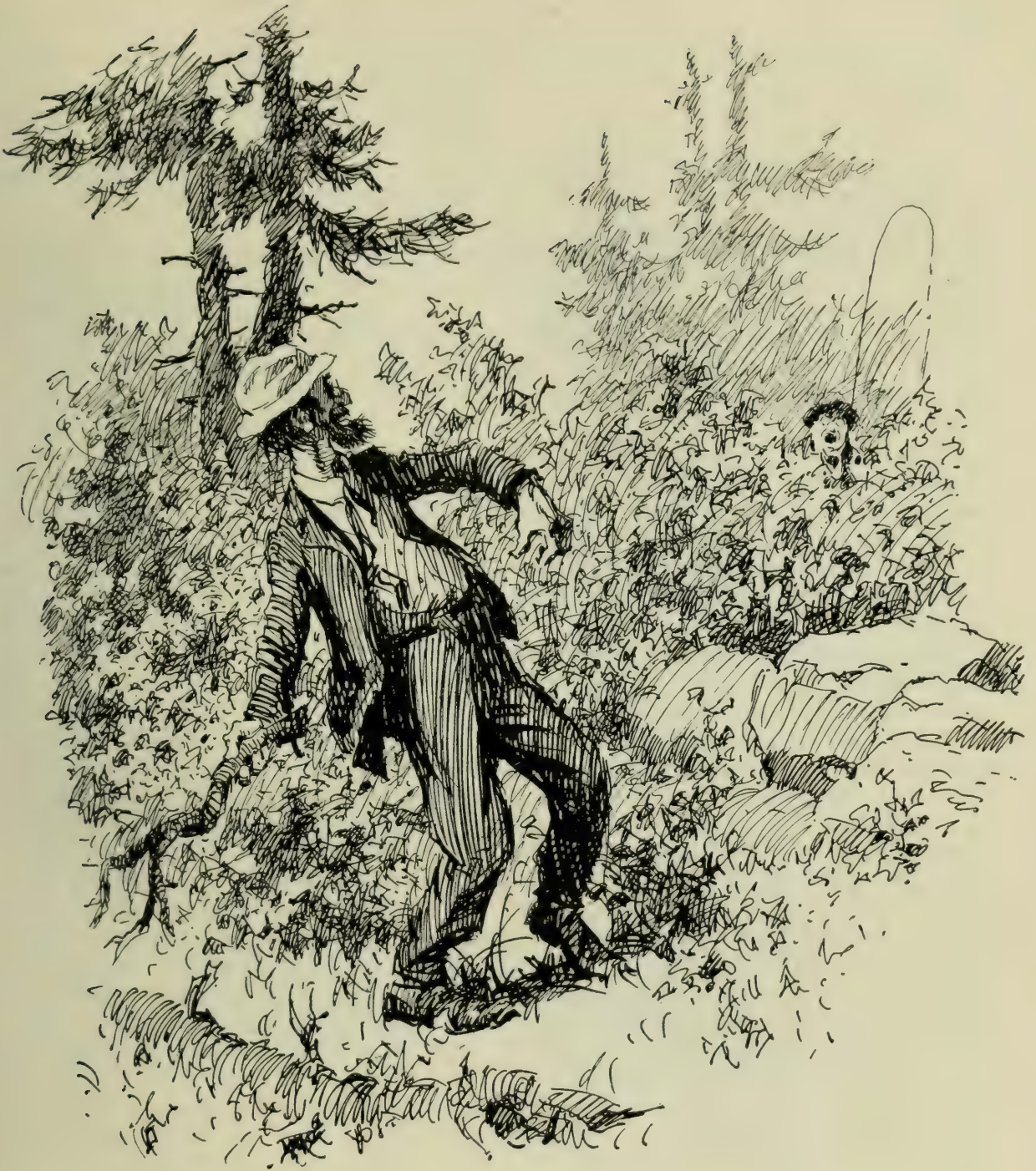
"Let me tell you, Jack. He came at the first cast—light-yellow may, it was—and I snagged him hard. He came out of water two feet, and I'd just got him straightened out when a rock plunked into the pool, and I saw that white-hatted, whiskered Bolshevik in the bushes just below the road. Then, down came a dead branch across my line, and it was all off."

"That's outrageous," I put in. "What then?"

"Well, he beat it, and I couldn't get up the bank fast enough in my waders—but, believe me, if I'd had a gun I'd have plunked him and taken the consequences. There are some things no fellow's expected to stand."

He was right, and wanton interference at such a moment was one of those things. And yet I had the unhappy feeling that J. Smith's action had worked for my gain. I say "unhappy," for if in the future I succeeded in landing the big fish, there always would be a sort of inward reservation detracting from the pride and pleasure which rightly belongs to one who secures such a prize.

"I'll tell you, Horton," I said. "I'm really distressed about this thing. I saw Smith this afternoon and advised him to



• "Then, down came a dead branch across my line, and it was all off."—Page 156.

clear out. He was decent about it—said he was not looking for trouble and would leave in the morning. He was sore at you, but I never thought he would be vindictive about it or have the nerve to do a thing like this. I'm sorry."

"Well," said Horton, somewhat mollified. "I'm sore as a boil. I doubt if either of us has such a chance with that fish again. He's probably having hys-

terics this minute, and with my fly sticking in his snout, too."

"He'll get over it," I said. "They always do, and I honestly hope you'll hook into him again"—and I meant that, too.

"All right, old man. I'll see you in the morning, and tell Mrs. Smith from me that I don't blame her for being thankful she's only your wife and not a blood rela-

tion"—and with this nasty dig he rang off.

But I did not give Molly his parting message.

III

AWAKENING in the early morning in a trout-fishing country brings with it, to the true fisherman, a pleasurable sense of alert well-being experienced in no other locality. Perhaps it is the tonic of the clean mountain air, or, possibly, the satisfying knowledge that he has before him another absorbing, sun-shot day at his chosen sport on riff and run and hemlock-shaded pool.

In any event, I know that on this particular morning I sprang from bed with the feeling that birds sang, the good sun shone, the river was at the proper height, and lusty trout lay beneath the rippling surface, eager for the drifting fly above them.

Birds, sunshine, and river greeted me as I stood at the open window breathing in a morning cocktail of life-giving ozone. Dew sparkled on the long grasses of the meadow and on the shrubs and bushes bordering the rough-flagged path leading to the stream. On the sun-warmed stones of the bridge approach I could see the jumper-clad figures of Junior and Edith exercising their somewhat reluctant pet box-turtles, and kitchenward the voices of my wife and our domestic treasure, Katie, were wafted cheerfully on a delicious back-draft of bacon-scented air.

Contentedly I lathered my face preparatory to shaving, glancing, from time to time, from mirror to the fair picture of foothills, fishing, and family, as framed by the open window. Far off, across the hills to the south, came the faint whistle of the seven-thirty train, bearing unfortunates from Paradise to Purgatory, with, no doubt, an added passenger in the person of J. Smith, with all my two days' troubles and annoyances packed safely in his evil-flavored black bag, along with sundry increasingly doubtful silver chub.

"Poor old cuss," I said softly, from the peace and content in my heart. "'Noddings but chums.' I wish the unmitigated scamp had at least one 'spicklefish' to show for his pains."

Reaching for my razor, I took one more

look from the window. Was it that the sun was obscured and that the very air and water had lost their sparkle? Worse than that! For, squatting on his haunches, and wearing a low-crowned derby in place of the floppy white hat, was the unmistakable J. Smith, patting the innocent heads of my evidently delighted offspring.

For a moment I experienced a rage like unto Horton's profane wrath of the night before. Then a sense of the inevitable oppressed me, and I understood exactly the despair of the gentleman in Mr. Poe's "Raven," when the black-omened bird happened to drop in unexpectedly. After this I experienced a feeling of utter, hopeless helplessness, augmented, no doubt, by the fact that at the moment I found myself lathered, pajama-clad, and in no wise accoutred for strenuous out-door pursuits. Mechanically, though, I made ready for action, destroying the carefully prepared shaving surface with a towel and hurrying into my clothes. And as I struggled into golf stockings and shoes, all the wrath, oppression, and hopelessness merged into one desire: to reach J. Smith and by some means to get rid of him before Horton discovered or my wife got a good look at him. In the first case I feared there would be murder done, and, in the second, something not far short of it but with another for the victim—myself!

Coatless, and with what hair I have standing awry, I rushed down-stairs and out on to the porch, there to be greeted with a far-off hail and flourish of rod from Horton, who was approaching the house cross lots, two fields away. Anxiously my gaze ran down the path to the bridge approach, but was checked half-way by the sight of Junior and Edith toddling toward me, alone. J. Smith had disappeared from the scene!

Junior clutched to his bosom a long, newspaper-wrapped parcel, and Edith carried proudly in her hand what seemed to be a piece of white paper. Excited cries greeted me as I hurried down the path to meet them.

"Letter, daddy, letter, daddy!" Edith prattled, running to me, and Junior shouted: "Look what I got from the horsey man! I guess it's a present, an' it's sticky!"



"If we were elemental sports we'd have that fish mounted and sent to him."—Page 160.

Hastily I snatched the letter—it was an envelope with J. Smith's name and business address on the corner—and with difficulty read the message scrawled in pencil across its face:

"Mr. Smit, frendt

"I go away by 9 clock R. R. so I haf no time see you. Unnerstan you ketch big spicklefish so early today before loudt

mans git up. Mebbe he be madder as las nicht but so is goot. Anivay you git fish from yrs respic

J. SMITH."

Only half comprehending, I turned the envelope and saw on the back:

"P.S.

"You gif me right. Micers done it."

Quickly I took the heavy parcel from Junior's tired hands, guessing and dreading to see what was concealed beneath the folds of the damp paper.

With a feeling of horror I laid upon the stones the lordliest trout I had seen taken from the river in many a year. Bright, full-bodied, and in perfect condition, he lay in the sunshine with exquisite color and marking only slightly dimmed, showing how recent had been his removal from his native element, and fast in his gristly snout was set a draggled fly, still recognizable as a yellow may.

"Great cats!"

Horton's voice boomed over my shoulder as he crushed through the hedge and stood above the big fish. Then he whirled and faced me accusingly: "That's my trout, Jackson Smith!" he shouted. "You stole him!"

"Didn't!" Junior screamed. "Horsey man ketched him and gave him to my daddy! 'Tisn't your old trout!" And Edith, little copy-cat that she is, chimed in:

"'Tisn'—or—ol' tow! 'Tisn'—or—ol' tow!"

"Stop that!" I commanded severely. "Go straight to the house and have your hands washed for breakfast. Tell your mother you've been messing with fish."

Then as, abashed, they stumbled slowly backward up the path, with wide, inquiring eyes and mouths ringed in protesting "Oh's," I turned to Horton.

"Look here!" I said. "You ought to know enough not to say a thing like that before the children. Read *this*"—and I handed him the scrawled envelope.

Horton deciphered it with frowning difficulty. Then he demanded, emphasizing every word: "Do you mean to say that your damned cousin had it in for me for cussing him out, and caught that fish and gave it to you so that you could make me think you had beaten me to it?"

"That's what it looks like. There's the fish with your fly in his mouth. You claim you lost him; I know I didn't catch him. The answer is in your hand."

"But how—how could he land a fish like that?" Horton questioned.

"Turn over the envelope," I said.

"Micers!" he exploded. "What's that?"

"He probably means that he floated a live mouse over the big 'un and he fell—or rose—for it."

"The blear-eyed pelican!" Horton ejaculated, with such a disgusted look at the fish that I was in doubt as to whom he intended the epithet to apply.

"Well," I said, "there he is. Under the circumstances, I can't claim him. He's yours by right—tagged with your own mark. Take him and be happy."

"Not I," he declared. "I wanted him badly enough, but not this way. You know," he went on quickly, "this thing gets me, somehow. There's something bigger here than that fish. I can't help feeling that the old blighter did a sporting thing—according to his lights—when he gave up that trout, his only spickle-fish, even if in doing it he hoped to oblige a friend and confound an enemy."

"He is a sport," I agreed, "even if his processes are somewhat elemental in this complicated civilization of ours."

"Hell!" said Horton shortly. "If we were elemental sports we'd have that fish mounted and sent to him. But, as it is, we've got to consider the club and consequences."

"I'd thought of that," I agreed, "but it is too complicated. It won't do."

"Well, it's up to you," he said with a shrug. "There's the fish, and here comes Molly."

Molly was coming down the steps, a welcoming smile on her face, and holding by the hand a slick-headed child on either side.

"I've changed my mind," I said quickly. "I'm going to have him stuffed. It's what J. Smith expected of me."

Horton looked surprised. "You can have a nice little brass plate with 'Taken by J. Smith' engraved on it, in all truth," he almost sneered.

I grinned at him. "Stuffed," I repeated, "and baked in cream. You'll be elementary enough, I hope, to help eat him."

Horton's laugh rang clear as he clapped me on the back.

"Spoken like a man and a lawyer!" he declared. "I'm your silent partner in this. You've found the one way out."



The Twilight Trail

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

OVER the mountain and through the burning and deep in the marshy way,
Tired and grimy and hot and happy, we have come to the end of the hard, sweet
day;

Only the length of the lake to paddle, only a stretch of dim forest to breast,
Camp is against the sunset hill—firelight and food and home and rest.

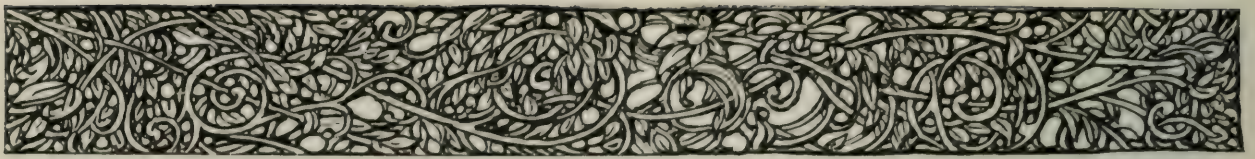
The alders part in a swaying arch; homing waters lie close at hand;
Guides slip past with canoes on their heads—hark! how the keels grate soft in the
sand.

Only the lake and the last portage—then a camp-fire star will shout to us hail!
Laughing and low, two voices I know come up behind in the twilight trail.

Lord, when the end of the long trail comes and I stand by an unfamiliar river,
Worn out a bit, yet happy, likely, to drop the load on the sand forever,
I shall be very grimy, I think, soiled with the journey, traveller-wise,
And the glory of Heaven—if I win to it—will seem overbright to tired eyes;
Lord, I am hoping that out of Your goodness You will send me a simpler Heaven
at first,

Before the blaze of the angels' whiteness, before the music's rapturous burst;
Out of Your own divine understanding, You'll spare me the light of the blessed
land,

As I trudge to the gate, a dazed, tired pilgrim, and give me a Heaven I understand.
You being God, who can do it, I'm hoping I'll come to a quiet forest I know,
With its twilight hush and a late bird calling and down in the West a copper glow;
Alders will sway in an arch before me, and a rippled lake stretch friendly and dear;
Silent mountains about the sky-line; one lavender peak pulsating clear;
Sweet and afar a camp-fire star will shine out a homely, welcoming hail—
While, laughing and low, two voices I know come close behind in the twilight trail.



Adventure Song of Salisbury Plain

BY GERARD WALLOP

THE wind doth bend the grass
To meet the mounting day,
The road runs o'er the pass,
That marks the viking way.

For still the earth is young,
And while our life is true,
The viking whence we sprung,
Bids us go forth anew.

The down, that bears the sky,
Doth hold no fence or wall.
The world goes swinging by,
And sings its changeless call.

"Who follows me
(By earth and sea)
To find Valhalla's Bridge?
Who follows far
To gain the star,
Above the Windy Ridge?"

* * * * *

"Who follows home
(By range or foam)
To rest in Saxon town?
Who limps at last,
When life is cast
To sleep beneath the down?"

Caprice

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

ELUSIVE as the flying foam,
Blown from the bosom of the main,—
Uncertain as the sky of spring
When sun-rays chase the April rain,—
And sometimes in the murky night
A Jack-o-lantern's darting light.

Transients

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE loveliest of lovely things
They never come—and stay,
Seeing their beauty is the wings
That carry them away.

Though we light lanterns in our hearts
And make our crystal shine,
The well-beloved guest departs
While yet we pour the wine.

A heartbeat here—a lifetime gone,
Yet richer life therefor,
Remembering the wings that shone
Their moment at our door.

In a Play of Heywood's

BY LOUISA BROOKE

GOD take from me all other gifts,
Yet leave this gift to me,
That this my book of life may read,
"Fortune by Land and Sea."

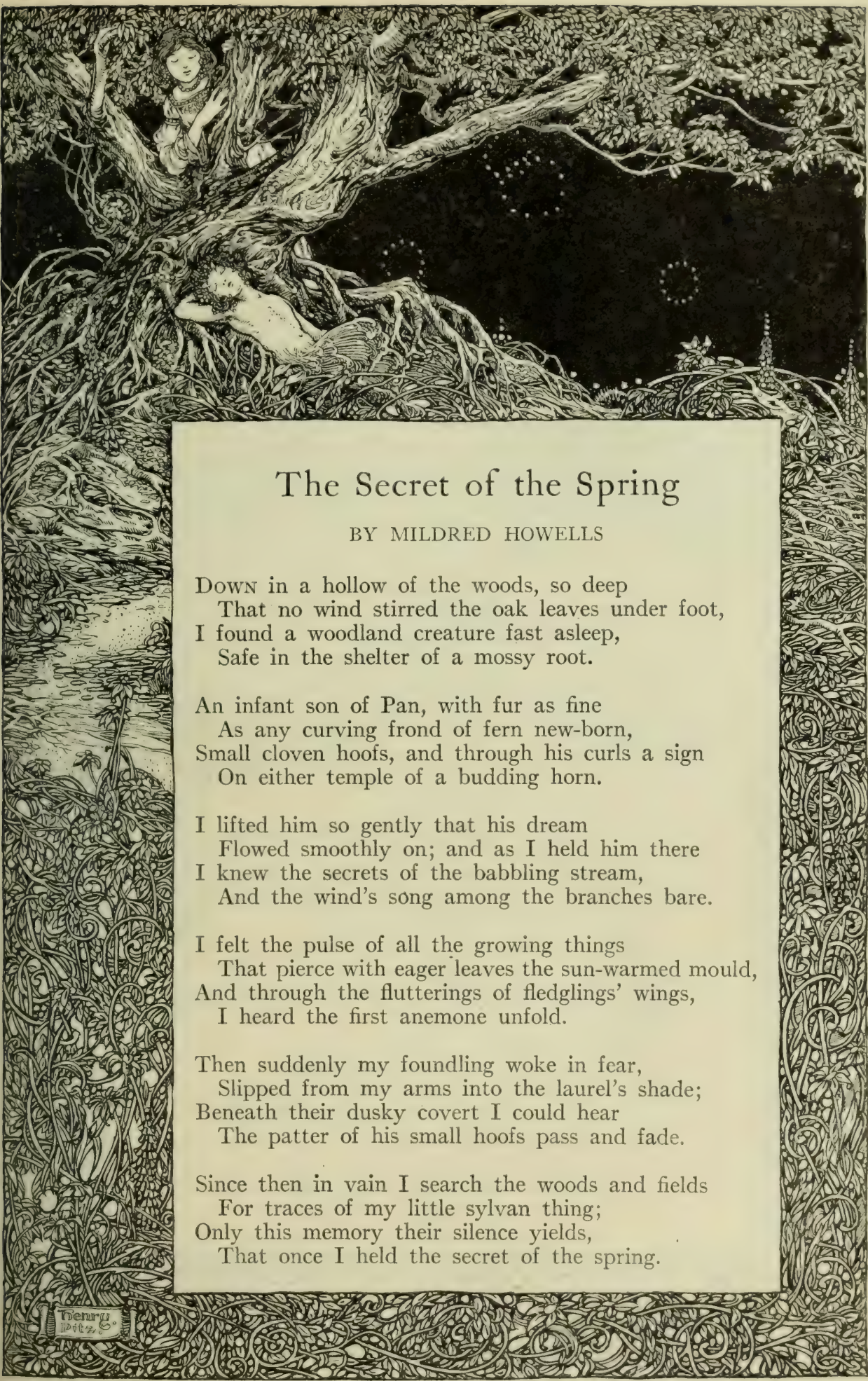
They never trusted me, and so
I trusted not myself.—
How should one know the tempered
blade
That rusted on the shelf?

Because I was a girl, they said
That I must bide at home.
Welcome gray hairs and hollow eyes
That give me leave to roam.

They feared to draw the tempered blade
That rusted on the shelf.—
Why should they trust the timid soul
That trusted not itself?

Why will God give me gifts, and yet
Withhold this gift from me,—
Who long to write upon my soul
"Fortune by Land and Sea"?





The Secret of the Spring

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

DOWN in a hollow of the woods, so deep
That no wind stirred the oak leaves under foot,
I found a woodland creature fast asleep,
Safe in the shelter of a mossy root.

An infant son of Pan, with fur as fine
As any curving frond of fern new-born,
Small cloven hoofs, and through his curls a sign
On either temple of a budding horn.

I lifted him so gently that his dream
Flowed smoothly on; and as I held him there
I knew the secrets of the babbling stream,
And the wind's song among the branches bare.

I felt the pulse of all the growing things
That pierce with eager leaves the sun-warmed mould,
And through the flutterings of fledglings' wings,
I heard the first anemone unfold.

Then suddenly my foundling woke in fear,
Slipped from my arms into the laurel's shade;
Beneath their dusky covert I could hear
The patter of his small hoofs pass and fade.

Since then in vain I search the woods and fields
For traces of my little sylvan thing;
Only this memory their silence yields,
That once I held the secret of the spring.



Sea-Folk

BY CORNELIA DUSHANE HOPKINS

You can't tell land-folk of the sea,
They never understand,
It's only folk like you and me,
That's tramped along the sand.

That's tramped along the sand and heard
The whispering of the waves,
That has watched the dip of the white sea-bird
To the prey his wild heart craves.

It's only folk like you and me,
That's held the tiller true,
That has felt its pull as the sheet swings free,
Sung chanties with the crew.

Sung chanties, leaning 'gainst the mast
As the anchor-rope pulls taut,
And heard the suck as the tide slips past.
No, the landsman knows it not.

Henry Pirz



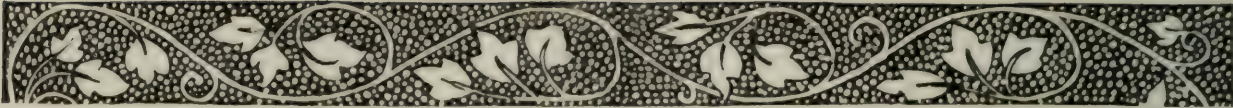
Sea-Gull

BY JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

You learned to fly where angels are
Before the golden throne;
The peace that lulls the evening star
You cherish for your own.

You learned to fly where winds are soft
And sing fair songs of praise—
On little winds, alow, aloft,
You dance away the days.

You learned to fly where music is
And dance and silver song—
God sends a little dream of His
To lead you all day long.



Going up to London

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

"As I went up to London,"
I heard a stranger say—
Going up to London
In such a casual way!
He turned the magic phrase
That has haunted all my days
As though it were a common thing
For careless lips to say.
As he went up to London!
I'll wager many a crown
He never saw the road that I
Shall take to London town.

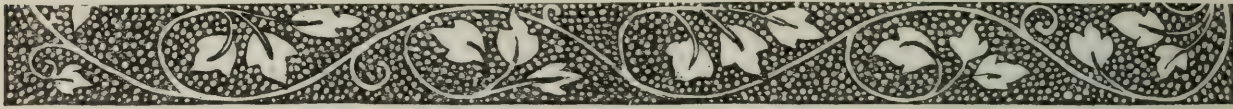
When I go up to London
'Twill be in April weather.
I'll have a riband on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather;
The broom will toss its brush for me;
Two blackbirds and thrush will be
Assembled in a bush for me
And sing a song together.
And all the blossomy hedgerows
Will shake their hawthorn down
As I go riding, riding
Up to London town.

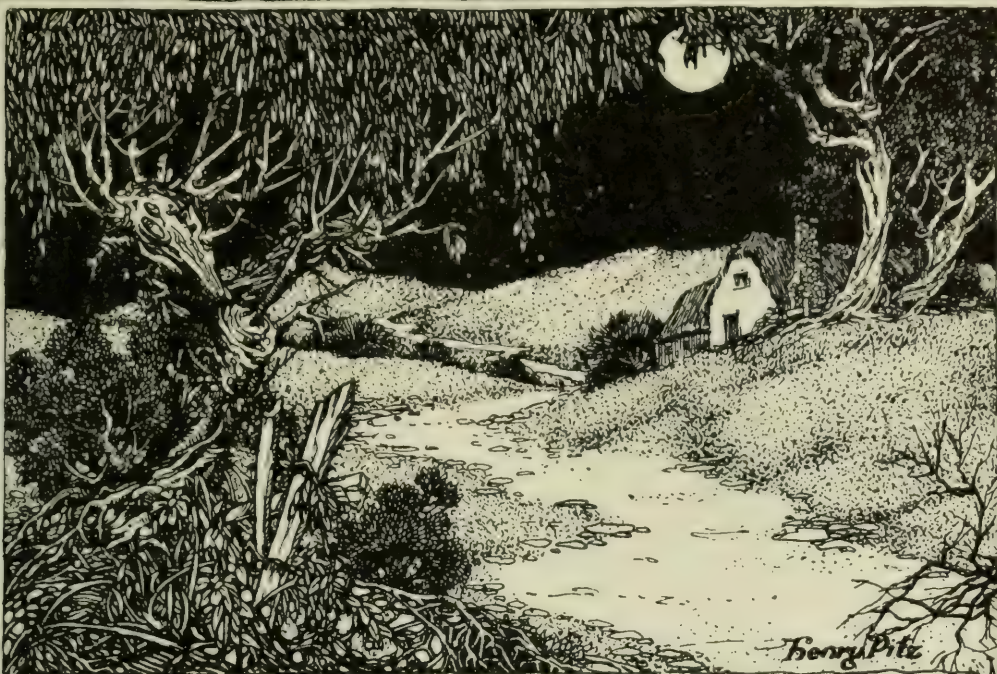
Halting on a tall hill
Pied with purple flowers,
Twenty turrets I shall count,
And twice as many towers;
Count them on my finger-tip
As I used to do,
And half a hundred spires
Pricking toward the blue.
There will be a glass dome
And a roof of gold,
And a latticed window high
Tilting toward the western sky,
As I knew of old.
London, London,
They counted me a fool—
I could draw your skyline plain
Before I went to school!

Riding, riding downward
By many a silver ridge
And many a slope of amethyst,
I'll come to London Bridge—
London Bridge flung wide for me,
Horses drawn aside for me,
Thames my amber looking-glass
As I proudly pass;
Lords and flunkies, dukes and dames,
Country folk with comely names
Wondering at my steadfast face,
Beggars curtsying,
Footmen falling back a space;—
I would scarcely stay my pace
If I met the King!
If I met the King himself
He'd smile beneath his frown:
"Who is this comes travelling up
So light to London town?"

Riding, riding eagerly,
Thrusting through the throng,
(Travelling light, Your Majesty,
Because the way was long),
I'll hurry fast to London gate,
(The way was long, and I am late),
I'll come at last to London gate,
Singing me a song—
Some old rhyme of ancient time
When wondrous things befell.
And there the boys and girls at play,
Understanding well,
Quick will hail me, clear and sweet,
Crowding, crowding after;
Every little crooked street
Will echo to their laughter;
Lilting, as they mark my look,
Chanting, two and two,
*Dreamed it, dreamed it in a dream
And waked and found it true!*

Sing, you rhymes, and ring, you chimes,
And swing, you bells of Bow!
When I go up to London
All the world shall know!






Dusk on the Hill Road

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

THE long, sweet, twilit roadway of the hills,—
 A shy star trembling on the farthest crest;
 Deep-nested valleys where the still dusk fills
 With slow, far-reaching shadows of the west.
 Tender and white a little moon hangs low,
 Glinting a winding river, silver-gray;
 Amber and pink, the sun's faint afterglow
 Brushes the heights, and slowly dies away.
 And down the dew-wet, fragrant dusk the road
 Goes on unfettered, where the sumach glows,
 And gleaming goldenrod nods with it's load,
 And here, the crimson berry of the rose.
 And now the greatest height, where far lands lie
 All velvet soft within the twilight gray;
 Vast distances and silences,—and high
 Thoughts lifted like as holy ones who pray.
 And then a valley where the breezes blow
 The deep, sweet breath of freshly upturned loam,
 A lighted lamp across the fields,—and lo,
 The one who came the hill road has come home.



The Indian of the Screen

BY FRANK B. LINDERMAN

CLAD, for the camera's eye, in all his father's finery
Which lends him fleeting wisps of ancient ways;
His face made up to suit a whiteman's whims, a whiteman
Who would counterfeit his saint for silver coin—
All day for hire he plays at war, and playing, pricks
To life the deadened spirit of a warrior's time:

His blood throbs in his ears and drowns the camera's clicking,
As charging and wheeling, a horseman still, he earns his hire.
The war-cry rings, his eyes flash fire!—The scalp-dance timed
To beating drums, the song his father sang in victory,
Stir his heart till, aching with the yearn for their reality?
He counts his coups at night as real within his lodge.

Dancing he boasts there of the deeds he did that day
Before the camera's eye and men who gave him gold;
And as though these were his hero-part in tribal war,
His comrades cry "well done!" And deep, the rawhide drums
Accord him the many coups, and honor—playing, all,
In sanction of the bit of life—and but the clothes were true.

I could not scoff, for hearts so tuned to other days
Have need to borrow from the past if they would sing.

In the Last Land

BY EVELYN HARDY

It seems so long ago that you preferred
To walk among the silent dead, than here
Upon the wind-swept moor. Never a word
You said, but slipped away, with only Fear
For company, down that dim road which meets
The bridgeless, Stygian tide.

Among the dead
Have you found one who radiantly greets
You on a hill at dawn; or crowns your head
With violets, at dusk, as was my wont?
Or are you waiting, hoping, without care?—
Some day I'll come there too, and blindly hunt
For you.—Will you still be sublimely fair?
Or faded, tired, and very changed to see?
But most of all—will you remember me?

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK IV

XXXII



HEAVILY the weeks went by.

The world continued to roar on through smoke and flame, and contrasted with that headlong race was the slow

dragging lapse of hours and days to those who had to wait on events inactive.

When Campton met Paul Dastrey for the first time after the death of the latter's nephew, the two men met with a long hand-clasp and then sat silent. As Campton had felt from the first, there was nothing left for them to say to each other. If young men like Louis Dastrey must continue to be sacrificed by hundreds of thousands to save their country, for whom was the country being saved? Was it for the wasp-waisted youths in sham uniforms who haunted the reawakening hotels and restaurants, in the frequent intervals between their ambulance trips to safe distances from the front? Or was it for the elderly men like Dastrey and Campton, who could only sit facing each other with the spectre of the lost between them? Young Dastrey, young Fortin-Lescluze, René Davril, Benny Upsher—and how many hundreds more each day! And not even a child left by most of them, to carry on the faith they had died for. . .

"If we're giving all we care for so that those little worms can reopen their dance-halls on the ruins, what in God's name is left?" Campton questioned.

Dastrey sat looking at the ground, his grey head bent between his hands. "France," he said.

"What's France, with no men left?"

"Well—I suppose, an Idea."

"Yes. I suppose so." Campton stood up heavily.

An Idea: they must cling to that. If Dastrey, from the depths of his destitution, could still feel it and live by it, why did it not help Campton more? An Idea: that was what France, ever since she had existed, had always been in the story of civilization; a luminous point about which striving visions and purposes could rally. And in that sense she had been as much Campton's spiritual home as Dastrey's; to thinkers, artists, to all creators, she had always been a second country. If France went, western civilization went with her; and then all they had believed in and been guided by would perish. That was what George had felt; it was what had driven him from the Argonne to the Aisne. Campton felt it too; but dully, through a fog. His son was safe; yes—but too many other men's sons were dying. There was no spot where his thoughts could rest: there were moments when the sight of George, intact and immaculate—his arm at last out of its sling—rose before his father like a reproach.

The feeling was senseless; but there it was. Whenever the young man entered the room Campton saw him attended by the invisible host of his comrades, the fevered, the maimed and the dying. The Germans had attacked at Verdun: horrible daily details of the struggle were pouring in. No one at the rear had really known, except in swift fitful flashes, about the individual suffering of the first months of the war; now such information was systematized and distributed everywhere, daily, with a cold impartial hand. And every night, when one laid one's old bones on one's bed, there were those others, the young in their thousands, lying down, perhaps never to rise again, in the mud and blood of the trenches.

Even Boylston's Preparedness was beginning to get on Campton's nerves. He tried to picture to himself how he should

exult when his country at last fell into line; but he could realize only what his humiliation would be if she did not. It was almost a relief, at this time, to have his mind diverted to the dissensions among the "Friends of French Art," where, at a stormy meeting, Harvey Mayhew, as a member of the Finance Committee, had asked for an accounting of the money taken in at Mrs. Talkett's concert. This money, Mr. Mayhew stated, had passed through a number of hands. It should have been taken over by Mr. Boylston, as treasurer, at the close of the performance; but he had failed to claim it—had, in fact, been unfindable when the organizers of the concert brought their takings to Mrs. Talkett—and the money, knocking about from hand to hand, had finally been carried by Mrs. Talkett herself to Mr. Campton. The latter, when asked to entrust it to Mr. Mayhew, had refused on the ground that he had already deposited it in the bank; but a number of days later it was known to be still in his possession. All this time Mr. Boylston, treasurer, and chairman of the Financial Committee, appeared to think it quite in order that the funds should have been (as he assumed) deposited in the bank by a member who was not on that particular committee, and who, in reality, had forgotten that they were in his possession.

Mr. Mayhew delivered himself of this indictment amid an embarrassed silence. To Campton it had seemed as if a burst of protest must instantly clear the air. But after he himself had apologized for his negligence in not depositing the money, and Boylston had disengaged his responsibility in a few quiet words, there followed another blank interval. Then Mr. Mayhew suddenly suggested a complete reorganization of the work. He had something to criticize in every department. He, who so seldom showed himself at the office, now presented a list of omissions and commissions against which one after another of the active members rose to enter a mild denial. It was clear that some one belonging to the organization, and who was playing into his hands, had provided him with a series of cleverly falsified charges against the whole group of workers.

Presently Campton could stand it no

longer, and, jumping up, suddenly articulate, he flung into his cousin's face a handful of home-truths under which he expected that glossy countenance to lose its lustre. But Mr. Mayhew bore the assault with urbanity. It did not behove him, he said, to take up the reproaches addressed to him by the most distinguished member of their committee—the most distinguished, he might surely say without offense to any of the others (a murmur of assent); it did not behove him, because one of the few occasions on which a great artist may be said to be at a disadvantage is when he is trying to discuss business matters with a man of business. He, Mr. Mayhew, was only that, nothing more; but he *was* that, and he had been trained to answer random abuse by hard facts. In no way did he intend to reflect on the devoted labours of certain ladies of the committee, nor on their sympathetic treasurer's gallant efforts to acquire, amid all his other pressing interests, the rudiments of business habits; but Miss Anthony had all along been dividing her time between two widely different charities, and Mr. Boylston, like his distinguished champion, was first of all an artist, with the habits of the studio rather than of the office. In the circumstances——

Campton jumped to his feet again. If he stayed a moment longer he felt that he should knock Mayhew down. He jammed his hat on, shouted out "I resign," and stumbled blindly from the room.

It was the way in which his encounters with practical difficulties always ended. The consciousness of his inferiority in argument, the visionary's bewilderment when incomprehensible facts are thrust on him by fluent people, the helpless sense of not knowing what to answer, and of seeing his dream-world smashed in the rough-and-tumble of shabby motives—it all gave him the feeling that he was drowning, and must fight his way to the surface before they had him under.

In the street he stood in a cold sweat of remorse. He knew the charges of negligence against Miss Anthony and Boylston were trumped up. He knew there was an answer to be made, and that he was the man to make it; and his eyes

filled with tears of rage and self-pity at his own incompetence. But then he took heart at the thought of Boylston's astuteness and Miss Anthony's courage. They would not let themselves be beaten—probably they would fight their battle better without him. He tried to protect his retreat with such arguments, and when he got back to the studio he called up Mme. Lebel, and plunged again into his charcoal study of her head. He did not remember having ever worked with such supernatural felicity: it was as if *that* were his victorious answer to all their lies and intrigues. . .

But the Mayhew party was victorious too. How it came about a mind like Campton's could not grasp. Mr. Mayhew, it appeared, had let fall that a very large gift of money from the world-renowned philanthropist, Sir Cyril Jorgenstein (obtained through the good offices of Mmes. de Dolmetsch and Beausite) was contingent on certain immediate changes in the organization ("drastic changes" was Mr. Mayhew's phrase); and thereupon several hitherto passive members had suddenly found voice to assert the duty of not losing this gift. After that the way was clear. Adele Anthony and Boylston were offered ornamental posts which they declined, and within a week the Palais Royal saw them no more, and Paris drawing-rooms echoed with the usual rumours of committee wrangles and dark discoveries.

The episode left Campton with a bitter taste in his soul. It seemed to him like an ugly little allegory of Germany's manoeuvring the world into war. The speciousness of Mr. Mayhew's arguments, the sleight-of-hand by which he had dislodged the real workers and replaced them by his satellites, reminded the painter of the neutrals who were beginning to say that there were two sides to every question, that war was always cruel, and that how about the Russian atrocities in Silesia? As the months dragged on a breath of lukewarmness had begun to blow through the world, damping men's souls, confusing plain issues, casting a doubt on the worth of everything. People were beginning to ask what one knew, after all, of the secret motives which had impelled half-a-dozen

self-indulgent old men ensconced in Ministerial offices to plunge the world in ruin. No one seemed to feel any longer that life is something more than being alive; apparently the only people not tired of the thought of death were the young men still pouring out to it in their thousands.

Still those thousands poured; still the young died; still, wherever Campton went, he met elderly faces, known and unknown, disfigured by grief, shrunken with renunciation. And still the months wore on without result.

One day in crossing the Tuileries he felt the same soft sparkle which, just about a year earlier, had abruptly stirred the sap in him. Yes—it was nearly a year since the day when he had noticed the first horse-chestnut blossoms, and been reminded by Mme. Lebel that he ought to buy some new shirts; and though to-day the horse-chestnuts were still leafless they were already misty with buds, and the tall white clouds above them full-uddered with spring showers. It was spring again, spring with her deluding promises—her gilding of worn stones and chilly water, the mystery of her distances, the finish and brilliance of her nearer strokes. Campton, in spite of himself, drank down the life-giving draught and felt its murmur in his veins. And just then, across the width of the deserted gardens he saw, beyond a stretch of turf and clipped shrubs, two people, also motionless, who seemed to have the same cup at their lips. He recognized his son and Mrs. Talkett.

Their backs were toward him, and they stood close together, looking with the same eyes at the same sight: an Apollo touched with flying sunlight. After a while the pair walked on again, against a background of evergreens, slowly and close to each other. George, as they moved, seemed now and then to point out some beauty of sculpture, or the colour of a lichened urn; and once they turned and took their fill of the great perspective tapering to the Arch—the Arch on which Rude's Maenad-Marseillaise still yelled her battalions on to death.

XXXIII

CAMPTON finished his charcoal of Mme. Lebel; then he attacked her in oils. Now

that his work at the Palais Royal was ended, painting had once more become his only refuge.

Adele Anthony had returned to her refugees; Boylston, pale and obstinate, toiled on at Preparedness. But Campton found it impossible to take up any new form of beneficence; his philanthropic ardour was exhausted. He could only revert to his brushes, and shut himself up, for long solitary hours, in the empty and echoing temple of his art.

George emphatically approved of his course: George was as insistent as Mrs. Brant on the duty of "business as usual." But on the young man's lips the phrase had a different meaning; it seemed the result of that altered perspective which Campton was conscious of whenever, nowadays, he tried to see things as his son saw them. George was not indifferent, he was not callous; but he seemed to feel himself mysteriously set apart, destined to some other task for which he was passively waiting. Even the split among the "Friends of French Art" left him, despite of his admiration for Boylston, curiously unperturbed. He seemed to have taken the measure of all such ephemeral agitations, and to regard them with an indulgent pity which was worse than coldness.

"He feels that all we do is so useless," Campton said to Dastrey; "he's like a gardener watching ants rebuild their hill in the middle of a path, and knowing all the while that hill and path are going to be wiped out by his pick."

"Ah, they're all like that," Dastrey murmured.

Mme. Lebel came up to the studio every afternoon. The charcoal study had been only of her head; but for the painting Campton had seated her in her own horsehair arm-chair, her smoky lamp beside her, her sewing in her lap. More than ever he saw in the wise old face something typical of its race and class: the obstinate French gift, as some one had put it, of making one more effort after the last effort. The old woman could not imagine why he wanted to paint her; but when one day he told her that it was for her grandsons, her eyes filled, and she said: "For which one, sir? For they're both at Verdun."

One autumn afternoon he was late in getting back to the studio, where he knew she was waiting for him. He pushed the door open, and there, in the beaten-down attitude in which he had once before seen her, she lay across the table, her cap awry, her hands clutching her sewing, and George kneeling at her side. His arm was about her, his young head pressed against her breast; and on the floor lay the letter, the fatal letter which was always, nowadays, the explanation of such scenes.

Neither George nor the old woman had heard Campton; and for a moment he stood and watched them. George's face, so fair and ruddy against Mme. Lebel's rusty black, wore a look of boyish compassion which Campton had never seen on it. Mme. Lebel had sunk into his hold as if it soothed and hushed her; and Campton said to himself: "These two are closer to each other than George and I, because they've both seen the horror face to face. He knows what to say to her ever so much better than he knows what to say to his mother or me."

But apparently there was no need to say much. George continued to kneel in silence; presently he bent and kissed the old woman's withered cheek; then he got to his feet and saw his father.

"The *chasseur Alpin*," he merely said, picking up the letter and handing it to Campton. "It was the grandson she counted on most."

Mme. Lebel caught sight of Campton, smoothed herself and stood up also.

"I had found him a wife—a strong healthy girl with a good *dot*. There go my last great-grandchildren! For the other will be killed too. I don't understand any more, do you?" She made an automatic attempt to straighten the things on the table, but her hands beat the air and George had to lead her downstairs.

It was that day that Campton said to himself: "We shan't keep him in Paris much longer." But the heavy weeks of spring and summer passed, the inconclusive conflict at the front went on with its daily toll of dead, and George still stuck to his job. Campton, during this time, continued to avoid the Brants as much as possible. His wife's conversation was in-

tolerable to him; her obtuse optimism, now that she had got her son back, was even harder to bear than the guiltily averted glance of Mr. Brant, between whom and Campton their last talk had hung a lasting shadow of complicity.

But most of all Campton dreaded to meet the Talketts; the wife with her flushed cheek-bones and fixed eyes, the husband still affably and continuously arguing against Philistinism. One afternoon the painter stumbled on them, taking tea with George in Boylston's little flat; but he went away abruptly, unable to bear the interminable discussion between Talkett and Boylston, and the pacifist's reiterated phrase: "To borrow one of my wife's expressions"—while George, with a closed brooding face, sat silent, laughing drily now and then. What a different George from the one his father had found, in silence also, kneeling beside Mme. Lebel!

Once again Campton was vouchsafed a glimpse of that secret George. He had walked back with his son after the funeral mass for young Lebel; and in the porter's lodge of the Avenue Marigny they found a soldier waiting—a young square-built fellow, with a shock of straw-coloured hair above his sunburnt rural face. Campton was turning from the door when George dashed past him, caught the young man by both shoulders, and shouted out his name. It was that of the orderly who had carried him out of the firing line and hunted him up the next day in the Doullens hospital. Campton saw the look the two exchanged: it lasted only for the taking of a breath; a moment later officer and soldier were laughing like boys, and the orderly was being drawn forth to shake hands with Campton. But again the glance was an illumination; it came straight from that far country, the Benny Upsher country, which Campton so feared to see in his son's eyes.

The orderly had been visiting his family, fugitives from the invaded regions who had taken shelter in one of Adele Anthony's suburban colonies. He had obtained permission to stop in Paris on his way back to the front; and for two joyful days he was lodged and feasted in the Avenue Marigny. Boylston provided him with an evening at Montmartre,

George and Mrs. Brant took him to the theatre and the cinema, and on the last day of his leave Adele Anthony invited him to tea with Campton, Mr. Brant and Boylston. Mr. Brant, as they left this entertainment, hung back on the stairs to say in a whisper to Campton: "The family are provided for—amply. I've asked George to mention the fact to the young man; but not until just as he's starting."

Campton nodded. For George's sake he was glad; yet he could not repress a twinge of his old dormant jealousy. Was it always to be Brant who thought first of the things to make George happy—always Brant who would alone have the power to carry them out?

"But he can't prevent that poor fellow's getting killed to-morrow," Campton thought almost savagely, as the young soldier beamed forth from the taxi in which George was hurrying him to the station.

It was not many days afterward that George looked in at the studio early one morning. Campton, over his breakfast, had been reading the *communiqué*. There was heavy news from Verdun, and from east to west the air was dark with calamity; but George's face had the look it had worn when he greeted his orderly.

"Dad, I'm off," he said; and sitting down at the table, he unceremoniously poured himself some coffee into his father's empty cup.

"The battalion's been ordered back. I leave to-night. Let's lunch together somewhere presently, shall we?"

His eye was clear, his smile confident: a great weight seemed to have fallen from him, and he looked like the little boy sitting up in bed with his Lavengro. "After ten months of Paris—" he added, stretching his arms over his head with a great yawn.

"Yes—the routine—" stammered Campton, not knowing what he said. Yet he was glad too; yes, in his heart of hearts he knew he was glad; though, as always happened, his emotion took him by the throat and silenced him. But it did not matter, for George was talking.

"I shall have leave a good deal oftener nowadays," he said with animation.

"And everything is ever so much better organized—letters and all that. I shan't seem so awfully far away. You'll see."

Campton still gazed at him, struggling for expression. Their hands met. Campton said—or imagined he said: "I see—I do see, already—" though afterward he was not even sure that he had spoken.

What he saw, with an almost blinding distinctness, was the extent to which his own feeling, during the long months, had imperceptibly changed, and how his inmost impulse, now that the blow had fallen, was not of resistance to it, but of acquiescence, since it made him once more one with his son.

He would have liked to tell that to George; but speech was impossible. And perhaps, after all, it didn't matter; it didn't matter, because George understood. Their hand-clasp had made that clear, and an hour or two later they were lunching together almost gaily.

Boylston joined them, and the three went on together to say goodbye to Adele Anthony. Adele, for once, was unprepared: it was almost a relief to Campton, who had winced in advance at the thought of her warlike attitude. The poor thing was far from warlike: her pale eyes clung to George's in a frightened stare, while her lips, a little stiffly, repeated the stock phrases of good cheer. "Such a relief . . . I congratulate you . . . getting out of all this *paperasserie* and red-tape. . . If I'd been you I couldn't have stood Paris another minute. . . The only hopeful people left are at the front. . ." It was the formula that sped every departing soldier.

The day wore on. To Campton its hours seemed as interminable yet as rapid as those before his son's first departure, nearly two years earlier. George had begged his father to come in the evening to the Avenue Marigny, where he was dining with the Brants. It was easier for Campton nowadays to fall in with such requests: during the months of George's sojourn in Paris a good many angles had had their edges rubbed off.

Besides, at that moment he would have done anything for his son—his son again at last! In their hand-clasp that morning the old George had come back to him, simple, boyish, just as he used to be; and

Campton's dread of the future was lightened by a great glow of pride.

In the Avenue Marigny dining-room the Brants and George were still sitting together about the delicate silver and porcelain. There were no flowers: Julia, always correct, had long since banished them as a superfluity. But there was champagne for George's farewell, and a glimpse of rich fare being removed.

Mr. Brant rose to greet Campton. His concise features were drawn with anxiety, and with the effort to hide it; but his wife appeared to Campton curiously unperturbed, and the leave-taking was less painful and uselessly drawn out than he had expected.

George and his father were to be sent to the station in Mr. Brant's motor. Campton, as he got in, remembered with a shiver the grey morning, before daylight, when the same motor had stood at the studio door, waiting to carry him to Doullens; between himself and his son he seemed to see Mr. Brant's small suffering profile.

To shake off the memory he said: "Your mother's in wonderfully good form. I was glad to see she wasn't nervous."

George laughed. "No. Madge met her this morning at the new *clairvoyante's*. —It does them all a lot of good," he added, with his all-embracing tolerance.

Campton shivered again. That universal smiling comprehension of George's always made him seem remoter than ever. "It makes him seem so old—a thousand years older than I am." But he forced an acquiescent laugh, and presently George went on: "About Madge—you'll be awfully good to her, won't you, if I get smashed?"

"My dear boy!"

There was another pause, and then Campton risked a question. "Just how do things stand? I know so little, after all."

For a moment George seemed to hesitate: his thick fair eyebrows were drawn into a puzzled frown. "I know—I've never explained it to you properly. I've tried to; but I was never sure that I could make you see." He paused and added quietly: "I know now that she'll never divorce Talkett."

"You know—?" Campton exclaimed with a great surge of relief.

"She thinks she will; but I see that the idea still frightens her. And I've kept on using the divorce argument only as a pretext."

The words plunged Campton back into new depths of perplexity. "A pretext?" he echoed blankly.

George drew a deep breath. "My dear old Dad—don't you guess? She's come to care for me awfully; if we'd gone all the lengths she wanted, and then I'd got killed, there would have been nothing on earth left for her. I hadn't the right, don't you see? We chaps haven't any futures to dispose of till this job we're in is finished. Of course, if I come back, and she can make up her mind to break with everything she's used to, we shall marry; but if things go wrong I'd rather leave her as she is, safe in her little old rut. So many people can't live out of one—and she's one of them, poor child, though she's so positive she isn't."

Campton sat chilled and speechless as the motor whirled them on through the hushed streets. It paralyzed his faculties to think that in a moment more they would be at the station.

"It's awfully fine: your idea," he stammered at length. "Awfully—magnanimous." But he still felt the chill down his spine.

"Oh, it's only that things look to us so different—so indescribably different—and always will, I suppose, even after this business is over. We seem to be sealed to it for life."

"Poor girl—poor girl!" Campton thought within himself. Aloud he said: "My dear chap, of course you can count on my being—my doing——"

"Of course, of course, old Dad."

They were at the station. Father and son got out and walked toward the train. Campton put both hands on George's shoulders.

"Look here," George broke out, "there's one thing more. I want to tell you that I know what a lot I owe to you and Adele. You've both been awfully fine: did you know it? You two first made me feel a lot of things I hadn't felt before. And you know this *is* my job; I've never been surer of it than at this minute."

They clasped hands in silence, each

looking his fill of the other; then the crowd closed in, George exclaimed: "My kit-bag!" and somehow, in the confusion, the parting was over, and Campton, straining blurred eyes, saw his son's smile—the smile of the light-hearted lad of old days—flash out at him from the moving train. For an instant the father had the illusion that it was the goodbye look of the boy George, going back to school after the holidays.

Campton, as he came out of the station, stumbled, to his surprise, on Mr. Brant. The little man, as they met, flushed and paled, and sought the customary support from his eye-glasses.

"I followed you in the other motor," he said, looking away.

"Oh, I say—" Campton murmured; then, with an effort: "Shouldn't you like me to drive back with you?"

Mr. Brant shook his head. "Thank you. Thank you very much. But it's late and you'll want to be getting home. I'll be glad if you'll use my car." Together they strolled slowly across the station court to the place where the private motors were aligned; but there Campton held out his hand.

"Much obliged; I think I'll walk."

Mr. Brant nodded; then he said abruptly: "This *clairvoyante* business: is there anything in it, do you think? You saw how calm—er—Julia was just now: she wished me to tell you that that Spanish woman she goes to—her name is Olida, I think—had absolutely reassured her about . . . about the future. The woman says she knows that George will come back soon, and never be sent to the front again. Those were the exact words, I believe. *Never be sent to the front again.* Julia put every kind of question, and couldn't trip her up; she wanted me to tell you so. It does sound . . .? Well, at any rate, it's a help to the mothers."

XXXIV

THE next morning Campton said to himself: "I can catch that goodbye look if I get it down at once—" and pulled out a canvas before Mme. Lebel came in with his coffee.

As sometimes happened to him, the

violent emotions of the last twenty-four hours had almost immediately been clarified and transmuted into vision. He felt that he could think contentedly of George if he could sit down at once and paint him.

The face grew under his feverish fingers—feverish, yet how firm! He always wondered anew at the way in which, at such hours, the inner flame and smoke issued in a clear guiding radiance. He saw—he saw; and the mere act of his seeing seemed to hold George safe in some pure impenetrable medium. His boy was actually there, sitting to him, the old George he knew and understood, essentially vividly face to face with him.

He was interrupted by a ring. Mme. Lebel, tray in hand, opened the door, and a swathed and voluminous figure, sweeping in on a wave of musk, blotted her out. Campton, exasperated at the interruption, turned to face Mme. Olida.

So remote were his thoughts that he would hardly have recognized her had she not breathed, on the old familiar guttural: "Juanito!"

He was less surprised at her intrusion than annoyed at being torn from his picture. "Didn't you see a sign on the door? 'No admission before twelve'—" he growled.

"Oh, yes," she said; "that's how I knew you were in."

"But I'm *not* in; I'm working. I can't allow——"

Her large bosom rose. "I know, my heart! I remember how stern you always were. 'Work—work—my work!' It was always that, even in the first days. But I come to you on my knees: Juanito, imagine me there!" She sketched a plunging motion of her vast body, arrested it in time by supporting herself on the table, and threw back her head entreatingly, so that Campton caught a glint of the pearls in a crevasse of her quaking throat. He saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

"What can I do? You're in trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, such trouble, my heart—such trouble!" She leaned to him, absorbing his hands in her plump muscular grasp. "I must have news of my son; I must! The young man—you saw him that day you came with your wife? Yes—he

looked in at the door: beautiful as a god, was he not? That was my son Pepito!" And with a deep breath of pride and anguish she unburdened herself of her tale.

Two or three years after her parting with Campton she had married a clever French barber from the Pyrenees. He had brought her to France, and they had opened a "Beauty Shop" at Biarritz and had prospered. Pepito was born there, and soon afterward, alas, her clever husband, declaring that he "hated grease in cooking or in woman" ("and after my Pepito's birth I became as you now see me"), had gone off with the manicure and all their savings. Mme. Olida had had a struggle to bring up her boy; but she had kept on with the Beauty Shop, had made a success of it, and not long before the war had added fortune-telling to massage and hair-dressing.

"And my son, Juanito; was not my son an advertisement for a Beauty Shop, I ask you? Before he was out of petticoats he brought me customers; before he was sixteen all the ladies who came to me were quarrelling over him. Ah, there were moments when he crucified me . . . but lately he had grown more reasonable, had begun to see where his true interests lay, and we had become friends again, friends and business partners. When the war broke out I came to Paris; I knew that all the mothers would want news of their sons. I have made a great deal of money; and I have had wonderful results—wonderful! I could give you instances—names that you know—where I have foretold everything! Oh, I have the gift, my heart, I have it!"

She pressed his hands with a smile of triumph; then her face clouded again.

"But six months ago my darling was called to his regiment—and for three months now I've had no news of him, none, none!" she sobbed, the tears making dark streaks through her purplish powder.

The upshot of it was that she had heard that Campton was "all-powerful"; that he knew Ministers and Generals, knew great financiers like Jorgenstein (who were so much more powerful than either Generals or Ministers), and could assuredly, if he chose, help her to trace her boy, who, from the day of his departure for the

front, had vanished as utterly as if the earth had swallowed him.

"Not a word, not a sign—to me, his mother, who have slaved and slaved for him, who have made a fortune for him!"

Campton looked at her, marvelling. "But your gift as you call it... your powers... you can't use them for yourself?"

She returned his look with a tearful simplicity: she hardly seemed to comprehend what he was saying. "But my son! I want *news* of my son, real news; I want a letter; I want to see some one who has seen him! To touch a hand that has touched him! Oh, don't you understand?" she gasped.

"Yes, I understand," he said; and she took up her desperate litany, clinging about him with soft palms like medusa-lips, till by dint of many promises he managed to detach himself and steer her gently to the door.

On the threshold she turned to him once more. "And your own son, Juanito—I know he's at the front again. His mother came the other day—she comes often. And I can promise you things if you'll help me. No, even if you don't help me—for the old days' sake, I will! I know secrets... magical secrets that will protect him. There's a Moorish salve, infallible against bullets... handed down from King Solomon... I can get it..."

Campton, guiding her across the sill, led her out and bolted the door on her; then he went back to his easel and stood gazing at the sketch of George. But the spell was broken: the old George was no longer there. The war had sucked him back into its awful whirl-pool—once more he was that dark enigma, a son at the front...

In the heavy weeks which followed, a guarded allusion of Campton's showed him one day that Boylston was aware of there being "something between" George and Madge Talkett.

"Not that he's ever said anything—or even encouraged me to guess anything. But she's got a talking face, poor little thing; and not much gift of restraint. And I suppose it's fairly obvious to everybody—except perhaps to Talkett—that she's pretty hard hit."

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"Yes. And George?"

Boylston's round face became remote and mysterious. "We don't really know—do we, sir?—exactly how any of them feel? Any more than if they were—" He drew up sharply on the word, but Campton faced it.

"Dead?"

"Transfigured, say; no, trans—what's the word in the theology books? A new substance... somehow..."

"Ah, you feel that too?" the father exclaimed.

"Yes. They don't know it themselves, though—how far they are from us. At least I don't think they do."

Campton nodded. "But George, in the beginning, was—frankly indifferent to the war, wasn't he?"

"Yes; intellectually he was. But he told me that when he saw the first men on their way back from the front—with the first mud on them—he knew he belonged where they'd come from. I tried hard to persuade him when he was here that his real job was on a military mission to America—and it *was*. Think what he might have done out there! But it was no use. His orderly's visit did the trick. It's the thought of their men that pulls them all back. Look at Louis Dastrey—they couldn't keep him in America. There's something in all their eyes: I don't know what. *Dulce et decorum*, perhaps—"

"Yes."

There was a pause before Campton questioned: "And Talkett?"

"Poor little ass—I don't know. He's here arguing with me nearly every day. She looks over his shoulder, and just shrugs at me with her eyebrows."

"Can you guess what she thinks of George's attitude?"

"Oh, something different every day. I don't believe she's ever really understood. But then she loves him, and nothing else counts."

Mrs. Brant continued to face life with apparent serenity. She had returned several times to Mme. Olida's, and had always brought away the same reassuring formula: she thought it striking, and so did her friends, that the *clairvoyante's* prediction never varied.

There was reason to believe that George's regiment had been sent to Verdun, and from Verdun the news was growing daily more hopeful. This seemed to Mrs. Brant a remarkable confirmation of Olida's prophecy. Apparently it did not occur to her that, in the matter of human life, victories may be as ruinous as defeats; and she triumphed in the fact—it had grown to be a fact to her—that her boy was at Verdun, when he might have been in the Somme, where things, though stagnant, were on the whole going less well. Mothers prayed for "a quiet sector"—and then, she argued, what happened? The men grew careless, the officers were oftener away; your son was ordered out to see to the repairs of a barbed-wire entanglement, and a sharpshooter picked him off while you were sitting reading one of his letters, and thinking: "Thank God he's out of the fighting." And besides, Olida was *sure*, and all her predictions had been so wonderful. . .

Campton began to dread his wife's discovering Mme. Olida's fears for her own son. Every endeavour to get news of Pepito had been fruitless; finally Campton and Bolyston concluded that the young man must be a prisoner. The painter had a second visit from Mme. Olida, in the course of which he besought her (without naming Julia) to be careful not to betray her private anxiety to the poor women who came to her for consolation; and she fixed her tortured velvet eyes on him reproachfully.

"How could you think it of me, Juanito? The money I earn is for my boy! That gives me the strength to invent a new lie every morning."

He took her fraudulent hand and kissed it.

The next afternoon he met Mrs. Brant walking down the Champs Elysées with her light girlish step. She lifted a radiant face to his. "A letter from George this morning! And, do you know, Olida prophesied it? I was there again yesterday; and she told me that he would soon be back, and that at that very moment she could see him writing to me. You'll admit it's extraordinary? So many mothers depend on her—I couldn't live without her. And her messages from her own son are so beautiful——"

"From her own son?"

"Yes: didn't I tell you? He says such perfect things to her. And she confessed to me, poor woman, that before the war he hadn't always been kind: he used to take her money, and behave badly. But now every day he sends her a thought-message—such beautiful things! She says she wouldn't have the courage to keep us all up if it weren't for the way that she's kept up by her boy. And now," Julia added gaily, "I'm going to order the cakes for my bridge-tea this afternoon. You know I promised Georgie I wouldn't give up my bridge-teas."

Now and then Campton returned to his latest portrait of his son; but in spite of George's frequent letters, in spite of the sudden drawing together of father and son during their last moments at the station, the vision of the boy George, the careless happy George who had ridiculed the thought of war and pursued his millennial dreams of an enlightened world—that vision was gone. Sometimes Campton fancied that the letters themselves increased this effect of remoteness. They were necessarily more guarded than the ones written, before George's wounding, from an imaginary H. Q.; but that did not wholly account for the difference. Campton, in the last analysis, could only say that his vision of his boy was never quite in focus. Either—as in the moment when George had comforted Mme. Lebel, or greeted his orderly, or when he had said those last few broken words at the station—he seemed nearer than ever, seemed part and substance of his father; or else he became again that beautiful distant apparition, the winged sentry guarding the Unknown.

The weeks thus punctuated by private anxieties rolled on dark with doom. At last, in December, came the victory of Verdun. Men took it reverently but soberly. The price paid had been too heavy for rejoicing; and the horizon was too ominous in other quarters. Campton had hoped that the New Year would bring his son back on leave; but still George did not speak of coming. Meanwhile Boylston's face grew rounder and more beaming. At last America was stirring in her

sleep. "Oh, if only George were out there!" Boylston used to cry, as if his friend had been an army. His faith in George's powers of persuasion was almost mystical. And not long afterward Campton had the surprise of a visit which seemed, in the most unforeseen way, to confirm this belief. Entering his studio one afternoon he found it tenanted by Mr. Roger Talkett.

The young man, as carefully brushed and arrayed as usual, but pale with emotion, clutched the painter's hand in a moist grasp.

"My dear Master, I had to see you—to see you alone and immediately."

Campton looked at him with apprehension. What was the meaning of his "alone"? Had Mrs. Talkett lost her head, and betrayed her secret—or had she committed some act of imprudence of which the report had come back to her husband?

"Do sit down," said the painter weakly.

But his visitor, remaining sternly upright, shook his head and glanced at his wrist-watch. "My moments," he said, "are numbered—literally; all I have time for is to implore you to look after my wife." He drew a handkerchief from his glossy cuff, and rubbed his eye-glasses.

"Your wife?" Campton echoed, dismayed.

"My dear sir, haven't you guessed? It's George's wonderful example... his inspiration... I've been converted! We men of culture can't stand by while the ignorant and illiterate are left to die for us. We must leave that attitude to the Barbarian. Our duty is to set an example. I'm off to-night for America—for Plattsburg."

"Oh—" gasped Campton, wringing his hand.

Boylston burst into the studio the next day. "What did I tell you, sir? George's influence—it wakes up everybody. But Talkett—I'll be hanged if I should have thought it! And have you seen his wife? She's a war-goddess! I went to the station with them: their farewells were harrowing. At that minute, you know, I believe she'd forgotten that George ever existed!"

"Well, thank God for that," Campton cried.

"Yes. Don't you feel how we're all being swept into it?" panted Boylston breathlessly. His face had caught the illumination. "Sealed, as George says—we're sealed to the job, every one of us! Even I feel that, sitting here at a stuffy desk..." He flushed crimson and his eyes filled. "We'll be in it, you know; America will—in a few weeks now, I believe! George was as sure of it as I am. And, of course, if the war goes on, our army will *have* to take short-sighted officers; won't they, sir? As England and France did from the first. They'll need the men; they'll need us all, sir!"

"They'll need *you*, my dear chap; and they'll have you, to the full, whatever your job is," Campton smiled; and Boylston, choking back a sob, dashed off again.

Yes, they were all being swept into it together—swept into the yawning whirlpool. Campton felt that as clearly as all these young men; he felt the triviality, the utter unimportance, of all their personal and private concerns, compared with this great headlong outpouring of life on the altar of conviction. And he understood why, for youths like George and Boylston, nothing, however close and personal to them, would matter till the job was over. "And not even for poor Talkett!" he reflected whimsically.

That afternoon, curiously appeased, he returned once more to his picture of his son. He had sketched the boy leaning out of the train window, smiling back, signalling, saying goodbye, while his destiny rushed him out into darkness as years ago the train used to rush him back to school. And while Campton worked he caught the glow again; it rested on brow and eyes, and spread in sure touches under his happy brush.

One day, as the picture progressed, he wavered over the remembrance of some little detail of the face, and went in search of an old portfolio into which, from time to time, he had been in the habit of thrusting his unfinished studies of George. He plunged his hand into the heap, and Georges of all ages looked forth at him: round baby-Georges, freckled school-boys, a thoughtful long-faced youth (the delicate George of St. Moritz); but none

seemed quite to serve his purpose and he rummaged on till he came to a page torn from an old sketch-book. It was the pencil study he had made of George as the lad lay asleep at the Crillon, the night before his mobilisation.

Campton threw the sketch down on the table; and as he sat staring at it he relived every phase of the emotion out of which it had been born. How little he had known then—how little he had understood! He could bear to look at the drawing now; could bear even to rethink the shuddering thoughts with which he had once cast it away from him. Was it only because the atmosphere was filled with a growing sense of hope? Because, in spite of everything, the victory of Verdun was there to show the inexhaustible strength of France, because people were more and more sure that America was beginning to waken . . . or just because, after too long and fierce a strain, human nature always instinctively contrives to get its necessary whiff of moral oxygen? Or was it that George's influence had really penetrated him, and that this strange renewed confidence in life and in ideals was his son's message of reassurance?

Certainly the old George was there, close to him, that morning; and somewhere else—in scenes how different!—he was sure that the actual George, at that very moment, was giving out force and youth and hope to those about him.

"I couldn't be doing this if I didn't understand—at last," Campton thought as he turned back to the easel. The little pencil sketch had given him just the hint

he needed, and he took up his palette with a happy sigh.

A knock broke in on his rapt labour, and without turning he called out: "Damn it, who are you? Can't you read the sign? *Not in!*"

The door opened and Mr. Brant entered.

He appeared not to have heard the painter's challenge; his eyes, from the threshold, sprang straight to the portrait, and remained vacantly fastened there. Campton, long afterward, remembered thinking, as he followed the glance: "He'll be trying to buy this one too!"

Mr. Brant moistened his lips, and his gaze, slowly detaching itself from George's face, moved back in the same vacant way to Campton's. The two men looked at each other, and Campton jumped to his feet.

"Not—not——?"

Mr. Brant tried to speak, and the useless effort contracted his mouth in a pitiful grimace.

"*My son?*" Campton shrieked, catching him by the arm. The little man dropped into a chair.

"Not dead . . . not dead . . . Hope . . . hope . . ." was shaken out of him in jerks of anguish.

The door burst open again, and Boylston dashed in beaming. He waved aloft a handful of morning papers.

"America! You've seen? They've sacked Bernstorff! Broken off diplomatic——"

His face turned white, and he stood staring incredulously from one of the two bowed men to the other.

(To be concluded.)





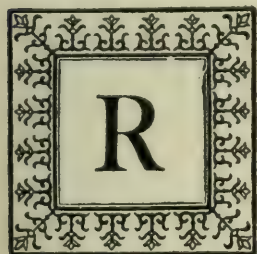
He'd camp on the critters' tails till they'd use all the energy they had to get out of the way.—Page 186.

Cattle Rustlers

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Will James says of his cowboy articles and drawings: "Yessir, as the cowboy speaks, by all means, is the way I intended the article to be published. Good English is fine, but it don't git there. I've records to show that I've lived the life further and deeper than very few cowboys have. I've worked at it for a living and it's all I know. I'm proud to say that I'm a cowpuncher, and not of the 1923 variety. I'm known as the cowboy artist without my saying so—it's taken for granted, for how can one know without really having the experience?"



RAGGED, bewhiskered, narrow-brained, cruel, and mighty dangerous to all folks, specially women, unscrupulous, with a hankering to kill and destroy all what he runs across, leaving nothing behind but the smoke, and a grease spot, is the impression folks get thru the movies and other fiction of the cattle rustler and horse-thief.

I don't blame them folks for shivering at the thought of ever meeting such a bad hombre, but they can rest easy, 'cause there is no such animal in the cattle rustler. Picture for yourself a man sleeping out under the stars, watching the sunrise and sunsets, where there's no skyscrapers or smoke to keep him from seeing *it all* acting that way or being what *they* say he is.

When I speak of cattle rustlers, I don't mean them petty cheap crooks what's

read dime novels and tries to get tough, steals some poor old widow's last few "dogies" cause they ain't got guts enough to get theirs from the big outfits what keeps riders the year 'round—they kind don't last long enough to be mentioned anyhow—and I always figgered the rope what kept 'em from touching the earth was worth a heap more than what it was holding.

There's cases where some cowboy what's kind of reckless and sorta free with his rope, might get a heap worse reputation than what he deserves; and he gradually gets the blame for any stock disappearing within a couple of hundred miles from his stomping ground. Naturally that gets pretty deep under his hide, with the result that he might live up to his reputation, he figgers he just as well, 'cause if he gets caught "going south" with five hundred head he won't get hung any higher than he would for running off with just some old "ring boned" saddle horse.

Consequences is when the stock associations and others start to keep him on the move, he's using his *long rope* for fair, and when he's moving there's a few carloads of prime stock making tracks ahead of him. In Wyoming a few of the feud men tried to even scores that way; the hill billy was on horseback and toting a hair-trigger carbine.

I don't want to give the impression that the cattlemen started in the cow business by rustling, not by a long shot—they're plumb against it in all ways, and most of 'em would let their herd dwindle down to none rather than brand anything lessen they're shure it's their own. But there is some what naturally hates to see anything go unbranded wether it's theirs or not, and being the critter don't look just right to 'em without said iron, they're most apt to plant one on and sometimes the brand don't always fit.

Like for instance, there was Bob Ryan riding mean horses all day and a lot of the night in all kinds of weather for somebody else at thirty a month and bacon. It wasn't any too interesting to him; he kinda hankered for a little range and a few head of stock of his own, and come to figgering that some outfits he'd rode for had no objections to their riders picking up a "slick" whenever it was safe. There was no reason much why them slicks couldn't just as well bear his own "iron," and that certain "ranny" being overambitious that way and sorta care-free, buys a few head of cows, calves, and yearlings, wherever he can get 'em and takes a "squatter" in the foothills, his weaning corrals being well hid higher up in some heavy timbered box canyon, and proceeds to drag a loop that makes him ashamed, at first.

There's the start of your cattle rustler—it's up to how wise he is, or how lucky, wether he keeps it up till he's really one or not. If he can get by till his herd is

the size he wants it without getting caught, most likely he'll stop there and no one will know the difference, but if some inquisitive rider gets wind of his doings, and that wind scatters till it begins



The stage-driver takes him and his "thirty years' gathering" to the railroad-station.—Page 184.

to look like a tornado, why it's liable to leave him in bad humor and make him somewhat more reckless.

A few months after Bob started on his own, a couple of riders out on circle was bringing in a bunch to the "cutting grounds," and in the "drags" noticed four cows with big bags belling their heads off—and no calves. In another drive there's two more. Next morning, the range boss takes two riders with him, leaving the straw boss take the others out on first "circle"—the six cows with the full bags was turned loose the night before and the boss finds 'em by a little corral in the brush still belling (a cow and calf, if separated and losing track of one another, always return to where they'd last been together and wait for days till the one missing returns), there'd been a lot of cattle there and most impossible to track any special critter, so he goes up on a ridge towards the high mountains and "cuts" for tracks. A few miles to the north he runs across what he's looking for, and by the signs to be seen they shure must of been travelling and a horse track was there on top of the rest, looked a few days old.

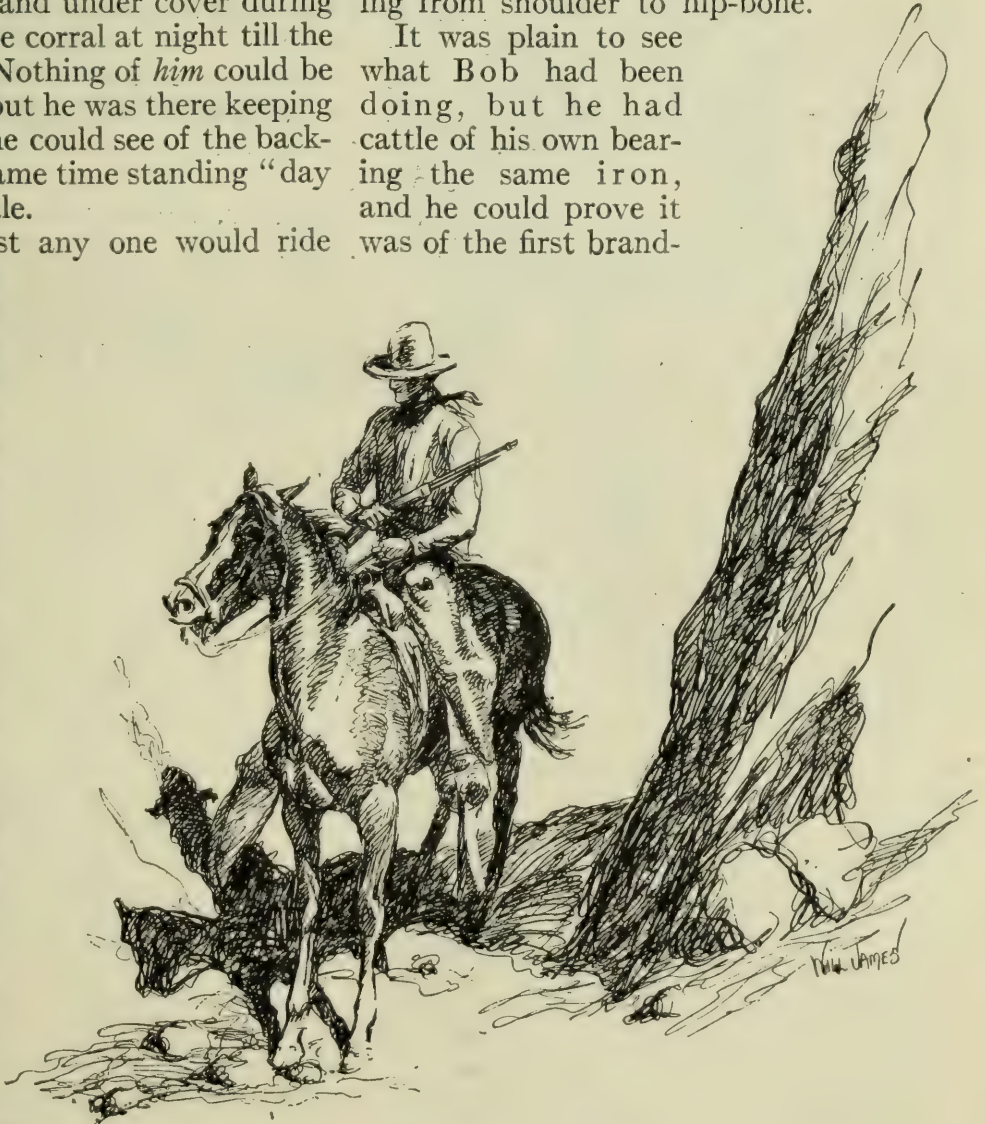
Up a canyon it leads a ten or twelve miles and they pass by Bob's camp, not seeing it. It was well hid and what's more, tracks is what the boss and the two riders was keeping their eyes on most—up a little further there's a corral and if it wasn't for them tracks it'd never be found. There'd been cattle there the night before it was plain to see. They kept quiet and listened, off into the timber higher up a calf was heard and single file they climbed toward where it sounded to be from, when figgering they was close enough, they scattered and went three ways and on past around where the cattle was feeding till they got up above 'em, then joined one another; and getting off their horses they climbed a high point, squatted, took their hats off, and looking thru the cracks of a red rock, they could see a few of the cattle below 'em. Bob had 'em on feed and under cover during the day and in the corral at night till the brands healed. Nothing of *him* could be seen anywheres, but he was there keeping his eye on what he could see of the back-trail and at the same time standing "day herd" on the cattle.

Bob knew most any one would ride right up into the cattle, if in case they was looking for him figgerin' he'd be there, but he would of fooled 'em by just dropping off his perch into the other canyon and making distance—by the time they'd got thru looking for him he'd been in the next county. The boss reckoned on all that, being quite a hand on them sorta tricks himself at one time; so calculates the best thing to do is keep out of sight, circle around back to the corral, hide and wait till Bob brought

the cattle down and put up the poles at the gate. Along about sundown, the cattle is coming and Bob is with 'em, drives 'em into the corral, and he's putting up the last pole when from three different places at close distance he hears the command "Put up your hands," "Way up there!" Bob reaches for the sky, knowing better than try to do different.

The next morning to the boss's surprise, there's no weaners in that corral; all grown stock mostly cows, and calves too young to be branded, but them cows had fresh irons and earmarks on 'em just beginning to heal. What was the original iron on them critters nobody could make out, it was blotched so bad and the ears cut so short that there was nothing to be seen but the *new iron*, that being shure visible and stretching from shoulder to hip-bone.

It was plain to see what Bob had been doing, but he had cattle of his own bearing the same iron, and he could prove it was of the first brand-



The hill billy was on horseback and toting a hair-trigger carbine.—Page 182.

ing, and them weaners disappearing was a puzzle. The boss had a strong hunch he had 'em hid somewheres, but where? and how could he prove Bob did it?

Bob not being caught red-handed just lands into court, and with his lawyer wins the fight; the judge and jury pronounces him "Not Guilty" and the lawyer takes the cattle for the fee. (It's most impossible to convict any one of cattle rustling, and that's why "necktie-parties" was so popular.) When the sun shines on his freedom again, the first thing that stares him in the eye is cattle once more, cattle everywhere on the hillsides and brakes—he knows it's his move, so calculates to make the most of it while moving. His idea is to clear enough to get him started in some new country, where he ain't branded so well.

He knows he'll get the blame for all that disappears in that territory, so he goes to work and takes pains to let everybody know in the town and country that he's hitting the breeze. He wants to let 'em understand that there'll be a whole State, maybe two, between him and those what suspicions. He sticks around for a week or more, straightening out his affairs, and the while telling the folks about him what a paradise this new country is where he's going to, that he wouldn't come back again on a bet.

The stage-driver takes him and his "thirty years' gathering" to the railroad-station and comes back telling the store-keeper and livery-stable man that he's went for sure. He'd seen him buy a ticket for some town a thousand miles away, and everybody kinda draws a long breath saying something like "good rid-dance of bad rubbish."

Sure enough, Bob had went alright, and arrives at this new country unknown and walking kinda straight. The sheriff ain't ever heard of him and he inquires 'round at the stable where the headquarters for the Blue River Land and Cattle Company might be found. The Superintendent, upon his asking for a job, informs him that he's full-handed excepting that he could use a good man "snapping broncs."

A few days later you could see Bob inside the breaking corral of the home ranch; four broncs are tied up and getting "edicated" and another's saddled

ready to be "topped off." He's standing there rolling a smoke, his mind not at all on the hobbled glass-eyed horse standing alongside him with legs wide apart and tipping the saddle near straight up with the hump that makes the boys ride. His eyes are on over and past the other broncs tied to the corral, and sees only away across the valley some fifteen miles. Timber out there draws his attention, and Bob wonders what the range is like at the particular spot.

It's quite a ride for a green bronc, but not many days later you could see him winding up, following the cow trails to that timber and waterhole. He passes two "alkali licks" and rides on thru the aspens to the mesa—white sage, grama, and mountain bunch-grass everywhere, shad-scale on the flat and wild peas in the gullies higher up. There's a line of troughs at the water hole and a few head of the Blue River cattle are watering there.

That night at the bunk house with the boys, Bob hazes the talk to drifting on about the springs and holdings of the company and by just listening, asking no questions, he finds that the little range he'd rode into that day was held by the outfit. He had a hunch they was holding it with no rights, and every one in the country had took it for granted it was theirs, never bothering about finding out.

A few months later the broncs are all "snapped out," a pay check in Bob's chap pocket, and then pretty soon a log house is up and the smoke coming out of the fireplace thru the timber where the line of troughs and alkali licks was located. There was a howl from the company about somebody "jumping" one of their springs, but that don't do no good, saying they owned that range and proving it was two different things; and Bob stayed on, taking in horses to break at ten dollars a head and making a big bluff as to how much he's putting away, every so often.

One day Bob disappears and is gone for most six weeks; his place being out of the way of any riders nobody knows he'd went or returned, and if you'd asked him where he was keeping himself he'd said, "home." Anyway, in a few days after his return, he buys a hundred head of mixed stock, and some kinda wondered where he'd got the money to buy stock with, figgering even if he did make a good stake at break-



He's rolling a smoke, his mind not at all on the hobbled glass-eyed horse standing alongside him.—Page 184.

ing horses, it wouldn't buy one-fourth the cattle he'd paid cash for. He disappears once more without any one knowing of it and buys another little bunch of "dogies." Bob was getting bolder every time and the big outfits a thousand miles to the north and east was putting out a big reward for a cattle thief they didn't have the description of. They'd plumb forgot about Bob, knowing him to be south somewhere and doing well, as they'd hear tell from the riders travelling thru.

He got so he could change a brand on a critter, and with a broken blade and a little acid of his own preparation make that brand to suit his taste, and in fifteen minutes appear like it'd been there since the critter was born. You could feel the scaly ridge in the hide where the iron was supposed to've been and even a little white hair here and there; it would shure stand inspection from either the eye or the hand.

Bob knowing every hill, coulee, flat, creek, and river of that country, was a

great help to him. He'd rode every foot of it for a hundred miles around. It was where he'd stood trail and lost his first herd. He knew the folks there had forgot him and that's what he wanted. It left him a clear trail out of suspicion; the train would take and leave him at some neighboring town at night getting a couple of ponies and hitting out on "jerky," a little flour and salt before sun-up, he'd skirt the foothills and never would a rider get sight of him. Laying low by day and riding by night he'd locate the herds with the best beef and camp within a few miles of 'em so if they drifted he'd know their whereabouts, and soon as the weather permit, fog on behind 'em.

At the first sign of a strong wind, when tracks a few hours old are sifted over with fine sand, or before a first snow, you could see Bob getting his "piggin' string," unlimbering his ropes and testing his acid; his copper "running iron" was always with him too, hid between his saddle skirting and the lining; his 30-30 well cleaned and oiled and the old smoke wagon under his shirt and resting on his chap belt, he'd hit out on the best horse the country had for the herd he'd been watching, and go to cutting out a couple of carloads of the prime stuff he could get. Of course, by the time he'd get 'em to the shipping point, or market, they'd only be "feeders," but that brought a fair price.

The first night he'd camp on the critters' tails till they'd use all the energy they had to get out of the way. (In some cases it's been known of some cattle rustlers covering over forty miles single-handed with fifty some odd head in one night.) Bob had figgered a long time ahead the best way to take his cattle out, the hiding places for the day and water to go with it, keeping shy of fences and ranches. At first sign of the rising sun his cattle was watered and taken up in some timbered canyon, the brands was worked over and a few hours later the herd was bedded down or feeding. The next night would be easier on both man and stock, and by the third, Bob felt pretty secure, but never would you find him with the cattle during the day. The cattle being too tired to stray away was left soon as watered and taken on feed. When they'd be hid, Bob would "back-

trail" a mile or so, where he could watch his cattle and see any riders what might be following him. In case there was, he had plenty of time before they got to his cattle and had 'em identified to make a get away; for even tho' an "iron" may be worked over into another, the rustler ain't going to take a chance. There may be a "marker" in that bunch that only the owner, or the riders familiar with the cattle, would recognize; and that's enough to entitle the rustler to the stout limb and a piece of rope if he's caught.

It was getting real interesting, and he did not realize that he was taking a liking to stealing cattle and making clean get-aways. The herd at his home camp was getting to be just a bluff, bearing half a dozen different recorded irons and earmarks. He was beginning to use them to fall back on in case investigation was made and traced back to his "hang out." He'd made three trips to Chicago and was just thinking of settling down to steal no more. He knew this good luck wouldn't last, and besides, picking up a few "ore-janas" now and again around his own little range to the south might prove just as interesting; but the fever had him, with the result that he found out no matter how close you figger there's always something you'll overlook what'll give you away.

He started north for another raid, and thought he'd take his own saddle horses along this time, being that good horses are hard to pick up everywhere that way. There was one horse especially he hated to leave behind. It was a big blood bay, bald-faced and stocking-legged, and when he got to his destination to the north, and the stock car was being switched at the yards, one of the old timers recognized the horse and kept mum till Bob came to the stock car and led him out with his other horse. Ten minutes later Bob was feeding up at the "open-all-night" chink restaurant and watching the front door. The sheriff comes thru the kitchen and when Bob turned around to his "ham and eggs" there was the muzzle of a "45" staring him in the eye.

He lost his second herd to the same lawyer and faced the same judge of two years before. He'd only stole one horse where he'd got away with over two hundred head of cattle in that country, but that one horse put the kibosh on him.



From a drawing by Will James.

A man with a critter down, his horse standing rope's length away, is a good thing to keep away from—unless you want to get your Stetson perforated.—Page 180.



From a drawing by Will James.

A little "wild cat" loop settles neat and around that waster's neck, he's jerked off his seat and drug to the nearest cottonwood.—Page 189.

There was no proof that he'd stole any cattle, but they suspicioned mighty strong; and they couldn't of handed him any more if they could of proved it. So figgering on killing two birds with one stone, the judge, not weeping any, throws the book at him, which means he gives Bob the limit.

If Bob would of had better luck the first time he tried to settle down in the country, where he'd made such a bad "reputation" for himself, most likely by now he'd been just a prosperous cowman and kept his "long ropes" to home. I don't figger Bob was bad, just a little too anxious to have something, and later on getting too much satisfaction in outwitting others. Any stranger was welcome to Bob's camp to feed and rest up; a fresh horse, or anything else he had, was offered to them what needed it, and it wouldn't matter if your pack horse was loaded with gold nuggets they was just as safe in his bunk house, or maybe safer, then in the safety vault. His specialty was cattle and he got to love to use his skill in changing irons.

He was just like a big average of the Western outlaw and cattle rustler; his squareness in some things made up for his crookedness in others. There was no petty work done; saddle, spurs and chaps was safe hanging over the corral but there was one thing you had to keep away from in the rustler's doings; if you saw at a distance a smoke going up, one man with a critter down and a horse standing rope's length away, it's always a good idea to ride way around and keep out of sight, unless you wanted your Stetson perforated. If you was interested and had company, why that's another story.

I used to know a big cowman, who'd been fairly free with the running iron at one time and had done a heap of rustling. Many a head he'd lost in the same way afterwards. Those he caught was dealt mighty hard with, and he'd expected the same if he'd ever made that fatal mistake, but he was lucky enough not to.

One day a "nester," what had drifted in from the other side of the plains and settled on one of his creek bottoms, finds himself and family run out of bacon or any sort of meat. He ups and shoots a fine yearling, takes the hindquarters and leaves the rest in the hide for the coyotes,

or to spoil. One of the riders runs onto the carcass, and lucky there was no proof of who done it, for that kind of doings sure gets a "rise" from a cowhand. A little over a month later, another yearling is butchered the same way, but the hide is gone and that's what makes it interesting.

It was found under the nester's little haystack. There's nobody home just then. The cowman finding this evidence had changed many an iron and earmark in his early start (as I've mentioned before) but never had he played hog and left any perfectly good beef to spoil on the range, and he figgers to teach that country spoiling hombre a few lessons in range etiquette. About sundown, he catches up with him and family just when the wagon and team reaches the mussel-shell bottoms where there's fine big cottonwoods. A carbine stares the nester in the face, and at the same time the cowman produces a piece of the hide bearing his iron and asks him to account for it. The man on the wagon is too scared to speak or move, so is the rest back of the seat.

The cowman uncoils his rope, plays with it a while, and pretty soon a little "wild cat" loop settles neat and around that waster's neck, he's drug off his seat and close to one of them natural gallows, the rope is throwed over a limb, picked up again on the other side, and taking his "dallies" to the saddle horn, the cowman goes on till that farmer's big feet are just about a yard off the ground, a squawk is heard from the wagon and the whole family runs up to plead for the guilty party. They plead on for quite a spell but the cowman acts determined and hard of hearing. When it's gone far enough and that nester gets blue 'round the gills, the rope slacks up and he sprawls down to earth; the cowman is right atop of him and tells him he's got his family to thank for to see the sun come up again, "and if I ever catch you leaving meat of my stock to spoil on the range again I'll get you up so far you'll never come down, family or no family"; and he winds up with "*you can kill all of my beef you need*, but just what you need and no more, do you hear? And I want you to produce the hides of them beeves too, every one of 'em."

With that he rides off, and the nester's family is still trying to figger out what kind of folks are these "cow persons," anyway.

Stumbling Feet

BY STRUTHERS BURT

Author of "John O'May and Other Stories," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BASKERVILLE, JR.



AYLOR had come down from Switzerland a day or so ahead of his friend Gardiner, and the second night of his stay, wandering about the cafés in his placid interested fashion,

he had run across his old acquaintance Mrs. Russell and through her had been introduced to Lady Newbold. . . . Anne, Mrs. Russell called her . . . the youthful wife of the very great man whom he had been watching from a distance for the past five weeks. Taylor, to begin with, was delighted . . . he had not had the slightest idea that the Newbolds were also to be in the south of France; and, for a few minutes following the introduction, he had been disappointed. However, he was used to being disappointed when he met the families of important people. The important people themselves were usually too busy to be anything but simply, if somewhat absent-mindedly, cordial, but the vicariously important . . . the wives and sisters and mothers and brothers of the important!

A trifle impatiently he asked this particular vicariously important one to dance, and it was then that he made his first discovery; she danced marvellously, light as thistle-down; you were merely conscious that there was something warm and slim and fragrant in your arms that followed each movement you made with an intuition that was genius.

Feeling a renewal of interest in a personality that expressed itself so differently from what he had expected, Taylor looked down and reassured himself of a physical perfection that originally had only added to his disappointment; a redness of lips, a hawthorn color of cheeks, a bronze of hair. Her eyes, gentian-blue eyes, under half-lowered bronze lashes, had lost their in-

difference, their . . . what was it? their look of sullenness, their childish defiance, their ultra-modern indifference, that had so annoyed him, and were absorbed and contented. Nor did he think he was giving way too much to an inclination to judge character too hastily when he imagined that he was aware as well of a force compact and passionate directed by something honest and quick-seeing. A force ordinarily concealed, but released in the unconsciousness of rhythm. She had a very tender, mobile mouth, wiser and sweeter than her years. Taylor stared at it.

The shuffling of the drums and the broken exultation of the violins and saxophones came to an end, and the kaleidoscope of the dancers fell apart, separating itself into its double pieces of vividly dressed women and sombrely dressed men. The vivid half pieces applauded with a languid rapture, the sombre half pieces with good-natured acquiescence.

Taylor's companion struck her hands together a couple of times and then let them drop to her sides. "I'd like another dance," she said, "but I think we ought to be getting back. It's late. Mrs. Russell will be wanting to go to her hotel." She smiled, entirely frank and friendly and amused. "I've found out one thing," she added; "you're very dependable, aren't you? Dancing is very revealing. I'm afraid I was in rather a bad humor, but you've cheered me up. It's encouraging to meet dependable people. Perhaps you're too dependable, though, for your own happiness."

Taylor smiled back at her and followed her across the shining gray-panelled room with its flanking tables, beginning to receive again their occupants, and so, through one of the many-paned glass doors, to the terrace from which they had come. Beyond the stone balustrade of



From a drawing by Charles Baskerville, Jr.

"Perhaps you're too dependable, though, for your own happiness."—Page 190.

the terrace was a garden with cypresses silhouetted against a starry night, and beyond the garden a little town of dark towers and square crenellated roofs dropped away to a harbor studded with riding lights.

In one corner of the terrace, hidden behind numerous other small tables where people were drinking and supping, was a table at which sat a gray-haired woman and two men, and before this table Taylor and his partner came to a halt.

The two men got to their feet and the gray-haired woman nodded vigorously.

"Have a good dance?" she asked; and then, "I think we'd better be off, don't you? Whom can I take in my car? . . . I'm so glad to have seen you, Mr. Taylor. I wish I were going to be here longer."

"Not half as much as I do," said Taylor.

His companion smiled at the gray-haired woman. "If you don't mind, Nina," she said, "I think I'll walk home. Mr. Taylor is staying at the same hotel, and it's such a short distance and such a lovely night. You see, I'm rather anxious to hear further word of the conference. Hallam isn't disgracefully communicative, you know."

She looked over her shoulder at Taylor, and in the soft light of the electric candles he found her exceedingly youthful and glamorous. He decided that she had even more than the usual feminine amount of mutability.

The little party recrossed the inner room and went down a flight of stairs to the street level and, after Mrs. Russell and her escorts had been put into the waiting motor, Taylor and the woman with him turned up a hill along a narrow road where the heavy darkness was hemmed in by the white walls of gardens and the thick foliage that overhung them. They seemed suddenly to be shut into a lane of thought intimate and isolated, and Taylor was surprised at the ease with which he began to talk personally to this stranger, of whom only a little while before he had been afraid . . . afraid as a mature, affable man always is of the fierce egocentricity of youth.

"I hope you don't object to this," she asked—"this commandeering of your escort?"

"Object!" Taylor exclaimed. "You're the one person in the world I really want to talk to. It's wonderful luck for me . . . that is, you and your husband being down here. I want to study him unofficially; and the very best way always to begin to study a man unofficially is to talk to his wife. I hope, however, he won't think I'm following him. Is he hard to see anything of? I imagine he is. . . ." He paused and peered into the darkness ahead of him to where, through the trees surrounding it, subdued lights showed the hotel to which they were walking. "You are THE Lady Newbold, aren't you?" he asked, as if possibly he might have been guilty of an absurd mistake.

"I'm the wife of THE Sir Hallam Newbold, if that's what you mean," his companion laughed. "Yes, you can be at rest on that point. But I think he's going to be just as hard as usual to see anything of in a nice informal sort of way. He's supposed to be down here resting, but he isn't—he's busy all the time with his secretary or with one or another demanding person. I'll tell him, however, that Nina Russell says you're an eminent and above all honest journalist. He'll take her word for it when he wouldn't take mine. Like all men of my race he puts little trust in any woman under forty."

"Tell him," amended Taylor, "an obscure correspondent but an honest one, and, above all, one drunk with a hatred of politicians. That will appeal to him. He hates politicians as much as I do. I suppose that's the principal reason I love him so much although I barely know him. If God would give us only a few more honest and hard-minded men like himself! These soft-minded criminals! . . . These cynical sentimentalists! They'll be giving us another blood-bath if we don't watch out." He struck his stick on the pavement, his blond, good-natured, shrewd face suddenly grave. "He's an extraordinary man, your husband," he concluded.

He could see nothing of his companion save the white oval of her face and the gleam of her eyes as she looked up at him, but he felt that she was listening to him with a sober intentness.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I suppose so. . . . I've always felt that."

"An extraordinary man," Taylor repeated. "An extraordinary lucidity and power. He's always on the side of intelligence and just one step ahead of it. But just at present I want to talk about you. You see, most great men are one-half themselves and one-half the women they marry, and that's especially true of the English. Bluster as much as they may, they're more dependent upon women than any men I know. Fundamentally, I mean. Beside them the Frenchman is a cold-blooded logician, and as for us, well, we're a lonely suppressed lot anyway. That sounds paradoxical, but it's all true." He laughed and his voice became more explanatory. "You've got an exciting job ahead of you, Lady Newbold. I've always thought the wife of a rising great man had the most exciting job of any one in the world. She has, moreover, this advantage as well; she has not only to some extent the subjective point of view, but the objective also; sees, that is, the whole and rounded figure as it presents itself to the casual eye, yet knows it better than the casual eye. Poor great men! In their secret hearts they must realize, even better than their wives or valets . . . oh, yes, infinitely better! . . . the gap there is between their real selves and their accomplishment."

He looked down at his companion, striving to pierce the violet opacity with his eyes. She was fumbling under her evening coat. "I can't get at them," she complained. "Would you mind giving me a cigarette?"

He found his case for her and struck a match that burned a round hole in the velvet blackness and turned her bronze eyelashes to solid gold as she leaned forward. He noticed the fine spare lines of her cheek-bones and the lovely poise of her head, and for a moment the perfume of her hair blotted out the perfume of the surrounding gardens.

"What's that?" she asked, straightening up. "Oleander? . . . I never know. Sweet, isn't it?"

Taylor began to wonder if perhaps he hadn't been talking too intimately to a woman he had met so recently. Her question seemed a rebuke. Possibly she resented this ingenuous praise of her husband; the effort to discover her own

point of view. The English were queer people; very veiled. To remove the veils too quickly seemed to them indecent. But this husband had been so long the centre of Taylor's thoughts he was eager not to lose any opportunity for investigation. Besides, he remembered how this woman herself danced. Fundamentally she was ingenuous. Back of those occasionally discontented eyes was a something that could dance with entire forgetfulness of self. A something forthright and candid.

"It's a favorite theory of mine," he persisted half apologetically, "—the necessity for greatness on the part of a great man's wife. Of course, some get along without it, but they're crippled. I'll come and take notes, if you don't mind. . ."

He had stopped himself on the edge of calling her Lady Newbold. He disliked calling her Lady Newbold. She was too modern for that and, somehow, since the war, in common with most of the rest of the world, he had found titles difficult to use. There was about them a giggling sort of anachronism.

This young Lady Newbold was saying thoughtfully: "I shall be very glad to see you, but I'm afraid I won't be much help. You have a very feminine point of view, haven't you? But you see, I've only been married five years; I'm not very learned about being a wife. Yes, do come. But I haven't had a thing to do with my husband's success; not a thing. I'm sorry to say I'm still even rather bad about getting in his way at times. I'm afraid I'm more of a deterrent than a help. I'm headlong and gauche. Possibly I'm talking too much now . . . but then, you're very confidential, aren't you?"

"I have to be," agreed Taylor grimly.

They had come to the gate of the hotel, two square stone pillars with iron open-work swung back between them, and beyond this, an oval driveway of gravel with a luxuriant bed of semitropical plants and flowers in its centre and the broad steps of the hotel and its wide glass doors as a background. The flanking lanterns of the doorway burned brightly, and to one side of the drive was a lamp strung from a pole in the manner of the old street lamps of Paris. Sitting on a bench beneath this

lamp was a man in evening clothes, and as Taylor and his companion passed the gate, he got to his feet and strolled toward them.

"Oh, by thunder!" exclaimed Taylor joyfully. "Gardiner! He must have gotten away from that rotten conference earlier than he expected." He called out: "Hello! Good work! . . . There's another great man," he confided to Lady Newbold. "He and your husband were the only authentic great men there. You'll think I'm a hero-worshipper, won't you? but I'm not."

The tall figure in the dinner-jacket had paused and taken off its soft hat, and in the radiance of the hanging lamp you could see the smooth dark hair with its patches of gray above the ears and the powerful clever nose and the deep-set eyes and the close-lipped mouth distinguished by a charming smile. And then, matter of factly, and to Taylor's utter astonishment, Gardiner said:

"Why, hello, Anne. I hadn't the faintest idea you were here."

He seemed to think further elucidation unnecessary; he joined them casually and walked with them toward the hotel.

"Your husband here?"

"Yes, he came last night."

"That's interesting. I saw something of him in Switzerland. We agreed on most questions."

"I didn't know you were to be there too. I didn't realize you were the Gardiner."

"Oh, yes, I'm supposed to be some sort of a legal expert."

They had passed the doors of the hotel and had come to a stop under the chandelier of the entrance-hall.

"I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to tell you much about the conference as yet," said Taylor.

He was interrupted by Gardiner, who stepped closer and was peering down at Taylor's companion. "Let me look at you, Anne," he demanded, half humorously. "Lady Newbold and I met four years ago up at the front," he explained. "We were all mud and breeches then." He continued his survey, and then, "And I'm not sure I didn't like you better in mud and breeches, Anne, than I do now," he concluded, with one of those unlooked-

for, frightening moments of cool quizzical brutality that occasionally disturbed his habit of gentleness. "It is something that happens to a good many women."

Taylor, watching the gentian-blue eyes, saw that their owner had understood Gardiner's brutality but had decided to overlook it, as if, perhaps, she had heard such brutality before. For an instant her expression darkened before it became thoughtful and shining and ruminative and rather amused; possibly she understood Gardiner better than he understood himself.

"I must say good night now," she decided. "You'll both come to see me, won't you?"

"Good night," said Taylor. "I, for one, most certainly shall. I'll appear tomorrow with a note-book."

He and Gardiner walked toward the elevator, but at the door of that narrow contrivance Gardiner hesitated. "I don't think I'll go to bed just yet," he announced. "I was mulling over a problem or two when you discovered me in the garden. I think I'll go back. Don't wait up for me. . . . I'll be in shortly."

Taylor went on alone. In the sitting-room he and Gardiner had in common were traces of Gardiner's arrival; a couple of heavy strapped bags partially unpacked, a small dressing-case with its contents scattered over a table, a pipe and tobacco-pouch, two uncut novels and a worn leather-bound book of poetry. Taylor experienced the touch of excitement and tenderness that Gardiner's presence always produced in him after an absence, however short. Without being conscious of it, he had transferred to this brilliant intimate, a year or so his junior, most of the ambitions that increasing maturity told him could only be partially fulfilled in his own case. But then, in any event, Gardiner was exciting. For one thing, he talked; used words as they are meant to be used, as the baggage of a constant gay adventure a man was making to discover what was in the mind of some one else and render as clear as possible what was in his own. And yet he was not about himself especially communicative. He was too interested in ideas for that. It was merely that self-consciousness, in the right meaning of the phrase, was so well de-

veloped that self-consciousness, in the wrong meaning, was hardly there at all.

In short, a charming man who did not know he was charming, and a wise man who would have been astonished if you had told him he was wise, and most of the time a tender, and humorous, and interested man who had moved from success to success with an ingenuous boyish surprise at his own good fortune that made success seem the easiest thing in the world to attain and the most engaging.

Yet, despite all this, Taylor's attitude was not always one of admiration. There were moments when he brooded over Gardiner like an older, duller, steadier brother. Persistent admiration in a friendship implies that one or the other party to the compact is a fool, anyway, and there were minimizing qualities; there always are. . . . There were those deliberate, odd occasions of brutality, for instance, when Gardiner seemed intent upon hurting others in order all the more to hurt himself, and there were hours and even days when these occasions were drawn out into a tortured imaginative sort of cruelty. Furthermore, when all is said and done, no mature man can see another mature man of whom he is fond drink himself, no matter how rarely, coldly and intellectually and premeditatedly, into a state of drunkenness and not wonder what would happen should success turn into failure. Perhaps this last was the greatest puzzlement and concern Taylor experienced in what to him was in the main a rejuvenating relationship.

Now he turned on the desk lamp and, drawing some sheets of paper from a despatch case, sat down to compose a letter to the clever woman in New York to whom he thought himself more or less engaged. She was the one person, except Gardiner, he thoroughly trusted, and she was an excellent safety-valve for the suppressed indignations and annoying meticulous secrecies his present life as an international correspondent imposed upon him.

"I cannot convey to you," he wrote, "his presence—" this was Sir Hallam Newbold—"or the way it stood out against that background of concealed intention. You are so absolutely certain he means exactly what he says, but that

he never says it until facts or circumstances are such that, twist or wriggle as they may, his opponents can't get out of the grip of his beautifully kept fox-hunting hands. . . . And he is a charming man to look at. Rather too charming, perhaps, as some of the most beautiful English are. Like so many of them, he has the secret of perennial youth. Too despairingly perfect. A tall lean man of about fifty, with a complexion like a boy's and blond hair with not a trace of gray in it, and the bluest of blue eyes—a satyr of derision in them sometimes. He has been a colonial governor and soldier too long, but now there will be no stopping him. Odd that he and Gardiner should have been thrown together this way at the conference and that, quite by chance, they should be down here afterwards. The two men are so similar in their intentions and so different in their methods and temperaments. Gardiner all velvet and dark eyes and passion held in leash. . . . I'm afraid the French are too self-conscious, and I'm sorry, for I admire and love them so and they're so right in most of their contentions. But I suspect that they still regard themselves as the spoiled darlings, the mistress of the world. The British delegation, led by Newbold, was amusingly and typically bored. Newbold—I sat right behind him—drew marvellous little landscapes with a pencil. I am treasuring the ones I could lay my hands on. The last day, during an especially perfervid Latin oration, he was preoccupied with a drawing of a Devonshire cottage. When he was through, he stared at the ceiling for a moment, and then hastily signed his name. I found he had signed it Thomas Gainsborough. Rather delightful, wasn't it—this hard-bitten, steel-blue Englishman?

". . . To-night I met his wife. Very young, very beautiful, perhaps still a trifle untrained. I don't know. A saphire set in a box of dark velvet. . . ."

Taylor paused and stared at the wall in front of him. The fact that Gardiner knew the wife of this Englishman, knew her apparently with a casual intimacy, struck him anew with mystification. She was not the sort of woman, even over-looking who she was, a man knew with a casual intimacy; nor was Gardiner, with

his persistent although pleasant amateur's interest in women, the sort of man to regard her in this light. And especially he was not, with his ranging appreciation of the humors and coincidences of life, likely to spend five weeks in the near presence of her husband without mentioning to his most intimate friend such a significant acquaintanceship.

Taylor sighed. He could not write all this even to the woman he trusted so much. He added a few more lines to the letter and sealed it and, pushing back his chair, went over to a window. The oleanders—or whatever they were—were particularly sweet and heavy and yearning. For a moment he leaned upon the sill, before, quietly and abruptly, he drew back into the concealment of the white curtains. Below him, or rather, at the other end of the garden, below the wing of the hotel in which he was standing, pacing up and down the paved walk between the dark masses of orange-bushes and wisteria, were the figures of Gardiner and the woman Taylor had just been describing.

Taylor went back to the desk, turned out the light and prepared for bed. "So!" he was saying to himself. "So!"

Very often, Taylor was aware, it is not what people do that creates an atmosphere; but what they want to do and don't. Suppressed desires are more powerful than desires that are released. And all those next two weeks he was sure of two things: that Anne Newbold was thinking a great deal about Gardiner, and Gardiner thinking a great deal about her, but that meanwhile they were seeing nothing of each other. How much they would have seen of each other had circumstances permitted, he could not tell. The first afternoon he called upon the Newbolds, Gardiner accompanied him, but afterward he refused with impatient cheerfulness to be drawn into any further engagements.

"I'm tired out," he explained, "whatever any one else may be. If I see Newbold, I'll have to talk seriously; if I see his wife, I'll probably have to talk lightly. Either way it's a strain. Don't bother about me . . . just go your own way."

Had Gardiner been eager for flight,

Taylor would have been actively alarmed, but also, at the same time, actively relieved—a man who flies from a woman is in danger from her but realizes the danger. Or, on the other hand, had Anne Newbold made plans to see Gardiner, Taylor would have been equally clear in his mind. But these people were utterly quiescent. Too quiescent for an attractive man and an attractive woman who had once known each other well. Either they had quarrelled, but obviously—at least, so Taylor thought—they hadn't; or else at some time they had been too near something too perilously sweet. Taylor decided that the latter had been the case, and that at present, sure of their increased maturity, of their tempered common sense, they were certain fate could play no further tricks upon them.

But such a belief is never a certainty, and a man who has once been in love with a woman, and is probably still in love with her, is not treating himself cautiously when he continues to dwell near to her; so near that he constantly comes across her in hall or garden; so near that, looking down from his window, he can see morning and afternoon the slim loveliness of her getting in and out of waiting motors.

Taylor was not a priest of reform, especially not where his friends were concerned; unlike most of his countrymen, he had a fine capacity for minding his own business, he was aware that he had enough to do to take care of himself; he was merely a trifle alarmed on account of the public position of the principals in this curious mental situation. He studied especially with infinite care Gardiner's attitude of sardonic nonchalance. Eventually he made what he thought was a discovery.

In the meantime, as far as he himself was concerned, he was finding these late afternoons in the Newbolds' apartment—on the ground floor of the hotel and at the end of a long passage, and every other afternoon or so—increasingly an oasis in his present occupation of reporting the agonies of a stricken continent. The coolness of the high-ceilinged rooms, with their long windows open on to the gathering dusk of the garden, the candles burning into a blue evening, the little group of witty men and women that "Newbold's

wife" had gathered about her, seemed to him a reconstruction of something the world had lost and was slowly attempting, perhaps without success, to regain. If life could only be lived continuously on this quiet, smiling, friendly plane! Wine drunken out of a crystal cup! Strange that humanity knew so well how to be happy and yet so little about making happiness universal or assured!

But the primary object of Taylor's quest, this Sir Hallam, this figure that had assumed almost a legendary aspect in his eyes, was as hard to see as his wife had predicted. He was seldom about and then hurried and undispersive, talking only to those to whom apparently he had something definite to say. He was discouraging to an informal biographer. Taylor complained of his evasiveness.

"When do you see anything of him yourself?" he asked.

The blue eyes of his hostess twinkled. "Occasionally at meals and when he is hurt," she replied.

"Hurt? What do you mean?"

"Don't most men get hurt? I imagined it occupied at least half of their time. When he has a person or a thing to complain of." A small brooding absent-minded smile illumined her mouth and Taylor thought he detected for the first time a maternal solicitude in this childless mother. He was fortified in what he intended to do.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed. "I imagined he was invulnerable."

Her eyes were pensive and not so amused.

"What about your theory of 'poor great men'? They're apt to be more childlike than most, aren't they?"

"Yes, but—good gracious!" Taylor exclaimed again. . . . "No, I never would have imagined it! . . . But of course I could be deceived about your husband—he's an Englishman and has pale-blue eyes and seems, the way they all do, completely self-sufficient."

"Poor dears!" sighed his young-cheeked but not young-mouthed hostess. "Men aren't born very morally courageous or clever, are they? I don't believe they're born very physically courageous or clever either. It's a dim racial tradition that makes them so. Did you ever

notice how timid bachelors are? They've never had a woman's idea of what constitutes masculine courage to live up to."

"Frequently a dangerous courage," Taylor suggested. He leaned forward in his chair and placed his empty teacup on the lower shelf of the little table that separated him from his hostess. He did not sit back again but continued to sit forward. He thought it was time for him to speak.

"You know Gardiner pretty well, don't you?" he asked flatly. "Or you did know him pretty well?"

Her eyes did not waver. "Yes," she replied with equal coolness, "I knew him very well. Why?"

"Because he's one of your great men, and he worries me."

"Why does he worry you, and what can I do about it?"

"You can do a great deal; you have lived with one of these great men of ours and can give me your advice. They're subtle and intricate machines—easily destroyed and almost as easily kept on the track if only a clever-enough mechanic is found. Gardiner's specialty is to have black dregs in the bottom of his cup—you grasp what I mean?—and as his best friend I am afraid some day he'll take it into his head to drain them. The least overbalance one way or another—The trouble with brilliancy anyhow is that it is inclined too much to realize the fundamental pettiness of individual effort—of human effort. Gardiner has spells when he seems to enjoy playing with the edged thought that if he wanted to he could kick over in an hour or so all it has taken him a lifetime to build up. Have you ever met a man like that?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman opposite to him in a small voice; "I've met Gardiner and—I've met my husband, too."

"Good God!" exclaimed Taylor in an awe-stricken whisper. ". . . So that's true, too, is it? Well, it would be. They're all more or less alike. It's a question of luck. But then, your husband is lucky, you see . . . he's got you; and Gardiner hasn't anything." He straightened up in his chair as if he had found a triumphant vindication of his theories. "That's just what we talked about the first night we met," he declared.

"I told you how dependent men were, especially sensitive men, on the women they were thrown with. And, you see, Gardiner not only has no anchor like that to leeward, he has even worse than no anchor."

The blue eyes, scrutinizing and thoughtful, widened suddenly. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Taylor, "that it isn't a question of finding the proper sort of woman for Gardiner, it is a question of first ridding his mind of the woman who now possesses it."

He had expected a silence; he was not mistaken.

"Who is the woman?"

"I'm not sure, but I am sure that he has been in love with her for a long while and, since he is an intelligent man and, I imagine, she is an intelligent woman, I suppose hopelessly. I don't think they see anything of each other. I dare say they write occasionally—the usual sort of letters, high-keyed and avoiding the point and supposedly helpful and renunciatory. But the gist of the thing is that Gardiner will never be secure, never be able to find the woman who will really be a help to him until he loses for good the vision of the woman who can—or should—never be anything to him at all. There's an unreality to be destroyed. At present Gardiner is convinced that he has a quarrel with destiny in general. He's in love with a good woman, he's behaving decently, therefore it's neither his fault nor hers. It's a question of a malign fate, don't you see? That's a bad point of view for an emotional man to hold. At the best, other women are merely substitutes for the original. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand; but I have always heard that there was nothing so helpful to the imaginative man as just what you are describing."

Taylor waved a contemptuous hand. "That's an ideal," he said, "of an older and more sentimental age. The harm a good idealistic woman can do is infinitely greater than any that lies in the power of a Circe. It is better for a man to be turned into a swine—he has more chance for recovery—than for him to be turned into a bundle of bleached straw. There

has never been a great, really human, unsatisfied love that has been good for any man. The best thing that can be hoped for is that time will cure it. Unfortunately, Gardiner has a long memory."

"And what would you suggest?"

Taylor was deprecatory. "That is what I am asking you," he said. "I want you to make some suggestions. Some day I will meet this woman and I will then be able to talk frankly . . . for she must be a fine woman or Gardiner wouldn't be in love with her." He waved his hand again. "What is there to suggest? There are only two ways of curing a hopeless love, aren't there, when a man refuses to forget?"

"What are they?"

"Either the woman capitulates and in time the inevitable reaction and disgust ensues, or else she does something that is cruel or silly or selfish. Usually women don't have to take much thought concerning the latter. Their own characters and time accomplish it for them. What other methods has the world ever devised?"

He waited for an answer but it was a long while in coming. His hostess was staring at him meditatively, her arms spread out along the sides of her chair.

"I'm not quite sure," she said finally, "why you have told me all this. Your reasons seem inadequate. . . . Even if I should happen to be able to advise you— . . . Your remedies are cruel."

"They are not remedies," corrected Taylor sadly; "they are major operations."

"Well, your major operations, then." . . . She rose suddenly to her feet, as if she were dismissing the melancholy conversation, and held out her hand to him. "Come on. I'm going to call you Jaimmie. You're a strange man. You have a placid terrifying temerity. You are rather like an unshakable grandmother. Come on, we have talked too much and too long. Let's go out into the garden. I need a breath of fresh air. There's no one here but old Gallieni and Katherine, and they won't miss us for a moment."

Taylor followed her through one of the long windows into the tremulous violet of the dusk. A thin moon hung in a sky of faint green that the dark green of the

hedges and the cypresses made as translucent and fragile as glass.

"You can help Gardiner, you know," persisted Taylor. "You are a singularly wise woman, just old enough to be wise and still young enough to be pliable."

She looked back. "Oh, I dare say I'll help him," she replied wistfully. "Helpfulness seems to be my rôle." She put out a finger of tenderness and touched the sleeve of Taylor's coat. "I've come to like you so much, Jaimmie. You're really good, aren't you? That's because you really love the people you do love. That's half the sum total of goodness. The other half is excusing the people you don't love. Look . . . isn't it lovely? We need only 'those damned nightingales,' as my husband calls them, to make it perfect. I'm really awfully young, Jaimmie. It's hard sometimes being so grown-up. I'm still young enough to believe that life possibly might be all some Hungarian opera if things only went right . . . hunting lodges and pine forests and laughing lovers. . . . Whatever that has to do with what we were talking about. Suppose these people should throw their caps over the mill? Suppose they should? Think what it would mean to them just to let go! Like cool running water! Couldn't this woman get a divorce? Why not advise her to get a divorce? We hadn't thought of that."

"Oh, yes, we have," said Taylor. "If she is the sort of woman I think she is, divorce would be the worst of all. I'm afraid, although I know little about her, that she has great responsibilities and no adequate excuse for divorce, otherwise she and Gardiner would have thought of it long ago." He steeled himself to look unflinchingly into the blue eyes questioning him. "I'm not thinking of the woman's personal feelings," he said. "In the present instance they amount to nothing—I am thinking of a very important man . . . perhaps two."

She turned away her head. "Yes," she replied slowly. "Yes, of course. You are quite right. I really never meant a word of what I suggested."

But later Taylor was not so sure of this statement. He was not sure of anything. All his conclusions seemed to be turned back once more into uncertainties. He

had not lived to the age of forty without realizing that where her feelings are concerned the most honest woman can become suddenly dishonest. He felt like a man who walks along a misty ice-sheathed road where at any moment the apparent security of the next step may crackle into a quagmire. Above all was he uncertain whether he had been wise in what he had said to Anne Newbold. Advice, interference, usually are unwise. The man who first invented a boomerang did not realize that he was inventing the symbol of the busybody. And Taylor was so seldom a busybody that added to his growing depression over the events that followed was an even acuter depression lest he might have had an undue share in bringing them about.

That night late, Gardiner having disappeared shortly after dinner, Taylor had leaned upon the sill of his sitting-room window as he had done two weeks before, only this time there had been no light lit behind him; and as he waited he had seen, as he had seen two weeks before, the figures of Gardiner and Anne Newbold in the garden below him. . . .

The night was very still and uninterrupted and bright with stars. The two figures had paused in their slow pacing up and down, and then, abruptly, with a gesture of desperation, Gardiner had stretched out his arms and drawn Anne to him. Taylor could hear her laugh, breathless but not happy, a little high shaken note in it. . . .

Taylor stepped back, as he had done on the previous occasion, into the shadows of the curtains, but now he was too agitated to care whether he was eavesdropping or not. "But she isn't that sort of woman!" he said passionately to himself. "She isn't that sort of woman!" It seemed incredible that she had accepted the first of the alternatives he had suggested to her. But what else could he believe? He remembered, too, the emergence in Gardiner that afternoon, after Taylor himself had left Anne Newbold, of the mood he, Taylor, so much dreaded. He and Gardiner had sat in the street under a striped awning that shaded the front of a café and had sipped a vermouth before dinner, and Gardiner, out of a silence, had suddenly pushed back his

glass with unexpected savageness. "I'm going to get out of this place day after to-morrow," he had announced. "I'd leave to-morrow if it wasn't for that dance at Nicholai's. I promised him I'd go. I'm more tired than I thought I was. Maybe I'll telegraph the firm and take a long trip . . . maybe I won't come back for a year or so. I'm sick of law and politics. They're nothing but pinchbeck, anyhow."

"In ten years or so almost anything you may happen to want may happen, my son," Taylor had retorted with mollifying blandness. "What is it you want? . . . the presidency; a supreme-court justiceship?"

"I am not being funny," Gardiner had said. . . .

"Neither am I," replied Taylor. . . . "But it is incredible!" Taylor kept repeating to himself, in the shadow of the curtains. "It is incredible!" After a while he began to think more clearly. "There is something out of the way here," he told himself. "Something unusual."

And then, because he loved both these people very much, he forgot for a moment the disaster that intrigue, or divorce, or even temporary forgetfulness would bring upon them, and wished only for their happiness, no matter how obtained. The Southern night, the great stars, the yearning fragrance seemed made only for happiness.

The next night, the night before the Newbolds' departure, and the night before the departure of Gardiner and Taylor, and the night also on which Nicholai, a tall blond Slav whom Gardiner and Taylor had known well in Paris after the armistice, was giving his dance, Taylor went to the Newbolds' apartment. He arrived there at half past nine. Late in the afternoon Anne Newbold had telephoned him that her husband at the last moment had refused any adventitious gaiety, and so Taylor had come to ask if he might take her to the dance, or meet her there, or what in general he could do for her. But this was merely an excuse. His real reason was that he wanted to see this friend of two weeks alone for a few minutes and say good-by to her. He did not want to say anything else, even if the

opportunity were given, which it would not be; he did not see how he could question her concerning the subject which was now uppermost in his mind; but perhaps from her manner he would be able to discover some hint of what in the future he was to expect.

The man-servant who answered his ring, a temporary man-servant belonging to the hotel, left him in the drawing-room while he went to see if Lady Newbold was disengaged. She was just finishing dinner, he informed Taylor before his departure.

Taylor stood in the middle of the high-ceilinged room that had recently become so familiar to him, and waited. The walls and tables had been stripped for travel. There was nothing left of the brocades and books and ornaments. No flowers even, except a couple of drooping roses in an undistinguished china vase. The room was hushed and empty and once again impersonal. The only memorable thing was the little breeze that stirred the curtains of the long windows as Taylor was used to seeing them stirred. And then the silence was broken abruptly. A room or two beyond a door opened and Anne Newbold's voice, speaking reprovingly in French, reached him. "Oh, no!" she was saying. "I told you. I cannot see Mr. Taylor now. Tell him to come later. Get Ticknor, Sir Hallam's man, right away, please. Tell Mr. Taylor. . . ." The voice hesitated and cried aloud, this time in English and with an appeal in it that made Taylor take a step forward, his heart beating violently. Somehow, he told himself, he had always known, mistily and vaguely, that he would be present at some such incident.

"Hallam!" the voice begged. "Please! Hallam! No! No! Wait a moment! . . . Please!"

Taylor was staring at the heavy curtains that hung in the doorway separating the drawing-room from the rest of the apartment, and now they parted, and the figure of Anne Newbold's husband—dignified and stumbling slightly—very white and drawn in the face, blue eyes blazing with a curious unseeing light—came through. At first he did not notice Taylor, bent, as he seemed to be, upon some confused and much-desired goal;

but when he was abreast of Taylor he stopped and drew nearer and peered at him with his brilliant inhuman gaze.

Taylor looked up and away. He did not want to carry through life too clear a memory of this.

"Oh, yes!" said the strange simulacrum of his worship thickly. "Taylor! . . . Oh, yes! Yankee newspaper man. . . . Going to the dance? Well, have a good time. Lots of women. . . . Damn nuisance. Where's Ticknor, do you know? Ticknor—my man?"

He waved his hand and laughed vacantly and strode toward the door that opened from the other side of the room. On the threshold he turned and looked back as if some thought of apology had touched his numbed brain.

"I'm damned tired," he explained, and disappeared. Taylor's chin dropped forward between the points of his collar and it was not until he raised his head that he saw Anne Newbold standing where her husband had been, her pretty sparkling party frock making a tragic contrast with the despairing whiteness of her young face.

"I'm glad you're discreet," she was saying, not meeting his eyes. "I'm glad you're a good friend of mine. . . . It doesn't happen often, you know. . . . He's very much worn out." She smiled falteringly. "You see . . . you said . . . these great men."

"I'd heard rumors," murmured Taylor, "but I didn't believe them. It's more difficult to combat even than drink, isn't it?" His voice rose. "I won't believe them now," he said. "What's the use of believing such things? It's going to be all right with you watching him, anyhow. Eventually it will be all right, I'm sure. But, Anne—" he leaned over her—"you can't leave him, you know. You can never leave him."

For the first time she looked up at him, her brows knit with a puzzled impatience. "Leave him?" she repeated. "How stupid you are. Of course I won't leave him. What put that into your head? . . ." She stepped back. "Wait here if you can," she concluded listlessly. "I'll be back in half an hour or so. I'll go to Nicholai's with you."

Taylor paced up and down, turning over in his mind the dilemma that had

now made itself so pitilessly clear to him. Here on the one hand was this husband of Anne Newbold's, this blue-eyed god with feet of clay, who needed her more than even Taylor had ever before thought possible, and here, on the other hand, was this restless Gardiner, his best friend, balanced on the edge of he did not know what disaster. And what had this woman—this girl—been doing? Precipitating disaster it seemed, either through some mistaken idea or because of a final recklessness. At all events, drawing together into a knot all the tangled threads of disaster. Suddenly he found himself coldly angry with Anne Newbold, forgetful of all the assurances of fineness she had given him in the past two weeks. She was like all women, he told himself, rattle-brained and avid when it came to a question of emotion. Selfish; unstable. He was sorry for her, of course, amazedly, bewilderedly sorry; but what childishness had induced her to play this stupid game? He could no longer blame himself in the least, for if she was a woman so open to suggestion as to accept the easier and meaner of the alternatives he had shown her, she was a woman too fundamentally ill-balanced to justify remorse in any one. The underlying suspicion that all men feel for all women, no matter how much when things go right they may admire them, took possession of him.

He was still coldly angry with her when she came back to him, and his anger did not lessen any during the drive down to Nicholai's in her car, nor when they greeted their blond, energetic host, nor when they were surrounded by the lights and music of the ballroom.

"Underneath," he told himself, "she is as indifferent as I first thought her. She was of course shaken by my seeing her husband that way . . . but then, who wouldn't be? But how, after a revelation like that, could a real woman talk so lightly as she is talking to me now? I suppose I'll have to ask her to dance. . . ." He was on the point of suggesting to her this—as it seemed to him at the moment—dreary undertaking, when Gardiner, dark and grave and with searching eyes, bore down on them.

"Will you dance with me, Anne?" he asked.

She laughed and shook her head. "I'm not going to dance," she said.

"Not at all?"

"Not now."

"Can I come back?"

She hesitated, and Taylor, studying Gardiner's face, bowed and moved away. If Gardiner wanted to be brutal, Taylor felt that this time brutality was well deserved. He stood near a pillar watching the dancers. He realized suddenly that he could not help but overhear what Gardiner was saying, for Gardiner spoke without any thought of secrecy.

"You mean you are deliberately being rude to me, Anne?" he asked.

"Not especially," she answered without animation.

"Then you meant what you said this afternoon. . . ? That you never wanted to see or hear from me again?"

Taylor could not see her face, but he imagined that she smiled as if her patience were exhausted. "Why should I, after what you proposed to me?"

"After what . . . !" Gardiner laughed. "After you made me kiss you last night, you mean! After you said what you said to me, you mean! . . . Come on, Anne, I want to talk this thing out with you. I think you're showing me just what I have really always known, that you're no more than any other of the little damnable disgusting moths. Come on."

Taylor turned his head and watched them disappear behind a bank of roses that screened a doorway. Half an hour later, going in the same direction, he came upon Gardiner strolling quietly back to the ballroom.

"Would you mind telling me," Taylor asked, stopping him, "where you're really going to-morrow? I'm off myself at seven and I'd like to know." He concealed the eagerness in his voice by an air

of casualness. He lit a cigarette and peered up at Gardiner between his cupped hands.

Gardiner raised eyebrows over dark and coldly haggard eyes. "Where should I go but home with you?" he retorted. He laughed shortly. "I'm going to be one of those chief justices, aren't I? Wasn't that the idea?"

"Well, be sure to telegraph to-morrow for your tickets, then," advised Taylor, and walked on. At the end of the hall he saw Anne Newbold coming toward him with a breathless tripping sort of haste. She almost fell into his arms before she raised her head and saw who he was.

"You are just the person I wanted to see," she said. "The only person. Take me back and dance with me. . . . I want to dance, please. . . ."

"But I thought . . ." he began, and then checked himself.

He was still confused, still at a loss as to whether all this had been a deliberate plan on Anne's part or merely a fortuitously lucky end to an imbroglio. But he was no longer confused nor doubtful when finally he began to dance with her. He remembered the first time he had danced with her—it had been the last time, too.

"You're tired," he said; "don't you want to stop?"

"Oh, no!" she breathed. "Oh, no! No! Please! . . . Just dance."

He wanted to say to her, "I understand now perfectly, my dear. My poor dear! I understand perfectly. You've taken one way of saving one great man and you're doing your best to save another. My poor dear! . . . The vision is destroyed"; but there was nothing he could do except continue to drag wearily her stumbling feet—those thistle-down feet—about the shining floor.



The Buddha

BY MARGHARITA DERFELDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. HOPPER



IN the town of Kislovodsk, in the year of the Lord 1920, five persons sat around a mahogany table in a small room. Five tumblers of tea stood on the table blotched in every direction with white rings that told of a long line of steaming predecessors. A candle in the centre of the table shed a feeble light on five faces, stamped into sameness by poverty and fear.

The room was meanly furnished with but a chest of drawers, and above it on the wall a cracked mirror, an iron cot covered with a brown blanket, a wire frame holding a tin basin and pitcher, the stained table and cane chairs. A red cotton curtain, in one corner of the room, concealed the clothes upon the wall, and on the chest of drawers, below the mirror, a gilded Buddha on his lotus throne looked down from under half-closed lids upon the toilet articles scattered at his feet. A man's overcoat and a woman's skirt hung before the windows—a last sordid touch.

The persons gathered about the table were absorbed in conversation: Nathalia Feodorovna and Boris Petrovitch Rezanoff, victims of that war which steals the bridegroom from the altar and leaves the bride to wait and fade, who had been robbed of five precious years of love—shabby but immaculate; Vladimir Romanovitch, a former commander of one of the brilliant regiments of the Guard—ragged at the wrists and collar; and Maria Mihailovna and her husband, Alekander Alekandrovitch, both stamped with the same signs of a losing game—wreckage of the revolution, thrown upon the mountains of the Caucasus by the wave of persecution that had swept across the face of Russia.

A muffled tap upon the window-pane startled the company into nervous attention. Nathalia Feodorovna went to the

window, and, lifting a corner of the skirt that hung before it, peered out into the garden.

"It's all right," she said, dropping the edge of the skirt and turning toward her companions.

She crossed the room, opened the door, and disappeared in the dark hallway of the house. She came back in a moment accompanied by a tall soldier with the red insignia of the Bolsheviks on his cap.

He tiptoed into the room, his shoes squeaking under the strain of his effort. Nathalia Feodorovna closed and locked the door and invited him with a gesture to take a seat upon the bed. He refused with a nod and remained standing near the table.

"This is Joukoff," she announced. "I have told you about him—you can trust him."

The soldier stiffened to attention in the manner that held before the revolution, his arms rigid, his chin elevated. "That is so, your nobility," he said, rapping out his words.

Vladimir Romanovitch's shaggy eyebrows contracted: "But you are a soldier in the Red army?"

"That is so, your excellency," Joukoff answered with a straightforward look at the speaker. "But a man must live." He turned toward Boris Petrovitch: "Captain Rezanoff has known me for a long time."

"I'll answer for Joukoff," Boris Petrovitch declared hoarsely. "As I told you before, he served as my orderly during the war and helped me to escape from Petrograd."

"So . . . so . . ." Vladimir Romanovitch studied the broad, good-humored peasant face. "One never knows, nowadays, under what disguise one may find a friend. Boris Petrovitch tells me, Joukoff," he continued in a businesslike tone, "that you have promised to get Bolshevik

passports for us and show us how we can leave Russia."

"That is so, your excellency. I have a friend, a commissar, who will get the passports . . . but he asks much money."

"How much?"

A wave of emotion swept across the five faces. The soldier crushed his cap in his big muscular hands.

"Five million roubles each."

Maria Mihailovna sank back in her chair; Vladimir Romanovitch twisted his cigarette between his lips; Nathalia Feodorovna leaned rigidly over the table, her hands clasped above her eyes; Boris Petrovitch began to cough, his chest rising and sinking between the sharp bow of his shoulders. His chair made a scratching sound on the bare floor as he pushed it back; he went to the window and propped his shoulders against the wall.

Vladimir Romanovitch took his cigarette from his lips. "Five million roubles would be a small sum in any foreign currency," he said thoughtfully, "but it is a fortune for those who live by selling their clothes and anything else they may have managed to save." He turned to the soldier and began to question him about his plans for their escape.

The black fringe of lashes about Nathalia Feodorovna's gray eyes blinked as she unclasped her hands. "I don't believe we can raise the money," she said in a low voice. "Don't you think, Joukoff, you could persuade him to take less?"

"It is not possible! He wanted twenty! I bargained him down to five!"

"I don't see how we shall do it." The words dropped bead-like from her lips.

The muscles about Joukoff's eyes puckered; he glanced at Boris Petrovitch. "They say it will be very cold next winter," he faltered. Then, clearing his throat and turning toward Vladimir Romanovitch: "When do you order me to come for the money, your excellency?"

"Let me see—day after to-morrow?" Vladimir Romanovitch looked at his companions. "Can you settle your affairs by then?"

Alekander Alekandrovitch and Maria Mihailovna assented. Boris Petrovitch came over to the table and sat down with a sigh.

The soldier saluted and tiptoed out of

the room, Nathalia Feodorovna locking the door behind him.

The atmosphere of the room had undergone a subtle alteration; the five faces had regained their individuality.

"Now don't lose heart, Natasha!" cried Maria Mihailovna, springing to her feet. "Let us see what you have over there in the corner!"

She began to rummage under the red curtain. Natasha went to the bed and, kneeling on the floor, ripped open a corner of the mattress. She thrust her arm into the hole and drew out a small package which she carried to the table. Her husband took it from her hand and, unwrapping a fold of paper, held a sapphire pendant to the light.

Maria Mihailovna laughed as she stumbled to the bed with a fur coat and a military cape with a beaver collar in her arms. "You can cut this collar off, Natasha, and you won't need your fur coat until winter, and then you'll be far away."

Alekander Alekandrovitch stood, his hands in his pockets, before the chest of drawers examining the Buddha. "This must be worth something, Boris Petrovitch. You ought to be able to sell it."

Boris dropped the pendant and jumped to his feet. "I couldn't think of it! Natasha carried it all the way from Petrograd!" he gasped. "I remember it when I was a little boy—it was given to my father—on one of his—voyages—by some—prince of Siam," he stammered. "He was superstitious about it—and so am I. I couldn't think . . ." His cough choked the words in his throat. He crossed once more to the window and leaned against the wall.

Natasha looked at her companions and put her finger on her lips.

Alekander Alekandrovitch fumbled with the pendant that he had picked up from the table. "Don't worry, my friend. The furs and this jewel will sell for more than you need."

"Without doubt." Vladimir Romanovitch's hearty voice carried conviction.

Nathalia Feodorovna's eyes travelled wistfully over their faces: "Do you really think so?"

"Of course! Of course!" they chorussed.

Maria Mihailovna kissed her friend,

and, taking the candle that had burned down into a dripping mound, went to the mirror to put on her hat.

"In a few weeks we shall celebrate our freedom in Constantinople!" Alekander Alekandrovitch exclaimed gaily. He put his hand on Boris Petrovitch's shoulder. "Everything will turn out all right."

The husband and wife looked at him with eager eyes and a faint smile curled about Natasha's lips—so contagious is cheer, even when selfish in its origin.

The next day a merchant from one of the small shops near the Narzan Gallery, that deal in sheepskins, embroidered leather slippers, silks, and carpets, came to inspect the furs and jewel.

Selim Sadi, an eagle-featured son of one of the tribes that make their home high up in the rocky folds of the Caucasus, had drifted into middle age in the contentment that springs from the simple satisfaction of simple desires. Allah had blessed his efforts, and at forty-five he was the owner of a thriving business and the husband of a young and beautiful wife. But the revolution that had turned mild men into beasts, weak men into heroes, misers into profligates, and profligates into misers, had touched him as it had touched every one and everything else; he had been quick to realize the profits to be gained from the purchase and sale of the jewels and other articles that the refugees from the north were forced to exchange for the rapidly depreciating paper rouble.

Selim looked thoughtfully at the coat; he would have to take it home; he could not name a price until he had examined it, but it seemed all right—that he admitted. He would certainly buy the sapphire; the beaver collar, after much crushing and blowing, received the stamp of his approbation also. He looked like a benevolent bird of prey as he turned to Boris.

"You my good customer, I do my best," he said in his broken Russian. "I come back to-morrow morning."

No amount of urging could persuade Selim to offer a price until he had given the coat a thorough inspection. He insisted that this was not the season for fur coats and that he would not be able to sell it until winter. All the world over, those who sell must wait the pleasure of those

who buy, and Natasha and Boris were forced to resign themselves to a day and night of suspense.

That night, in her dreams, Natasha wandered in a happy land where people laid their heads upon their pillows when the day was ended, certain—or as certain as it is given man to be in a changing world—of waking to a morrow of peaceful toil. Her dreams rambled off into the forgotten roads of memory, twining the past and present in a fantastic wreath: she was a child again, playing in the toy-house that stood in a garden bright with ragged sailors and hollyhocks. A little dog barked at her from the doorway of the house and would not let her go out, and her husband's voice called through the window: "Natasha! Natasha!" She tried to wheedle the dog into a better humor, but in answer to her advances he barked the louder and snapped at her knees. The voice grew insistent: "Natasha! Natasha!"

She wakened with a start. Boris Petrovitch sat on the edge of his bed gasping for breath. She crawled across her mattress that lay upon the floor near the cot, and held him in her arms waiting for the paroxysm to pass. The cough grew less, and he fell back on the piled-up pillows of his bed. The room was gay with morning sunshine, and the exultant voice of a cock in the garden announced the discovery of some succulent morsel to the expectant hens. Life throbbed in his voice and in the sunshine that flooded the room.

"Pull down the shade, Natasha," Boris whispered weakly.

"Why, dear one, don't you like the sun?"

He turned his face to the wall. "Please pull down the shade."

She obeyed him and came back to seat herself on the floor beside the cot.

"I had such a wonderful dream, Boria. I dreamed that we were far away in a lovely place and we had forgotten to be afraid. Dreams come true sometimes, Boria." She pressed her head with the dark hair that fell back in heavy wings from her forehead, closely against his back.

"Dreams go by contraries."

"You'll feel better when we get the money to go away with, Boria."

Silence. She passed her hand stealthily across her eyes and got up to dress.

Selim, as he had promised, came to see them that morning, and brought with him nine million roubles. The coat, on examination, had proved to be damaged; he assured them that he was paying more for it than it was worth.

Natasha argued and Boris, from time to time, added a hoarse comment. But Selim had grown accustomed to the sorrow of others, and had even come to consider his part in these operations as humanitarian acts that would not go unrecorded before Allah. These people needed a large sum of money, and he chose to shut his eyes to a suspicious fact.

Natasha looked about the room. There was not a pin within those four walls that she did not know by heart, but the subconscious belief in miracles, which in crucial moments springs to life in every heart, prompted her to a further search.

Suddenly she saw the Buddha. Her eyes had glanced over the figure before, but now she saw it in a new aspect. She sat down on the bed beside her husband, who had not felt well enough in the morning to get up and dress.

"Boria, dear Boria, won't you sell the Buddha? Oh, Boria, *please!*" Her fingers tightened on his hand.

He jerked himself to a sitting position. Two red spots spread, as ink over a blotter, on his cheek-bones. "How can you ask me to do it? How can you?" he cried hoarsely. "We took it with us and left everything else behind! We risked our lives to carry it through—do you remember the night we were chased by the Reds?" His chest rose and fell like a pair of bellows. "It is sacred and must remain in the family . . . it would be dishonorable . . . a sacrilege to sell it! Disaster would follow!" He finished with an effort: "Never speak of selling it again. If it is the price of our freedom . . . I prefer to remain here!"

Natasha's eyes clung to his face. There was infinite compassion in the humble curve of her head and back as she bent and pressed her lips to his hand. "Forgive me?" she whispered.

Selim had turned his back on this short scene and stood before the Buddha

thoughtfully rubbing the gilded feet with a brown finger.

Natasha spoke: "That is all, Selim. You may go."

He shot a glance at Boris Petrovitch. "I know a man who likes idols," he blurted; then, as Natasha rose hastily and came toward him: "If you change your mind, I sell it for you." With the last words he retreated through the doorway.

"Such nonsense," Boris fretted. "Such nonsense. It has no real money value, Natasha. It couldn't possibly help us out!"

Natasha stood with her back to him before the chest of drawers. She fingered the toilet articles, lifting them one by one from the shelf.

"Look around, Natasha," he pleaded.

Her head bent over the shelf.

"Natasha, I want to get up."

She turned instantly. "Do you feel a little better?" she questioned eagerly, coming over to the cot.

Boris caught her hand and drew her down beside him. "Poor Natasha! How little it needs to make you happy." He lifted each of her fingers in turn and kissed the oval, polished nails. "Forgive me, doushka,"* he said gently, "for . . . everything!"

"Don't, Boria! I can't bear it. Only," she choked and hurried on, "it will be so cold, so . . ."

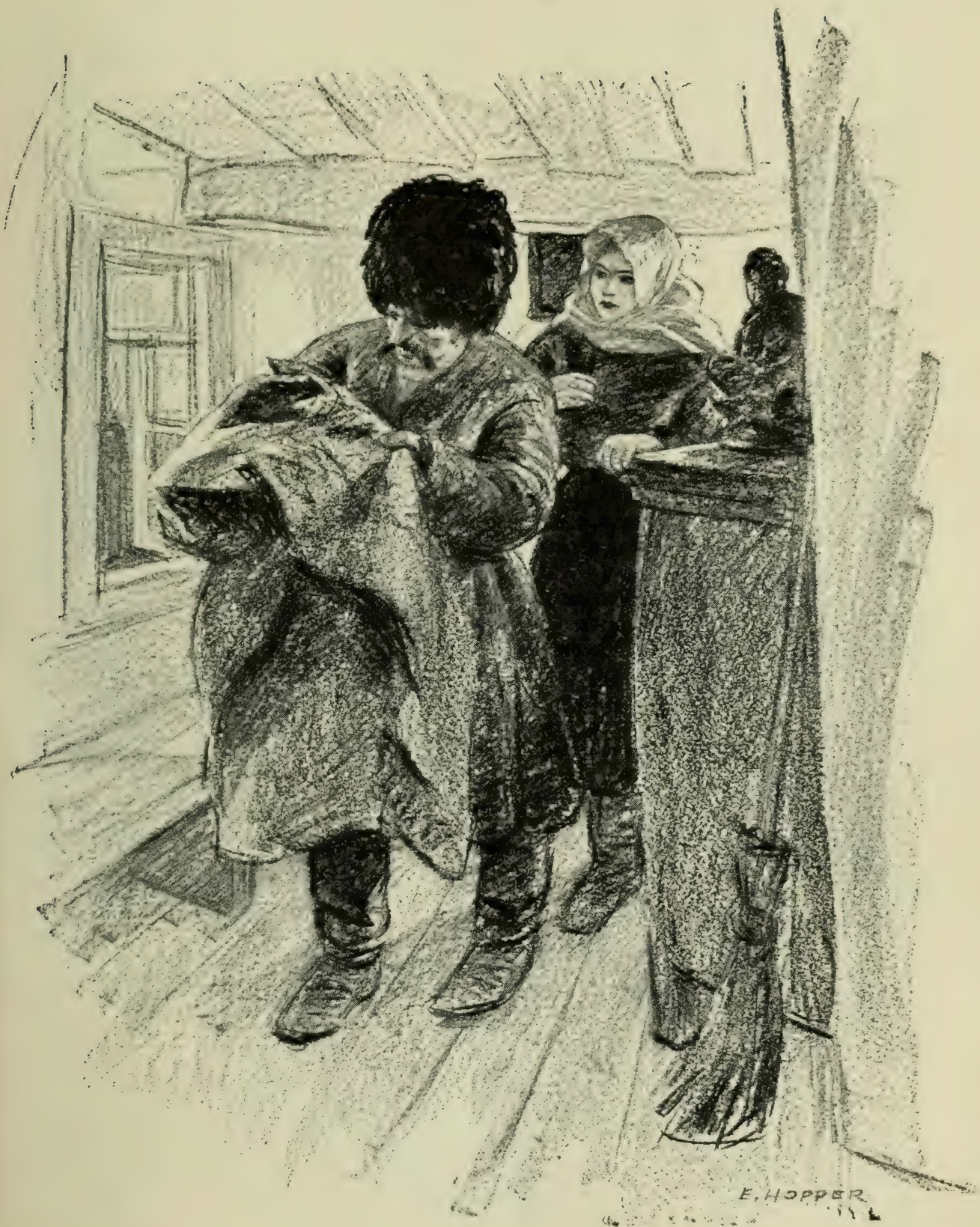
He interrupted her with a return of his impatient manner: "Nitchivo!† Twice we were nearly lost and were saved—God loves a trio—we'll be saved again!"

He had hardly finished dressing when some one tapped at the window and a hearty voice bade them good morning. It was Vladimir Romanovitch, who had come to carry Boris Petrovitch off for an excursion up the valley: "a matter of business and pleasure," he explained.

"By the way," he added, taking Natasha's hand in his broad palm, "I have a surprise for you. It's my lucky day, and I feel like a Croesus after selling my rubbish—I have brought you a trifle to help matters along. Now, don't say a word," he cried as her lips opened. "You will offend me if you refuse, and you can give it back when you make your fortune."

* Dear little soul.

† It doesn't matter—let it go!



From a drawing by E. W. Hopper.

No amount of urging could persuade Selim to offer a price until he had given the coat a thorough inspection.—Page 205.

He raised her hand with a courtly gesture to his lips.

"I can't refuse—it means too much to us. I don't know how to thank you!" her warm voice answered.

"Don't thank me, my dear—any one would do as much. We all want to get this young man out of here before winter."

Husband and wife tacitly avoided mentioning the morning's disappointment. Vladimir Romanovitch bundled his friend into a dilapidated victoria which stood waiting at the gate, and drove off.

Natasha watched the carriage as it lumbered up-hill. She waited until it rounded the curve in the road, then turned and went into the house.

Inside her room she closed the door and stood leaning against it, the package Vladimir Romanovitch had given her clasped in her hand. She made a rapid sign of the cross over her face and breast and slowly unwrapped the paper; a roll of bills unfolded in her hand. She counted them over: one, two, three, four hundred thousand roubles, and then counted them again—no more, no less, just four hundred thousand. Her eyes travelled over the walls and furniture and lingered on the figure of the Buddha. She shuffled, like a person impelled by some external force, across the room and came to a stand before the bronze figure.

She laid her head on her arms at the gilded feet: "Buddha, dear Buddha." Her voice was as light as a child's breath: "What shall I do? I must get the money—if I don't, he will die. . . . I must! I must!" She raised her head and looked into the impassible Oriental face; a superstitious shiver ran down her spine: what if, after all, Boria were right? If the sale of the idol should bring disaster upon them? Her back straightened as she brushed away her fear—it was all a sick man's fancy; she would put it out of her mind! She went resolutely toward the door, opened it, passed out into the garden and through the gate and hurried along the road. She turned the first corner to her right, and entered a grocery store half-way down the block.

She asked the proprietor, a burly man with a pendulous abdomen sheathed in a white apron, if she might use his tele-

phone, and when he gave his consent lifted the receiver and called up Selim's shop.

Selim's voice answered her over the wire. She had reconsidered selling the Buddha, she told him; would he come immediately—she stressed the immediately—to the house and get it?

A half hour later Selim appeared. He was evidently relieved, on entering the room, to find that Natasha was alone.

Was he certain that he could sell it? That he could get six hundred thousand roubles for it, she inquired? Selim answered that he had spoken—just for safety—with the idol-fancier, and assured her that the Buddha would be sold, but, of course, the man must see it first.

Natasha told him to take the idol, and promised to be at his shop at seven—for this was the day appointed for Joukoff's visit, and the question of the Buddha must be decided before he arrived. She wrapped the massive figure in one of the red curtains which she took down from the wall; Selim hoisted the bundle to his shoulder and went off to the man who liked idols.

At five o'clock Boris Petrovitch returned from his drive. His face wore a calmer expression, and Natasha, quick to observe every change in his mood, detected a cheerful undertone in his voice.

Her face brightened.

Tea was ready, and she invited both men to come in and drink it while it was hot. Vladimir Romanovitch excused himself and trundled down the hill in the shaky vehicle. Boris entered the house, sat down at the table, and began to sip his tea.

"What's the matter, Natasha?" he said suddenly.

Natasha flushed and the stream of words tarried on her lips.

"You chatter like a magpie. What's the matter?" he insisted.

She looked into her glass of tea. "There is something I must tell you . . . only . . . don't be angry!"

He whirled in his chair. "The Buddha!" he cried, springing to his feet.

Natasha came up to him and laid her hands on his breast. "Boria! Boria!" she pleaded. "Selim has promised to sell it for six hundred thousand. I will go for the money at seven. Oh, think what it



From a drawing by E. W. Hopper.

Vladimir Romanovitch bundled his friend into a dilapidated victoria.—Page 208.

means!" she hurried on, frightened by his pallor and immobility, "life and love together!" and, when he did not heed her and continued to stare at the place where the Buddha had stood, she slipped her arms about his neck and buried her face in his breast. "We shall be so happy! so happy!"

His arms groped their way around her. "Yes, we shall be happy," he said, and his voice had a dull, deliberate quality, "very happy."

He put one hand on her head and strained her to him. "Very happy," he repeated, and looked with blind, wide eyes at the chest of drawers.

The house where the Rezanoffs lodged was the last on one of the irregular streets that run up the sides of the mountains that hold Kislovodsk in their bowl. At half-past six Nathalia Feodorovna closed the garden gate behind her and came out on the rough road. The air was warm and still; the evening sunlight slanted across the wooded slopes of the mountains on the other bank of the Podkoumok that tumbled noisily from its cradle in the peaks to a placid bed on the plain. To the left, the road ran abruptly up-hill and lost itself in a sharp curve; to the right, it wavered down to the cathedral in the valley. A herd of cattle, driven by clean-limbed, bright-eyed Cossack children, came stumbling out of one of the side streets into the main road; pigs rooted in the ground about the trees, and a grunting sow, followed by her squealing litter, monopolized the sidewalk. Natasha turned into the road to pass them.

The blue dome of the cathedral came into view. Natasha passed through the turnstile and out of the cathedral park into one of the more frequented streets. Her young face under the wide brim of her hat was flushed and happy as she approached Selim's shop, a quaint stone building with thick walls that formed a deep alcove before the low, glass-paned door, which stood ajar.

A glance told her that the store was empty. She went in and rapped on the counter. A curtain in the back of the shop was drawn aside, and a woman dressed in the Caucasian costume, a white veil bound by an embroidered fillet on her dark hair, her arms loaded with bangles,

peered out at Natasha with bright, soft eyes.

She dropped the curtain and came forward to answer Natasha's question. No, Selim had not told her when he would be back. She was Selim's wife, she ran on, examining her visitor with quick, bird-like glances. They had been married but a few months, and she spent most of her time in the aoul, the village in the mountains. It was so lonely here, she sighed, for Selim was busy all day with his customers, and she had no one to talk to. Encouraged by Natasha's smile, she confided her hopes and plans as simply as a child: Selim was very clever and he would soon be rich—then they would go to the aoul and leave the store in the care of his nephew.

It grew dark; the piles of white sheepskins on the counter faded into dim patches; the red and green slippers were shapeless bits of color on the shelves; the rugs on the floor, formless heaps of mystery; and the woman, a shadow between her veils.

As time passed and the merchant did not return Natasha grew restless; the voice of the Caucasian became a confused drone in her ears.

Selim appeared at last in the dark frame of the doorway. Natasha sprang to her feet and came forward. He passed her by and came and stood before his wife.

"It is not your place here! Go!" he commanded, turning her with a rough hand toward the curtained door.

She twisted out of his grasp, and with a parting smile for her visitor ran behind the curtain.

Selim lighted a lamp and became absorbed in his merchandise; he took up a carpet and put it down; removed a pile of skins from one part of the counter to another, and rearranged the slippers on the shelves.

A band tightened about Natasha's heart. "Did you sell the image?" she ventured at last.

He blew the dust from a slipper and answered without turning: "Yes."

The band about her heart snapped; she caught her breath. "Oh, I am so glad!"

Selim took up another slipper and bent over it. "Yes, I get two hundred thousand for it."

"What!"

"Yes, gentleman said it's not worth more."

"But I cannot sell it for that! You must bring it back!"

He wheeled. She saw the gleam of white teeth in his black beard.

"That cannot be! I sold it, I tell you! I got money for it! I can't get it back!" He fumbled in his belt and drew out a roll of bills. "Here is the money."

Natasha's hands dropped to her sides. She looked away through the door at a light that twinkled among the trees in the park.

Selim planted himself before her and held out the dirty roll of bills. "What! It's your money, take it!" He poked it into her heedless fingers. "I do my best. It's not my fault!"

"Yes, I know." Her dry lips twisted into a smile; her voice fell to a whisper: "It's God's fault!"

"What?"

"Nothing, nothing!" and she was gone.

Natasha labored up the hill in the evening shadows. Here and there a light gleamed in a window; through the open doors of the houses men's and women's voices, a child's shrill laugh, the end of a song smote her ears.

"In a military hospital, he perished, poor soul," a clear voice trilled.

"He perished, poor soul; he perished, poor soul," Natasha's brain wound out with maddening persistence.

She reached the gate and stopped. Across the garden the open window of her room yawned in a black patch on the wall of the house. She crept up the path and into the narrow hall to her door. She listened. All was still. The door squeaked on its hinges as it opened, traplike, before her.

A short cough told her that her husband was somewhere in the black void.

"Natasha."

She could not answer. She put her cold hand to her face and it was wet as it dropped again to her side.

"Natasha! Don't cry, Natasha! It had to be," he pleaded thickly.

She stumbled across the room and sank on her knees beside the cot. "I have hurt you. . . . I have robbed you . . . and . . ."

"I know," he interrupted. He drew her wet face close to his own. "Don't cry, my *nenagladnia!*" *

Joukoff was informed that evening that they would need only three passports.

He stared at Natasha's haggard face. "It can't be! It can't be!" he repeated. "Isn't there something you can sell, your nobility?" he asked, his eyes roaming about the bare room.

"Nothing! You know, Joukoff, that we got away with the clothes we had on, and a few things in a bag—we have sold most of them since."

"Oh, let us try to forget it, for God's sake!" Boris interrupted.

The soldier sighed heavily and after a few more words with Vladimir Romanovitch, went awkwardly from the room. Maria Mihailovna and her husband left a little later, and Vladimir Romanovitch followed them shortly. They were ashamed, in the face of the condemned, of the joy that betrayed itself in their shining eyes, their alert movements, their tremulous voices.

A few days later they disappeared from Kislovodsk, and as the weeks stretched into months and the shadows grew longer on the cot where Boris Petrovitch more and more frequently spent his days, they were forgotten, and the memory of the hope they had shared in common was mercifully obliterated from the sick man's mind.

The days shortened; the asters withered in the garden; the mountains turned from green to smoke-brown; the wind, with each new visit, grew more and more boisterous, and the room in the house on the hill, colder and colder. And then one November day Boris Petrovitch's twitching shoulders grew quiet under the weight of earth that presses all things into immobility in the end.

Natasha's resources were exhausted, and she started out to find work. After days spent in tramping up and down the hill and through the streets of Kislovodsk, she found a French lesson, for which she was paid with a daily dinner. Later on she was fortunate enough to procure other work, and with the money she thus earned she was able to pay for her cold refuge and a cup of sugarless morning tea.

* Thou on whom my eyes can never sate themselves.

One January afternoon Natasha came out of the gate of the house on the hill. The wind swept down the valley of the Podkoumok driving the snow in wheeling sheets before it; the mountain on the other side of the river was a blotch against the sky. The road, to right and left, was lost under the snow and stretched between silent houses to the cathedral in the valley, and only the smoke from the chimneys, mingling with the flakes that the wind tossed from the roofs, gave token of life in the deserted street.

The wind pierced her coat and clutched at the shawl she held together with red fingers beneath her chin. She stopped at the turnstile in the cathedral park and bent to pick a lump of ice out of a hole in the toe of her shoe; it fell to the ground, a red blot on the snow. From time to time a snow-patched figure struggled past her as she made her way down the street before the line of shops that faced the Narzan Gallery. Her head and shoulders were caked with snow, and she edged into a wide recess before a low glass door to shake the burden from her shawl and dress. With quick little taps of her red hands she whisked her jacket clean and stamped her feet to rid them of the clinging snow.

The door behind her opened and some one touched her shoulder. She turned and saw a bright-eyed woman in a long veil.

"You don't remember me? I am

Selim's wife," the woman said, as she drew her into the house and closed the door.

Natasha looked about the store; the sheepskins and slippers, carpets and silks, the woman's face, lovely and childlike between the folds of the veil, all were unchanged.

The Caucasian stared at her. "You are poor?" she said, speaking, with the directness of simple natures, the thought uppermost in her mind.

"Yes."

"Very poor?"

Natasha did not answer. The warm air of the store sent a tingling pain through her hands and feet; something hot burned in her eyes. She turned blindly toward the door.

The woman put out a detaining hand. "I want to tell you. . . . I don't live here now. Selim's nephew take care of store. Selim is rich." Her eyes flashed with pride. "We build a big house in the aoul. He gives me many dresses and bracelets—look!" She held out her bangled arm; a thick gold ring gleamed among the silver circles above her wrist.

"Selim so clever!" her lips lifted above her little teeth. "Last summer he bought ugly idol." She gave a quick, furtive look about and leaned nearer to Natasha. "You must not tell," her voice rippled with laughter: "It was pure gold!"



On the Advantage of Having a Pattern

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I



ON a passage of Stevenson's has been oftener quoted than his confession how he taught himself the art of letters by playing "the sedulous ape to many masters"; and in this avowal he had been preceded by masters of style as dissimilar in their accomplishment as Franklin and Newman. Stevenson may be overstating the case—he had caught the trick of overstatement from Thoreau—but he is not misstating it when he asserts that this is the only way to learn to write. Certainly it is an excellent way, if we judge by its results in his own case, in Franklin's, and in Newman's. The method of imitative emulation will help any apprentice of the craft to choose his words, to arrange them in sentences, and to build them up in coherent paragraphs. It is a specific against that easy writing which is "cursed hard reading." But it goes no deeper than the skin, since it affords insufficient support when the novice has to consider his structure as a whole, the form he will bestow upon his essay, his story, his play.

In the choice of the proper framework for his conception the author's task is made immeasurably lighter if he can find a fit pattern ready to his hand. Whether he shall happen upon this when he needs it is a matter of chance, since it depends on what the engineers call "the state of the art" at the moment. There have been story-tellers and playwrights not a few who have gone astray and dissipated their energies, not through any fault of their own, but solely because no predecessor had devised a pattern suitable for their immediate purpose. They have wandered afield because the trail had not

been blazed by earlier and possibly less gifted wayfarers and adventurers.

Perhaps I can make clear what I mean by a concrete example not taken from the art of letters. In Professor John C. Van Dyke's acute analysis of the traditions of American painting, he has told us that when La Farge designed the "Ascension" for the church of that name in New York: "The architectural place for it was simplified by placing on the chancel wall of the church a heavily gilded moulding, deep-niched, and with an arched top, which acted at once both as a frame and a limit to the picture. The space was practically that of a huge window with a square base and a half top requiring for its filling two groups of figures one above the other. La Farge placed his standing figures of the apostles and the holy women in the lower space and their perpendicular lines paralleled the uprights of the frame; at the top he placed an oval of angels about the risen Christ, and again the rounded lines of the angel group repeated the curves of the gilded arch."

Then Professor Van Dyke appends this significant comment:

"There was no great novelty in this arrangement. It was frankly adopted from Italian Renaissance painting, and had been used for high altar-pieces by all the later painters—Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Titian, Palma. They had worked out the best way of filling that upright-and-arched space, and La Farge followed the tradition because he recognized its sufficiency."

In other words, the art of painting had so far advanced that La Farge was supplied with the pattern best suited to his purpose; and this pattern once accepted, he was at liberty to paint the picture as he saw fit, without wasting time in quest of another construction. The picture he put within that frame was his and his

only, even if the pattern of it had been devised centuries before he was born. In thus utilizing a framework invented by his predecessors he was not cramped and confined; rather was he set free. So it is that to Milton and to Wordsworth the rigidity of the sonnet was not a hindrance but a help—especially to Wordsworth, since it curbed his tendency to diffuseness. Wordsworth himself declared his delight in the restrictions of the sonnet:

“In truth the prison, into which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, ’twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet’s scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs
must be),
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace here, as I have found.”

That utterance of Wordsworth’s may be recommended to the ardent advocates of Free Verse—that is, of the verse which boasts itself to be patternless and to come into being in response solely to the whim of the moment. Sooner or later the Free Versifiers will discover the inexorable truth in Huxley’s saying that it is when a man can do as he pleases that his trouble begins.

Since I have ventured these three quotations I am emboldened to make a fourth—from John Morley’s essay on Macaulay. After informing us about the rules which Comte imposed on himself in composition, Morley tells us that Comte “justified his literary solicitude by insisting on the wholesomeness alike to heart and intelligence of submission to artificial restrictions. He felt, after he had once mastered the habit of the new yoke, that it became the source of continual and unforeseeable improvement even in thought, and he perceived that the reason why verse is a higher kind of literary perfection than prose, is that verse imposes a greater number of rigorous forms.”

It is because of their rigorous form that the ballade and the rondeau have established themselves by the side of the sonnet; and the lyrist who has learned to love them finds in their rigidity no curb on his power of self-expression. So in the kindred art of music, the sonata and the symphony are forms, each with a law of its own; yet the composer has abundant liberty within the law. He has all the

freedom that is good for him, and the prison to which he dooms himself no prison is.

II

THERE is, however, a difference between a fixed form, such as the sonata has and the sonnet, and the more flexible formula, such as the arrangement within a framework which La Farge borrowed from the painters of the Italian Renaissance. A pattern of this sort is less rigid, in fact it is easily varied as successive artists modify it to suit themselves.

Consider the eighteenth-century essay which Steele devised with the aid of hints he found in the Epistles and even in the Satires of Horace, and which was enriched and amplified by Addison. The pattern of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* was taken over by a heterogeny of other essayists in the course of fourscore years, notably by Johnson in the *Idler* and the *Rambler*; and assuredly Johnson, if left to himself, could never have invented a formula so simple, so unpretending, and so graceful. It was only a little departed from by Goldsmith, and only a little more by Irving in the “Sketch-Book,” which is not so much a periodical (although it was originally published in parts) as it is a portfolio of essays and of essay-like tales. From Irving Thackeray borrowed more than the title of his “Paris Sketch-Book” and “Irish Sketch-Book.”

Consider the earlier and in some measure stricter form of the essay as it had been developed by Montaigne. This pattern Montaigne had worked out as he put more and more of himself into the successive editions of his essays. He had begun intending little more than a commonplace book of anecdotes and quotations; and yet by incessant interpolation and elaboration his book became at last the intimate revelation of his own pungent individuality. This is the pattern that Bacon adopted and adapted to his purpose, less discursive and more monitory, but not less pregnant nor less significant. And it is Montaigne’s formula not greatly transformed by Bacon which Emerson found ready to his hand when he made his essays out of his lectures, scattering his pearls of wisdom with a lavish hand, and not pausing to string

them into a necklace. We cannot doubt that the pattern of Montaigne and Bacon and Emerson owed something also to their memory of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

Shakspeare was as fortunate as Bacon in the fact that he had not to waste time in vainly seeking new forms. He did not invent the sonnet and he did not invent the sonnet-sequence; but he made his profit out of them. Neither the stanza nor the structure of his two narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece," was of his contriving; he found them already in use, and he did not go in search of any overt novelty of form.

Scott, "beaten out of poetry by Byron," as he himself phrased it, turned to prose fiction, and almost by accident he created the pattern of the historical novel, with its romantic heroes and heroines, and with its realistic humbler characters. His earlier heroes and heroines in prose were very like his still earlier heroes and heroines in verse, and his realistic characters were the result of his expressed desire to do for the Scottish peasant what Miss Edgeworth had done for the Irish peasant. The first eight of the Waverley novels dealt only with Scottish scenes; then in "Ivanhoe" and a little later in "Quentin Durward" Scott enlarged his formula for the presentation of an English and a French theme.

Since Scott's day his pattern has approved itself to three generations of novelists; and it is not yet outworn. In France Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas accepted it, each of them altering it at will, feeling free to adjust it to their own differing necessities. In Italy it was employed by Manzoni, in Poland by Sienkiewicz, and in Germany by a horde of uninspired story-tellers. In the United States it was at once borrowed by Cooper for the "Spy," the first American historical novel. Then Cooper, having proved its value, took the pattern which Scott had created for the telling of a story the action of which took place on land, and made it serve in the "Pilot" for a story the action of which took place mainly on the sea—perhaps a more striking originality than his contemporaneous employment of it for a series of tales the action of which took place in the forest.

It is one of the most fortunate coincidences in the history of literature that Scott crossed the border, and made a foray into English history at the very moment when Cooper was ready to write fiction about his own country; and it was almost equally unfortunate that Charles Brockden Brown was born too early to be able to avail himself of the pattern Scott and Cooper were to handle triumphantly. Brown died a score of years before the publication of "Ivanhoe." He left half a dozen novels of varying value, known only to devoted students of American fiction. He had great gifts; he had invention and imagination; he was a keen observer of human nature; he had a rich faculty of description. (In one of his books there is a portrayal of an epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia which almost challenges comparison with De Foe's "Journal of the Plague Year.") But the state of the art of fiction supplied Brown with no model appropriate to his endowment, and therefore he had to do the best he could with the unworthy pattern of the Gothic Romance of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe and of their belated followers, "Monk" Lewis and Godwin. If Brown had been a contemporary of Cooper, then the author of the "Last of the Mohicans" might have had a rival in his own country.

The state of the art in his own time was a detriment to a far greater story-teller than Brown or Cooper or Scott, to one of the greatest of all story-tellers, Cervantes. "Don Quixote" abides as the imperishable monument to his genius, to his wisdom, to his insight, to his humor, to his all-embracing sympathy. None the less is it sprawling in its structure and careless in its composition. There were only two models available for Cervantes when he wrote this masterpiece of fiction, the Romance-of-Chivalry and its antithesis, the Romance-of-Roguery, the picaresque tale. The Romance-of-Chivalry was generally chaotic and involute, with a plot at once complicated and repetitious. The Romance-of-Roguery, born of an inevitable reaction against the high-flown and toplofty unreality of the interminable narratives of knight-errantry, was quite as straggling in its episodes, and it was also addicted to cruel and brutal

practical joking. Although these were unworthy patterns for Cervantes, he had no other. So it is that the method of "Don Quixote" is sometimes unsatisfactory even when the manner is always beyond all cavil. Moreover, it is evident that Cervantes builded better than he knew; he seems not to have suspected the transcendent quality of his own work, and, therefore, he did not take his task as seriously as he might. As it has been well said, Cervantes came too early to profit by Cervantes.

How much luckier are the novelists and short-story writers of to-day. The state of the art has advanced to a point unforeseen even a century ago. Whatever theme a writer of fiction may want to treat now, he is never at a loss for a pattern, which will preserve him for the misadventure which befell Cervantes. In its methods, if in nothing else, fiction is a finer art than it was once upon a time. Consider Rudyard Kipling, for example, who is almost infinitely various, and who is always inexpugnably original. Whatever his subject might be, there was always an appropriate pattern at his service; he had only to pick and choose that which was best suited to his immediate need. Consider Stevenson, again, and how in his story-telling he was able to play the sedulous ape at one time to Scott and Dumas, and at another to Hawthorne and Poe.

III

It is perhaps in the field of play-making that the utility of the pattern is most obvious. Sophocles modelled himself on Æschylus, and then modified the formula in his own favor. Calderon took over the formula that Lope de Vega had developed, and the younger playwright departed only infrequently from the pattern of the earlier. Racine modelled himself upon Corneille, and then transformed the formula he borrowed in obedience to his own genius. Victor Hugo took the theatrically effective but psychologically empty pattern of contemporary Parisian melodrama, and draped its arbitrary skeleton with his glittering lyricism. Maeterlinck took the traditional formula of the fairy play, the *féerie*, and endowed it with the poetic feeling which delights as

in the "Blue Bird." Oscar Wilde took the framework of Scribe and Sardou; and he was thus enabled adroitly to complicate the situations of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Then there is Ibsen, whose skilful construction has demanded the praise of all students of the art and mystery of play-making. He started where Scribe and Sardou left off. The earliest of his social dramas, the "League of Youth," is in accord with the pattern of Augier and the younger Dumas. The next, the "Doll's House," might have been composed by Sardou—up to the moment in the final act when husband and wife sit down on opposite sides of the table to talk out their future relation. Thereafter, Ibsen evolved from this French pattern a pattern of his own, which was exactly suited to his later social dramas and which has in its turn been helpful to the more serious dramatists of to-day.

As Shakspeare had been content to take the verse-forms of his predecessors and contemporaries, so he never hesitated to employ their play-making formulas. Kyd had developed the type of play which we call the Tragedy-of-Blood; and Shakspeare borrowed it for his "Titus Andronicus" (if that is his, which is more than doubtful) and even for his "Hamlet," wherein it is purged of most of its violence. Marlowe lifted into literature the unliterary and loosely knit Chronicle-Play; and Shakspeare enlarged this formula in "Richard III" and "Richard II." It was in his youth that Shakspeare trod in the trail of Kyd and Marlowe; and in his maturity he followed in the footsteps of his younger friends, Beaumont and Fletcher, taking the pattern of their Dramatic-Romances for his "Winter's Tale" and "Tempest." Due perhaps to the fact that the state of the art did not provide him with a pattern for what has been called High-Comedy, Shakspeare did not attempt any searching study of Elizabethan society—although this may have been because Elizabethan society was lacking in the delicate refinements of fashion which are the fit background of High-Comedy.

Whatever the explanation may be, it was left for Molière, inspired by the external elegancies of the court of Louis

XIV to create the pattern of High-Comedy in "Tartuffe" and the "Misanthrope" and the "Femmes Savantes,"—the pattern which was to serve Congreve for the "Way of the World," Sheridan for the "School for Scandal," Augier and Sandeau for the "Gendre de Monsieur Poirier." And Molière really created the formula, with little or no help from any earlier dramatists, either Greek or Latin. Neither in Athens nor in Rome was there the atmosphere of good breeding which might have stimulated Menander or Terence to the composition of comedies of this distinction. It is the more remarkable that Molière should have accomplished this feat, since he sought no originality of form in his earlier efforts, contenting himself with the loose and liberal framework of the Italian improvised plays, the Comedy-of-Masks.

One of the many reasons for the sterility of the English drama in the middle of the nineteenth century is that the dramatists of our language seem to have believed it their duty to abide by the patterns which had been acceptable to the Jacobean and Restoration audiences,

and which were not appropriate to the theatre of the nineteenth century, widely different in its size, and in its scenic appliances. The English poets apparently despised the stage of their own time, and they made no effort to master its methods. As a result they wrote dramatic poems and not poetic dramas. They did not follow the example of Victor Hugo, and they scorned to accept any of the popular patterns. Stevenson, in his unfortunate adventures into play-making, made the unpardonable mistake of trying to varnish with style a dramatic formula which had long ceased to be popular.

In the past half-century the men of letters of our language have seen a great light. They have no contempt for the patterns of approved popularity, and of these there are now a great many, suitable for every purpose and adjustable to every need. They have found out how to be theatrically effective without ceasing to be literary in the best sense of the word—that is to say, they are not relying on fine writing, but on clear thinking and on the honest presentation of human nature as they severally see it.

Old Ships

BY HARRIET WELLES

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.



THE trained nurse covered the electric-light globe with dark-colored tissue-paper, gave the admiral his midnight ration of medicine, smoothed the bedclothes, shook up the pillows, turned her patient into a new position, opened the window which looked out across the harbor, closed the window near the bed to stop the draft from the rising wind; then, leaning above the sick man, she asked if there was anything he wanted. Getting no response she returned to her chair, and in a few minutes dropped into a light sleep.

The old admiral, lying upon his side,

stared with unseeing eyes across the dim room. Ever since his second stroke, a week before, he had wandered dumbly through strange, confusing mazes of pain. His power of speech was gone; only by signs could he make his wants known, or raise his deep voice in an inarticulate growl of impatience and exasperation at the unintelligence of the people who ministered to his needs.

His widowed sister, who kept house for him, had wept unrestrainedly following the conference of the physicians that afternoon: "I can't help feeling that we're bothering Ned! He never could bear to have any one fuss around him—except Lois. He's like a wounded lion—and he roars at us like a lion, too!" The doctors

had murmured assurances concerning the achievements of science which, in these hard cases, made it possible to dull the pain and make the short time remaining more bearable.

The admiral had given no sign that their low-pitched voices had reached him across the wavering borderland of consciousness—but he had heard; now, staring wide-eyed across the shadowy room, his mind slowly shook off its enveloping lethargy and faced its problems with a half-forgotten keenness.

Outside, the rising wind whisked buoyantly around the corners of the house. He could hear it whispering, and could picture it tossing the heavy-headed hydrangeas, swinging the festoons of climbing roses and honeysuckle, bending the tall, dark cypresses which protected the flower-beds, and running down the long borders of blossoming Shasta daisies with a mischievous joyousness. The admiral recognized daisies when he saw them, but claimed no acquaintance with the other tenants of his garden. "The red ones, that lot of blue spikes, those bright-yellow flowers," were as far as he went in generalization; but he loved, with a strange unspoken intensity, to spend long silent hours among the riot of fragrance and color which the Californian climate made possible. *Why* had it seemed to be his only wish that the landlocked port of his last voyage must be brave with sunshine, bright with blossoms?

He moved a little. The nurse was instantly alert; when she had returned to her chair his brooding thoughts went back to their problem. Just why, after his retirement by age from active service, had he felt so insistently that he must have a garden? It was a favorite and long-contested grievance of his sister's that he spent an entirely disproportionate amount of his retired pay upon fertilizers, plants, and seeds—to produce masses of flowers of which he did not know the names! He admitted the truth and logic of her complaint—and ordered more plants. Why had he persisted?

Gropingly his mind went back over the stretching track of the long years. He had never searched for a reason before—but it was easy to find. *Lois!* Always Lois had talked of gardens, and had mar-

shalled before him long imaginary lines of poppies, cornflowers, and verbenas. So firmly had she implanted the idea that, when his time for unwilling idleness came, a garden was his one requirement . . . and now the offshore wind was making free with his flowers, and blowing across the surf which broke against the sea-wall opposite his house.

The wind was freshening; the pound of the waves came clearly through the open window. The admiral frowned. Like all sailormen the sound of breakers held only a message of menace for him: no one but a fool would want to get his vessel near enough to a beach to hear the surf. . . . With a little pang he realized that, for a long time, the sea had meant nothing to him: an unappealing painted immensity above which contentious gulls sailed on leisurely wings, into which pelicans dropped with stone-like heaviness. . . . His frown deepened. How had this indifference come into being?

Alert memory supplied a vision of groups of destroyers—veterans of Queens-town days—flagless, deserted, tethered to buoys. A junior officer, son of one of the admiral's classmates—paying a duty call—had enthusiastically described the orderly procedure attendant upon decommissioning the ships: the cleaning, oiling, scraping, painting, and greasing of guns, hoists, torpedo-tubes, decks, and machinery; the packing and removing of stores and all portable and perishable gear to storehouses. The admiral had listened in aghast silence. The gift of picturesque language and vivid descriptive profanity were admittedly his—but the sight and sound of this new spirit rendered him speechless. He ran a temperature that evening.

For this latter-day babble concerning the value of aircraft and submarines he had no interest and less sympathy. "The navy's the fleet!" had been his slogan for many eventful years; he refused to amend it now to fit any of the new-fangled ideas voiced by youngsters who could look, unmoved, upon the passing of the old ships.

Uneasily the admiral tried to change his position: was his irritation caused by the fact that he, like the ships, was obsolete, decommissioned, junked; out of touch and comprehension with the new ways and

methods of reasoning? . . . What was that word you heard so much nowadays? . . . Oh, yes: psychology! The admiral snorted. He had dipped surreptitiously into a book which his sister had been interested in, and had emerged from his orgy roaring defiance: "According to that blankety blankety blank imbecile, a man couldn't get an innocent spot on his clothes without being insulted by the most baleful suspicions!" In these later years the admiral had become addicted to a few pet spots; his sister and he had threshed that subject entirely out. About spots there were no honors left to be garnered by the cleverest and most analytical of psychologists. . . .

He snorted again. . . . What had he been thinking of when that tomfoolery intruded? Oh, yes: the ships!

His forty-six years in the service were spent during the navy's transitional times. When he entered the Naval Academy all of our war-vessels were wooden sailing ships; his midshipman's cruises were made aboard the *Constellation*—she was so low between decks that only a half-grown boy could stand erect; so badly ventilated through her tiny port-holes that one's mouth tasted like a copper penny in the morning—but, oh, *the satisfying beauty of those old full-rigged sailing ships!* The admiral's thoughts went yearningly back to the memory of towering, sun-drenched, white sails and colorful old hulls coming up like gulls across the horizon line over the rim of the world: the ultimate perfection of grace, symmetry, and romance.

"The navy's always been conservative!" decided the admiral, affectionately remembering the old-time commodores who, through wide and varied experience, had come to have a ripe knowledge and respect for the ways of the wind, and who entertained neither interest nor enthusiasm where innovations were concerned. Steam did not intrigue them; they mistrusted it and took grudging chances with this new motive power; sails were retained as a guarantee of sanity and safety long after the use of steam had progressed far beyond the experimental stage. . . . The admiral chuckled, recalling the old *Tennessee*—which carried just enough coal to steam out of port; then, at the harbor's

mouth, dumped the fires and hoisted her faithful sails, as did all the vessels of that early fleet—"Rappahannock, Boston, Galena, Philadelphia, Yantic, Quinnebog, Swatara"—the admiral named them over to himself like a well-beloved rosary, and exulted in the precious memory of those gallant years when sails were still spread, adventure still flourished, and fighting men still looked their adversaries in the eyes—instead of shooting impersonally at them from twelve miles away!

"I've lived too long!" decided the admiral with grimness; then smiled ruefully at the sudden remembrance of his first cruise aboard the *Bear*: detailed to search around Alaska for Greeley's missing ship. During one of his first periods as watch-officer a terrific storm came up; gigantic rushing walls of icy water towered above the tiny *Bear*, and, as the fury of the gale increased and the laboring ship trembled like an exhausted horse, the watch-officer's spirit quailed; summoning a messenger he sent word to the captain: "The sea is getting up, sir!" The answer came quickly back: "Keep to your course." The admiral recalled the long climb, the swift descent of those mountainous combers; the icicles that formed on his eyebrows; the brackish drinking-water; the steady diet of hardtack and salt-horse; and the three members of the crew who went violently insane from the monotony and danger of that long cruise. . . . What did these soft new men know about the *real navy* that he had helped to make? . . . A small smile lighted his thin old face as he remembered the uproar caused by the aspirants desiring to have the honor of bagging the first polar bear. The officers were at luncheon when an orderly came with the message that a bear was sighted—and the mess, arising as one man, made for the deck with guns and cameras on tripods—to be jammed in the passageway, a struggling vociferous rabble.

Those good old days of adventure, of privation, of danger, of enjoyment, and of vivid picturesqueness: thank fortune he had known *them* instead of these new smug neat years! . . . Once the *Bear's* doctor, going on two weeks' leave, intrusted him with the keys and the duties of the medicine-chest. "If any one gets sick with a high fever, a bad chill, measles,

smallpox, or a broken leg—give 'em two of those big black pills, then make for the nearest medico," directed the doctor.

"You fed me one of those pills *once!* If you ask me, I'd say that they were the *last* thing to give to a man with a broken leg——"

"I didn't ask you!" blithely commented the doctor, making for the shore boat.

The admiral chuckled aloud; then, as the nurse stirred, guiltily closed his eyes. . . .

Outside, the offshore wind had strengthened; it was no longer playful, but blew with a sturdy determination that matched the increased roar of the surf. The admiral opened his eyes and smiled—recalling his early Naval Academy days, when the whims of winds and tides had been as a closed book to him. At the time of his appointment his hopes and desires were centred in a longing to possess, and wear to Annapolis, a straw hat displayed as the *pièce de résistance* of the haberdasher's stock in his home town. The hat was black and highly glazed; it had an infinitesimal brim, a towering crown, and was further embellished by a wide, candy-striped band. His father bought it for him, and he proudly displayed it about Annapolis until the day when the gates of the Naval Academy definitely closed behind him. Ten feet inside the walls the cherished hat left his head—and never relighted there.

"It figured on the end-man of every minstrel show we staged," thought the admiral, and chuckled. Drowsily he decided that, while the latter-day naval officers were different, the midshipmen could still be counted on; only recently he had heard that those embryo flag-officers had proof that the body resting in state beneath the academy chapel was really that of John Paul Jones: some of the girls who still frequented the dances had recognized and identified him. . . .

The admiral was almost asleep. Determinedly he roused himself. This was the first time in weeks that he had been able to think clearly; he enjoyed remembering those years before he knew Lois, as much as he dreaded recalling his loneliness after she had gone—he never allowed himself to dwell on that. . . . But going

to sleep was unprofitable business; he couldn't tell how long it might be before he was permitted to awaken again—and now that the nagging pain had unaccountably taken its departure, what profit could there be in oblivion? He felt strangely exhilarated. If only he could sit up in bed and look out across the harbor toward the fitful gleam of the lighthouse, and hear the faint clanging chime of the bell-buoys. . . . Curious, when he came to think about it, how things seen and heard at sea take hold of your imagination and affection: the hum of the wind through the rigging, the rush and whisper of deep-sea rain, the peace and silence of the vast spaces, the friendly nearness of the stars—what solaces have the dwellers in clamorous man-made cities to compare with these?

But the stanch old frigates on which he had served were only a fading memory now. . . . The proudest battleship of to-day becomes the "pile of junk" of to-morrow; to-day's junior lieutenant conceals his mirth behind an air of respectful impassivity when yesterday's commander-in-chief proudly recalls the names of coveted commands, long since towed to their last anchorage en route to the salvagers. "Old age is something that neither men nor ships can dodge, and at least it's honorable—but not this decommissioning: healthy, able-bodied vessels tidied up and closed like summer cottages!" No need to tell *him* that this, like the transition from sails to steam, marked the onward march of progress. Progress, indeed—when *any* red-blooded man knew that the sailing ships were best!

Perhaps, though—thinking it over—his ships had meant more to him than they did to most sailors. Through the years when he was fighting down his loneliness in a futile effort at forgetting, other officers had growing families and were voicing that unceasing navy wail concerning their children's educations: "If you run them in and out of every school from Cavite to Guantanamo—how are they going to learn anything? And if you put them in a good school and keep them there, you never see them!" He had heard these questions and assertions a hundred times while he was concentrating upon his work,

stubbornly fixing his mind upon each small detail of his daily tasks in a blind effort to shut out Lois—and the children that might have been. But the ships had become his very existence, and they repaid his interest; he was universally acknowledged to be the best sea-going officer in the service; when he climbed to the bridge he entered his undisputed kingdom; his crew would have followed him anywhere. They testified to their belief in his guidance when, during each period in port, at the hour when the Stars and Stripes takes second place under the church flag, the chaplain would request “those having babies to be baptized, please step forward,” and the admiral, Sunday after Sunday, faced the proud sailor-fathers across the improvised baptismal fonts. Not for any known bribe would he have held one of the tiny babies—for fear of breaking it—but he wondered wistfully how far the little company of his godchildren had fared; he knew that five of them had ended their voyage and rested beneath the wooden crosses in French wheat-fields, but found it impossible to reconcile his memory of the small, helpless, huddled figures wrapped in pale pink or blue knitted blankets with any partakers in the recent grim business of war. . . .

“War?” Well, of course that rumpus in Cuba didn’t seem very large compared with this other carnage—but bullets are bullets—and the Spanish ships looked menacing enough! He thought of the sinking of the *Don Jorge Juan*, the rescue of her crew, and his discovery of the ship’s cat struggling in the water. Carmencita, as they christened her, never condescended to answer to her name, but she lived to a respected and adipose old age—a contented recruit to the United States Navy.

Whimsically his memory lingered over a long list of mascots and pets: kangaroos, bears, seals, parrots, monkeys, dogs, cats, goats—nearly all of them succumbed through spontaneous combustion from overfeeding—and one deer, Billy Oregon. Billy was a shy, meek, gentle, retiring, fawn-and-white creature when the people of his State presented him to their nameship—but arrogance soon overtook him. At first he gratefully and greedily ac-

cepted rations of vegetable parings, then moved swiftly on to the vegetables, and later could only be cajoled by offerings of peeled carrots, turnips, and potatoes. Oranges, apples, and bananas fared the same way, his sophisticated taste moving on from the skins to the fruit; from crusts to buttered bread; from celery-tops to celery hearts; his career aboard ship ended suddenly on the day when he was discovered nonchalantly devouring the log.

“Billy moves ashore! Knowing his progressive appetite I realize that, having tasted of the ship’s activities, nothing but special orders from the Secretary of the Navy will appeal to him by next week. The zoo for his!” the executive officer decided.

The admiral, lost in his recollections, forgot his mentor and chuckled aloud. The nurse was quickly at his side. “Water? . . . His position changed? . . . The window closed? . . . His pillows shaken?” She glanced sharply at him. “What is the matter? . . . Well, anyhow, it is time for some medicine!”

Obediently he tried to take the dose she prepared, noting, with a dull bewilderment, how difficult swallowing had become. What if his throat should refuse to function, he wondered with a little cold shiver of panic. The nurse moved about for a few moments; rearranged the tissue-paper covering over the electric light; raised the window-shade to the top to look out across the harbor. “In another hour or so it will be dawn. . . . Shall I read to you? . . . Can’t you get to sleep? . . . Would you like a powder?”

He shook his head. He wanted to be left to the quiet company of his thoughts and memories; they were very clear—clearer than the blurred details of the dark months through which he had so recently, painfully, and laboriously fared. Now why was that: that far-away, half-forgotten years should seem nearer than yesterday?

The nurse went reluctantly back to her chair. She had neglected to lower the shade; through the upper window-pane the admiral could see a narrow strip of star-sprinkled sky; he drew a deep breath and stared in amazement at the quiet points of light. Had they been there every night during these dragging months:

brave, friendly pledges of the regard of a ministering Providence—exhibited for his contemplation, solace, and assurance—while he cowered low in fear and loneliness, and never even lifted up his eyes?

"I guess I've had all the help that my special brand of intelligence warrants," thought the admiral grimly; but he found a strange, new warmth and comfort in the sight of the constant stars.

From outside there sounded the clear monody of the waves against the seawall, and the murmur of the offshore wind. Their very activity soothed him into a half doze. What had he been thinking about before the nurse interrupted him? . . . Gardens? . . . Lois? . . . His ships? . . .

The gardens and Lois were beyond the reach of his wistful ponderings—but not the ships. Always, in the old navy, you could get the commands or the shore billets you wanted—when you didn't want them any more. . . . He wondered if they managed better nowadays, or whether details were still apparently given out according to the ideas of an old commodore with whom he had served, back in the mist-obsured days when signalling was first being tried out. The commodore had his enthusiasm for innovations under perfect control; when a frigate came into the harbor and her signalman commenced asking for the courtesy-permission to anchor, the old commodore turned to his officer of the deck. "Find out what they want. Then wiggle-waggle back that they can't have it!" was his order. . . .

The admiral smiled; then sobered. Lois had never thought that story funny. She had always wanted a house with a garden—but apply as he would, affairs never shaped themselves that way. Cities, boarding-houses, and dust and noise had been their portion—and yet, just as soon as Lois was gone, opportunities to pick and choose desirable shore duty came thick and fast.

Strange . . . how the things you plan for don't work out—as if in nature, as well as in the conscious effort to direct human will, there should always be the elements of caprice and impermanence which deny you as long as you *ask*; then, when hope deferred and disappointment have done their numbing work, force the

things you have ceased to want into your listless grasp. . . . It had worked that way for him all of his life. Long ago, as a lad, he had collected butterflies, and had ardently longed for a specimen of the great, pale-green moths. He never caught one. But years afterward, sitting at his desk aboard ship in the harbor of Nagasaki, a superb and perfect luna had floated in through the open port, airily alighted upon the blotter, submitted fearlessly to his gentle handling, and departed unhindered upon its blithe way—leaving the admiral to ponder over the problems of futility and disillusionment, and dubiously to review the accumulated testimony of people who claim to have evolved philosophies which place them beyond the fever and stress of untoward events. Epictetus, for instance, was much quoted by one of the admiral's friends. . . . But none of Epictetus's neighbors have left a chronicle of how, in their unbiassed opinion, he stood up under his afflictions; and the admiral required their corroboration.

The testimony of his own life was not comforting; he had laboriously gained control of the kingdom of his mind, and had exercised that control by rigidly excluding from his thoughts those things which were beyond his power of altering. His face was very sober as he recalled his first cruise after Lois had gone. His ship was designated to take the President upon an official journey, and something in his minute, tense, calculated attention to his work had attracted the Chief Executive's notice. Perhaps the reason for the rigid quietness in the young officer's face had been explained to the President, for twice, during the latter part of the journey, he asked if there was anything he could do in the way of getting him any special duty. The question held the promise of gardens—so easy is achievement when desire is gone—but the admiral racked his mind in a futile effort to think up one request.

"I'm afraid, sir, that I'm like Captain Percival—a very bow-legged officer we had in President Pierce's time. The President wanted to do something special for Percival, but, like me, Percival didn't want anything. Finally, to satisfy Mr. Pierce, he requested that an order be passed for his especial benefit: 'I'd like to be allowed to have the wide gold braid

on my full-dress trousers transferred from the outside to the inside seam—so I can see it myself! Six months ago I knew *exactly* what I wanted—but not now. I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I went ashore."

And yet—though he would not let himself think of Lois—just as soon as he went again on shore duty he commenced making the first of a series of gardens. All of his billets since had been marked by gardens. In many a clanging, grimy navy-yard and noisy shore station young people to whom he was only a name rejoiced in small plots adorned by his flowering bushes and hardy shrubs; his gardens stretched behind him like the lengthening shadow of a great rock; every place where he could appropriate a few feet of ground he had builded an altar. . . . Glancing now through the window at the friendly stars the admiral allowed himself voluntarily to face the fact which, during all these years, he had consistently evaded: except when he was planting Lois's flowers he had been desperately lonely. But why couldn't he admit it before—instead of groping along in an oblique effort to make up to her for the garden she never had?

Lois and he had confidently counted upon long years together, had discussed the various merits of the places where, when his next thirty years of service were over, they would settle down. He had drawn dozens of plans for houses, while she wandered conversationally in her gardens where the larkspur always bloomed and the cornflowers were no bluer than her eyes. . . . Lois never did anything that he expected her to do. There was always a hilarious element of uncertainty about her that made other women seem flat and colorless. At Nanking, in those days of the Boxer uprising, he had gone ashore to look for her accompanied by a guard—to insure her safe-conduct back through the native city—and had passed two hideous hours vainly searching for her and imagining all sorts of ghastly and gruesome things. He found her at last having tea with the priest among the amazing images in the Temple of Hell—in an atmosphere of serenity and peacefulness not to be equalled outside of a Quaker meeting-house! . . . Then there was that time when, with her birthday present of ten dollars, she was on her way

to a book-shop to buy some long-coveted volumes, and paused to look into the window of a bird-store where, for weeks, a gaudy macaw had blinked wicked eyes at the passers-by. The macaw was gone—a purchaser had been found who relished picturesque profanity—and in his place a thrush, with gaping bill, was hopelessly beating its wings against the bars of its cage; already the soft feathers on its breast were worn thin. . . .

Lois admitted afterward that, five times, she walked away from that window and went on toward the bookstore—sternly reminding herself as she went that it wasn't *her* world; that all the ten dollars she could raise wouldn't go far toward combating avarice and cruelty—and five times she returned. . . . Her only joy in the transaction which followed was that the bird-dealer—who couldn't make out why she wanted to buy a bird and not a cage—evinced a lively desire to get the lunatic he was dealing with harmlessly out of his shop when, after paying her money, Lois released the thrush and watched him make his true straight flight to the free air above the house-tops. . . . There was no trace of mawkishness about her reaction: she regretted her much-wanted books, and raged at the cruelty which made the thrush's imprisonment possible. "I told that dealer *just* what I thought of him!"

The admiral smiled. "I guess, 'then, that you, he, and the thrush have had your full ten dollars' worth—and we'll still do our old familiar tack back and forth to the library!" he had said. Well, the books wouldn't have done her much good. She died that autumn, after an illness of only five days. . . . Even now, after all these years, he lived over again the anguish of those hours and the moment when, groping for a ray of light, he reached blindly for the book of that teacher who never spoke a false or an idle word, and opened it at random. Austerely an admonition looked up at him: ". . . and shall I be inquired of by you . . . ? As I live, saith the Lord God, I will not be inquired of by you." With a little gasp he closed the book. If he might not rebel nor question, he dared not think or remember. . . . Sternly he barred her from his thoughts—but somewhere in his consciousness a resilient spring had snapped;

life ceased to be a radiant adventure. He moaned, remembering.

The nurse was instantly by his side. "What is it that you want? Can't you point to it? I'll be glad to help you—if you'll let me! What *are* you thinking about?"

He shook his head. What *was* he thinking about? Thinking, he had decided, was a pure loss of time and energy . . . and yet, *was it?* He remembered once, long ago, passing through the ruined imperial city at Nanking and seeing an itinerant, mendicant priest so lost in meditation that he was oblivious to the chance to ask for the alms he so evidently needed. There had been only a momentary glimpse through a vase-shaped gate—but each detail of the stone-paved courtyard, the broken marble bench, the thin, tranquil old face as fragile as the shadows of the vine leaves behind his head—was permanently engraved upon the admiral's memory.

Suppose that he had allowed himself to think so of Lois; to make her a vital part of the lonely years? What if . . . like the stars, she had been with him all the time . . . waiting for the wistful chance of an open window in his thoughts to call a message of cheer: "Happy voyage! Happy voyage, *you!*"

If that was so, what must she think of him? Like a man cautiously testing thin ice, he tentatively advanced. Wincing, he waited for the expected pang of pain, but none came; instead he felt an increasing content. The feeling grew. He was bewildered, breathless, appalled. Could he have thought of her before without an overwhelming sense of irreparable loss? Had she always seemed as near as now? Would he have found inspiration in his work instead of dull endurance; pleasure in his relaxations instead of boredom? He wondered if she knew of her gardens—then branded the thought as preposterous—but it persisted; Lois had known so many unexpected things! He wanted to ask her what they were doing to his navy: "Built up, madam, from the wooden sailing ships to the steel superdreadnoughts!" Probably she would laugh at his vociferous and belligerent disapproval of the new times and ways—"Noah-talk," she used to call it when he growled—but she would have understood him too, and he, in the

end, would have joined in her mirth—though who else ever had *dared* to laugh at him?

And then, quite suddenly, he *knew* how blind he had been. During the long years while he had avoided speaking her name, she had been close beside him. He had ruled her from his life—but she had never gone; when he had laughed, or worked, stood godfather to the wee babies, or made a garden for her—pondering over the flowers of red, yellow, and blue—she had been nearest of all. Only in the bleak hours of blind loneliness had he effectually barred her way. What must she have thought of him during these last few months when he had clung to life with a frantic slipping grasp—instead of hurrying to tell her all the carefully cherished remembrances which, unconsciously up to now, he had treasured awaiting her sympathy and her approval?

If Lois were watching, he must give her every reason to be proud of him; it was her just due that he should not fail her. Not for him the ignominy of the rusty, limping steamer towed in from profitless sojournings among far-flung anchorages. . . . Instead, stanch, seaworthy, with colors flying and all sails set, he would fare blithely homeward—flag-bearer of the old ships. . . .

The room was vibrant with her presence. . . . In a second he would hear the sound of her voice, the gay ring of her laughter; he listened hungrily, but she did not laugh. Instead, gentle, patient, and serene she waited in the deep shadow. *Why didn't she speak? What was she waiting for? Why should she hold herself aloof from him?* He tried to stretch out his arms to her, to call out—and could not; strange little appealing sounds were his only achievement. . . . Well, then, since she would not come nearer, he would go to her; taking her dear face between his hands he would tell her of the bleak dreariness of the long years since she went, and humbly ask her forgiveness. . . .

With a prodigious effort he raised himself upright . . . swayed unsteadily . . . and fell back. . . .

But not before he saw the harbor lights gleaming clearly beneath the paling stars, and heard—above the soft monody of the waves—the singing lilt of the offshore wind.

Heads Up!

A STORY OF "VAN TASSEL" AND "BIG BILL"

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



WHEN Captain Andrew Nichols of the A. E. F., who looked far too merry to be a soldier, came home from France and caught his wife to his arms in the old house on Mur-

ray Hill, it seemed as though all New York could not hold the overflow of his happiness. When the division paraded up Fifth Avenue and then Uncle Sam discharged them all, the captain was happily content to see the old uniform put away in camphor. He settled gracefully into civies, as he became just Andy Nichols again. He was home. Then he went with Nance on their second honeymoon, and it seemed even more precious than the first.

It was after that—even after the little Andy came, to make his young father happier than ever—that fate came down on easy-going Andy Nichols, of Murray Hill and the Argonne, and with one stroke wiped out the fortune that had been his from birth. It mattered not that some who had chosen to turn the war into profit had made their pile out of the nation's need and had kept it. Fate has strange fancies, and it was Andy, who had soldiered in France, that she picked for a fall.

First they moved into the little apartment down in Eleventh Street, where Nance wrestled with all the petty compressions and annoyances of flat life. Then, for the first time in his leisure-loving existence, Andy set out to hunt for a job. It was lucky that Mr. Thomas Sharples, of the ancient firm of Sharples & Staples, fine hardware, thought more of Andy's war record than he did of his own hammers and saws. He thought even more of the memory of his friendship with

Andy's father, though he was considerate enough to say little about that when he put the son to work.

Sharples was known in the big Duane Street store as "the old screw," but even Andy Nichols, who hated hardware with a holy hate, came to respect his fairness. More than ever did he approve of the Sharples judgment when he was promoted to take charge of the fancy new branch in fashionable Fifty-seventh Street. Andy was more at home up there than he was down in Duane Street. When he opened the branch he decided it was time to popularize hardware.

"I believe there's poetry in those damn gimlets if I can find it," he had said to his friend Jimmy Van Tassel, who had gone through the Argonne with him, but still had his patrimony. Jimmy was an alderman—had been, before the war. Then he became an alderman all over again, and his friends said he was still crazy. Andy had said so himself.

"Don't believe it," replied the Honorable James Van Tassel, with proper political caution; "may be rhythm in hammers—but not in gimlets."

"Yes, even in saws—ugh!" Andy groaned.

But now the day of proof had dawned. The new store had opened, that very morning, and Andy, rounding the corner into Fifty-seventh Street after a good lunch, smiled with amused anticipation as he thought of Jimmy's promised visit of inspection. There was a childlike completeness to Andy's smile that not even the grimness of his army experience had worn off. It disarmed suspicion and provoked affection, just as the clean-cut set of his chin suggested ability to command. Old Sharples had done well to send him up to Fifty-seventh Street to sell hardware. People liked Andy Nichols on

sight. They liked him as they passed him in Fifty-seventh Street this October afternoon, smiling his way along with a sunny courage soundly superior to past reverses. As he turned the corner he looked sharply ahead.

"Ah, there it is!" he exclaimed. "Wait till Jimmy sees it—he'll nearly drop dead!"

Yes, it was there—the most prominent object in the block—a life-size gilded figure of a small boy, with foot upraised, sawing away at a recalcitrant gilded beam. Beside the boy rested a large gilded tool-box which, according to the legend of its big black label—easily visible forty feet away—contained the model Sharples & Staples collection of "Good Tools for Good Boys." The whole business rested on a high base on the sidewalk directly in front of the new up-town branch of "Sharples & Staples. Fine Hardware. Founded 1852." In the October sun the statue shone like a burnished dome, a glistening minaret.

"Beautiful," murmured Andy, "beautiful!" But his chuckle belied the tribute.

In front of the store he stopped, in high glee as he spied Van Tassel coming toward him from the other direction, on time to the minute, but with head down, buried in his own thoughts.

"Heads up!" Andy's voice rang out with its old tone of command.

Jimmy's head came up with a jerk. He stopped as he recognized his friend. "Oh, hello, Andy," he said dreamily. "It sounded natural—I was just thinking about——"

"Yes, old snoozer—about mud—and corned willie—and mud—and—remember it, Jimmy? On the march, when the trucks come by in the night, and you hear the call come down the column—'heads up'—like the crack of a whip! Can you hear it?"

"Ah, can I!" They stood looking at each other, grinning, but what they saw was the miles of the muddy roads of France.

"Well, back to business—snap out of it!" Andy was briskness itself. "Turn to your left, Jimmy—look—and marvel!"

The alderman turned, and marvelled. As he took in the statuary a slow smile

began to attack him, spreading until it threatened a convulsion.

"There you are," cut in Andy, "song of the saw! Boy's delight—over the top with saws and gimlets—teach 'em to be handy husbands about the home! Oh, we'll save the race yet—if the boys' fathers will only buy Sharples & Staples tools!" He paused for breath, then added appealingly: "Beautiful, Jimmy? Lifelike?"

Yes, it was lifelike. It made Jimmy tired to look at it. He started to reply. "Very nice, Andy, except that——"

They both paused, suddenly, as a little man in a brown derby hopped brightly between them and stood panting, with hand outstretched.

"Hello, Dinny!" The laugh that was about to wreck Jimmy's admiration of the statue changed to a grin of recognition as he took the hand of the Honorable Dennis Dineen, alderman for the district adjoining his own. Plum Street divided them geographically, and party lines politically, but there the chasm closed. They were friends.

"Been chasin' you all over town." Dinny cocked his head as he caught his breath. He spoke in little explosions, and his little shoe-button eyes kept darting this way and that, like a bird's. In the district they called him "Sparrow Dineen."

"Yes, we're both a bit off our beat—oh—Alderman Dineen—my friend Mr. Nichols."

"Nichols? Put her there," chirped the sparrow. Then he looked up at Jimmy. "Can I see you for a minute? Only a minute, Mr. Nichols," he explained.

"Oh, that's all right," said Andy, as he moved off out of hearing. "Go ahead. I'll be right here."

"Jimmy, I got sump'n to tell you," confided Dinny in an excited whisper. "Keep a secret? I'm goin' to—put your head down—closer—I'm goin' to—get married—ha, ha—yeah!" He looked up uncertainly.

"You don't—say so!" Jimmy fell on the little fellow with a grip of delight that made him dance.

"Yeah—an' it's, it's Kitty Doheny—Ed Doheny's girl—you know him—lives in your district!"

"Why, yes." Jimmy pretended to remember. "Why, yes, of course!" But Dinny's sudden seriousness of expression saved him further trouble.

"It's about him I came up," he said. "I got a favor to get off you, Jimmy—this afternoon. Doheny's pretty old, and they've taken him to Bellevue Hospital. Can't last long—just kind o' old and tired—poor feller." Dinny paused, then began again. "Jimmy, you got him a job once—I don't know where—and they had to let him go. Couldn't lift the big boxes or sump'n. And he's asking for you, to tell you how he did his best to make good—just a bug he's got—wants to square himself—Kitty's been at the hospital and told me so. Could you see him—this afternoon? Just a word—anything—to make him feel better?" Dinny's eyes seemed troubled as he looked up.

"Yes, I will, Dinny. Yes—and I'll go down now." His hand was on his friend's shoulder.

"Jimmy—you're a reg'lar feller." They shook hands and parted. "A reg'lar feller"—Jimmy felt a glow of exhilaration as he repeated the words to himself. That was the highest compliment of all in the Dineen vocabulary. Then he turned to rejoin his waiting hardware friend.

"Andy, I've got to get along," he said briskly. "Hurry call to a hospital. Sorry."

"There you go again!" chortled Andy gaily. "Always hospitals—women, polling-places, and hospitals—great job, that politics! Catch me getting into that kind of a merry-go-round!"

"More at home with hardware?" inquired Jimmy innocently.

Andy's wink said plainly, "No!" as they parted, grinning.

Two minutes later, in the Fifty-seventh Street store of Sharples & Staples the afternoon began to break badly for the new branch manager. When he sat down at his big desk after a shower of cheery salutations to the "help," he picked up a piece of paper that said "Bureau of Encumbrances" on top and then bade him, in the name of the city of New York, remove the gilded-statue nuisance that obstructed the city's sidewalk—and remove it "forthwith, under penalty of" dire

things. Andy read it twice. "Ah, my beautiful statue," he soliloquized, in amused dismay, "my Venus de Hardware—alas, poor Yorick—" He got no farther, for he remembered then, with a cold chill, what his hymn to hardware had cost. Ugh! The shadow of Sharples crossed his day. The "old screw" would want to know. Andy began to grow indignant. Why, the streets were lined with barber poles and wooden Indians offering bad cigars—why not his golden beauty? This was rank favoritism—where was Jimmy? Jimmy, who knew about politics—he could fix it. But Jimmy had gone. Then the telephone rang, and Andy's face, that was so clearly meant for sunshine, gradually became wreathed in beads of cold sweat. Yes, old Sharples, on the other end of the wire, wanted to know. Mr. Nichols would please come down to see him at once. There was something about "don't know the first thing about your own government" thrown in that made Andy's face still damper as he hung up. No, he didn't know much about government and "politics," and didn't pretend to. That was for the "politicians," for Jimmy, who had plenty of time. He was too busy making a living. But he would like to have known about that sidewalk law. He looked troubled enough as he hurried out of the store and off to the subway.

When, an hour later, Andy emerged from the Sharples sanctum in the rear of the big store in Duane Street and made his way absently out to the open air he looked as though some one had been torturing him with his own tools. But with the chastening he wore the look of relief that comes when the worst of a bad jam is over. One sentence kept running through his mind in letters that burned—"I'm going to continue you in your job"—he remembered that! The rest had been almost as short. Old Sharples, white-haired, quick and keen, knew all about the sidewalk trouble—they had served a duplicate notice down-town. And Sharples seemed to know a lot about government and "politics." He went on to say they were the same thing, that they were every man's job. "It seems to me like a trust," he had concluded, gently enough, "a trust handed down by our

fathers, from the days of '76, to keep good the government they gave us, for the sake of our children. Yes, to us in trust for our children. Just as though some one left a legacy for your own children—you'd guard it sacredly. That wouldn't take much time from making a living—only a little—but you'd give it that little, for your children, wouldn't you?" He had said it so quietly, with a word of appreciation of Andy's war service, that Andy had been more moved by the "old screw" than he could have believed. "In trust for our children"—his thoughts flashed back to the little flat as he walked. If Andy's world of friends had been alongside they would have wondered what was so strangely taking the place of his usual sunny smile. But he was quite alone as he went down into the subway.

At Fourteenth Street he came out of his reverie with a start. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, and then with a leap plunged out of the car just as the door closed behind him. With just a suggestion of the delighted grin with which he always greeted a good joke on himself he hurried up the stairs and into the nearest telephone-booth. "Saturday—last day—and I haven't registered!" he exclaimed as the nickel went rattling down the slot. "And Nance registered four days ago," he reflected, with a twinge of humiliation, as he waited. When he had cancelled his golf engagement for the afternoon, he called up the store in Fifty-seventh Street, told them with a pang to take in the gilded statue, and said they might look for him Monday morning. Then he sallied into the street. He'd register, himself, right now; but, more than that, he'd dig out a few other slackers and make them register too—he'd show old Sharples!

At Sixth Avenue Andy pulled up sharp as he suddenly realized his ignorance of where to go to register. Now, if Jimmy were about—this was Jimmy's own district—but Jimmy was at that moment coming thoughtfully out of the big gates of Bellevue, and wishing, for his own part, that he might run across his friend Andy Nichols. He had something to tell him, something that old man Doheny had whispered from his white bed in the big ward.

When the cop at Sixth Avenue had expounded heavily on the whereabouts of registration, Andy found himself presently in the basement of the old school in Greenwich Avenue, answering "Nichols, Andrew—age thirty-one—born U. S. A.—married," and all the rest, as the clerks entered their varied ink-tracks in the big white books on the table. After that he popped in and out of a canvas booth in great secrecy and dropped his blue enrolment envelope, decorated with a big black cross, into the wooden box by the table. There—he was registered!

He looked around. Now for some of the slackers that were still in default! Now for a little good hunting to square up for that hare-and-hounds affair with Sharples—when he had run hare to the Sharples hounds—yes, it would be good sport to be the hounds for a while! Near the door he spied a big man with gray hair and mustache under a slouch hat, making pencil marks on a piece of paper. "The very man," exclaimed Andy under his breath, as he made for the doorway.

"Is this Mr. Baker—Big Bill Baker?" he asked. The big man looked up, examined him searchingly, then broke into a grin.

"Yeah, that's me. How are yer, Mr. Nichols? How's Jimmy?"

"Fine! I saw him only a little while ago. Er—how on earth did you remember me? It's two years since——"

"Well, that's a nice one—how about your rememberin' me?"

Andy blushed a little and laughed.

"Well, I see yer registered—what can I do for yer?"

"Why, if you need any help getting other people out—I have a little time—if I could help——"

"Sure, yer can help," boomed Big Bill. "Now, wait a minute till I see this list." He scanned the piece of paper. "Let's see—there's some in the D's—Davison—Dobbs—ah, there we are—Doheny—there's one right handy by. Wait a minute—Mrs. Farrell!" Bill called to the other end of the room. "Woman captain—good worker," he said in an explanatory aside, as a little woman in dark clothes and glasses came up. "Mrs. Farrell—Mr. Nichols. Shake. Friend o' the

alderman, Mrs. Farrell—wants to help out with the registration——”

Andy was bowing and shaking hands with the woman captain. He was surprised to find what a pleasant combination of cheerfulness and understanding she seemed to be. “I hope I can help a little,” he volunteered.

“Oh, yes, I’m sure you can help a great deal,” she replied. “We need more workers—a great many more!”

“Er—Mrs. Farrell.” Big Bill was studying the names on the list. “There’s Ed Doheny. He ain’t come out yet. And there’s Katherine Doheny, same address, Patchin Place. Daughter, ain’t she?”

“Yes. She hasn’t come out either.”

“Well, how about Mr. Nichols takin’ a run around there an’ seein’ what’s doin’? It’s near by.”

“Splendid! And we’ll have some more for you when you come back, Mr. Nichols. Thank you ever so much.” She left, with a smile of encouragement:

“It’s a little place,” said Big Bill. “Yer go in by an alley. Just back o’ Jefferson Market—can’t miss it. Try to get ’em out.”

“Watch me!” replied the delighted Andy. “I’ll deliver the Dohenys if it takes a train of cars!” And he clapped on his hat and went bustling off toward the corner.

When he reached the inner end of the alley he stopped in bewilderment. Before him there opened out a tiny street, bordered by two little rows of brick houses, and ending, just a few yards ahead, in a vine-covered trellis outlined against a high white fence. It looked like a miniature of a hundred years ago. And how suddenly quiet it was! The city’s roar seemed muffled and far away. Only the trees that bent over the little houses rustled dreamily as they scattered the benediction of their last October leaves on the narrow sidewalks below. Overhead the afternoon sun traced queer patterns on the old bricks as it squinted through the branches of the big trees. Andy stood wondering if he was really in New York.

Then he pulled the old-fashioned bell at the first door. The kindly looking woman who answered the tinkle filled the

door as she held it open. “Doheny? Yes, up-stairs—second floor front.” She turned her head. “Doheny—Doheny!” she called up the stairs. Andy went carefully up the narrow stairs, the music of the call still ringing in his ears. At the door he knocked.

“Come!” He could just hear the voice. It sounded like a little girl’s. He opened the door carefully.

“Oh, I’m sorry—” Andy drew back. The last thing he had expected to find was a pretty girl in tears. Yet there she was, in the big rocker by the old marble fireplace, with a wisp of a handkerchief in her lap, and her blue eyes telling their story all too plainly. He caught a glint of the light hair against the dark chair, of the white trimmings on the dark dress, and the extraordinarily pretty face between. He thought she must be about eighteen.

“You can come in,” she said, in a tired little way, as she picked up her handkerchief.

“I didn’t mean to intrude.” Andy was thoroughly embarrassed. “You see—er—my name’s Nichols—Andy Nichols—and—you haven’t registered, you know!” He wound up triumphantly.

“Oh, you’re from the school?”

“Yes, from the school.” He stood fingering his hat. “Er—you’re Miss Doheny, aren’t you?”

“Yes. I’m Kitty Doheny.” She began to smile, with just a faint little flicker of amusement, as Andy still stood, at a loss what to say next. Then her eyes seemed to fill again, as she looked away.

“Well—er—” Andy felt he had to say something—anything at all to keep her steady. “You see, I’m new at this—it isn’t my regular business. I’m really in the hardware business—Sharples & Staples—saws, gimlets—” He stopped short. The tearful little trouble in the big chair was sitting bolt upright, her blue eyes staring.

“Sharples & Staples?” she gasped.

“Yes, hardware, you know—hammers, chisels—that sort of thing.”

“Oh, I know.” She stood up and faced him, then spoke rapidly. “Do you remember a man named Doheny—a little old man—who worked for you once? Mr. Van Tassel got him the job, and then you let him go. He couldn’t lift the

boxes. He tried, but—" She began unrolling the little patch of handkerchief that her hand clutched so tightly. Andy remembered.

"Yes, poor old fellow," he said. Then he stopped and looked his question.

"My father," said Kitty Doheny. But she went on, as though suddenly inspired. "Mr. Nichols, you'll think it queer—but I know all about you—and will you come to Bellevue with me—and just tell pop he did well? He's very sick, and he worries about losing that job—he thinks so much of Mr. Van Tassel—and that was his last job—poor pop—he's so little—and he tried so hard—and he always seemed to lose his jobs. If you say any little fib—it will help him, so much!" She started to lift her arms in entreaty, then, with some instinct of pride, stood straight and still.

Andy was recalling his plea to the head of the shipping department, and the "business-is-business" rebuff he had received. He had felt very sorry for the little old man. Now he felt sorrier still, as he realized for the second time in a day what it means at home to lose your job.

"Yes, I will," he answered impulsively, "I'll go with you—wait for you downstairs."

When she joined him at the door he was shaking his head and muttering something about "women, polling-places, and hospitals—can you beat it!" He came to with a start, then swished her out of the toy street and around the corner to one of the taxis that stand in front of Jefferson Market. "Let's go!" he exclaimed desperately as he helped her in. "Bellevue," he called to the driver.

At Eleventh Street he started to break the rather embarrassed silence that had fallen between them, when, looking out of the window, he smiled, leaned forward and started to call, then sank back with a baffled expression as the taxi rushed on.

"Friend of yours?" queried Kitty, who had also seen the wide stare of amazement on the face of the little woman crossing at the corner.

"Yes—my wife," sighed Andy.

"Oh!" His companion seemed more amused than abashed.

When they crossed Broadway at Twenty-third Street, Andy looked out again, rather timidly. Kitty looked out

too. As luck would have it, a shining limousine containing two definitely Wall Street faces stood waiting to cross, a yard away. Four eyes peered earnestly out of the limousine, and then two grins of pure joy followed the eyes as the taxi went on.

"You have a lot of friends," suggested Kitty.

"Yes, too many," responded Andy savagely.

They were within two blocks of Bellevue and had settled down into an easy little talk about "pop." It seemed to Andy that his troubles must be over. He began to wonder when his charge would register—after all, he remembered, that was the object of his visit. Then his luck ran out altogether.

Sp-l-it! Crack! Thump! The taxi stopped with a crash, its two passengers thrown violently forward.

"Ugh—accident," muttered Andy. He looked around. "Not hurt?"

"No," said Kitty, "but I guess we'll walk now."

Andy helped her out. The taxi was hopelessly entangled with the fender of a high-seated black touring-car, and badly crumpled from its attack on the larger vehicle. The drivers were out, looking silently at the wreck and then at each other, as they stood appraising the extent of the disaster. A large, fleshy man, with a crooked white scar running down the middle of his red forehead, was approaching from the big car. As he came up he took a crumpled cigar out of his mouth and threw it to the pavement.

"Well, young fresh guy, 'at's a nice mess yer kicked up," he said as he stood belligerently before Andy.

"Sorry," said Andy. "Didn't see it happen."

"Yer didn't see it happen?" Andy, looking closer, sensed a combination of whiskey and ugliness that looked like trouble. "Didn't see it happen!" repeated the big man, scornfully and more loudly. "See here," he said, coming closer, "don't gimme none o' yer lip—y' understand? None o' yer lip, or I'll——"

Andy felt a tug at his sleeve—from behind. "Be careful, Mr. Nichols," Kitty was whispering. "It's McCabe—I know him from the outings. He's a big alderman—he can do anything."



From a drawing by Thomas Fogarty.

Andy stood wondering if he was really in New York.—Page 229.

Andy made a backward motion with his arm as a signal to the girl to keep away. He stayed where he was. "I tell you, sir, I'm sorry it happened," he said evenly. "Now will you please—" The sentence was not finished. McCabe suddenly swung with all his might straight at Andy's head. Andy ducked as he raised an arm in defense. Then, to his dismay, he felt Kitty clutching his other arm again, tugging to pull him out of the quarrel. He tried to free himself without hurting her. He started to speak, turning just a little. With a grunt of rage, McCabe landed square on his cheek with the other fist. Rocking from the blow, struggling, Andy sidestepped, freed himself with a wrench, then went after the big man as though he had been shot out of a gun. Biff! Biff! They were both straight jabs to the jaw, landing cleanly and squarely, with the speed of piston-rods. McCabe floundered about the knees, waving his arms. Then suddenly he collapsed in a quivering heap. Andy stood waiting quietly, a look of disgust spreading over his face.

"Hey, what's the matter, what's the matter?" A bird-like form in a brown derby hopped into the jumble, cocking his head to one side as he looked up at Andy. They stared at each other, blankly at first, then with gradual understanding.

"Oh, it's you!" they both gasped at once.

"Yes," said Andy.

"Yeah—me," said the Honorable Dennis Dineen. A feminine voice broke in as they still stared.

"Oh, Dinny, you're here—Dinny, it's all that big McCabe's fault—it's—" Kitty was stumbling over her words in her haste.

"Yeah?" queried Dinny blankly, as he glanced back at Andy. That knight of the taxi began to feel vaguely uncomfortable.

"Oh—" Kitty, with sudden comprehension, voiced her reproach with a little gulp of anger, then led the Honorable Dennis Dineen to one side, where she poured a revealing story into the aldermanic ear that broke all records for speed in whispering. She was patting his cheek at the end, and her eyes were very near

his, when Andy looked over. It was Dinny who broke away first, with a queer look in his own eyes.

"Mr. Nichols—" he began.

But then McCabe, up again, groggy and cowed, broke in with a complaining rumble as he stood glowering about.

"Ah, you—you big bum," chirped Dinny. And suddenly, jumping up at the big man, he slapped him smartly on each cheek, as though he were pecking at him. "Go on home, McCabe. I know you!"

The big man blinked and stammered. "Dinny—Dinny Dineen—what—"

"Yes, and I'll knock you down again if you don't behave!" Andy and the drivers were laughing. But Kitty was standing next to Andy offering up her handkerchief. "Oh," she said, "ah, he cut you." The blood was trickling from a split in the skin over Andy's cheekbone.

"Oh, yes, so he did," said Andy, with a wipe of his hand.

When all the details that attend an auto collision and a fist fight had been straightened out, Dinny hurried Andy and Kitty away with him. "Come on, quick," he said, "before the cops come snortin' around. Lucky I was on my way to the hospital myself. You two might've ended up anywhere!"

In the big white ward a little old man in bed turned his head slowly as they tiptoed in after the nurse and down the long aisle of the sick. "Ah—Kitty," he said faintly as they came near. "And Dinny." Andy was standing a little behind them. He came forward a step as the old man peered around. "And—"

Kitty took his hand. "It's Mr. Nichols, pop," she said gently.

"Oh—yes—yes." The wizened face under the white hair looked troubled. Andy felt a slight pressure from Kitty's hand.

"How are you, Mr. Doheny?" he said. "Glad to see you again. I'm sorry you're laid up."

"Yes—laid up—" The form under the bedclothes was trying to sit up, the face working under the effort. The nurse looked over warningly.

"There, don't sit up." Andy put his hand on old Doheny's shoulder. Then his words suddenly ran away from him.



From a drawing by Thomas Fogarty.

"Yes, and I'll knock you down again if you don't behave!"—Page 232.

"Er—Mr. Doheny—you know that job, at the store—you know you did it—very well. It was just lack of business—the lay-off, you know—and—I've come to tell you—we want you back! Business is better, and just as soon as you're well—we like to keep our good men—" Andy suddenly stopped. Dinny and Kitty were looking at him in a way that unnerved him for further words. Old Doheny was craning his neck, staring up from the bed, trying to be sure he heard aright. As he read Andy's reassuring smile, his head sank back on the pillow and gradually a look of contentment spread over his face. He looked up toward Kitty. "I knew I could—make good. Mr. Van Tassel—said so too." He was smiling, a childlike peace in his eyes.

As the nurse leaned quickly over, feeling the old man's pulse, Andy caught the signal and left them all, his face beaming as he retreated, in that way that made people like him on sight. The old man's look followed him out of the ward. Andy waved his hand as he went through the door.

In the little flat in Eleventh Street, the heir apparent to the nothing that constituted the Nichols fortune had been tucked away for the night, and the table had been set for two, when the head of the house of Nichols came fumbling at the door with his key and then strode in with his usual whistle and "hello!" It was Nance's startled face that reminded him of a slight but conspicuous cut on his cheek. It was Nance who later reminded him of some other things, as she heard the story of the day. He had to stand a bit of chaffing, and a little crying with the laughing, as he told her his tale of two jobs. He had a last good word for old Sharples. "Sort of a civic 'heads up!' the old screw sounded off," he said, "and, believe me, my head's up!" It was not till then that he began to wonder, with some dismay, how on earth he was to take care of old Doheny. But his wife, who was more practical, inquired in an offhand way: "Has your new friend registered yet?"

"Good Lord," gasped Andy, "I don't know. I'd better—find out!" And he flew out of the house.

At the door of the Greenwich Avenue school he rushed into the arms of Jimmy Van Tassel, just leaving in the course of his usual round among the polling-places. "Hello, Jimmy!" he grinned.

"Well, there you are!" exclaimed Jimmy, laughing. "Giving us a hand in politics, eh? Big Bill just told me about the errand he sent you on. He's gone around the corner to look you up—you—and Kitty Doheny!" Jimmy was enjoying himself. "And the shrapnel on your cheek? Andy, Andy"—he shook his head sadly—"where have you been?"

Andy began to puff as though he would shortly explode. "Where have I been!" he echoed, and "You call this politics!"

"Yes, almost," said Jimmy.

"It's more like—" Andy paused. Then he waxed suddenly indignant again. "Say, look here—has that Kitty Doheny registered?"

"Not yet, old son——"

There was a step on the sidewalk as a bird-like form in a brown derby disengaged himself from a light-haired little thing beside him.

"Oh, there's Mr. Nichols now!" exclaimed Kitty Doheny.

"Yeah," said Dinny, turning toward Andy. "She's come to register," he said, pushing her forward.

But Kitty waited and took Andy's hand in both her own, before Dinny and the alderman and all, as she whispered up into his ear. "Pop's better," she said, "and the nurse says he'll get well—and it's you who did it—and"—she stood on tiptoe as Andy bent down—"we're going to get him back to the little house, where he won't need a job any more, because—I'm getting married with Dinny, next week, and pop's, going to live there with us!"

Then she seemed to choke a little, and she suddenly left them and ran off to the table where the big books lay. Andy stood looking after her. Then he turned his head quickly and just went out of the door and away. When Dinny, who saw his eyes as he passed, had told the whole story to Jimmy, he paused.

"Say, Jimmy," he blurted out suddenly, "he's a reg'lar feller—that friend o' yours."

"Yes, he is," said Jimmy quietly.



Welsh women in national dress in procession.

At the Eisteddfod

BY LAUHLAN MACLEAN WATT

Author of "Scottish Life and Poetry," "Robert Louis Stevenson," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I CAME back from Wales with a memory that sings. My heart keeps beat to throbbing music, as I remember; and I do not think I ever can forget.

It is, as most people know, the great national festival of the ancient people who still, within Offa's Dyke, preserve their nationality in a degree more marked than any other in the British Isles. It was held at the village of Ammanford, in South Wales, a small place, not many years since only a hamlet. What a crowd assembled there out of everywhere, drawn together by the truest instincts of patriotism!

To the majority of folk outside of the little nation this is a thing that does not touch their knowledge at all. With many

it is considered to be a petty affair of local competitions in mediocre verse and song—the coronation of commonplace—the glorification, in fact, of an attempt at strut in the name of pinchbeck nationality. With some it seems but a bit of stage nonsense, where inferiorities don a garment and pose as bards, in the effort to bolster up a language that is dying, or that would be better dead, or, at any rate, that a great many people do not understand. If, however, there be any possibility of conviction in the minds of such, it would be well for them just to go to an Eisteddfod, if only to see how far astray may be their judgment.

It is a revelation to find how absolutely



The successful bard, "Gereint."

Wales has retained her national entity throughout the centuries. The ancient language is predominant in bills, railway time-tables, shops, and churches—in the life and work and worship of the people—not as a side patois, but as a prime fact at which nobody wonders. Irish, after the great famine in the first half of the nineteenth century, withered westward; and those who are interested see, in the latter half of that century, a nation practically swept naked of its old songs, language, and habits, as a tree in late autumn is swept bare of the bulk of its leaves. Our own Scottish Gaelic has, in the last hundred years, suffered blight also. Some of us who are not old remember when, shortly after Perth, going northward, we passed into the territory of the ancient tongue; and we recall men and women singing Gaelic songs and telling Gaelic tales, from districts out of which the language has now entirely passed

away. It came for a long while to be looked upon as a mark of lack of culture—a mumbling thing that lingered on in the toothless mouth of age. The school-master got up against it. The ministers left it alone. The railway-train invaded its quiet dreamlands. The tourist dragged another language over it. And then the Great War, through the holocaust of Highland youth, broke the bridge that was to carry over from the old folk to the children what was left of the tradition, song, influence, and atmosphere of a very long past. It will take some work to remedy and retune the result.

In Wales there was a low-water ebb of nationality for about a hundred and fifty years after 1680. But a remarkable revival of the sentiment of race was manifested after the Napoleonic wars. Societies interested in Welsh literature and music sprang into being within the principality and beyond its borders. A great

Eisteddfod in Carmarthen in 1819 re-established the institution, gathering together the loose ends of national interests, rites, and customs; and the wave then set moving has never ebbed.

The interest in this national event is deeply tense and wide-reaching. It is the Welshman's Feast of Tabernacles. He turns homeward to it from afar.

There is every kind of intellectual competition—books of history, criticism, essays on archæology, poems, but, above all things, music—choirs, harpists, solos—music in every form.

On the fourth day I took part in a series of events which stirred me to the depth of my being. In the early morning the Order of Druids, Bards, and Ovates met, robed in the garments of their Order. The streets were crowded when, led by ancient national melodies, we went in procession to a high hill above the town, where, within a stone circle, the Gorsedd, or Druidical meeting, was held. The Arch-Druid presided—a man who has done a great deal for Welsh antiquities and literature. The ceremony was opened with prayer, followed by a trumpet summons to the four corners of the heavens. A famous harper played a Welsh air, and a notable Welsh poet sang "pennillion." This is the most difficult thing I have ever seen achieved by a poet. A well-known melody is played, and the poet sings to it, making, however, another melody, to which the familiar one is accompaniment. It is difficult enough in ordinary circumstances, but when the poet himself plays the old melody and sings the new, it is beyond anything a hard task in composition. I heard a lady from Brittany achieve

it with beautiful effect, in the Isle of Man, last year at the Pan-Celtic Union. Then the bards recited poems, and thereafter some of us were inducted to the Order.

It was a poets' day, for the result of the annual Ode competition was to be proclaimed. On our return to the hall, Sir J. Morris Jones, of Cardiff, read in Welsh the report of the Adjudication Committee. The hall, which was special-



The Arch-Druid on the Logan-stone.



The Arch-Druid receiving the offering of the "Flowers of the Field."

ly built for the occasion of the Eisteddfod, was seated for 14,000 people, and as every seat was occupied and every inch of standing room filled, there must have been about 18,000 at least present. It was intimated at the close of the report that the writer who had taken the *nom de plume* of "Gereint" was the successful bard. The subject was "Winter"; and the poem was a fine treatment of that bleak season of the year when frost strips the trees of their foliage and binds in silence the singing streams, and snow clothes the world in stainless white. Through this came the voice of a great sorrow which had swept the heart bare of everything except the hope that slept beneath the snows, waiting till spring's whisper wake again into a new world the music that winter had hushed. In a stillness as tense as a string that waits for the touch of the hand of a minstrel the poet was named; and away in the middle of

that vast assemblage shyly rose a young man, who was led to the platform to be "chaired." It was a very great moment in his life—there may be none greater—the whole audience upstanding, while he was throned in the bardic chair. There is no higher honor for a poet in Wales. He was Mr. Lloyd Jones, lecturer in Cymric in the National University, Dublin.

A wonderful episode followed. On the benches behind the platform sat a crowd which a stranger might take to be merely interested onlookers, till a call was made for those who had returned for the occasion from distant lands. First, from the United States stood up a mass of men and women. Then from Canada; next, one all the way from Fiji; a dozen or so, with their little children, from Australia; some families from New Zealand; two from India; and a crowd from Patagonia and elsewhere. Those from the States far outnumbered the others, and they re-

ceived an ovation that must have touched their hearts. Then happened the thing I had been longing for. The huge multitude leapt to their feet, and sang the fine Welsh national anthem—

“Gwlad—Gwlad—
Pleidïol wyf i'm Gwlad!—”

a beautiful melodic creation. It was a moment of deep emotion, and hundreds stood weeping under its spell. I heard it last finely sung by a Welsh regiment at the front, and I did not know whether I wept with the others or no, for the wonder of it lifted me out of myself. There is something of excelling pathos in the human voice so heard, like a great wave out of the deep Infinite, swung over the soul.

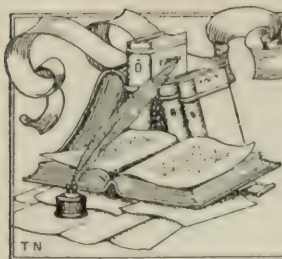
The work of the choirs—the beauty of the tenors—the interest and sentiment of the innumerable crowds filled one to a sweet weariness. Where will you get crowds like these, to be patient from early morning till late night, day after day, through such meetings, except in Wales? One night, massed choirs—of colliers and colliers' wives and daughters—gave a recital of Bach's mass in B-minor, accompanied by the London Symphony Orchestra, and conducted by a local musician. I do not believe it could be excelled for majesty, melody, and mastery anywhere. And as it finished, after three hours, the crowd reluctantly rose to part for the night.

Food was difficult to get, but it was the last thought of anybody there. Hospitality in fine old historic houses, miles away, was at our command—hospitality generous as in ancient days. All ranks of society met together. The national feeling was as deep at the fireside of the rich and noble as in the cottage, and the folk of the best blood and highest culture spoke in the language of the little land behind the mountain wall, where the sentiment of a race, never really conquered, has been preserved, from the days of its fight with Roman and Saxon until now.

The interest extended to the borders of Wales. When I went to get my baggage put on the train, the first thing the clerk asked, before he attended to my business, was: “Who won the male-voice choir competition?” And the last thing in Wales was when the station-master at a little place in the dark put his head into the carriage to ask news of the Eisteddfod. I wondered if he had stopped the train for the purpose!

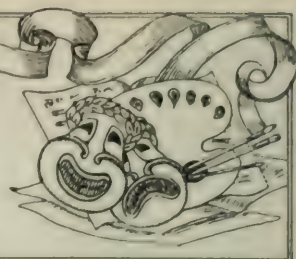
We have nothing like it elsewhere in Britain. We could not have it yet for many a day in Scotland. It is the biggest and finest thing I ever had the privilege of sharing in except the war. And it would be a great experience for every one just to go at least once and feel the uplift of it all.





AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



THIS week I have been in South Dakota. The reason why I was excited at entering South Dakota was because it was the only State in the Union which I had not seen, and I wished to add this jewel to my crown. When the train paused at Millbank, the first stop in the State, I sprang to the ground, seized a handful of the soil and shouted SOUTH DAKOTA! For years I had longed for that moment, as I did not wish to die until I had been in every State in my country. (Nor do I wish to die now.) A few hours later I reached the town of Aberdeen, the end of my journey. Here I gave three lectures in the State Normal School, an admirable institution with an exceedingly able president, and a body of devoted teachers. The young men and maidens come from isolated farms, and receive culture and inspiration. SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE enters many households, and when, at the end of my lectures, I gave the audience an opportunity to ask questions, I was kept busy for an hour, and quit only because I had to return East. The questions displayed an interest in and a familiarity with the most "modern" of modern novels, essays, and plays. Aberdeen is a town on the prairie, and from the front door of the house where I was delightfully entertained, I gazed twenty miles into the sunset, with no building, tree, or hill to break the view.

The whole journey was interesting. I left New Haven on a Thursday noon, attended a matinée of the New York Theatre Guild and saw Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple"—a splendid play splendidly staged and acted. The picture of the parson's wife and the young Disciple at tea in the old Colonial room was so beautiful that it "haunts me still." I caught the five-o'clock train for Detroit, arriving early Friday morning. I played golf there all day (33 holes) and that evening addressed 350 bankers at the banquet of the Detroit Bankers Club. Sat-

urday morning I played another round of golf, and caught the noon train for Chicago; and from there the night train for Aberdeen, arriving Sunday evening. Monday morning was spent in golf on the prairie course, and after lecturing Monday afternoon, evening, and Tuesday morning, I caught the noon train East. I arrived at New Haven about one o'clock Thursday, played four sets of tennis that afternoon, and in the evening addressed the Connecticut Medical Society at their annual banquet.

"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." On the train I read through seven books, of which the worst was Arnold Bennett's "How to Make the Best of Life." No one who praises this should ever breathe a word against Doctor Frank Crane. Compared to such a collection of platitudes, Doctor Crane is as paradoxical and unexpected as Chesterton. The doctor's stock is rising fast; the Theatre Guild has a long quotation from him on its programmes.

With all this golf and speaking and reading, it is possible that some reader may believe there was no time for meditation, no time for sober thinking. He would be deceived. It is curious that people say railway corporations have no sense of humor when I spent four nights on what they call a sleeping-car. I had and used abundance of time for the sessions of sweet, silent thought.

The morning in Dakota I played golf I stood in the vast circle of the horizon, as complete as the circle of the sea. One of the printed rules I transcribe: "Ball lying in gopher-hole may be lifted without penalty." I am thinking of writing a book about golf. I shall call it "Thirty Years of Looking Up."

It was a heavenly morning, there were many wild flowers, and the air was vocal with singing birds. I was glad to see a pair of my old friends, the upland plovers (Bartramian Sandpiper), who trilled their

incomparable song, and lifted their wings above their pretty heads with an inimitable gesture. I can easily understand how those who have lived in Aberdeen would, if transported elsewhere, be homesick for the prairie.

Speaking of the plovers reminds me again of W. H. Hudson, who wrote of these birds so affectionately. Eight or nine volumes of the beautiful, limited complete edition of his works have appeared during the past month, and I counsel those who love the writings of Hudson to secure a set of these books before they are gone. They are in every way admirable specimens of the publisher's art, a fine frame for Hudson's pictures of life.

The most notable literary event of the year 1923 is the visit to America of Joseph Conrad. In contrast to almost all others he came not to be seen but to see. His novels are characterized by such dignity and reserve and austerity that I imagined he might be rather unapproachable. Nothing could be further from the truth. One would naturally expect simplicity in so sincere an artist, but I was quite unprepared for his irresistible charm. He is one of the most lovable of men, and his personality in conversation leaves as indelible an impression as his books. I shall never cease to be grateful to my friend Henry Canby, the accomplished editor of the "Literary Review" of the New York *Evening Post*, who, some twenty years ago, insisted on my reading Conrad's novels. Of these, I still place first "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and I do not wonder that the author is willing to have his fame stand or fall by that book. But to those who have never read Conrad, I recommend their beginning with "Typhoon," the best description of a storm at sea I have ever found—nor can one forget the practical unimagined captain, who conquered the elements because he had no more self-consciousness than they.

Joseph Conrad is the finest illustration of a remark I made in the May issue, namely, that it is possible to attain complete fluency in English without pronouncing it accurately. A sensation was to hear this distinguished English author

read a page of his own writing. The foreign accent was so strong that it was astounding to remember that the man who was pronouncing English words so strangely has, in mastery of the English language, no superior in the world. That Conrad should understand the composition of a novel, the construction of the plot, the presentation and analysis of human character, that the work should be filled with the evidences of original thought and vivid imagination, all this is comprehensible; but one of his chief titles to fame is the nobility, flexibility, and general perfection of his English prose style. The standards of competition in England are high; that he should hold an undisputed place in the front rank of living English writers is phenomenal.

Even so, the man is greater than his books. To read him is to admire him; to meet him is to have that admiration deepen with the addition of affection. He is an extraordinary personality.

The committee selected by Columbia University to award the Pulitzer prize in American drama for the season of 1922-1923 had an unusually interesting year, there being a number of American plays that in some past periods would have won easily. The choice of "Icebound," by Owen Davis, seems to me particularly wise, because I was on the committee. It is an original, vital, wholly American comedy, and in other respects conforms to the conditions distinctly set down by the donor. It is worth remembering that in the June *Bookman*, which reached me this morning, John Farrar hazarded the prediction that "Icebound" would win. It was a good prophecy, for, unlike most prophecies, it seems good after the event. The award of the biography prize to Burton J. Hendrick, for his "Life of Walter H. Page," has met, as it deserved to, with universal approval. It is pleasant to see Mr. Hendrick gradually receiving recognition for his talents and devotion to truth. The novel and drama awards were naturally not so generally commended, nor would they have been had any other novel or drama been chosen. Every objector has his own favorite in these broad and diversified fields. Had I been on the novel committee, I should have

voted for— But what is the use of talking about that now?

Men and women equally share in the four literary awards: Burton Hendrick and Owen Davis in biography and drama, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Willa Cather in poetry and fiction. America may well be proud of the four.

All persons except hopelessly reactionary "patriots" will rejoice that the prize for the best editorial of the year was given to William Allen White, of Emporia, Kan., for his magnificent defense of free speech in the short leader called "To an Anxious Friend." Here it is:

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. . . . Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea of justice, temperately made in the name of peace, only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed brute meets brute on each side of the line.

So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this State will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter, or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.

We ought to respect the law, but the legislators should not make it difficult to do so. What a difference there is between sin and the law! I have no respect for sin, but I have profound respect for many sinners. On the other hand, I have profound respect for the law, but none at all for many lawmakers. The tyrannical control of the individual's habits, manners, speech, and thought has reached such a pitch that before long the "paramount issue" in America may come to be Individual Freedom. For there can be no national freedom, any more than there can be national happiness; these affairs concern only the individual. How happy Germany might have been if she had not filled so large a place in modern history!

That ordinary laws are sufficient to restrain vicious stage plays becomes evident in the recent legal decision against a drama produced in New York. Censorship will never be necessary if the laws against obscenity and indecency are properly enforced. It is curious that those who ridicule plays for "teaching a moral lesson," insisting that didacticism is contrary to rules of art, are the ones who most loudly insist that a book or play attacked for indecency "teaches a great moral lesson." Cant.

One of the most interesting books of the year is Werner's "Life of P. T. Barnum." It is safe to say that Barnum will never be forgotten, and whenever his name is mentioned, both speaker and hearer smile, not with contempt, but with a compound of humor and affection. He was a public benefactor, and I gaze with unconcealed respect at his statue in the park at Bridgeport. His enterprise in bringing Jenny Lind to America, which is told with detail by Mr. Werner, was an international event of such magnitude that Browning alludes to both persons in "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," the one poem of its author's filled with American colors. Browning mentions Barnum as he mentions the immortal prize-fight between Tom Sayers and Bill Heenan, the "Benicia Boy." Barnum was forever doing the unexpected. He who had been identified with so many swindles, in the case of Jenny Lind gave the public the full worth of their money. She was even greater than the advertisements. Of all the men and women who sang before I was born, she is the one I would choose to hear. Her "goodness" was a tremendous asset, as it was in the case of Mary Anderson; but virtue alone is no more sufficient to give an artist permanent renown than is the absence of it.

As a rule, Barnum knew the American public loved to be gulled. It was a shame *not* to take the money. His genius—for he was a man of genius—consisted in knowing exactly how to swindle them. He swindled them in a way that called forth their admiration, affection, and delight. When I was a small boy in New Haven, one of the side-shows in his circus advertised "a cherry-colored cat,"

which you must pay extra to see. No one had ever heard of such a phenomenon, and accordingly crowds streamed into the tent. What they saw was an ordinary black cat, a common enough sight on any street. "What does this mean?" they inquired of the attendant—receiving the dry answer: "Some cherries are black." Now Barnum had accurately known in advance what would happen. Instead of becoming enraged and demanding their money back, they all grinned foolishly, ejaculated the then equivalent of "Stung again!" and immediately went out and implored every one they met on no account to miss seeing the cherry-colored cat. The result was an enormous intake of the people's money. In this case I happened to know the cat. It lived in a house at the corner of York and Chapel Streets, and I had often stroked it. The day before the circus reached town, the cat disappeared. The day after, the cat was returned to the house, with a ribbon around its neck, bearing a card: "With Mr. Barnum's compliments." So that his "overhead" was nil. Every cent he took in was as "velvet" as the cat's fur.

My friend John Rodemeyer, the accomplished editor of a newspaper in Greenwich, Conn., knows an infinite number of stories about Barnum, many of which have illuminated his journal. Barnum was as unique a figure in comedy as Abraham Lincoln in tragedy, and both were purely and wholly American; they could not have flourished in any other country. Both, too, have become legendary heroes. I—*moi qui parle*—saw Barnum. At a certain moment during the progress of the greatest show on earth, there was an impressive silence. In the midst of this vast silence, the large bulk of the showman moved majestically to the centre of the ring, turned around once slowly, so that all could behold his face, and as majestically departed. He remained exactly the right number of seconds. His benevolent features had an amazingly unctuous expression—but little did we then know how absolutely aware he was, of himself, of his expression, and of the spectators.

Apart from his genius for guessing, I find his physical vitality no less astound-

ing. When we remember what hardships he endured on the road, what reverses of fortune he suffered, enough to shatter a less indomitable spirit, when we remember the long weeks without hardly any sleep and the wretched cold food he ate in impossible conditions, the fact that he lived to be over 80 must be reckoned among his achievements.

Another distinctively American biography of the present year is Edward W. Bok's life of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, called "A Man from Maine." Barnum revelled in humbug, and rejoiced when his enemies attacked him for it. In the career of Mr. Curtis there is exactly the opposite of humbug, for he always gave full value, being even fanatically honest. This volume is not so rich in anecdote nor so dramatic in events as the "Americanization of Edward Bok," but it is immensely interesting. It shows not only the rise from obscurity to prominence, and the reasons therefor, but it breathes the very poetry of "business." It successfully demonstrates that there need be nothing humdrum, nothing mechanical, about a business career. It may be full of the spirit of romance and adventure. After all, this depends, in the last analysis, on the individual. Those who find a business life "dull" would have probably found a professional career equally so. Some are bored by work, some by play, some by mountains, some by the sea, some by the plains, some by humanity, and some by themselves. Happy are those who can look on every morning with fresh eyes.

Brigadier-General Henry Martyn Robert, U. S. A., died at Hornell, N. Y., on May 11. He was 86 years old. He was the author of a popular and useful book and had a long and distinguished military and scientific career. I wonder how many of the thousands of men and women who have been faithful to "Robert's Rules of Order" for the last forty years knew anything about the author. He had become the oldest living graduate of West Point. He served in the Civil War, was president of the United States Board of Engineers for Fortifications, was a member of the New York Harbor Line

Board and of the Rock Creek Park National Commission, and in 1907 was consulting engineer for the construction of the bridge and causeway connecting Galveston with the mainland. His services to his country both in war and in peace were numerous and important; but he will popularly be remembered longest because of his standard work on parliamentary law. When William Dwight and I organized the Hartford Public High School Debating Club in 1882 we decided that "Robert's Rules of Order" should determine our procedure. The club is still flourishing, and I dare say uses the same manual. It is unfortunate that more men and women are not familiar with parliamentary law. Over and over again I have seen men called to the chair in some public meeting, and immediately display painful incompetence. The best presiding officer I ever saw in action was the late John M. Hall, who as speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives maintained absolute discipline, was invariably courteous and invariably right, never guessed inaccurately at a viva-voce vote, never heard an appeal from his decision but once, and then had the satisfaction of being supported by an overwhelming majority.

Speaking of West Point, I have been reading Arthur Sherburne Hardy's autobiography, called "Things Remembered," which has just been published. I confidently recommend this book to all intelligent men and women. Every page is interesting, and there are many enlivening anecdotes. I was particularly glad to see his admiration for the system of education at West Point, of which institution he is one of the most notable graduates. I have had opportunities for observing that system, and I believe in it. Thanks to the discipline, to the small divisions, where every pupil recites every day, and to the liberal course of study, every graduate of West Point and of Annapolis is an educated man. I have not met one exception. I shall never forget the good times I had at West Point some years ago, when I made weekly visits there. The conversation of such men as Hugh Scott, Colonel Larned, and Edward Holden was an education in itself. Doc-

tor Holden, who had been astronomer at the Lick Observatory, president of the University of California, and was then librarian of the United States Military Academy, was a most interesting man. The range of his knowledge and information, his keen wit and spontaneous humor, his prodigious mental vitality, made him an ideal conversationalist. Shortly before his death, he quoted to me the famous verses of Landor, and although the first line was no more true of Holden than it was of the author, the poem, cited by him, seemed doubly impressive.

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of Life:
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Mr. Hardy's last chapter on religion is frank and sincere. Yet it seems a little strange that because knowledge of religious truth cannot be proven, he should find it necessary to take no attitude at all. If we were to subscribe only to what can be verified, no intelligent man would cast a vote at any political election, choose any career in life, believe in his friends, or work for his country.

In a previous paper, I chronicled the fact that the American poet Anna Hempstead Branch had read the entire Bible through in a few days. To those who are interested I give the following facts communicated to me in a letter from the Reverend M. L. G. Proper, of Long Hill, Conn., who, on March 16, 1923, read the New Testament through in one day. He will be glad to hear from other students who may have performed this feat, for feat it surely is.

I did not begin to read at midnight, although I am sure that I had the correct time, but waited until one minute past midnight so that if I succeeded in my attempt the reading would certainly all have been done in one day. I began at 12.01 A. M., Friday, March 16, 1923, and at 8.25 in the evening I had read the entire text of the English Revised New Testament. . . .

Note that I had read only the text of the Revised Version of the New Testament and that there might not be any question as to my having read the Revised Version of the New Testament. I then read the foot-notes in 1 hour, 48 minutes; and the chapter outlines at the top of the pages in 26½ minutes. It was now 11.30 P. M.

I slept less than 1 hour during the 24 hours that

had just passed. It would be the same as if one got up at 7 o'clock in the morning and worked until 7 o'clock the next morning, with only 1 hour sleep during that time. I drank freely of water during the entire 24 hours. I had no physical trouble of any kind; not even as respects the eyes or the head. It was a very, very rainy day, raining hard almost all of the time. And the dark day seemed to be most excellent for reading. At 11.30 I wanted to go out for an hour's walk (exercise) but did not because the country roads were so muddy. I was not tired; but felt as good as if it were morning and I had had a night's rest. I went to bed at 12.05 A. M. Saturday morning. There was no physical reaction from what I had done.

The reading was a rapid non-meditative one. But occasionally a verse, a paragraph, or a group of chapters would stand out as especially important.

This is the important fact: The entire text of the English Revised Version of the New Testament was read in one day in 15 hours, 14¼ minutes.

I find that the words of Jesus in the New Testament, including the repetitions of various passages, can be read in 3 hours, 11 minutes.

I have read the Old Testament 9 times. This includes the Authorized Version, the Revised Version, and the Jewish translation. I have read the New Testament 20 times. This includes the Authorized Version, the Revised Version, the 1911 New Testament, and Moffatt's translation. There are a number of translations in English that I have not read, as the Catholic Bible, the Modern Readers' Bible, the Baptist Bible, the 1911 Old Testament, the Twentieth Century New Testament, and Weymouth's translation of the New Testament. I suppose there are others.

I should like to know of others who have read the Bible a large number of times, or who have read it rapidly, as I have done.

Now behold a subject that ought to arouse animated discussion and sharp controversy. The famous naturalist W. H. Hudson was certain that we cannot remember *smells*. Sights we remember perfectly; any one in the midst of a blizzard, by exercising his memory, can see with the mind's eye last summer's landscape as plainly as if it were actually before him. How well we remember sounds would differ with different individuals. Hudson believed that no man could remember smells. He thought that the smell itself had to reappear in order to stimulate the senses.

The sense of smell in man is not nearly so strong as the sense of sight. And yet I am not convinced by Hudson's argument. It seems to me—I am willing to admit I may be mistaken—that I can remember the smell of pond-lilies, although I have not held one in my hand for sev-

eral years. Hudson also says that although unpleasant sights recur to the memory and afflict us, unpleasant smells once survived cannot give us any further trouble, nor does the attempt to recall them bring any disgust. I am by no means sure of this. It is true that, although for some days after an operation I was nauseated by the smell of ether, and some months later was nearly overcome merely by entering a hospital, I have at this moment completely forgotten the smell of ether, and it gives me therefore not the slightest distress to attempt to recall it. But there used to be a soap-factory near New Haven with a particularly evil odor; and it seems to me now that I can recall that. I think I can remember how my dog smells when he is very wet, although at this moment he is dry; and I am afraid I remember all too well how he smelled when he had succeeded in achieving his highest happiness—rolling in the carcass of a rotten sheep. It is astounding that the dog, whose sense of smell is so enormously superior to that faculty in human beings, should delight in what is to us the intolerable odor of decay.

Hudson, in his book "Idle Days in Patagonia," chapter 14, says:

The reason, I imagine, is that while smells are so much to us they cannot, like things seen and things heard, be reproduced in the mind, but are at once forgotten. It is true that in the books smell is classified along with taste, as being much lower or less intellectual than sight and hearing, for the reason (scarcely a valid one) that there must be actual contact of the organ of smell with the object smelled, or a material emanation from, and portion of, such object, although the object itself might be miles away beyond the sight or even beyond the horizon. The light of nature is enough to show how false the arrangement is that places smell and taste together, as much lower and widely apart from sight and hearing. Rather the extreme delicacy of the olfactory nerve raises smell to the rank of an intellectual sense, but very little below the two first and higher senses. And yet, while sights and sounds are retained and can be reproduced at will, and their phantasms are like the reality, an odor has no phantasm in the brain; or, to be very exact, the phantasm of an odor, or its presentment or representation, is so faint and quickly gone when any effort is made to recover it, that, compared with the distinct and abiding presentments of sights and sounds, it is as nothing. Imagine, for example, that you had often seen Windsor Castle, and knew a great deal about it, its history, its noble appearance, which will look familiar to you when you see it again and affect you pleasantly as in the past; and that yet you could not see it with the mind's

eye, but that when, after a recent visit, you tried to see it mentally, nothing but a formless, dim, whitish patch appeared, only to disappear in an instant and come no more. Such a case would represent our condition with regard to even the strongest and most familiar smells. Yet in spite of our inability to recall them, we do distinctly make the effort; and in the case of some strong odor which we have recently inhaled, the mind mocks us with this faint shadow of a phantasm; and this vain, or almost vain, effort of the mind seems to show that odors in some past period of our history were so much more to us than they are now that they could be vividly reproduced, and that this power has been lost, or, at all events, is so weakened as to be of no use. . .

. . . So indistinct was the reproduction in my own case, even of the smell of coffee, that after reading this passage I began to fear that my own brain had misled me, and so, to satisfy myself on the point, I consulted others, friends and acquaintances, who all began trying to recall the sensations produced on them by the odors they were most familiar with. The result of their efforts has restored my peace of mind. With the exception of two or three ladies, who, having no male relations to make up their minds for them, profess to be still in doubt, all sadly acknowledged that they find themselves poorer by one faculty than they had supposed themselves to be; that they began trying to recall smells in the belief that they had the power; that they found that they could almost do it, then began to doubt, and finally with a feeling of impotence, of being baffled, gave it up.

A simple mental experiment may serve to convince any person who tries it that the sensations of smell do not reproduce themselves in the mind. We think of a rose, or a lily, or a violet, and a feeling of pleasure attends the thought; but that this feeling is caused solely by the image of something beautiful to the eye becomes evident when we proceed to think of some artificial perfume, or extract, or essence of a flower. The extract, we know, gave us far more pleasure than the slight perfume of the flower, but there is no feeling of pleasure in thinking of it: it is nothing more than an idea in the mind. On the other hand, when we remember some extremely painful scene that we have witnessed, or some sound, expressing distress or anguish, that we have heard, something of the distressed feeling experienced at the time is reproduced in us; and it is common to hear people say, It makes me sad, or makes me dizzy, or makes my blood run cold, when I think of it; which is literally true, because in thinking of it they again (in a sense) see and hear it. But to think of evil odors does not affect us at all: we can, in imagination, uncork and sniff at cans of petroleum and saturate our pocket-handkerchiefs with asafœtida or carbolic acid, or walk behind a dust-cart, or wade through miles of fetid slime in some tropical morass, or take up some mephitic animal, like the skunk, and fondle it as we would a kitten, yet experience no pain, and no sensation of nausea.

I rejoice that George Santayana has at last consented to collect and publish his

poems in one volume. He is so well known as a professional philosopher and as a prose essayist, that many have forgotten the poems he wrote in his youth. Some of them are extremely beautiful; and I regard his Sonnets as particularly fine. They first appeared in 1894, and were the fruit of the decade extending from 1883, when he was a freshman at Harvard, to 1893, when he was a member of the faculty. At last we have his "Poems, Selected by the Author and Revised," an attractive volume of 135 pages, with a disarming preface.

These verses, in my judgment, belong to literature—and here is a question—do they belong to American or to English literature? The author is a full-blooded Spaniard, but as he came to America at the age of nine, learned English here, and wrote most of his poems here, I think we must claim him as an American poet. I also insist that W. H. Hudson is an American writer, because his father and mother were both Americans, born in the United States. It is true that Hudson wrote all his books in England—but does that alone make him an Englishman? Patriotism has nothing to do with art; yet I think the classification of Santayana and Hudson as American writers can be justified, even as there is not the slightest doubt that Joseph Conrad belongs to the literature of England.

I am mildly shocked to observe in two books by reputable authors an apparent ignorance of the difference between "counsel" and "council." In Nathaniel W. Stephenson's excellent "Life of Lincoln," page 208, I find this sentence: "As associate council in a case at Cincinnati, three years before, Lincoln had been treated so contemptuously by Stanton that he had returned home in pained humiliation." In Ludwig Lewisoohn's "Up Stream," page 32, I read, "Though his life had been, however rash and foolish, of an unblemished honor, he counselled my mother to secrecy. She blamed herself bitterly in later years for having followed his council."

One of my correspondents wishes me to insist on the proper distinction between "latest" and "last." I wish we could, but upon reflection I find that good

usage has so sanctioned the words as synonyms, that it will be impossible to put through a reform. Every one knows the gibe: "Have you read my last book?" "I hope so." The distinction would have saved the author from that humiliation. Yet we find one of the greatest of Browning's poems called "My Last Duchess." Now so far from being the last, he is talking about her to the envoy who is arranging for a successor. I surrender.

I also surrender on the question of "*n'est-ce pas*." Carolyn Wells and I have organized the "am't I" club, of which we are the original charter members. We have decided to say "am't I" brazenly, and then glare. We invite all respectable persons and others to join in the "am't I" "drive," in an attempt to "sell it," or to "put it over." Perhaps if we can get "in touch" with some influential persons, we can make some progress "along these lines." I would say "a'n't I," but it sounds too much like "aren't I," and all except those from the Middle West might think I was using that detestable phrase.

One of the worst foes to human happiness is the fresh-air crank. I love fresh air as much as anybody, but I love it where it belongs—outdoors. I do not like too much of it in the house, and I particularly hate the mixture of in-and-out-door air, because the ingredients are never correctly amalgamated. I hate a wind blowing across a library table, and I hate a draft down the back of my neck. One of my grievances against the fresh-air crank is that he has a positive genius for the inopportune. Just when I am absolutely comfortable in a warm interior on a winter day, and can laugh from my security at the accursed cold, some crank is sure to say, "Don't you think it is very close here?" then walk across the room, and open a window on the back of my neck, letting in the poisonous chill. For the invariable fact is, that in a meeting or anywhere else, the fresh-air crank stealthily opens the window on somebody else's back. He then returns to his safe chair with smiles that say "That's better." I remember once when this

happened, a friend of mine remarked that we had been absolutely comfortable until this idiot opened the window; as he emphatically closed it, he added: "I've got only one drop of blood in my whole body, and I want that to circulate."

When you are travelling on a railway-coach and a fat man in front of you opens the window, thus getting the pleasant air himself, and giving you the cinders, an excellent plan is to raise your newspaper directly between you and the onslaught of dirt, and read it with absorbed attention. This causes a superb funnel. The draft and the dirt pour copiously down the neck of the villain, and unless he is a hard-boiled rhinoceros, he will close the casement.

Another extremely common and reprehensible habit is that of a host who gives a dinner-party, and arranges that the guests, immediately after the feast is over, shall repair to a room that would answer admirably for cold storage, but is no place for immortal souls. After eating, one is naturally cold, and should go into a warm room. This is easily proved by the fact that if an open fire is burning on the hearth of the room to which the dinner-guests adjourn, every one instinctively makes for that fire. Usually a large man reaches it first, stands with his back to it, and addresses the company for fifteen minutes.

Dining-rooms and their successors should never be cold. (There is only one thing worse than a cold dining-room, and that is a cold bathroom.) I felt a strong affection for a convivial and cheerful guest, who, at a dinner-party, in the midst of winter, when the host inquired, "Shall I open a window?" replied firmly: "No! Shut all the windows and open all the bottles."

We are told it is unhealthy to be in a warm room. But how much better it is to be unhealthy and deliciously comfortable than to be perfectly healthy and perfectly miserable. My advice to the fresh-air crank is to stay outdoors, where he belongs, for he has never been civilized. If he must enter the house or the hall, and must have fresh air, let him open the window on his own back, and here's hoping that he catches a terrific cold.



THE POINT OF VIEW



MY only companion in the smoker of the Pullman dropped his morning newspaper with a "Humph!"

As he caught my look of polite interrogation he explained: "I am disgusted by the continual whinings of these mendicant college professors and their wives.

Keys

Here is a dispatch from the Pacific coast chronicling the lamentations of the wives of university professors. The wives complain that they are dressed by the charity of relatives and friends. One publishes to the cold, hard, and cynical world that she has not had a new pair of shoes for five years; another has worn the same winter hat for seven years; and two of them have worn the same capes for eleven years."

"Well," I unsympathetically snapped (my wife's sister happens to be married to a college professor), "we surely have starved the college professor."

"Yes, that's the common notion, but there's no truth in it."

"The trouble with men like you," said I, as I made another inventory of his complacent and rotund prosperity, "is that you know nothing at first hand about the privations, sacrifices, and social habits of the 'intellectuals.' I have known you but for half an hour, but I have gathered enough to know that your own habits of thought disqualify you from sympathizing with the needs and ideals of a college professor. You look and talk like one born with a platinum spoon in his mouth and a Bolls-Toyce in his garage. You belong to the class that writes articles on how to live on an income of thirty thousand dollars a year."

"You must be a brother of Sherlock Holmes," laughed my sleek, broker-like-looking companion. "It doesn't take you long to get a man's number."

This softened my resentment, because I felt that he had recognized one of my strongest characteristics. I really am a very accurate and rapid judge of human nature. I felt even more kindly disposed as he extended his gold-decorated cigar-case in my direction. As he had pulled his cigar-case from his pocket, his bunch of keys had dropped to the floor. This suggested my

favorite theory as to the reading of a man's social and financial standing.

"Ah," said I, as I handed him his keys, which I had picked up for him, "you name the uses of the keys and I'll hit you off to a T, for whereas Goethe says a man's character is his history, I say a man's keys are his biography."

I could see the mounting admiration in the eyes of my companion, who ejaculated: "Well, well, indeed you are a most remarkable man; I have never surmised that keys are such a revealer of man's life."

"Go ahead," I rejoined, "call off the keys and I'll give the exegesis."

"This is the key to my house; yes, I say MY house, for I pay no rent, and I may add that the house is built of stone, has hardwood floors, plate-glass windows, and all the conveniences. This is the key to my box at the post-office, and this is the master-key admitting me into the building where my office is located; and here is the key to our country bungalow; this one opens the safety-box in the vault of my bank; here we have the one that opens my locker in the country club; and this little cluster of keys has to do with the garage and the sedan that there reposes. There's another key, but I'm not going to tell you what that key is for until you have declared your deductions up to the present moment."

"The whole matter is very simple," said I. "Any man who owns his own home, who has a safety-box in the bank, a sedan in the garage, a bungalow in the country, and a locker in an exclusive country club is an individual who cannot have any possible sympathy with an underpaid college professor. You must be a banker or an oil plutocrat, or, if you excuse plain talking, it is likely that you have inherited a lot of real estate that has increased greatly in value because of the enterprise of your neighbors."

"You're wrong," interjected my victim; "I've never inherited a dollar."

"Well, then," I continued with rising voice, "you're the average successful American with no ideals beyond the dollar, and with no understanding of the idealism that is willing to suffer for the sake of art and

science. Now I know something about college professors, because my wife's sister married a college professor; and I want to tell you——"

"Wait a moment," said my unruffled associate as he apparently tried to assuage my rising indignation by handing me his cigar-case for the second time. "There's one key I haven't explained. Notice this last key on the ring."

"What about it?"

"It's the key to my lecture-room."

"What's that you say?"

"It's the key to the lecture-room of a college professor."

My confusion of mind was partly relieved by the thrusting aside of the curtain as the dusky porter announced: "Last call for breakfast!"

"Come on," said I, "be my guest at a sumptuous breakfast; I still feel sorry for these poor college professors."

FOR more than thirteen years now I have cultivated a habit of listing in a small note-book my "Books Lent." I owe the idea to my old friend H., from whom I have borrowed many a book, and to whom I believe I have lent as many, without the loss of a volume on either side. If all borrowers were like H. and me, records would be superfluous!

Some of my friends regard this account-keeping as ungenerous and ignoble; they do not say so, they may even commend it with their lips, but I can see reproach in the turn of their eye as they go out of my study with a book or two. These same reproachful glances, I am shameless enough to confess, have done much to convince me of the utility of H.'s plan. They furnish evidence that the consciousness of the borrower has been penetrated by realization of two wholesome facts: first, that I shall know where the book is, and, second, that he is expected to return it.

Going to my faithful list the other day to see what had become of a volume that had disappeared from my shelves, I found that I had lent it to G. nine months ago. Then I turned back over the pages of the little ledger with some melancholy reflections. The books marked "not returned" represent, it is true, no great value in money; but I have missed every one of them more than once. Some of them are not easily to

be replaced; some, which I valued for their associations, could not be replaced at all. Where shall I find another copy of that delightful story of baseball and Connecticut, "The Plated City," written in his youth by one of the wisest and best of my teachers? On an unlucky day I lent it to a too amiable colleague, who enjoyed it so much that he lent it to a friend of his. (I wish some greater master of malediction than I would devise a curse for the borrower who lends his neighbor's books.) I scarcely hope to replace "Enchanted Ground," the last and best novel of a friend and classmate whose career, full of promise, was early cut short. On the day I lent it my guardian spirit, which keeps me, had deserted his duty; for (I confess it with shame) I forgot to record the loan. I could replace "The New Canterbury Tales," which in an evil hour I lent to a thoughtless miss; but my copy was enriched with a screed of punning verse in the crabbed hand of the donor, my old friend S. Why should I recall the lack of my "Peg Woffington," lent to the more forgetful mother of the forgetful damsel, and the empty spaces in my shelves of plays? Plays for some reason seem to offer the strongest temptation to the unconscionable borrower; I have lost at least nine volumes of them.

As I thumbed over the leaves of my ledger with such thoughts, it occurred to me that the experiences there recorded might be of interest to others of the unhappy race of book-lenders. All of us, like Dogberry, have had losses. Those who don't know how many books they have unintentionally presented to friends may conjecture the extent of their generosity from my experience; those who have kept records may like to compare notes with me. For the benefit of fellow-lenders, then, I made a brief statistical investigation. When you see a favorite volume leaving your library under a friend's arm, you may be interested to consider what are the mathematical probabilities of your ever seeing it again. Not being born systematic, I have often forgotten to enter loans on my list; and some books thus lent, I know, have been *spurlos versenkt*. Such unrecorded loans and losses are not, of course, included in my figures. Probably the proportion of losses to loans would be at least as large as in the cases which are of record. Lenders who keep no records may be sure that their losses are proportionately heavier

than mine; for, not to mention the tonic effect of the mere knowledge of the record upon the borrower's conscience, I know that I have saved some books by dunning delinquent borrowers.

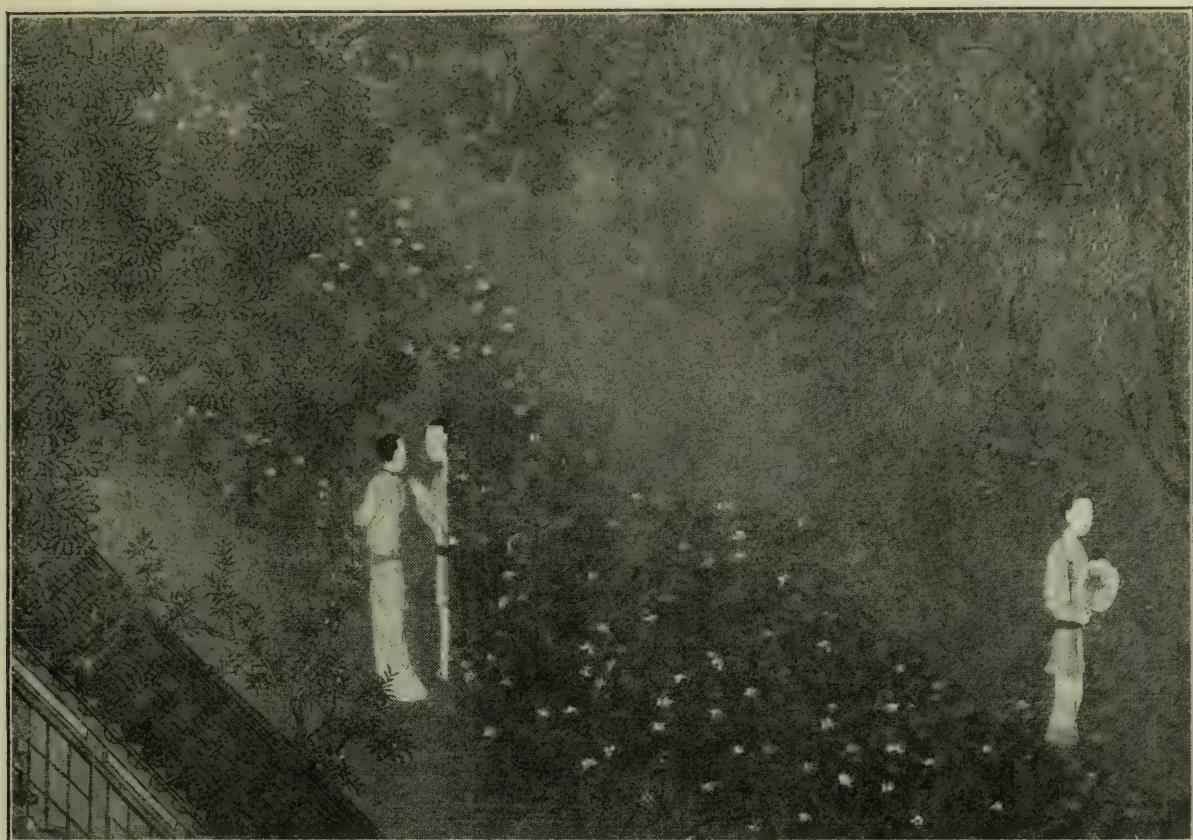
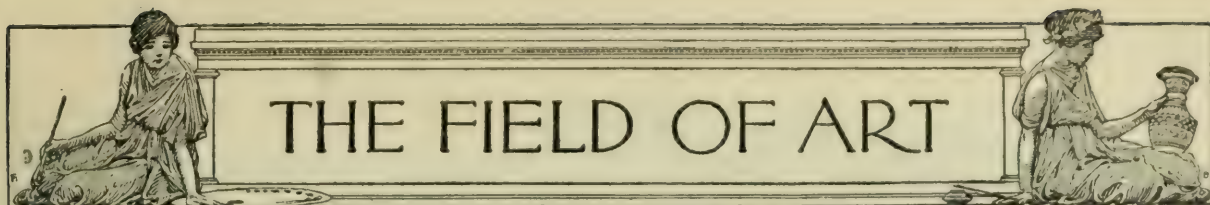
The list shows that in the thirteen years ending last January I lent three hundred books. Of these, fifteen have never been returned, though I made some attempt to reclaim most of them. Reckoned on this basis, then, the lender's chance of losing a cherished volume, if he keeps a list and duns the tardy, is only one in twenty. To be sure, the twentieth book may be the one he is most reluctant to part with; but then he still has the other nineteen. Unfortunately, however, such an inference from the figures is by far too rosy. We should probably be nearer the truth if we based the calculation on the ratio of negligent to punctilious borrowers. (This is a polite way of saying it, you understand. By "negligent" I mean those who resolutely refused, or indefinitely postponed, the returning of books; by "punctilious" I mean those who, with or without pressure, in fact returned them.) To borrowers of proved integrity, of course, I lent a far larger number of books than to the other sort; hence it would be misleading to draw a general conclusion from my ratio of books lost to books lent. The determining factor in the problem, "Shall I see my book again?" is obviously the character of the borrower. My borrowers were a rather selected list; they included students, teachers, college professors, business men, lawyers, ministers, writers, and musicians. Altogether there were eighty-six of them; and of these, twelve failed in at least one instance to return a book. Reckoned on this basis, your chance of losing your book is almost one in seven. But this inference is rather too gloomy; for of the twelve negligent borrowers, several returned some books, though each kept one or more.

Of my borrowing friends, fifty-two were men and thirty-four women; of the delinquents, nine were men and only three women. Apparently it is almost twice as safe to lend a book to a woman as to a man; with the man your chance of loss is better than one in six, with the woman less than one in eleven. Some would say that this is

because women have no real love of books. I offer no explanation; I simply present the facts. Regarding the relative unreliability of borrowers in different professions, my statistics point to a rather startling conclusion, which I deem it inexpedient to disclose. I will merely observe that, contrary to the general impression in academic circles, it is very much safer to lend a book to a student than to a professor; and that the villain of my list, who was responsible for the loss of three books before I stopped his depredations, was a colleague. *Verbum sat!* For the honor of the profession, however, I must add that this particular borrower has since gone into business; perhaps he was in training for it when he appropriated my books. I am told, and I readily believe, that he is making a great success.

Looking over my list of delinquents, I have tried to make some generalizations about them; to discover, if possible, some sign by which the unreliable borrower may be distinguished. But I have completely failed. They are all persons of good repute; some have exceptional ability, several have rare personal charm. Some approximate Lamb's description of the noble and lordly borrower, but others are as far as possible from that type. So far as I can judge, there is no earmark by which the lender may recognize the prospective plunderer of his shelves. We must e'en take our chances.

For of course we would not for the world stop lending books. Churlishly as we may grumble about our losses, we acknowledge to ourselves, at least, that we should risk them again with our eyes open. For the unreliable borrower as such I have nothing but anathemas; on no consideration, however, is the pleasure of introducing a friend to a good book, and talking it over with him, to be foregone. Among my seventy-four righteous borrowers many are of the salt of the earth, and there is also much Attic salt among them. I could not have known them so well had I not lent them books. Among the sinners, too, there is mighty good company; I should hate to have missed knowing them. I will never indorse the jejune and inhuman advice of Polonius; for (here is my last confession) I am too fond of borrowing books.



A garden scene in the purely decorative style of painting. Attributed to an artist of the Sung Dynasty.
 Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

Chinese Art Through Western Eyes

BY MARY MACALISTER

THE unique position occupied by Chinese art is acknowledged by every one who has any familiarity with different styles of art and their history. For it is the one style that has survived in unbroken succession in the geographical area in which it originated and began to flourish as early probably as any art. If it was slow in reaching the high development of the great T'ang Dynasty, after both Greek and Roman art had risen and fallen, it was also slow in declining. Although critics place the limits of originality and growth at the time of the Mongolian Conquest in the thirteenth century, the brilliant Ming Dynasty arose later, lasting well into the seventeenth century.

And the most ancient forms and motifs, handed down to the present time, possess an astonishing vitality.

To the Western mind the unchanging characteristics of the East have not ceased to be a wonder. The fact that China was shut in upon herself for centuries at a time, and that when changes and upheavals did occur her art was never really destroyed, but merely modified, and sometimes strengthened technically by outside influences, accounts for some of the lively interest in Chinese art. But the changeless, age-old aspects would be only interesting from a historic and strictly archæological standpoint, if it were not for the perennially

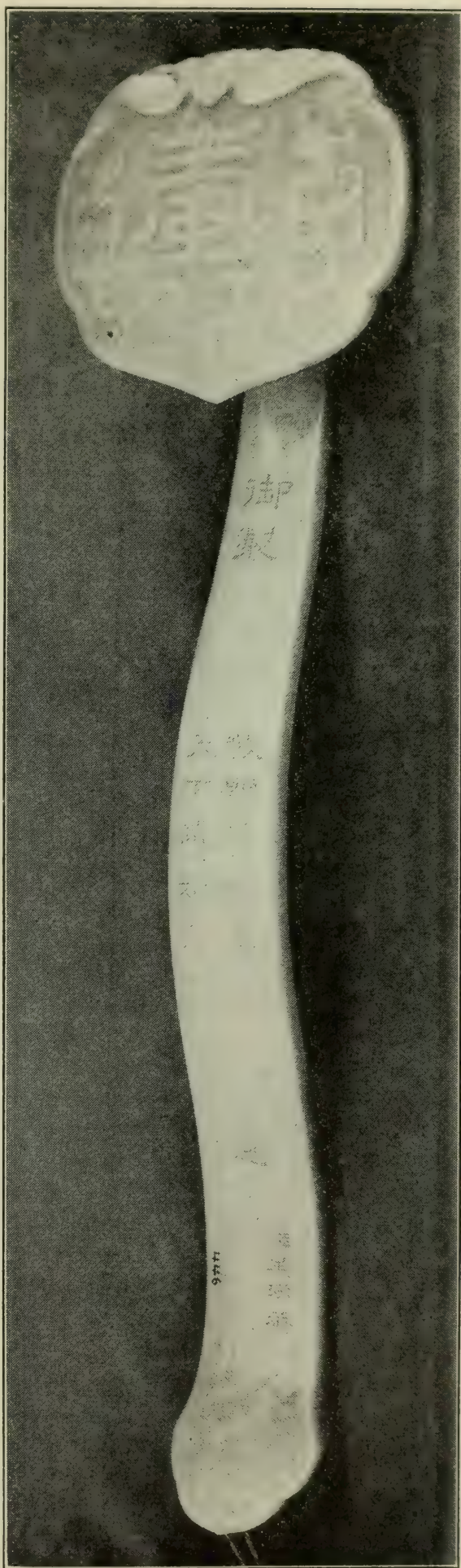


Lower portion of a large painting of a legendary subject: "Yü the Great Subdues the Deluge." By an unknown artist of the Ming Dynasty.
Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

youthful side presented to the modern world. This most ancient art of the Orient which is alive to-day is so profound and philosophic in its older manifestations that the student entering upon a study of it is apt to be discouraged at the outset. Yet it is so gracefully trivial and gaily sophisticated in the decorative uses to which it is put on every hand, that any danger of extinction is from overpopularity and cheap imitations in the present-day commercial environment.

Chinese scholars of to-day would have us take their art more seriously, and regard its ancient lineage with something of the homage which even careless moderns pay to Greek or early Italian art. These we of the West still regard as our heritage, and a heritage, too, is much of the art of the Nearer East, associated with early Christianity in countless symbols whose derivation can easily be traced. East and West have been constantly merged in the history of art, and out of the union have come such beauty and enchantment as are to be seen in Venice, for instance, particularly in the complicated façade of San Marco, the matchless vision of composite art.

The Far East holds a very different appeal. Advanced civilization developed independently there; in the early stages almost as remote from the great nations grouped around the Mediterranean as if it had developed in the moon. Between the most ancient advanced civilizations of the West and that of China in the Bronze Age there is no recorded intercourse. There are examples of ancient bronze vessels to be found in American museums which date back to the prehistoric period of isolation. They belong to ceremonial observances of primitive religious beliefs which were rooted in Chinese soil for ages before Buddhism and the art which belonged to it were introduced from without. These massive and finely wrought metal containers and libation cups for sacrificial food and wine are, therefore, most interesting, for their decorative designs are symbols of nature as interpreted in



Sceptre of pale-green jade with inscription.
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

early ritual. The scrolls and frets, dragon and bird forms, and "ogre heads" appear in their early conceptions evolved from earth, and air, and water, in the manner that such designs were evolved by other primitive peoples.

The first known relationship between



Colossal head of a Bodhisattva, sixth or seventh century A. D.

Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

China and Western civilization comes late in ancient history, and several centuries passed before there was an effect upon Chinese art. Modern research and exploration, however, have proved the indirect influence of late Greek art, which was carried eastward to the frontiers of India and the borders of China. It gave rise to the strange, hybrid, Greco-Buddhist sculpture and decoration of which such extensive remains have been discovered in barren and deserted areas of Central Asia. "Serindia" is the name now given to the vanished civilization that once flourished in these desert wastes. Rock-cut temples and shrines of Buddhism guarded for more than a thousand years an unsuspected art that is thought to have been a mingling of Greco-Roman, Iranian, Indian, and Chinese ele-

ments. When Buddhism penetrated into China, something of this new art went with it, and thus a faint echo of classic Greece may have been the borrowed element that was necessary for the growth of Chinese and even Japanese sculpture.

How much of classic Greece there is to be found in Far Eastern carvings in stone and wood is a question about which experts differ. Any one who is interested in going far afield in theories of such interrelations can find them eloquently set forth in the volumes in which Sir Aurel Stein, the explorer of Serindia, describes his finds, and in the writings of Fenollosa and other authorities. It is not difficult to imagine classic influence in such a sculptured head as that illustrated here—one of the impressive colossal Bodhisattvas of early date. If we should choose to compare it with a classic head of a wholly different type, one possessing the almost sensuous refinement of finish of the most perfect Greek or Roman marbles, and the haunting appeal that is entirely outside the province of Chinese sculpture, there would seem to be only a wide divergence.

Our ideas of art, coming originally from the Greeks, have tended down the ages more and more to individuality, initiative, and "progress." The Chinese, devoted to preserving their traditions, have used the same types and subjects in art and literature over and over with no fear of monotony. There is no lack of individuality in the way of "character study," they were masters of that, especially in drawing and painting; but once found, types have been repeated by generations of artists. In our modern contempt for the shackles of custom we are apt to forget that restraint has been good for the formation of style in art. Even the extreme spirit of conservatism that governed Chinese art did not prevent the play of individual fancy in the artist. Especially in the realm of design there was the fertile invention capable of producing myriad forms of decorative patterns. And the Chinese genius for color had free scope for development. Was it perhaps a habit of restraint that tempered the Oriental delight in varied hues with the peculiarly subtle and exquisite sense of values and gradations of color that is so marked?

An element that enters into Chinese art so largely that it must always be considered is the prominence given to inscriptions. Writ-

ing as an accomplishment went along with drawing and painting; before the date of any painting now known, the elaborate Chinese written characters were used on bronze and stone. These inscriptions are more than dates and historical accounts of events. They frequently give a touch of poetry to articles in common use that is quite charming. A bronze mirror that was doubtless used by an ancient beauty has ornamentation involving various decorative emblems, and has an inscription informing the user that in the mirror she may see herself as lovely as the flowers, the stars in the sky, etc. Jade, out of which so many precious things were fashioned, often bears inscriptions. A small table-screen of pale-green jade has incised characters which have been filled in with gold—a little poem in antique script translated as follows: "Dew wets a fairy's clothes and makes them heavy. Wind blows the fragrance of golden grains. The sign of the moon shows an early autumn. At the same time we see five fragrant branches of white olive-tree."

The poetic and philosophic spirit found free expression in painting. A picture was a poem in line and color—in line much more than in color, for that was more fully expressed in other directions. In landscape-painting of the early period, coming to finest development in the Sung Dynasty, the grand style of composition was full of underlying meaning and subtlety. Yet there are old paintings in lighter vein also, garden scenes and palace interiors that delight us merely as decoration, quite apart from any deep significance. Historic legends as well as religious subjects were long a source of inspiration. The literary point of view, and the idea of "culture" as we call it, were all-important in the education of an artist, though technical skill in brush strokes is so apparent. The fact that paintings were done on silk or paper, made to roll up and put away, and brought out to be examined

or hung temporarily on walls, puts them in a different class from most of our paintings. But what we consider to be limitations in the choice of materials did not interfere with the choice of subjects. The old Chinese painters were constantly making excursions into the sublime and could clearly convey



Sacrificial libation cup of bronze, Shang Dynasty, 1766-1122 B. C.

Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

the impression of stormy aspects of nature, and of boundless space with human figures grouped in it. They seem to be equally at ease in depicting a swiftly moving "Tartar Horseman" or in the bird-and-flower studies that have kept such a delicate freshness in spite of the ravages of time.

If we can but catch the spirit of the Chinese artist, and get the sympathetic point of view, there is a particular kind of enjoyment in looking at a collection of old Chinese paintings. We say to ourselves that whatever they set out to do they did, these seekers after truth, harmony, and rhythm. First they seem to have penetrated very deeply into the meaning of things, and then to have selected and adapted unerringly only the essentials that they were capable of fixing permanently in pictorial form.

A certain resemblance has been remarked between the general style of old Chinese painting and that of the Italian Primitives just at the dawn of the Renaissance. There is no apparent connection, as was the case with sculpture in an earlier epoch. Communication was still by the long and hazardous caravan routes that had brought silks and other products from the distant Orient to Western markets since the days of Ancient Rome. Marco Polo had returned to Italy after his explorations with accounts of the marvels of the mysterious empire of "Cathay" during the Mongolian expansion at the end of the thirteenth century. Only a few venturesome spirits followed him—missionaries and traders—and then in the fourteenth century began the renewed period of isolation that lasted for nearly two hundred years. Whatever similarities there are between Chinese and early Italian painting appear on the surface, in the tendency in both toward flatness and pattern-like design, and in cool, clear coloring. There are fundamental differences in the way the human figure is treated, of course—all the diversities of race, religion, manners, and customs. Chinese art did not seek to emphasize beauty in the human figure, aiming to view it impersonally as part of the general scheme of things. Even in strictly religious paintings the distinction holds good. The Goddess of Mercy seems always more abstract and conventional in treatment than the Italian blending of ideal and sensuous in the many very human types of the Madonna. As for Botticelli's floating angels and goddesses, how altogether apart they are from Far Eastern conceptions, in spite of the decorative treatment!

Whistler is the artist of modern times who comes to mind at once as the one most subtly akin to the spirit and the manner of Chinese and Japanese art.

Any wide-spread knowledge and appreciation of the fine arts of China is comparatively recent in Europe as well as in America. Although examples of painting and sculpture are to be found in the Oriental collections of museums everywhere, and in some private collections, and so much has been written about them in this present century, it is the industrial arts that have been known since the mediæval Cathay was only the name of a mythical region to Europeans.

When sea routes of trade were at last opened, and from the port of Canton, Portuguese, Dutch, and British merchants brought home their rich cargoes of porcelains, lacquers, and textiles, there developed that keen appreciation of the decorative value of Chinese art that has lasted to our own time.

In the estimation of the outside world, the truly incomparable artistic product of China is still her pottery and porcelain. In the department of ceramics there is not much room for diversity of opinion. Like all the most perfect handiwork of man, beautiful old Chinese porcelains speak for themselves, and remain a subject of inexhaustible interest notwithstanding all the volumes in different languages that have been written to describe and classify them. Some of the latest archæological discoveries have led to renewed speculation upon the suggestions of early outside influence in ceramics. As usual, the Chinese so readily absorbed what may have reached them from Byzantium and other sources that such influences have been hard to trace. The art of enamelling on metal, leading to the manufacture of the famous cloisonné wares, is pronounced with certainty to have been of Byzantine origin.

By the eighteenth century, commercial intercourse with Europe had begun to produce the effects that have been so much lamented by critics. There was already imitation of Western art in China. But there is another point of view which is always to be taken into consideration. Late Chinese art and the eighteenth-century style of Europe, when they came into contact, were found to be curiously congenial. Both the East and the West had arrived by widely different paths at somewhat the same stage of translating early ideas and motifs into ornate elaboration. The European designers of that period seized upon the Chinese decorative ideas with an instinctive sense not only of their novelty but of their innate adaptability to the elegant and fanciful taste of the time.

Every period in the long history of Chinese art takes on new interest in the light of modern knowledge and investigation. By exercising the imagination it is possible to think of all periods as closely related, bringing down to our life of to-day the strangely contrasting and remote life of the distant Orient in long-past centuries.



Drift of the World's Finance

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IT was recognized, as long ago as war time, that the process of readjustment to the changed economic conditions which were bound to follow the war would be a slow one; that the course of world finance

Forecasts of Post-War Re-adjustment would sometimes be shaped in the wrong direction, making necessary a subsequent movement back to the former position. It was believed that the logic of the economic situation would ultimately govern such important factors as international trade and the international flow of gold, but that this would probably happen in ways which could not be foreseen. To those who tried to look into the longer future, the question of the American balance of trade and the question of the American gold reserve were the most obscure. On the face of the international situation left by the war, the only logical outcome certainly seemed to be a change in the foreign trade of the United States from the traditional large surplus of exports to an equally large and equally permanent surplus of imports, with redistribution to foreign countries of the abnormally large gold reserve which our country had accumulated during and since the war.

It was pointed out, in all such discussions, that prior to 1914 the United States had been a "debtor country." It had borrowed from Europe in preceding decades, through sale of American securities on foreign markets, an amount of capital aggregating thousands of millions of dollars. Its annual payment of interest and dividends on this accrued indebtedness was mostly made in exported merchandise, and that was clearly recognized as the reason why, even in years when our yearly surplus of imports reached or exceeded \$500,000,000 (as it frequently

did in the decade before the war), our annual foreign debit and credit account remained as a whole in balance. In the long run we sent abroad about as much gold as we received.

THE war reversed the position. Our markets first bought back the bulk of American stocks and bonds which Europe held; then they subscribed to European war loans on a wholly unexampled scale, and when our own government entered the war, the Treasury loaned \$10,000,000,000 to eleven of our allies, raising the money for the purpose through selling an equivalent amount of United States Liberty loans to American investors. At the end of the war, therefore, not only did we hold Europe's obligations on a wholly unprecedented scale instead of Europe's holding ours, but Europe had to find some means for paying the annual interest on such loans. Precisely as we in our debtor days had paid the annual interest to Europe in the shape of an excess of exports over imports, so the eventual necessary solution of the altered problem now appeared to be an excess of imports received by the United States from foreign countries over the exports sent by us to them.

Similarly, the gold sent here by Europe since the outbreak of war—partly to pay in cash for purchases of food and war munitions here, partly to arrest the depreciation of European exchange, but very largely because of the movement of international capital to this country, as the only nation in the world whose currency stayed at par with gold—reached unexampled magnitude. The Treasury's estimate of August 1, 1914, stated the stock of gold in the United States as

Our Position in 1914 and Now

\$1,887,000,000; in June of the present year the estimate was \$4,023,000,000, or fully one-half of the world's total visible supply. Our Federal Reserve this summer reported twice as much gold in its reserve as the law required to be held against existing deposits and outstanding note circulation. Stated in figures, the twelve reserve banks had in their vaults \$1,653,000,000 more gold than was absolutely necessary.

THIS surplus gold we admittedly did not need; a large body of economists and bankers regarded it as a source of danger, as offering continuous opportunity for such reckless expansion of credit as occurred in 1920. Yet it

**Problem of
Our Gold
Reserve**

was equally evident that in the long run this gold would be imperatively needed, when they came to resume gold payments on their paper currencies, by European nations which had suspended such payments during and since the war. This again seemed to force the conclusion that a large excess of merchandise imports in our foreign trade would be the normal outcome, supplemented by large investment of American capital in European securities and followed by redistribution of our surplus gold to the outside world.

The course of events since 1918 shows how slowly and how erratically economic logic often operates. Instead of turning to an import surplus, our post-war foreign trade began by producing an excess of exports during 1919 of \$4,016,000,000, whereas \$3,300,000,000 had been the largest export surplus even in war time and \$691,000,000 the largest of any calendar year before the war. Instead of redistributing our gold (which, even in the armistice month, was \$1,200,000,000 greater than in August, 1914), our net importation of foreign gold during the four years beginning with 1919 was \$700,000,000.

YET economic forces were gradually changing this situation. Their action had been impeded by the whole world's plunge into credit inflation dur-

ing 1919 and 1920; but the reaction, the fall of prices, the contraction of credit and the increase of foreign production which followed the last-named year brought the normal influences into play. During 1922 our investors subscribed for \$500,000,000 new European bonds.

**Our
Changing
Trade
Balance**

Simultaneously our merchandise trade balance began to change. As against the \$4,000,000,000 export surplus of 1920, exports exceeded imports in 1922 by barely \$700,000,000, or not much above the pre-war yearly maximum. At length the complete reversal came. In the three months beginning with last March the excess of imports over exports had reached the sum of \$133,000,000—wholly unparalleled for any similar period in our history.

So far the progress of events seemed clearly in line with economic logic. Yet it remained to say that, in the face of this reversal in the merchandise balance, exchange rates moved against Europe in the first half of 1923 more steadily than at any time since 1920. Purchase of European securities by the American market practically ceased; monthly gold imports from Europe into the United States rose last spring to the largest sum in more than a year and the American stock of gold increased, between January 1 and the end of May, another \$100,000,000 over the amount reported at the end of 1922.

How this curious problem will eventually work itself out, it is still impossible to predict. That depends on a score of influences whose character no one can foresee. It cannot even be said with certainty as yet, whether the recent import surplus was the sign of a permanent economic change, or merely an incident of the sudden and spasmodic American trade revival of last spring, with its peremptory and insatiable demand for quick delivery of raw material of manufacture. But the visible anomalies of the situation merely repeat the seeming contradictions which are in sight throughout the economic world. Wall Street and the business community are at the moment in a mood of profound despondency regarding the future of our domestic trade; yet the actual figures show that production, transportation, and consumption are at the high mark of our history.



Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

JACOB'S SAILS WERE BLOWN TO RIBBONS.

—"Lobster-Creels," page 316.

England: Impressions and Personalities

BY LOTHROP STODDARD

Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," "The Revolt Against Civilization," etc.



IT is nearly two months since I landed in England from America. My English sojourn is the first stage of a year-long journey which will take me through Europe and

the Near East—a voyage of rediscovery of lands which I have not visited since before the Great War. Short though my stay in England has been, it has been filled with a wide variety of experiences. I have seen many diverse phases of contemporary British life and have been privileged to meet and converse with persons representing most shades of thought—ranging from "Die-Hard" Tory leaders like the Duke of Northumberland and editors of *The Morning Post* clear over to some of the "Reddest" members of the Labor party.

How can I summarize my impressions of post-war England? Perhaps the best way of stating them would be to say that they crystallize in three distinct layers, superimposed one upon the other in point of time. When I had been here a week I exclaimed to myself surprisedly: "Why, there's been very little change from the England I knew before 1914!" When I had been here a month I said: "Ah, yes; there have been enormous changes." Now my verdict is: "But, after all, England is still fundamentally the same." I have submitted this judgment to several of my English friends, and they have agreed that it is substantially correct. The more radically minded among them

have admitted the fact with evident regret. As H. G. Wells expressed it: "How can you expect much real change when so much of our youth has been killed off and the old men left to 'carry on'?"

One thing, however, I can certify from my own knowledge has not altered even superficially, and that is the English spring. Why is it that Americans persist in entertaining such roseate ideas of the English springtime despite repeated disillusionments? I believe the reason is the lyric wiles of the English poets. Since the days of Chaucer at least, Britannia's bards have been singing the glories of her springtide. "Oh, to be in England in the spring!" has been the refrain, with appropriate variations. Wherefore we transatlantic sharers in the English literary tradition reach the ancestral Motherland filled with hopes which are promptly dashed by a choice assortment of cloud, rain, and chill—with an occasional flurry of hail or wet snowflakes thrown in for good measure. Thereupon we conclude that English poets are either inveterate optimists or brazen "boosters." And then?—then we stay away from England a few years: subtly the lyric charm is re-woven, and our faith revives! Why does not some courageous Britisher arise and expose this poetic fallacy? I have told Norman Angell that he picked quite the wrong subject when he wrote that book of his "The Great Illusion."

However, though the British climate remains unaltered, many other things have markedly changed. These changes, to be sure, do not exactly leap to the cas-

ual eye. London has physically altered but slightly during the past decade. New construction is not noticeable save in Regent Street, which is being demolished wholesale and rebuilt with rather flamboyant business edifices. The same absence of outstanding physical change is true of the countryside. Motoring through rural England, the villages look as picturesquely ancient as of yore. As for the great estates, though one is assured that they are rapidly passing from their ancestral owners to more plebeian hands, the new title-deeds are not pasted on the park gates.

Nevertheless, one cannot be many hours on English soil without sensing that this island is not the same as it was ten years ago. And probably the first general impression which is borne in upon the consciousness of the newly landed visitor is that here is a people which, while getting along and preserving appearances, is manifestly "hard up." In the towns and cities one seldom sees new clothes. Even in the fashionable quarters of London the number of smartly dressed men and women is only a tithe of that visible before the war. And when one motors through the country one perceives a striking lack of pleasure traffic even on the main roads. Seldom do you meet a lordly limousine or luxurious touring-car; on the contrary, there is a variety of diminutive models, very strange to American eyes, and obviously designed to run on a minimum of "petrol"—which costs several times as much as it does at home. Lastly, the humble bicycle, which with us is almost as extinct as the dodo, flourishes exceedingly in England, the thrifty Briton guarding his lean pocket-book by a liberal use of leg-power.

These random impressions are fortified and confirmed by evidence of a much more precise character when one comes into personal contact with the English themselves. The Englishman's home may still be his castle, but the castle is distinctly less sumptuous than in pre-war days. I have entered but few houses in which I have not instantly sensed a subtle atmosphere of economy. Nearly everywhere one feels a lowering, or perhaps rather a contraction, of those easy living standards of the British upper and middle classes before the war. Servants

are fewer, food is plainer, while clothing and furnishings are alike apt to show signs of wear.

But (and here is the bright side of an otherwise rather pathetic situation) while standards of living may have fallen, standards of life have been maintained. When I say that "appearances are preserved," I mean that the English, though in straitened circumstances, are maintaining a mode of existence in keeping with their traditional self-respect and sense of fitness. I do not, however, mean that there is any false pride or attempt to conceal the basic realities of the situation. The Englishman receives you "as is." He may be obviously far less prosperous than when he entertained you ten years ago, but he attempts neither bluff nor apology. When the subject of the state of affairs in England comes up for discussion, he does not confine himself to generalities but illustrates the point by facts from his own life. "You know," says he, "I can't afford to keep a motor-car these days"; or it may be: "Just look at these clothes, now; I've had 'em for I don't know how many years." And, like as not, he will end by exclaiming laughingly: "We're all so dreadfully poor just now, you know." And the laugh will be quite spontaneous; it may be a bit rueful, but it will certainly be neither forced nor bitter. The thing which has most impressed me here is the way the English are bearing their misfortunes and carrying their heavy burdens with cheery courage and without a trace of either self-pity or vain repining. I sometimes wonder whether, under equally trying circumstances, we Americans would show up as well.

For England's situation is to-day not a brilliant one, nor are her prospects for the near future particularly bright. This crowded little island lives by its foreign trade. Without overseas markets for its manufactured products, one-half of Britain's population would probably have to emigrate or starve. Now, many of her pre-war markets, especially in Europe, have been impoverished by the war, and Britain is feeling acutely the reflex pinch of their adversity. For the past two years the number of her unemployed has averaged one million five hundred thousand, kept alive mainly by doles from the

public treasury. This, in turn, has added to the terrible burden of taxation, which weighs like a perpetual nightmare not merely on the rich but also upon the humblest layers of the middle classes and even on the better-paid artisans. How heavily this tax burden weighs I cannot better illustrate than by quoting the words of one who is a well-known figure in British journalism. "I am a successful man," he told me; "I earn an income which, at first sight, appears ample for all reasonable requirements. And yet, after my taxes are deducted, I am hard put to it to make both ends meet. Just see how it figures out: of the twelve months of every calendar year, I work five months for the state. In other words, from New Year's till the 1st of June I labor to pay my tax bill. Only thereafter can I begin to earn anything for myself and the upkeep of my family. And consider my family obligations. I have four daughters. All of them must have the best university education, just like boys, to fit them for professional careers. They must be fitted for professional careers because (and here is another great tragedy of contemporary English life) the women of their generation have only about one-fourth the chance of marrying that they would have had before 1914, so terribly have the young men of their class been slaughtered off in the late war." It is only when one hears conversations of this nature that one properly appreciates the Briton's cheerful grit and determination to "win through."

This same courageous determination is the best assurance of England's future. At the same time, the candid observer cannot but wonder whether it may not all be needed before Britain emerges into easier times. At present England is unquestionably passing through a difficult transition period which may last long. Certainly her political life is in a most confused and troubled state. The two outstanding political phenomena are the portentous rise of the Labor party and the equally portentous collapse of Liberalism. When I was last in England the Liberal party was in the saddle, while Labor, though vociferous, was a small and politically impotent minority. To-day Labor confronts the Conservative Government as the Constitutional Opposition, while

the Liberals are split into jarring factions. Can the Liberal party "come back"? If I am to believe the bulk of the testimony I have heard on this point, I am inclined to doubt it. The Laborites claim unanimously that they have absorbed, or are fast absorbing, "all that is worth while" in the Liberal ranks. The Conservatives claim that they will ultimately absorb all the "solid" elements of Liberalism in the coming struggle against the revolutionary aims of Labor. Most significant of all, several Liberals have told me confidentially that they considered their party future distinctly dubious. One of these gentlemen, after stating that in his opinion all non-Labor elements would sooner or later have to fuse to oppose the "Labor menace," used the following simile: "You and I might be having an acrimonious dispute over financial differences, but if a tiger should suddenly jump through the window, we would probably become good allies." Another point worth noting is that, while the Laborites rejoice whole-heartedly at the prospect of Liberalism's destruction, Conservatives are inclined to deplore its possible disappearance, with the resulting division of party lines on economic and social rather than on political questions. All hands are agreed in thinking that if such a line-up takes place, British politics will become much more bitter and violent in character.

Partisan bitterness was, however, happily in abeyance during the afternoon I was privileged to spend watching the proceedings in the House of Commons. These proceedings were enlivened by an echo from my own "dry" country. Our Supreme Court's ruling against the presence of liquor on foreign merchant ships in American waters had ruffled some sections of British public opinion, one result of which was that a Conservative M. P., Lieutenant-Colonel Courthope by name, rose to introduce a retaliatory bill compelling all ships transporting passengers in British waters to carry liquid refreshment forbidden under American jurisdiction. The "honorable and gallant Member" began his speech asking leave to introduce the bill by stating that imitation was the sincerest form of flattery, and that Americans must not take it amiss if the British, following the American example (although in a different

direction), interested themselves in the question of liquor on foreign ships in their waters. This imitation, he went on, while sincere, was not servile. The American demand was that all ships in American waters should be dry. The intention of his bill was that all ships in British waters must be wet, or at least reasonably moist. If enacted, this bill would insure that American ships entering British waters would be put to as much trouble taking on liquor as British or other foreign ships entering American waters would be in getting rid of it. Having been introduced by a Conservative, the bill was promptly opposed by Laborites and Liberals. A Labor member made the chief counter-argument by stating that since foreign ships could traverse the three miles of British territorial waters in about fifteen minutes, this brief period for spirituous refreshment could be taken advantage of only by plutocratic passengers, to the exclusion of "the poor stokers and sailormen" who would be absorbed in their duties. He therefore denounced the bill as "a piece of vicious class legislation." The bill ultimately passed its first reading by a small majority and went merrily on its way—which will probably be a long one. So ended this phase of Anglo-American relations.

In its larger aspect, however, Anglo-American relations, when viewed from this side of the water, form a most fascinating—and illusive—study. I had come to England determined to unearth the sources of anti-Americanism in Britain, but I soon made a disconcerting discovery: no Englishman would admit that he was an anti-American! A few did say they thought there was a certain amount of ill feeling here and there on specific points like our period of entry into the late war and the debt settlement, but I was unable to get any tangible evidence. Still determined in my quest, I sought out the man whom many American readers of English periodicals consider the arch-champion of British anti-Americanism—Mr. L. J. Maxse. The redoubtable editor of *The National Review* received me most hospitably, and in the midst of an amicable evening I ventured to tax him roundly with the charge so often laid at his door. His reply was disappointing. Roundly

denying the accusation, he went on to declare that no one was more desirous than he of cordial relations between the two peoples; the sole obstacle, in his opinion, being the numerous anti-Britishers in the United States. Thus my hopes have remained unfulfilled. The nearest thing to anti-Americanism that I have discovered was a bitter criticism of our failure to take the Turkish Mandate, pronounced by a British champion of one of the Near Eastern nationalities. For a moment my hopes rose high, but they were soon dashed when the gentleman went on to utter the wish that the British army might possibly be mobilized for the cause of his protégés. Thereupon I became convinced that he spoke for no one but himself, because if there is one thing that stands out in contemporary British public opinion it is that the English are "fed up" to the neck with war and do not want to fight under any conceivable circumstances.

England seems, in fact, to be passing through an "isolationist" phase analogous to our own. Disappointed by the failure of the peace settlement to bring real tranquillity to Europe, and alarmed lest fresh disturbances should threaten to involve them once more in armed intervention, multitudes of Englishmen of all political parties and in all walks of life express an ardent wish to avoid Continental entanglements and confine themselves to their home affairs and the development of their vast colonial empire. Whether England could long disassociate herself from the doings of her Continental neighbors is at least doubtful; but the British desire for freedom from Continental entanglements is perfectly understandable, if for no other reasons than their own urgent internal questions and the even more complicated problems arising from their imperial responsibilities. One has only to mention such names as "India," "Egypt," "Mesopotamia," to realize the number and scope of the problems continually pressing for discussion and decision. Just at present the "Kenya Question" is perhaps the thorniest matter which is up for imperial consideration. It also illustrates how imperial affairs tend to cross-cut and coalesce in highly disconcerting fashion.

Kenya is a British colony situated in

East Africa. This sounds remote from the turbid stream of world-politics; but it isn't, as the sequel will show. Kenya is peopled by at least three well-marked racial stocks. In the first place, there are the natives—several million Africans of various creeds, colors, and previous conditions of servitude. At the apex of the social pyramid are about ten thousand white settlers, adventurous British pioneers who have established themselves as planters and ranchers in the cool highlands of the interior which can be considered "White Man's country." Between the white and black elements are wedged about twenty-five thousand Hindus, most of whom came from India as coolies to work on the white plantations, but who now desire to set up for themselves and take a hand in exploiting the country. In this they are backed by their countrymen in India, many of whom consider East Africa as a future Indian colony. With this is linked up such burning questions as India's growing "nationalism" and the desire to obtain free access for Indian emigrants to all parts of the British Empire on the basis of "common citizenship." This, however, rouses the ire of white men in all the British colonies and dominions. The Indians of Kenya Colony have demanded equal political rights with the white settlers. The whites, faced by the prospect of a hostile Hindu majority, have protested that they will never tolerate political subjection that would spell their eventual destruction. Both parties have been backed up by powerful supporters, and, since Kenya is a Crown Colony under the jurisdiction of the Home Government, rival delegations are fighting a verbal campaign here in London. Both sides utter dire threats. The Hindus say that if they are not granted equality, their race will consider it a deadly insult and that India will soon revolt and be lost to the empire. The whites say that they will not be sacrificed, and that if the Hindus are given equality they will rise, drive the Hindus to the seacoast, and defy the Government to affront the self-governing dominions, especially South Africa, by attempting to put white men under a colored yoke. Meanwhile the black men are sitting on the side-lines, not saying much but pos-

sibly thinking a good deal. It is all very annoying to the Home Government and very disturbing to British public opinion, which has so many troubles of its own.

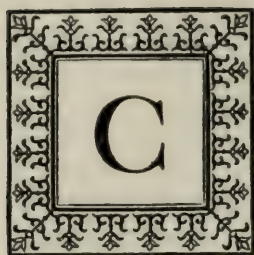
However, before we order our mourning robes for the poor old empire, we would do well to remember a few facts. First and foremost, Britain has been in the empire business for over three hundred years, yet she has made only one cardinal blunder—that relating to her American colonies. One major disaster in three centuries is a pretty good record. It shows that Englishmen know how to handle imperial problems. And the evidence of this gets immensely stronger when you have been privileged to meet a varied assortment of colonial officials, as I have just been doing. They are a fine, strong, wise lot, those British empire-builders and conservers. Curiously enough, they are very much of a type: a composite photograph would show striking correlations. Most of them tend to be tall, with gray or blue eyes, commanding noses, decisive chins, and strong yet flexible jaws. That jaw is, to my mind, the key-feature of the lot: the individuals may vary from the above-mentioned norm in some respects, but that jaw they all possess. Perhaps it may be the secret of Britain's empire!

Another highly significant type is the Permanent Official of the Home Government. The members of this bureaucratic caste have not that physical similarity which is observable among their fellows of the colonial services. Nevertheless, one cannot meet many of them without recognizing an intellectual norm which is clearly apparent. There is a quiet, unassuming efficiency about them which merits the compliment paid them by a political leader in a conversation I had not long ago as "the finest bureaucracy in the world." Certainly they are head and shoulders above any Continental bureaucrats with whom I am acquainted. They add distinctly to one's sense of confidence in Britain's future. Remembering them, one is tempted to believe that, while problems may lower and politicians may rage, England's destiny need not be despaired of while the technique of her affairs remains in such intelligent and capable hands.

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

XXXV



CAMPTON once more stood leaning in the window of a Paris hospital.

Before him, but viewed at another angle, was spread that same great spectacle

of the Place de la Concorde that he had looked down at from the Crillon on the eve of mobilisation; behind him, in a fresh white bed, George lay in the same attitude as when his father had stood in the door of his room and sketched him while he slept.

All day there had run through Campton's mind the *clairvoyante's* promise to Julia: "Your son will come back soon, and will never be sent to the front again."

Ah, this time it was true—never, never would he be sent to the front again! They had him fast now, had him safe. That was the one certainty. Fast how, safe how?—the answer to that had long hung in the balance. For two weeks or more after his return the surgeons had hesitated. Then youth had seemed to conquer, and the parents had been told to hope that after a long period of immobility George's shattered frame would slowly re-knit, and he would walk again—or at least hobble. A month had gone by since then; and Campton could at last trust himself to cast his mind back over the intervening days, so like in their anguish to those at Doullens, yet so different in all that material aid and organization could give.

Evacuation from the base, now so systematically and promptly effected, had become a matter of course in all but the gravest cases; and even the delicate undertaking of deflecting George's course from the hospital near the front to which he had been destined, and bringing him to Paris, had been accomplished by a word in the right quarter from Mr. Brant.

Campton, from the first, had been opposed to the attempt to bring George to Paris; partly perhaps because he felt that in the quiet provincial hospital near the front he would be able to have his son to himself. At any rate, the journey would have been shorter; though, as against that, Paris offered more possibilities of surgical aid. His opposition had been violent enough to check his growing friendliness with the Brants; and at the hours when they came to see George, Campton now most often contrived to be absent.

Well, at any rate, George was alive, he was there under his father's eye, he was going to live: there seemed to be no doubt about it now. Campton could think it all over slowly and even calmly, marveling at the miracle and taking it in. . . . So at least he had imagined till he first made the attempt; then the old sense of unreality enveloped him again, and he struggled vainly to clutch at something tangible amid the swimming mists. "George—George—George—" He used to say the name over and over below his breath, as he sat and watched at his son's bedside; but it sounded far off and hollow, like the voice of one ghost calling to another.

Who was "George"? What did the name represent? The father left his post in the window and turned back to the bed, once more searching the boy's face for enlightenment. But George's eyes were closed: sleep lay on him like an impenetrable veil. The sleep of ordinary men was not like that: the light of their daily habits continued to shine through the chinks of their closed faces. But with these others, these who had been down into the lower circles of the pit, it was different: sleep instantly and completely sucked them back into the unknown. There were times when Campton, thus watching beside his son, used

to say to himself: "If he were dead he could not be farther from me"—so deeply did George seem plunged in secret traffic with things unutterable.

Now and then Campton, as he sat beside him, seemed to see a little way into those subterranean darkneses; but after a moment he always shuddered back to daylight, benumbed, inadequate, weighed down with the weakness of the flesh and the imaginative incapacity to reach beyond his habitual range of sensation. "No wonder they don't talk to us," he mused.

By and by, perhaps, when George was well again, and the war over, the father might penetrate into his son's mind, and find some new ground of communion with him: now the thing was not to be conceived.

He remembered again Adele Anthony's asking him, when he had come back from Doullens: "What was the first thing you felt?" and his answering: "Nothing." . . . Well, it was like that now: every vibration had ceased in him. Between himself and George lay the unbridgeable abyss of his son's experiences.

As he sat there, the door was softly opened a few inches and Boylston's face showed through the crack; light shot from it like the rays around a chalice. At a sign from him Campton slipped out into the corridor and Boylston silently pushed a newspaper into his grasp. He bent over it, trying with dazzled eyes to read sense into the staring head-lines: but "America—America—America—" was all that he could see.

A nurse came gliding up to them on light feet: the tears were running down her face. "Yes—I know, I know, I know!" she exulted. Up the tall stairs and through the ramifying of long white passages rose an unwonted rumour of sound, checked, subdued, invisibly rebuked, but ever again breaking out, like the noise of ripples on a windless beach. In every direction nurses and orderlies were speeding from one room to another of the house of pain with the message: "America has declared war on Germany."

Campton and Boylston stole back into George's room, and George lifted his eye-

lids and smiled at them, understanding before they spoke.

"The sixth of April! Remember the date!" Boylston cried over him in a gleeful whisper.

The wounded man, held fast in his splints, contrived to raise his head a little. His eyes laughed back into Boylston's.

"You'll be in uniform within a week!" he said; and Boylston crimsoned.

Campton turned away again to the window. The day had come—had come; and his son had lived to see it. So many of George's comrades had gone down to death without hope; and in a few months more George, leaning from that same window—or perhaps well enough to be watching the spectacle with his father from the terrace of the Tuileries—would look out on the first brown battalions marching across the Place de la Concorde, where father and son, in the early days of the war, had seen the young recruits of the Foreign Legion patrolling under improvised flags.

At the thought Campton felt a loosening of the tightness about his heart. Something which had been confused and uncertain in his relation to the whole long anguish was abruptly lifted, giving him the same sense of buoyancy which laughed in Boylston's glance. At last, random atoms that they were, they seemed all to have been shaken into their places, pressed into the huge mysterious design which was slowly curving a new firmament over a new earth. . . .

Another knock; and a jubilant nurse appeared, hardly visible above a great bunch of lilacs tied with a starred and striped ribbon. Campton, as he passed the flowers over to his son, noticed an envelope with Mrs. Talkett's perpendicular scrawl. George lay smiling, the lilacs close to his pillow, his free hand fingering the envelope; but he did not unseal the letter, and seemed to care less than ever to talk.

After an interval the door opened, this time to show Mr. Brant's guarded glance. He drew back slightly at the sight of Campton; but Boylston, jumping up, passed close to the painter to breathe: "To-day, sir, just to-day—you must!"

Campton went to the door and signed silently to Mr. Brant to enter. Julia

Brant stood outside, flushed and tearful, carrying as many orchids as Mrs. Talkett had sent lilacs. Campton held out his hand to her, and with an embarrassed haste she stammered: "We couldn't wait—." Behind her he saw Adele Anthony hurriedly coming up the stairs.

For a few minutes they all stood or sat about George's bed, while their voices, beginning to speak low, rose uncontrollably, interrupting one another with tears and laughter. Mr. Brant and Boylston were both brimming with news, and George, though he listened more than he spoke, now and then put a brief question which loosened fresh floods. Suddenly Campton noticed that his face, which had been too flushed, grew pale; but he continued to smile, and his eyes to move responsively from one illuminated face to the other. Campton, seeing that the others meant to linger, presently rose and slipping out quietly walked across the rue de Rivoli to the deserted terrace of the Tuileries. There he sat for a long time, looking out on the vast glittering spaces of the Place de la Concorde, and calling up, with his painter's faculty of vivid and precise visualization, a future vision of interminable lines of brown battalions marching past.

When he returned to the hospital after dinner the night-nurse met him. She was not quite as well satisfied with her patient that evening: hadn't he perhaps had too many visitors? Yes, of course—she knew it had been a great day, a day of international rejoicing, above all a blessed day for France. But the doctors, from the beginning, must have warned Mr. Campton that his son ought to be kept quiet—very quiet. The last operation had been a great strain on his heart. Yes, certainly, Mr. Campton might go in; the patient had asked for him. Oh, there was no danger—no need for anxiety; only he must not stay too long; his son must try to sleep.

Campton nodded, and stole in.

George lay motionless in the shaded lamplight: his eyes were open, but they seemed to reflect his father's presence without any change of expression, like mirrors rather than like eyes. The room was doubly silent after the joyful hubbub of the afternoon. The nurse had put the orchids and lilacs where George's eyes

could rest on them. But was it on the flowers that his gaze so tranquilly dwelt? Or did he see in their place the faces of their senders? Or was he again in that far country whither no other eyes could follow him?

Campton took his usual seat by the bed. Father and son looked at each other, and the old George glanced out for half a second through the wounded man's lashes.

"There was too much talking to-day," Campton grumbled.

"Was there? I didn't notice," his son smiled.

No—he hadn't noticed; he didn't notice anything. He was a million miles away again, whirling into his place in the awful pattern of that new firmament. . .

"Tired, old man?" Campton asked under his breath.

"No; just glad," said George contentedly.

His father laid a hand on his and sat silently beside him while the spring night blew softly in upon them through the open window. The quiet streets grew quieter, the hush in their hearts seemed gradually to steal over the extinguished city. Campton kept saying to himself: "I must be off," and still not moving. The nurse was sure to come back presently—why should he not wait till she dismissed him?

After a while, seeing that George's eyes had closed, Campton rose, and crept across the room to darken the lamp with a newspaper. His movement must have roused his son, for he heard a slight struggle behind him and the low cry: "Father!"

Campton turned and reached the bed in a stride. George, ashy-white, had managed to lift himself a little on his free elbow.

"Anything wrong?" the father cried.

"No; everything all right," George said. He dropped back, his lids closing again, and a single twitch ran through the hand that Campton had seized. After that he lay stiller than ever.

XXXVI

GEORGE's prediction had come true. At his funeral, three days afterward, Boylston, a new-fledged member of the

American Military Mission, was already in uniform. . .

But through what perversity of attention did the fact strike Campton, as he stood, a blank unfeeling automaton, in the front pew behind that coffin draped with flags and flanked with candle-glitter? Why did one thing rather than another reach to his deadened brain, and mostly the trivial things, such as Boylston's being already in uniform, and poor Julia's nose, under the harsh crape, looking so blue-red without its powder, and the chaplain's asking "O grave, where is thy victory?" in the querulous tone of a schoolmaster reproaching a pupil who mislaid things? It was always so with Campton: when sorrow fell it left him insensible and dumb. Not till long afterward did he begin to feel its birth-pangs. . .

They first came to him, those pangs, on a hot morning of the following July, as he sat once more on the terrace of the Tuileries. Most of his time, during the months since George's death, had been spent in endless aimless wanderings about Paris: and that day, coming down early from Montmartre, he had noticed in his listless way that all the streets were fluttering with American flags. The fact left him indifferent: Paris was always decorating nowadays for one ally or another. Then he remembered that it must be the Fourth of July; but the idea of the Fourth of July came to him through the same haze of indifference, as no more than a far-off childish memory of surreptitious explosions and burnt fingers. He strolled on toward the Tuileries, where he had got into the way of sitting for hours at a time, looking across the square at what had once been George's window.

He was surprised to find the rue de Rivoli packed with people; but his only thought was the instinctive one of turning away to avoid them, and he began to retrace his steps toward the Louvre. Then at a corner he paused again and looked back toward the Place de la Concorde. It was not curiosity that drew him, heaven knew—he would never again be curious about anything—but he suddenly remembered the day three months earlier when, leaning from George's win-

dow in the hospital, he had said to himself: "By the time our first regiments arrive he'll be up and looking at them from here, or sitting with me over there on the terrace"; and that decided him to turn back. It was as if he had felt the pressure of George's hand on his arm.

Though it was still so early he had some difficulty in pushing his way through the throng. No seats were left on the terrace, but he managed to squeeze into a corner near one of the great vases of the balustrade; and leaning there, with the happy hubbub about him, he watched and waited.

Such a summer morning it was—and such a strange grave beauty had fallen on the place! He seemed to understand for the first time—he who had served Beauty all his days—how profoundly, at certain hours, it may become the symbol of things hoped for and things died for. All those stately spaces and raying distances, witness of so many memorable scenes, might have been called together just as the setting for this one event—the sight of a few brown battalions passing over them like a feeble trail of insects.

Campton, with a vague awakening of interest, glanced about him, studying the faces of the crowd. Old and young, infirm and healthy, civilians and soldiers—ah, the soldiers!—all were exultant, confident, alive. Alive! The word meant something new to him now—something so strange and unnatural that his mind still hung and brooded over it. For now that George was dead, by what mere blind propulsion did all these thousands of human beings keep on mechanically living?

He became aware that a boy, leaning over intervening shoulders, was trying to push a folded paper into his hand. On it was pencilled, in Mr. Brant's writing: "There will be a long time to wait. Will you take the seat I have kept next to mine?" Campton glanced down the terrace, saw where the little man sat at its farther end, and shook his head. Then some contradictory impulse made him decide to get up, laboriously work his halting frame through the crowd, and insert himself into the place next to Mr. Brant. The two men nodded without shaking hands; after that they sat silent, their eyes on the empty square. Campton

noticed that Mr. Brant wore his usual gray clothes, but with a mourning band on the left sleeve. The sight of that little band irritated Campton. . .

There was, as Mr. Brant had predicted, a long interval of waiting; but at length a murmur of jubilation rose far off, and gathering depth and volume came bellying and spraying up to where they sat. The square, the Champs Elysées and all the leafy distances were flooded with it: it was as though the voice of Paris had suddenly sprung up in fountains out of her stones. Then a military march broke shrilly on the tumult; and there they came at last, in a scant swaying line—so few, so new, so raw; so little, in comparison with the immense assemblages familiar to the place, so much in meaning and in promise.

"How badly they march—there hasn't even been time to drill them properly!" Campton thought; and at the thought he felt a choking in his throat, and his sorrow burst up in him in healing springs. . .

It was after that day that he first went back to his work. He had not touched paint or pencil since George's death; now he felt the inspiration and the power returning, and he began to spend his days among the young American officers and soldiers, studying them, talking to them, going about with them, and then hurrying home to jot down his impressions. He had not, as yet, looked at his last study of George, or opened the portfolio with the old sketches; if any one had asked him, he would probably have said that they no longer interested him. His whole creative faculty was curiously, mysteriously engrossed in the recording of the young faces for whose coming George had yearned.

"It's their marching so badly—it's their not even having had time to be drilled!" he said to Boylston, half-shamefacedly, as they sat together one August evening in the studio window.

Campton seldom saw Boylston nowadays. All the young man's time was taken up by his job with the understaffed and inexperienced Military Mission; but fagged as he was by continual overwork and heavy responsibilities, his blinking eyes had at last lost their unsatisfied look,

and his whole busy person radiated hope and encouragement.

On the day in question he had turned up unexpectedly, inviting himself to dine with Campton and smoke a cigar afterward in the quiet window overhanging Paris. Campton was glad to have him there; no one could tell him more than Boylston about the American soldiers, their numbers, the accommodations prepared for their reception, their first contact with the other belligerents, and their own view of the business they were about. And the two chatted quietly in the twilight till the young man, rising, said it was time to be off.

"Back to your shop?"

"Rather! There's a night's work ahead. But I'm as good as new after our talk."

Campton looked at him wistfully. "You know I'd like to paint you some day."

"Oh—" cried Boylston, suffused with blushes; and added with a laugh: "It's my uniform, not me."

"Well, your uniform *is* you—it's all of you young men."

Boylston stood in the window twisting his cap about undecidedly. "Look here, sir—now that you've got back to work again——"

"Well?" Campton interrupted suspiciously.

The young man cleared his throat and spoke with a rush. "His mother wants most awfully that something should be decided about the monument."

"Monument? What monument? I don't want my son to have a monument," Campton exploded.

"It'll break her heart if something isn't put on the grave before long. It's five months now—and they fully recognize your right to decide——"

"Damn what they recognize! It was they who brought him to Paris; they made him travel when he wasn't fit; they killed him."

"Well—supposing they did: judge how much more they must be suffering!"

"Let 'em suffer. He's my son—my son. He isn't Brant's."

"Miss Anthony thinks——"

"And he's not hers either, that I know of!"

Boylston seemed to hesitate. "Well, that's just it, isn't it, sir? You've had him; you have him still. Nobody can touch that fact, or take it from you. Every hour of his life was yours. But they've never had anything, those two others, Mr. Brant and Miss Anthony; nothing but a reflected light. And so every outward sign means more to them. I'm putting it badly, I know——"

Campton held out his hand. "You don't mean to, I suppose. But better not put it at all. Good night," he said. And on the threshold he called out sardonically: "And who's going to pay for a monument, I'd like to know?"

A monument—they wanted a monument! Wanted him to decide about it, plan it, perhaps design it—good Lord, he didn't know! No doubt it all seemed simple enough to them: anything did, that money could buy. . . . When he couldn't yet bear to turn that last canvas out from the wall, or look into the old portfolio even. . . . Suffering, suffering! What did they any of them know about suffering? Going over old photographs, comparing studies, recalling scenes and sayings, discussing with some sculptor or other the shape of George's eyelids, the spring of his chest-muscles, the way his hair grew and his hands moved—why, it was like digging him up again out of that peaceful corner of the Neuilly cemetery where at last he was resting, like dragging him back to the fret and the fever, and the senseless roar of the guns that still went on.

And then: as he'd said to Boylston, who was to pay for their monument? Even if the making of it had struck him as a way of getting nearer to his boy, instead of building up a marble wall between them—even if the idea had appealed to him, he hadn't a penny to spare for such an undertaking. In the first place, he never intended to paint again for money; never intended to do anything but these gaunt and serious or round and babyish young American faces above their stiff military collars, and when their portraits were finished to put them away, locked up for his own pleasure; and what he had earned in the last years was partly for these young men—for their reading-rooms, clubs, recreation centres, whatever was likely to

give them temporary rest and solace in the grim months to come; and partly for such of the protégés of the "Friends of French Art" as had been deprived of aid under the new management. Tales of private jealousy and petty retaliation came to Campton daily, now that Mme. Beausite administered the funds; Adele Anthony and Mlle. Davril, bursting with the wrongs of their pensioners, were always appealing to him for help. And then, hidden behind these more or less valid reasons, the old instinctive dread of spending had reasserted itself, he couldn't tell how or why, unless through some dim opposition to the Brants' perpetual outpouring: their hospitals, their motors, their bribes, their orchids, and now their monument—their monument!

He sought refuge from it all with his soldiers, haunting for hours every day one of the newly-opened Soldiers' and Sailors' Clubs. Adele Anthony had already found a job there, and was making a success of it. She looked twenty years older since George was gone, but she stuck to her work with the same humorous pertinacity; and with her mingled heartiness and ceremony, her funny resuscitation of obsolete American slang, and her ability to answer all their most disconcerting questions about Paris and France (Montmartre included), she easily eclipsed the ministering angels who twanged the home-town chord and called them "boys."

The young men appeared to return Campton's liking; it was as if they had guessed that he needed them, and wanted to offer him their shy help. He was conscious of something rather protecting in their attitude, of his being to them a vague unidentified figure, merely "the old gentleman" who was friendly to them; but he didn't mind. It was enough to sit and listen to their talk, to try and clear up a few of the countless puzzles which confronted them, to render them such fatherly services as he could, and in the interval to jot down notes of their faces—their inexhaustibly inspiring faces. Sometimes to talk with them was like being on the floor in George's nursery, among the blocks and the tin soldiers; sometimes like walking with young archangels in a cool empty heaven; but

wherever he was he always had the sense of being among his own, the sense he had never had since George's death.

To think of them all as George's brothers, to study out the secret likeness to him in their young dedicated faces: that was now his one passion, his sustaining task; it was at such times that his son came back and sat among them. . .

Gradually, as the weeks passed, the first of his new friends, officers and soldiers, were dispersed throughout the training camps, and new faces succeeded to those he had tried to fix on his canvas; an endless line of Benny Upshers, baby-Georges, school-boy Boylstons, they seemed to be. Campton saw each one go with a fresh pang, knowing that every move brought them so much nearer to the front, that ever-ravaging and inexorable front. They were always happy to be gone; and that only increased his pain. Now and then he attached himself more particularly to one of the young men, because of some look of the eyes or some turn of the mind like George's; and then the parting became anguish.

One day a second-lieutenant came to the studio to take leave. He had been an early recruit of Plattsburg, and his military training was so far advanced that he counted on being among the first officers sent to the fighting line. He was a fresh-coloured lad, with fair hair that stood up in a defiant crest.

"There are so few of us, and there's so little time to lose; they can't afford to be too particular," he laughed.

It was just the sort of thing that George would have said, and the laugh was like an echo of George's. At the sound Campton suddenly burst into tears, and was aware of his visitor's looking at him with eyes of dismay and compassion.

"Oh, don't, sir, *don't*," the young man pleaded, wringing the painter's hand, and making what decent haste he could to get out of the studio.

Campton, left alone, turned once more to his easel. He sat down before a canvas on which he had blocked out a group of soldiers playing cards at their club; but after a stroke or two he threw aside his brush, and remained with his head bowed on his hands, a lonely tired old man.

He had kept a cheerful front at his son's going; and now he could not say goodbye to one of these young fellows without crying. Well—it was because he had no one left of his own, he supposed. Loneliness like his took all a man's strength from him. . .

The bell rang, but he did not move. It rang again; then the door was pushed timidly open, and Mrs. Talkett came in. He had not seen her since the day of George's funeral, when he had fancied he detected her in a shrunken black-veiled figure hurrying past in the meaningless line of mourners.

In her usual abrupt fashion she began, without a greeting: "I've come to say goodbye; I'm going to America."

He looked at her remotely, hardly hearing what she said. "To America?"

"Yes; to join my husband."

He continued to consider her in silence, and she frowned in her perplexed and fretful way. "He's at Plattsburg, you know." Her eyes wandered unseeingly about the studio. "There's nothing else to do, is there—now—here or anywhere? So I sail to-morrow; I mean to take a house somewhere near him. He's not well, and he writes that he misses me. The life in camp is so unsuited to him——"

Campton still listened absently. "Oh, you're right to go," he agreed at length, supposing it was what she expected of him.

"Am I?" She half-smiled. "What's right and what's wrong? I don't know any longer. I'm only trying to do what I suppose George would have wanted." She stood uncertainly in front of Campton. "All I *do* know," she cried, with a sharp break in her voice, "is that I've never in my life been happy enough to be so unhappy!" And she threw herself down on the divan in a storm of desolate sobbing.

After he had comforted her as best he could, and she had gone away, Campton continued to wander up and down the studio forlornly. That cry of hers kept on echoing in his ears: "I've never in my life been happy enough to be so unhappy!" It associated itself suddenly with a phrase of Boylston's that he had brushed away unheeding: "You've had

your son—you have him still; but those others have never had anything.”

Yes; Campton saw now that it was true of poor Madge Talkett, as it was of Adele Anthony and Mr. Brant, and even in a measure of Julia. They had never—no, not even George’s mother—had anything, in the close inextricable sense in which Campton had had his son. And it was only now, in his own hour of destitution, that he understood how much greater the depth of their poverty had been. He recalled the frightened embarrassed look of the young lieutenant whom he had discountenanced by his tears; and he said to himself: “The only thing that helps is to be able to do things for people. I suppose that’s why Brant’s always trying——”

Julia too: it was strange that his thoughts should turn to her with such a peculiar pity. It was not because the boy had been born of her body: Campton did not see her now, as he once had in a brief moment of compassion, as the young mother bending illumined above her baby. He saw her as an old empty-hearted woman, and asked himself how such an unmanageable monster as grief was to fill up the room of her absent son.

What did such people as Julia do with grief, he wondered, how did they make room for it in their lives, get up and lie down every day with its taste on their lips? Its elemental quality, that awful sense it communicated of a whirling earth, a crumbling Time, and all the cold stellar spaces yawning to receive us—these feelings, which he was beginning to discern and to come to terms with in his own way (and with the sense that it would have been George’s way too), these feelings could never give their stern appeasement to Julia. . . Her religion? Yes, such as it was no doubt it would help; talking with the Rector would help; giving more time to her church-charities, her wounded soldiers, imagining that she was paying some kind of tax on her affliction. But the vacant evenings, at home, face to face with Brant! Campton had long since seen that the one thing which had held the two together was their shared love of George; and if Julia discovered, as she could hardly fail to do, how much more deeply Brant had loved her son

than she had, and how much more inconso-
lably he mourned him, that would only increase her sense of isolation. And so, in sheer self-defense, she would gradually, stealthily, fill up the void with the old occupations, with bridge and visits and secret consultations at the dress-maker’s about the width of crape on her dresses; and all the while the object of life would be gone for her. Yes; he pitied Julia most of all.

But Mr. Brant too—yes, perhaps in a different way it was he who suffered most. For the stellar spaces were not exactly Mr. Brant’s native climate, and yet voices would call to him from them, and he would not know. . .

There were moments when Campton looked about him with astonishment at the richness of his own denuded life; when George was in the sunset, in the voices of young people, or in any trivial joke that father and son would have shared; and other moments when he was nowhere, utterly lost, extinct and irrecoverable; and others again when the one thing which could have vitalized the dead business of living would have been to see him shove open the studio door, stalk in, pour out some coffee for himself in his father’s cup, and diffuse through the air the warm sense of his bodily presence, the fresh smell of his clothes and his flesh and his hair. But through all these moods, Campton began to see, there ran the life-giving power of a reality embraced and accepted. George had been; George was; as long as his father’s consciousness lasted, George would be as much a part of it as the closest, most actual of his immediate sensations. He had missed nothing of George, and here was his harvest, his golden harvest.

Such states of mind were not constant with Campton; but more and more often, when they came, they swept him on eagle wings over the next desert to the next oasis; and so, gradually, the meaningless days became linked to each other in some kind of intelligible sequence.

Boylston, after the talk which had so agitated Campton, did not turn up again at the studio for some time; but when he next appeared the painter, hardly pausing to greet him, began at once, as if they had

just parted: "That monument you spoke about the other day . . . you know. . ."

Boylston glanced at him in surprise. "Well, sir?"

"If they want me to do it, I'll do it," said Campton, jerking the words out abruptly and walking away toward the window. He had not known, till he began, that he meant to say it, or how difficult it would be to say; and he stood there a moment struggling with the unreasoning rebellious irritability which so often lay in wait for his better impulses. At length he turned back, his hands in his pockets, clinking his change as he had done the first time that Boylston had come to him for help. "But as I plan the thing," he began again, in a queer growling tone, "it's going to cost a lot—everything of the sort does nowadays, especially in marble. It's hard enough to get any one to do that kind of work at all. And prices have about tripled, you know."

Boylston's eyes filled, and he nodded without speaking.

"That's just what Brant'll like though, isn't it?" Campton went on, with an irrepressible sneer in his voice. He saw Boylston redden and look away, and he

too flushed to the forehead and broke off ashamed. Suddenly he had the vision of Mr. Brant effacing himself at the foot of the hospital-stairs when they had arrived at Doullens; Mr. Brant drawing forth the copy of the orderly's letter in the dark fog-swept cloister; Mr. Brant always yielding, always holding back, yet always remembering to do or to say the one thing the father's lacerated soul could bear.

"And he's had nothing—nothing—nothing!" Campton thought.

He turned again to Boylston, his face still flushed, his lips twitching. "Tell them—tell Brant—that I'll design the thing, and he shall pay for it. He'll want to—I understand that. Only, for God's sake, don't let him come here and thank me—at least not yet!"

Boylston again nodded silently, and turned to go.

After he had gone the painter moved back to his long table. He had always had a fancy for modelling—had always had lumps of clay lying about within reach. He pulled out all the sketches from the old portfolio, spread them before him on the table, and began.

PARIS, 1918—Saint Brice-sous-Forêt, 1922.

THE END.

To Beata

BY STARK YOUNG

HER brows are like the swallow's wings
 Upon the azure of her face,
 And in their flight they bear me hints
 Of many a holy, far-off place:
 I look on sunrise hills beyond,
 And leagues of moonlit dim desire,
 I hear the sound of twilight pipes
 From uplands where my dreams aspire;
 And as I draw me near to her
 I mark me where within her eyes,
 Beneath the wings of her sweet brows,
 The stars of hope arise.



A Street Scene in Tokio.

The picturesque festival decoration helps to obscure the banal European architecture.

New Construction in an Ancient Empire

BY W. A. STARRETT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



YOKOHAMA, with its modern docks and rows of dingy European structures, stolid and stodgy, not unlike the waterfronts of London or Amsterdam, its brick hotels, with illusory modernized exteriors, gives a feeling of disappointment to the visitor who on his first venture from ship-board is looking for the picturesque in Japan. The coolies and sampans go their accustomed way, but the little toy gardens and thatched cottages are not to be seen, and one must wander into the by-

ways to catch even a glimpse of the remnants of the ancient native construction.

The stranger wanders in disappointment through the narrow streets, lined with these same stodgy European types of fifty years ago—stolid stone, iron-shuttered warehouses, with bolster beams projecting from above loft openings, after the manner of our merchant ancestors who traded from old India House. For it was these who opened Japan and brought with them their ideas of stone and brick warehouses—go-downs, they are called; and following came their counting-houses and office-buildings, which the imitative Japanese quickly copied, and, having

copied and learned, repeated and duplicated down to the present day.

One peers behind the maze of pole scaffolding, covered with matting, that everywhere in Japan proclaims a building under construction, and is surprised to find these same old type structures being built—sometimes with a few modern jim-cracks, the offering of enterprising American commercial agents—but essentially of the same types that were introduced into Japan nearly a century ago.

There are of course exceptions; particularly are they to be found in Tokio, and even in Kobe and Osaka. Even these, however, have a distinctly foreign aspect to American eyes, so used to the last word in convenience and economy of design. To us the banal German influence—"Dutch" (there is no other word that will express it)—leaves the American troubled and wondering as to how these obsolete structures ever found their way into Japan. English commercial architecture lent its disservice to the Japanese with its ponderous thick exterior walls, making windows shadowed at the back of deep reveals; with cumbersome interior cross walls, and all in a country of soft and soggy bottoms, where lightness of construction and scientific engineering design should have been the first consideration.

Japan sent her architects of the last generation to France, Germany, and England, as we did; but how differently they applied the knowledge which they acquired! Perhaps one explanation is that the Japanese did not have the opportunity on their return to collaborate with structural engineers, as our architects did, to gain and apply that structural skill which was then fast being whipped into a science—a science which might literally be said to have been developed almost in a decade by contemporary American constructors leading the world in the art of building.

Japan builded truly and well out of that old school, and amazing indeed is the skill with which ideas brought from half-way around the world were applied by the intrepid and fortunate few who were privileged to study abroad, returning, as they did, as missionaries to persuade a nation to lay down the structural usages

of a thousand years, and take up with something absolutely revolutionary. And however obsolete may seem many of the structures that one sees going up in almost any Japanese city, it must not be forgotten that these types have been, up to now, adequate to the Japanese requirements.

A tremendous metamorphosis, going to the very heart of the commercial and social life of Japan, was produced by the introduction of the European structure. The wrench necessary to accommodate the people to these novelties must have been very great. It is not to be expected that they will immediately turn again to still another form; for, from the point of view of general convenience, equipment, and arrangement, the modern American type of structure is as far ahead of the adopted European type in Japan as those old European forms are ahead of the ancient pagodas and kuras of the days of the shoguns.

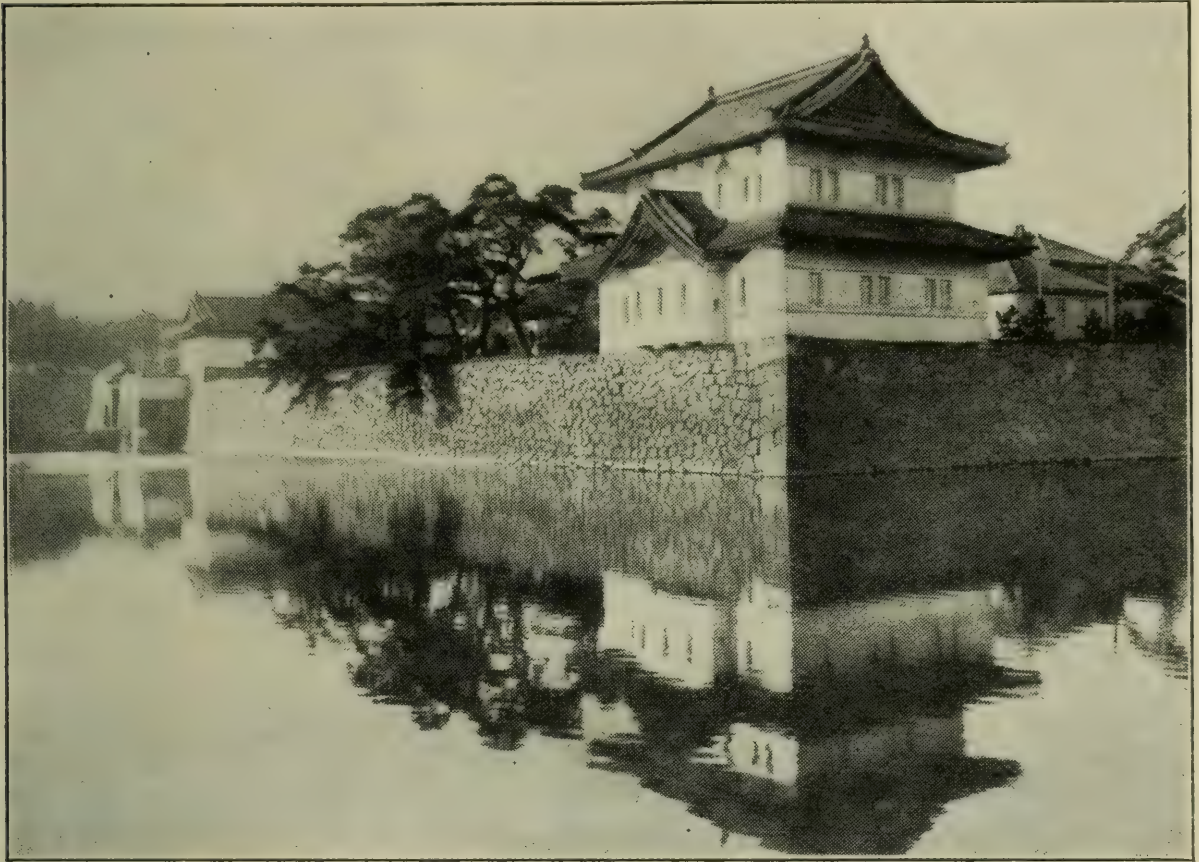
While Japan largely missed our era of skeleton steel structures, concrete when it came fairly took the country by storm. Concrete and *nouveau* art flourished like weeds, while the conservative steel skeleton, overlaid with the adaptation of the classical designs which we in America have come to regard as our most beautiful and dignified work, was largely passed over by the Japanese. It might be said that only in the past few years did the more progressive of the Japanese appreciate that perhaps they had missed something in undertaking the rebuilding of their cities and industries—the task that fate has set for Japan. From a hermit kingdom to one of the great powers of the earth she sweeps on so swiftly that history will hardly be able to record the transition. And with the change comes the necessity to rebuild the structures of the whole empire; for not only are modern office-buildings, hotels, apartments, factories, and residences required; but the even more pressing questions of paved roads, sewers, water-mains, fire protection, sanitation, and transportation on a larger and heavier scale are demanding attention. All this means construction—vast programmes of construction, vitally essential to the Japanese as they emerge into the maelstrom of modern commercial

and intellectual life—a tremendous price to be paid for their heritage of world power.

It may fairly be said that Japan's progress is already snagged on the problem of her building requirements. Squarely across her path lie her construction problems, and these she is facing with a fortitude that does credit to her progressive

from shaku and metres to feet and inches, and accurate notations from Japanese to English. These are only a few of the problems.

Tokio, like most cities of Japan, stands on an alluvial plain—a river delta formed by the erosion from the mountains which everywhere abound in Japan; a soft, muddy bottom, with an evil reputation



Corner of the Imperial Palace Grounds, Tokio.

Consider the superb simplicity of the native architecture and the virility of the ancient stone construction.

spirit. From a nation of floor-living people, whose resources and ancient customs engendered the development of exquisite simplicity and ennobled asceticism, they are hurled bodily into the company of furniture-using nations, with the complexity of habits and requirements which our modern existence postulates.

It is easy to stand in a Japanese city and visualize a Woolworth Building or a Boston Public Library on almost any corner. It is a very different matter to construct out there a modern structure, to marshal the leadership and instruct the native labor, to organize where no organization exists, to translate drawings

for allowing buildings to settle, and with Mother Nature pitching in frequent earthquakes of greater or less severity. But under that silty alluvial deposit there is excellent sand, and under the sand hard-pan, a splendid foundation soil, an American engineer would say; and, with the water-level only a few feet below the surface, a splendid place for a pile foundation.

When, a few years ago, American constructors were asked to undertake the building of some really modern structures in Japan, these questions and many others had to be met. Also the Japanese, with that progressive spirit which keeps them

in our constant admiration, had made careful study of these questions, and had sent intelligent observers to America and elsewhere to collect data and ideas for these new buildings. Earthquakes and soggy bottoms had made the Japanese people cautious. The American pneumatic caisson had attracted their attention, but the large amount of plant and equipment necessary was a great obstacle, there being nothing of the sort in Japan. Borings showed the hard-pan to be fifty or sixty feet below the surface in Tokio, and with an admirable ingenuity the Japanese engineers devised an open caisson to be penetrated down to hard-pan. One of the features of the scheme was the use of a diving outfit, to be worn by the workman who would dig at the bottom of the caisson. Unfortunately, when the caisson "dropped," the workman in his diving suit was apt to be catapulted up and out of the caisson, paraphernalia and all. A workman was found who could actually stand this ordeal, but the hazard was very great, however commendable his willingness; and since the operation in hand would require some hundreds of caissons, it was deemed advisable to adopt some speedier and surer method than one de-

pending on the genial willingness of this aquatic virtuoso.

Sturdy Oregon piles were imported, long enough to reach the excellent hard-pan; the unaccustomed sound of great American steam pile-drivers rent the calm of old Tokio for two or three months, and the bogie of Tokio's soggy bottom was forever laid. How simple and how obvious, but under the circumstances a revolution, in view of the fact that many of the quasi-modern structures of other years lean and careen from settlement, caused by those earlier Japanese builders' trying to conquer the instability of the soil from above, instead of going through it to the solid foundation that nature had provided.

And yet the interest in these first American construction ventures does not lie so much in the innovations that they have introduced as in the contrasts, the transitions, that are everywhere observed, and the adaptation of that which is found best and most natural in the Japanese themselves. For make no mistake—the Japanese is a versatile and adaptable workman. His shortcoming is and has been in leadership, the intelligent and constructive leadership which Japan is now ready

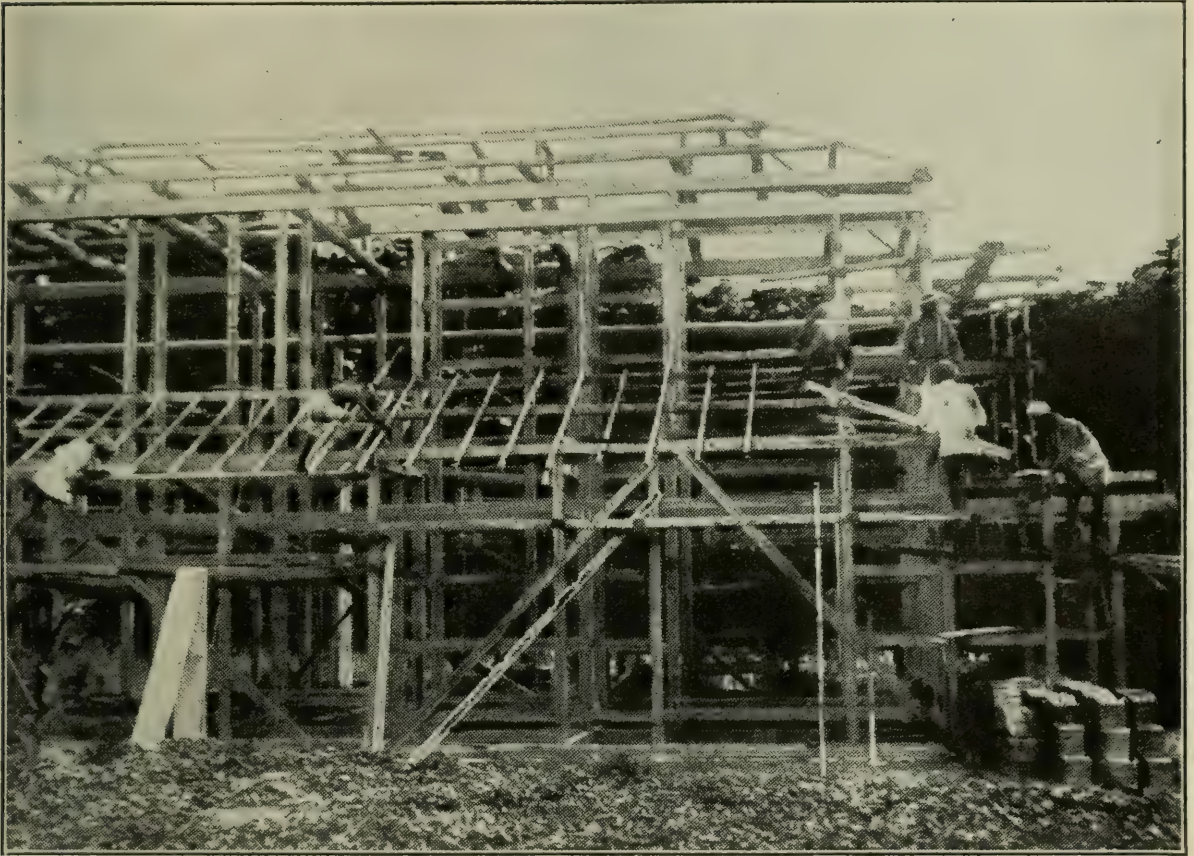


Native Carpenter at Work.

and anxious to follow in the inauguration of her more modern building programme. So much has been said in the academic analysis of the Japanese enigma, so much speculation has been spent on the dominant characteristics of the Oriental, that it may seem a presumption to assert that the enigma is relatively simple. With a

the plan under way—that is the task set for one who would join with the Japanese in their creative enterprises.

Many of the ancient methods of the Japanese have been brought down to present-day usages and are easily adaptable: some are very good; others must be endured, even though they are clumsy



Native Solution of "Skeleton Construction."

Note the heavy timbering of the roof. The walls will be largely movable "shoji," paper-covered sash. Where plain wall surfaces are to be used, they will be constructed of a weaving of bamboo wattles plastered over smoothly with clay mixed with wood fibre.

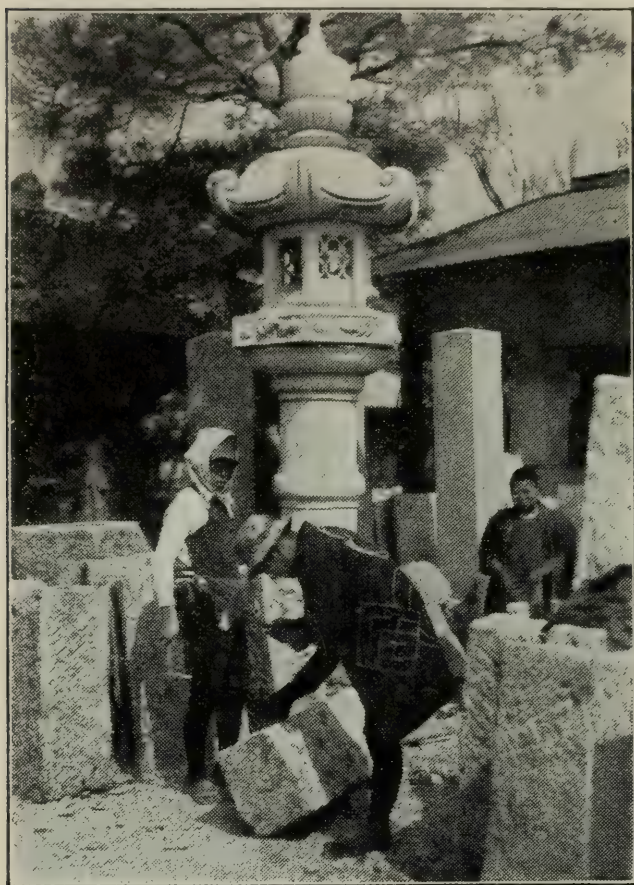
real job ahead of you, academics must be discarded, and when this is done the problem becomes surprisingly like our own. Leadership—its necessity just a little more evident in Japan than in America, but, after all, only the same old standard brand that always has and always will be the guiding force of progress—that is what is needed. And the Japanese, above everything else, need leadership in their construction problems—that intelligent knowledge of what is to be done, and the means to be employed, coupled with ability to explain it to others and fire their imagination and enthusiasm for the plan of action, and finally to get

and ill-suited to modern requirements, simply because changes cannot all be introduced at once.

Custom holds with great tenacity in old Japan. And finally there are those methods and usages which simply must be changed—uprooted—before any substantial progress in their great construction programme can be made by the Japanese. It is interesting to see the nimble little Japanese carpenters, working with their curious tools—saws that look like serrated butchers' cleavers, and are drawn toward the workman; and the planes that work backward in like manner—awkward, one may say, but wonder-

fully effective in the hands of the Japanese.

To see a man seated on the floor, holding a piece of lumber with his feet and working his tools toward him, gives a



Native Stone-Cutter.

Note the workmanship on the granite lantern in background.

feeling of dismay to one who is charged with organizing carpenters in numbers to turn out on a production basis the things requisite in a modern building. And yet these Japanese artisans do effective work and are susceptible of a high degree of organization. As cabinetmakers and producers of exquisite woodwork they are probably not excelled in the world.

In stone-cutting the Japanese also excel. Nowhere in the world will one find more perfect and beautiful granite cutting, which, together with the perfection of its setting, makes the workmanship a delight to the eye. The granite is native, and has long been used by the Japanese for foundation-stones, steps, thresholds, and balustrades, or even the ever-present Tori gates; but they have not used it structurally in their native architecture.

Wood, bamboo, and paper are the materials of their ancient superstructures. More recently quarries of softer native stone have been opened. Some of it is beautiful and some banal. Very few opportunities so far have been offered to use these soft stones effectively; but under the stimulus of the new era in building it may be expected that Japan will make rich contributions to this field of lithic ornamentation.

The Japanese have from time immemorial been a burden-carrying race, and the unit of size and effort seems to be a man-power. This cannot be said to be literally true, for everywhere one sees evidences of prodigious engineering undertakings. Witness the enormous granite stones that go to make up the citadel of old Osaka. There on the hilltop, miles from the quarries from which they were obtained, may be seen some of the greatest monoliths in the world. These huge pieces, some of them twenty-four feet high by thirty to forty feet long, and probably at least ten to twelve feet thick, could only have been set in place by human and animal labor, for they date back to an era long before mechanical power was known anywhere in the world. Incidentally that citadel in its vast extent, its extraordinary impregnability, and its scientific military design, might easily rank as one of the wonders of the world, certainly of the Orient—the Carcassonne of old Japan, which for nearly five centuries held back the shoguns of the West and insured the continuity of the oldest ruling dynasty the world has ever known.

If Japan's stone-cutters excel and need no further training to be adapted to modern construction, if her carpenters and cabinetmakers excel in spite of their unaccustomed methods, their curious tools and devices, one who must organize these people for modern building construction must ponder indeed when he contemplates the burden-carrying habits of the nation. Man-drawn wheeled devices, while of relatively modern origin, are widely used; witness the rickshaws and the innumerable push-carts. Horse-

drawn carts and even automobiles are common enough in the large cities, but not in the rural districts; and in spite of these exceptions, it may truly be said that Japanese life is still attuned to the one-man-power standard. One has to weigh the merits and demerits of this in considering how to organize for a large construction programme. Wheelbarrows may turn out to be most impracticable, and the stolid hod-carrier gives way to the picturesque coolie with the ever useful scale-beam over his shoulder.

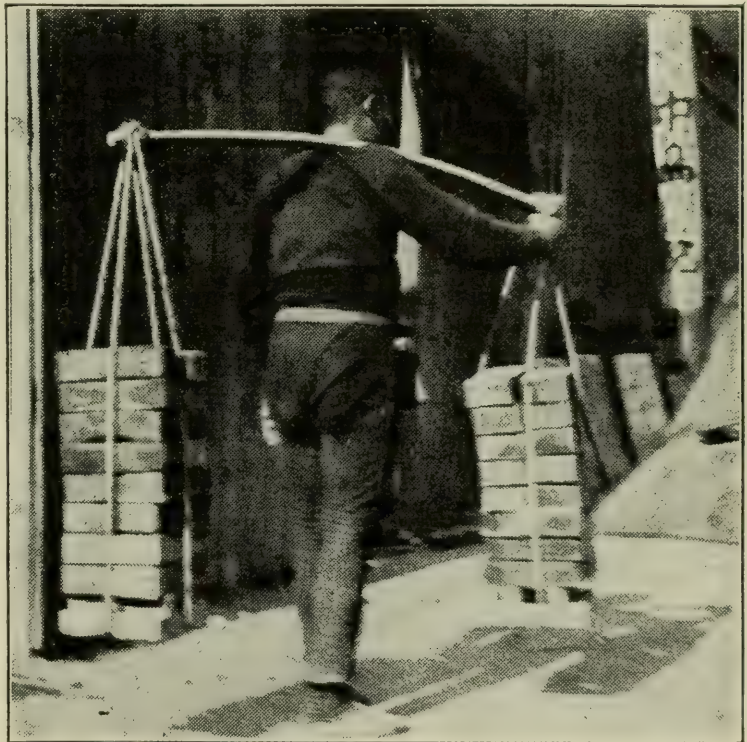
Ladders have never been used by the Japanese; they reach the upper parts of their structures by long inclined planes, built through the maze of pole scaffolding which seems always to be erected to the full ultimate height of the proposed new structure before the actual building is started. This neglect of the useful ladder seems a strange oversight in view of the fact that the stairways in their houses are so steep as to be virtually ladders; yet the inclined plane is almost universal, induced no doubt by the wearing of soft little sandals by the workmen, or the barefootedness of the coolie.

The sandal or "tabe" is itself an element which introduces something of a problem. One fairly gasps to see these soft-shod workmen walking about on the débris of lumber incident to taking down wooden concrete forms, where sharp nails fairly bristle and a misstep might be painful, to say the least, to the unprotected feet of these men. Partly for this reason shoes are finding favor, and partly for the same reason methods must be adopted to mitigate this difficulty. So compromise sets in; a healthy blending that, repeated in a thousand forms, epitomizes the problem and its solution.

Building, from one point of view, is the accumulating in an orderly sequence of a variety of things of great and small weight. Carriers and traffic are great essentials, and in our own country our conveniences of civilization have largely

been developed to meet the wide variety of things that construction in one form or another has demanded. Consider Japan with its one-man-power unit and its simple requirements—narrow streets, light bridges, shallow waterways, all adequate to the ancient usages, now suddenly rendered obsolete by the swift march of progress. Then consider the introduction of heavy and wide motor-trucks, necessarily heavy structural steel columns and girders, heavy boilers and heavy machine castings and parts. What must be the fundamental reconstruction even to receive these things; and what must be the calculation and investigation to determine to what extent things modern may be adapted pending the completed readjustment to the demands of modernization?

With these practical difficulties one must cope. The broad avenues of Tokio seem ample to the casual observer; but the lanes and byways leading from the



The hod-carrier gives way to the coolie with the scale-beam.

sometimes remote landing-places or sources of supply lend their problems. The beautiful concrete bridges along the Guiza by no means indicate that many a canal is spanned by anything more substantial than square "timbers" of granite,

placed side by side and covered with macadam, offering a continuous surface but capable of sustaining hardly more than the weight of an ordinary touring-car. The trucking of heavy pieces, therefore, becomes an undertaking of magnitude, and indeed may be governed completely by these obscure obstructions.

The police of the large Japanese cities are alive to these questions, and scrutinize with care the size, weight, and character of the vehicles to be employed, and they inquire concerning the loads that are likely to be encountered. Japan's best roadways are still constructed of water-bound macadam. She is just now facing the problem of motor-vehicle damage, and is showing proper concern that the vehicles shall not be too destructive of pavement.

So there is a joy in solving these problems. The landing of a ten-ton column, made in Pittsburgh, at the job site in Japan, after all the interminable tribulations that these difficulties induce, is a triumph that savors of victory; and even the picturesqueness of the bullock-carts, pressed into service for the unusual task, is not lost on these practical Americans who have planned and worried, and finally succeeded in this adventure.

Labor-unions as they are known in America do not exist in Japan, but something akin to them may be found in the innumerable guilds which bind the various classes of artisans together. They are childish and stubborn in many things, cunning and crafty in others, but generally industrious and responsive to intelligent leadership. Guilds resist the introduction of steam-shovels, but permit a barbarous peonage among the owners of little push-carts, who toil long, weary hours for a mere subsistence at the hands of the labor contractors who flagrantly collect toll from these workers. Striking has become a fad in Japan, although very few of those who strike have any conception of what they are striking about. Recently a sporadic strike was instituted against contract labor, the prevailing system throughout Japan. Nobody could be found among the strikers loitering in the vicinity who knew what the strike was about. In a few days the men gradually drifted back to work. Within a few

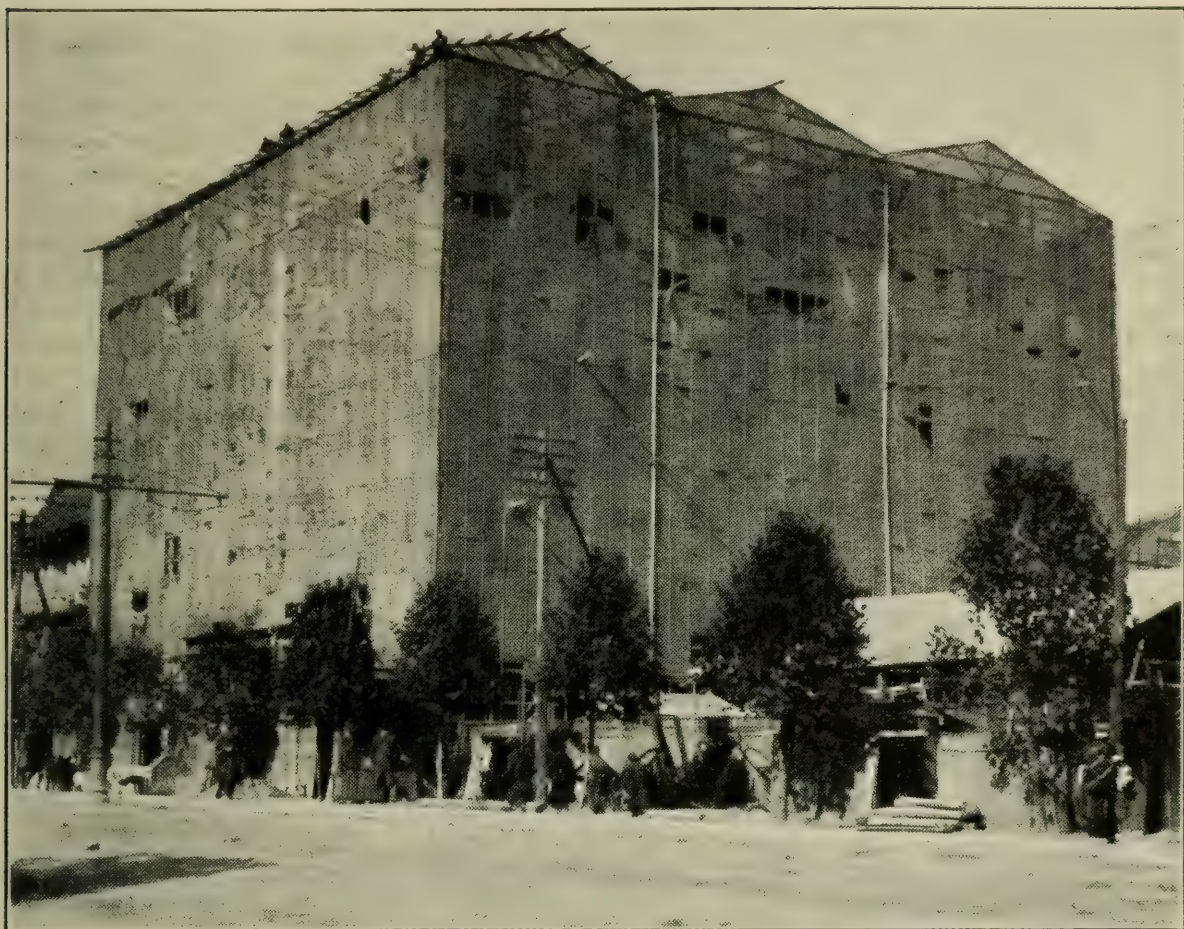
weeks they were again on strike; this time, the leaders said, in support of the proposition that all employment should be under the contract-labor system. No doubt the same fog of ignorance clouded the minds of the men in the latter incident that prevailed in the former, but they were at least exercising their God-given prerogative of striking, which seemed to please them hugely.

In Japan women work as well as men in all the burden-carrying occupations. It is with a sickening heart that one observes these stolid, leathery little creatures toiling and sweating at their heavy burdens beside the men. The little push-cart coolie, farmed out by the Japanese padrone, is often accompanied by one or more of his women-folk; and even one or two children will join in the loading and pushing. Or they may be found plodding along under the burden of a great piece of timber or a heavy length of pipe—a sorrowful spectacle that the enlightened Japanese are commencing to see in the same light that we view it. Any one who has witnessed the coaling of the ships at Nagasaki by those streams of toiling, sweating women cannot fail to have indelibly impressed upon him the fact that one of Japan's early necessities is to meet and mitigate this evil.

Perhaps the least sympathy to be derived from this woman-labor problem comes from the coolie women themselves. They seem to be a happy, garrulous lot, talking and singing as they toil. Japan has always had some conception of pile-driving, and along the canals in the large cities may be found some good examples of pile foundations; but the work is all on a small and insufficient scale—merely saplings driven by crude little devices, the working of which is carried on almost entirely by women. It is picturesque, if one can get beyond the abhorrence of it all, to see these gangs of women, each pulling on a separate rope that leads to the main line used to raise the weight. They sing or chant, heaving in unison, and at a signal letting go together, thus releasing the hammer which falls with a thud and the confused whipping about of the released little hand-lines. Upon the release, the women break into chatter and laughter and stroll leisurely back to the crude

framework, where the lines hang all a-dangle, pick them up, and start again the seemingly interminable grind, again droning their chant of unison. Japanese observers tell us that some of these songs are ancient ballads handed down through generations of guilds that have followed this peculiar calling; others, we are told, are witty commentaries on events of the

women toiling up the gang-plank after work, chatting as they slip from their bare shoulders their tunics and approach the large wooden trough of fresh water, into which they climb for their post-labor bath. The bath finished, they stand and talk and don their tunics or kimonos again with the same unconcern, and depart on their separate ways, still laughing and



A pole and matting encased Japanese building operation.

day; and some, they say, are the spicy little quips that cause demure Japanese maidens to hurry by, all a-flutter.

Perhaps sympathy for coolie working women may be overdone, however repugnant the principle is. The abiding good humor of the Japanese workmen is shared equally by the women, and the good-natured garrulity that one hears among these mixed gangs of laborers reminds one that these toilers must be possessed of sunny dispositions. They are friendly workers, these men and women, and while their conventionalities are not ours, there is a certain admirable virility in the sight of a group of a few men and

gabbling. Above everything else, the Japanese working classes are a cleanly people, ever bathing and washing. To see a Japanese coolie lay down his burden at some public hydrant, and commence cleansing his teeth with his ever-present pocket toothbrush is no uncommon sight. It happens so frequently among the laborers on a building, whenever they chance to pass an open water-tap on the job, as to excite no comment, except perhaps from some giggling American tourist who happens to be passing, and who is apt to snap the incident and hastily enter a note of it in anticipation of the book he is sure to write on his return to America.

If the steam-shovel was too much for Japanese labor to accept, the coolie pile-driving guild must have been dismayed by the great American steam pile-drivers, for against these they raised no protest. Perhaps the large Oregon pine piles, so huge in comparison with the little sticks they had been used to driving, forced the realization that here, at least, was an operation that was beyond the capacity of anything the guild workers could devise. If American construction does nothing beyond supplanting the ancient and wasteful system of gangs of women toilers on their puny pile-driving rigs, a gain will have been made.

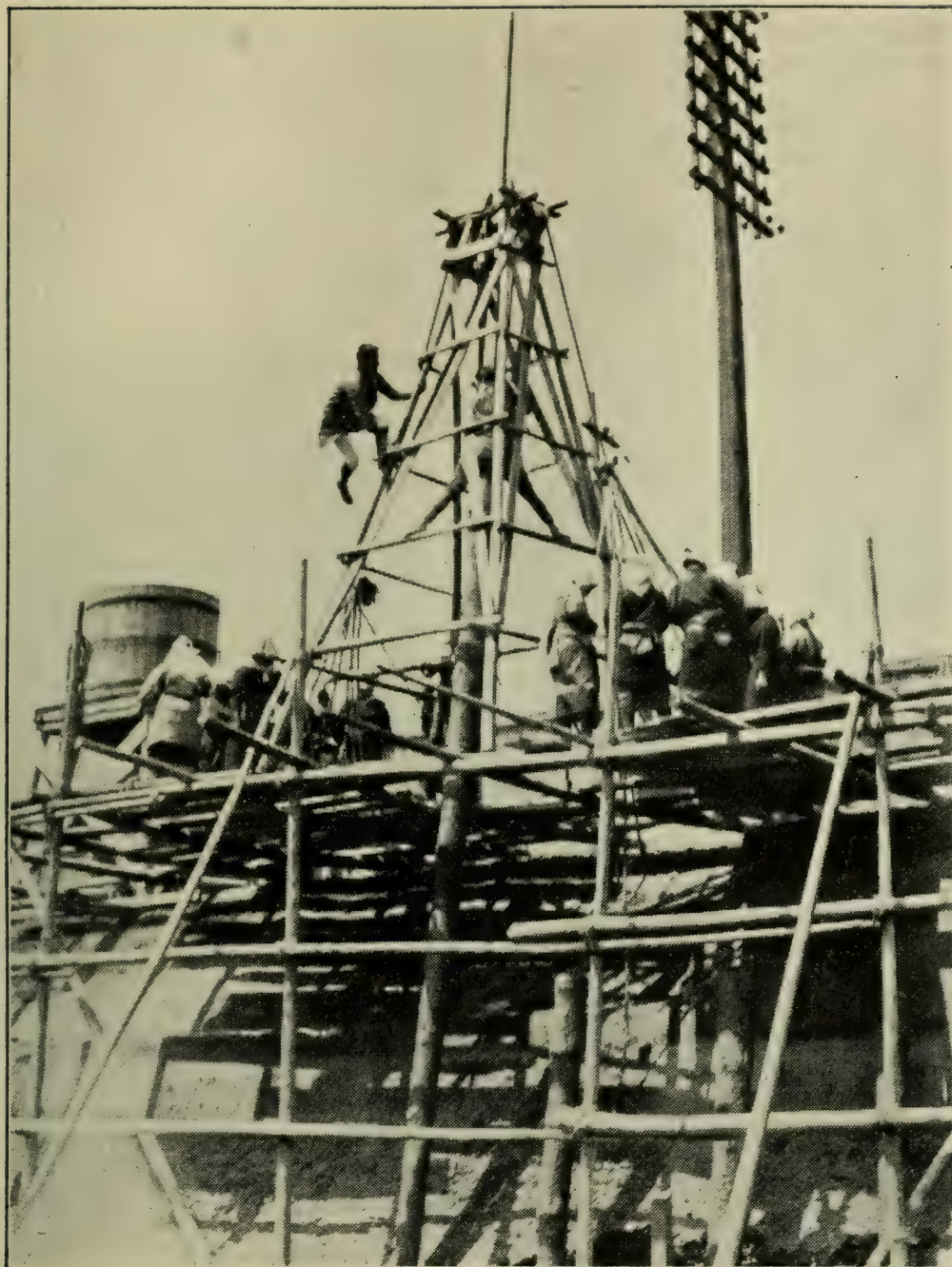
There are almost endless incidents and experiences to be recounted—some humorous, some tragic, and some recording a patience and fortitude that is not generally ascribed to hustling Americans. Operating through interpreters is surprisingly easy, all things considered. It is amusing and instructive to watch a high-strung American foreman, bellowing at an inoffensive little interpreter at his elbow some complicated and immediately-to-be-performed instructions. It is almost

amazing to observe how readily the Japanese will catch on, even through this roundabout medium of interpretation. It is here that leadership at its best may be observed. Some good men have made failures of work in Japan, simply through lack of ability to explain; while others have so quickly developed the knack of appealing to the intelligence of the Japanese workmen as to be almost in direct communication, even though neither one understands the other's language.

The one-man-power standard becomes a decided handicap when men work in gangs and are taught to use power tools. This working in gangs, where each man does only a part and a group must work to a predetermined plan, is confusing to them and must be taught with patience and understanding. A riveting gang is an example of the kind of group co-operation that the Japanese are not used to, and it takes much patient explanation to get them to work together. The Japanese is used to accomplishing all of a given little task himself—the one-man-power unit of Japanese tradition. But they do respond to intelligent leadership, and



Native Women at Pile-Driving.



A Native Pile-Driving Rig.

many an American engineer would look with covetous eyes on some of the Japanese riveting gangs when they get the knack of the thing, for they perform splendidly when the work to be done is fully understood.

Brick, mortar, plastering, and masonry—these were in use or had their analogies in the ancient structures of Japan, and the guilds that follow these trades take to the new adaptation very easily. Accurate measurements bother them, however, and a corps of engineers has to be kept constantly vigilant to guard against errors

arising from this deficiency. Such plastering as is done in native construction is applied with a crude little trowel, not unlike the implement found in a juvenile gardening outfit. The infinite patience with which a Japanese artisan putters around with this little implement does credit to his perseverance, but the result is far from satisfactory. Our little brown brothers will have to learn plastering from the ground up, if they are to attain the nicety of finish in their buildings that other craftsmen are delivering.

And so the problems must always be

faced with optimism, for, if there is one thing the commentators are agreed upon, it is the universal avidity of the Japanese for better knowledge and application of the new ideas to which Japan has committed herself.

Perhaps the greatest innovation, the most revolutionary novelty introduced by Americans, was the total abolition of the pole scaffolding, with its encasement in matting, that always precedes a building operation in Japan. If these huge temporary structures are a source of curiosity to the casual traveller, he may be comforted to know that they are almost equally inscrutable to the American engineer. They seem to have come down from time immemorial, and one sometimes feels that the native Japanese vie with each other in the outlandish complexity to be introduced into them. An inquiring American started to find out why the scaffolding was in such general use, particularly why it should be covered with matting and in many cases roofed over, thus completely enveloping the structure to be built. For, apart from any other consideration, this vast match-stick structure is a fire hazard of the first order, endangering not only the structure it encloses, but the whole community; for if the thing should ever get ablaze, it would not only ruin the building it was supposed to protect, but from the relatively lofty height to which it is often built embers would be showered down on the surrounding buildings, which, being constructed largely of paper and wood, would be almost sure to start another of those great sectional conflagrations that all too often sweep whole areas of the cities of Japan.

The first inquiry was directed at an architect, whose greatest building was then under construction under the cover of this matchwood shelter. The answer was naïve; he did not want his masterpiece to be seen until it had been completed, and besides, the Emperor might pass that way and his eye should not be offended by seeing an unfinished structure. Hardly sufficient reasoning to justify the expense and hazard, an American would think. Another averred that the scaffolding and matting were a police regulation, an awesome thing to be conjured

with in old Japan. The police were appealed to. Yes, it was a regulation; but this time it was to protect the public from falling missiles. The building in question stood back some fifteen yards from the street, behind a fence that kept the public well out into the roadway. When this was pointed out, the police said they would look into the matter, and later inquiry developed nothing more satisfactory. As a structure to support the inclined plane upon which the Japanese workmen were accustomed to mount to the upper parts of the building, it had some justification; but there are so many better ways to accomplish this same result that this reason seemed insufficient. As a practical matter, the clutter of broken lumber, building refuse, and general untidiness that accumulates in one of these bird-cage affairs is appalling, and its very existence is a contradiction of the orderliness of almost everything else Japanese.

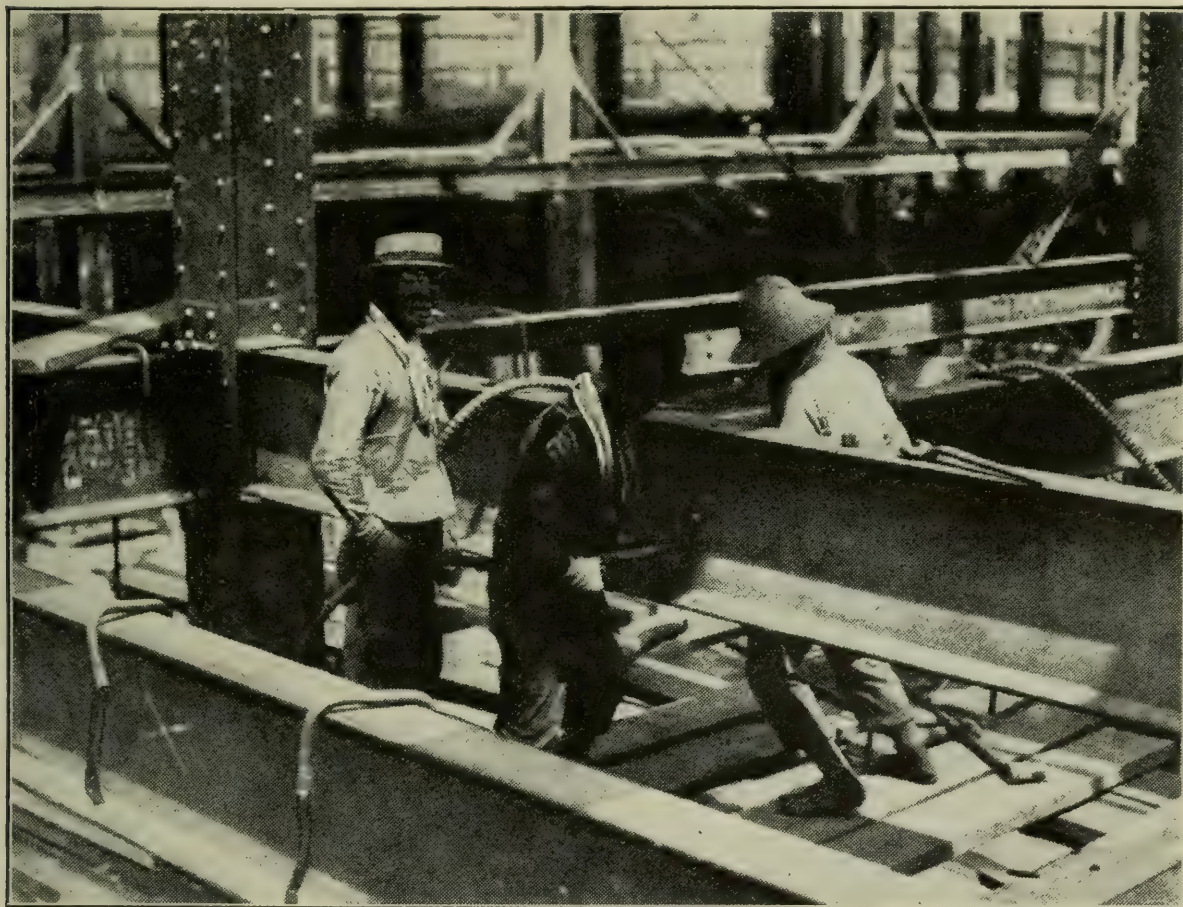
Finally, the Americans decided that no reason existed for pole scaffolding on any such scale, and proceeded to build in the accustomed American fashion. Great was the speculation from the curbstone; but as the buildings grew and actually took form, devoid of the ancient token of construction, the amazement grew. Finally, when the skeleton was finished, and almost overnight hanging scaffolds were broken out all over the outside of the building, and the Japanese workmen took their places on these and calmly proceeded to lay brick, the dismay was complete.

But that was not all. An inquiring and insistent police force proceeded to inspect this innovation. They twigged the wire cables, and looked solemnly up them from below; climbed to the roof and looked solemnly down them from above; tapped them with their little swords—and departed. And thus for all time, probably, is the bird-cage, matting-covered pole scaffold for Japan laid with its ancestors, so far as modern building is concerned. A triumph and a contribution to the progress of Japan is to be credited to American builders.

Japan will probably never build high buildings. The leading cities have wisely joined in uniform building codes, and all of them limit the height to one hundred

shaku (feet)—about eight stories. No doubt many considerations of congestion, traffic, and policy dictated the wisdom of this limitation, but the earthquake problem was the determining factor. The Japanese in recent years have made a profound study of earthquakes; perhaps the most advanced scientists in the world on that particular problem are to be found

it is a myth. When the tremor comes, the spindly corner posts of the structures rock and gyrate, setting in motion the heavy roof, which, if it does not careen from its flimsy moorings, commences to shed its tiles into the streets, and like spilled dishes they clatter down, often causing casualties that would never have happened had the roofs been of lighter con-



Japanese workmen take to riveting when they are well instructed.

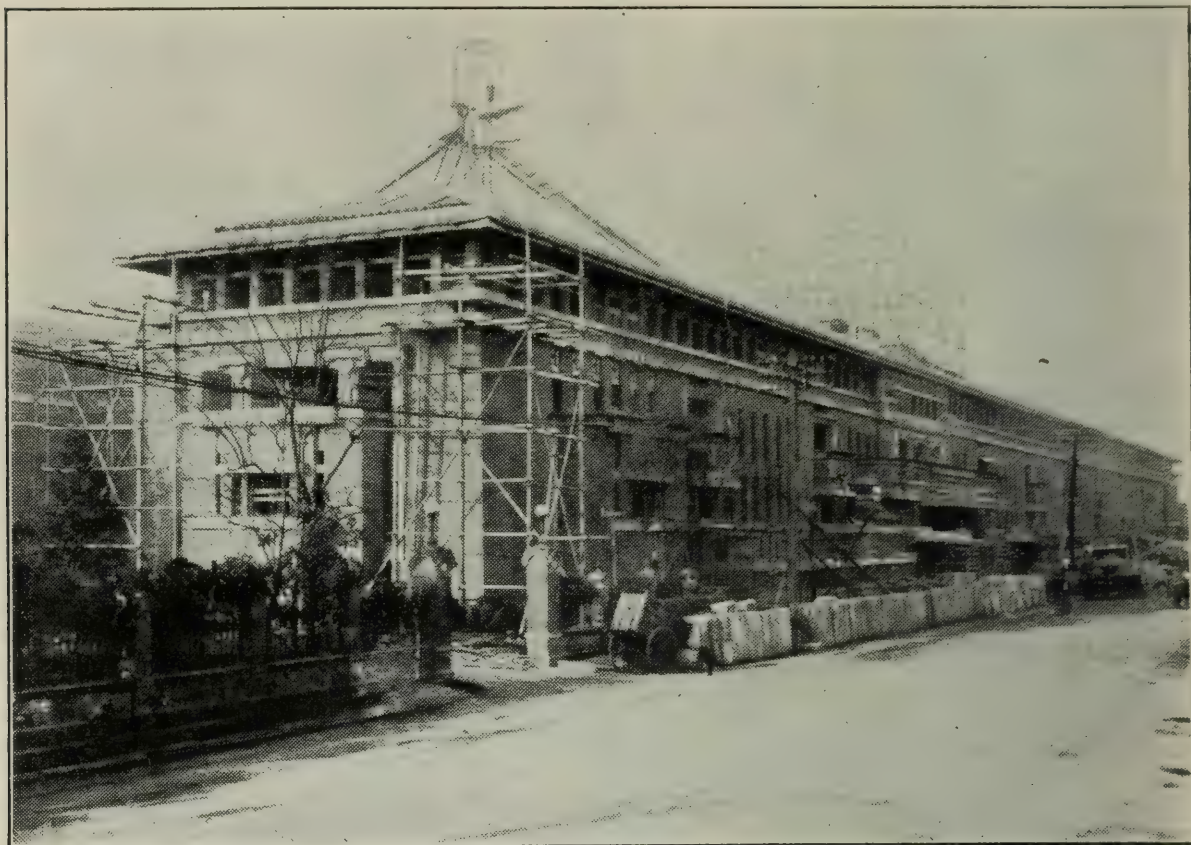
in Japan, for with them it is an ever-present menace, and through the centuries the Japanese have had reason to fear this dread thing. But the truth is that only in recent years have they done anything really scientific in meeting the problem in their structures. Sentimental tourists, always alert for evidences of great subtlety in the Japanese, point out how adroitly the native house is constructed to meet the earthquake. The roofs are heavy and solid, generally covered with weighty tile. This is all very well as a protection against the weather and as a fire preventive in cities; but as an engineering expedient against earthquakes,

struction and properly engaged to the side walls and foundations. Inquiry develops the fact that a large number of the casualties in earthquakes in Japan come from falling roofs and tiles.

Modern structures of almost any type, built throughout Japan, prove that the native construction has been its own worst enemy, and that the earthquake disturbances, however undesirable, have been largely aided and abetted by the native construction methods, from which relief has been obtained by the adoption of things Occidental in building. This is not to say that the earthquakes are not a menace, nor that modern construction

solves the problem, for in fact there is no solution. No matter how severe an earthquake they may prepare for, an even more severe one will surely upset calculations; and there is no controlling of earthquakes or determining what may be the most severe possible. But for a given problem, the light skeleton structure so familiar to Americans is undoubtedly far superior to

nese to acquire, as early as possible, full knowledge of the best in American construction methods, so that they may carry on their new-found industry without outside assistance. Eventually they will attain this, but how soon is a matter of speculation. Few people realize the interdependence of American constructors, architects, and engineers, and how mutual-



The Imperial Hotel in Tokio is a bizarre mixture of American and Japanese both in its design and its method of building.

anything heretofore attempted in Japan. Every element that an earthquake of moderate severity has been known to produce can be met through the standard formulæ of strains and wind-bracing, now the common knowledge of the American engineer. The menace of earthquakes of great severity will probably always hang over the heads of the Japanese people like the sword of Damocles; but in our skeleton steel and modern reinforced concrete, America has contributed to Japan a large measure of relief from this scourge. Perhaps the Japanese in their untiring ingenuity will develop it to even greater perfection.

It is the laudable ambition of the Japa-

ly helpful are the vast building enterprises constantly going on in our country—how keen the competition for new ideas and conveniences among those who furnish the accessories. Separated from this current of progress, obsolescence is apt to set in, for it is only by sustained vigilance that American constructors keep abreast of the progress in their art. Japan, far removed and not attuned to the changing scene, may find herself, after the lapse of a few years, again in the rear-guard of construction progress. Construction and methods are ephemeral, and if we may claim leadership in construction in America, close contact with American progress must be maintained.

An illustration of this may be found at our very door. The engineers who went to Panama to build the canal were probably the most enlightened and up-to-date of their time. Many of them returned after years of arduous service there, to find themselves veritable Rip Van Winkles of construction, so swiftly had the march of progress passed them.

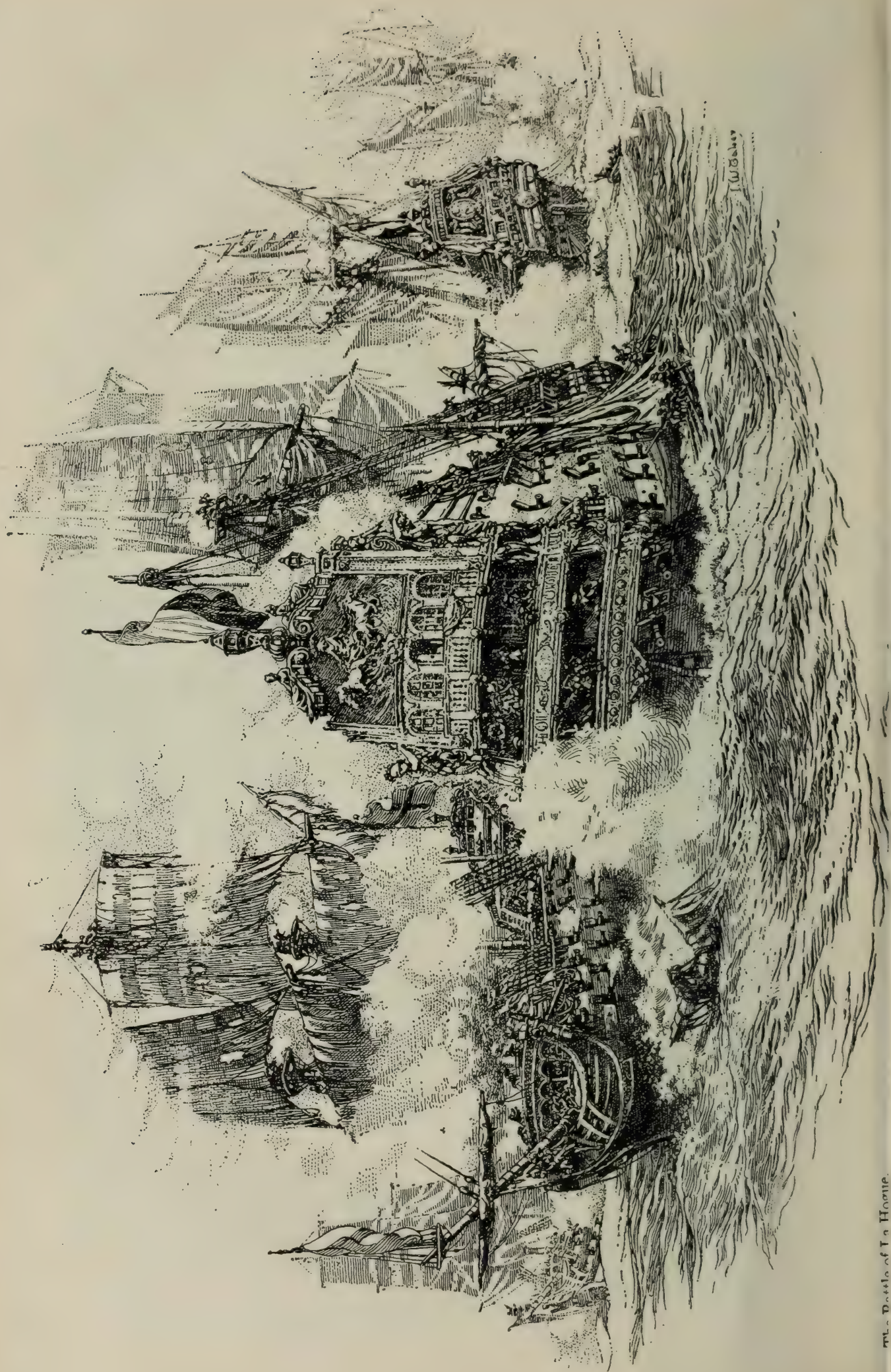
While the Japanese may be alert to these conditions, they have in a marked degree the handicap of ancient conservatism, so continually harped upon by writers on Japan. "Saving face" is a bugbear in construction as in other things in old Japan, now particularly emphasized in Japanese architects' offices that a few years ago were still putting forward mid-Victorian architecture and are now called upon to produce scientific modern designs. The interminable hours that are spent by some of these Japanese architects in labored arguments in defense of open stairways, fire-trap interior courts, insufficient fire exits, and insanitary plumbing would try the patience of most busy Americans. The support that this nonsense receives at the hands of the owners is amazing, and the fantastic application sometimes given to the supposed ethics between owner and architect would delight the heart of the most pronounced American purist, however disastrous the consequences. We could be reminded of some of the reported deliberations of those old boards of directors of early American commercial history when we hear the ponderous opinion of a Japanese board deciding for an inferior and inadequate elevator service for a great structure to cost millions of dollars, on the ground that the Japanese people are not yet ready for the advantages of good service. And when a faulty and obsolete form of construction, gleaned from an American textbook twenty years out of print, is solemnly supported on the ground that the owner does not feel that he can offend

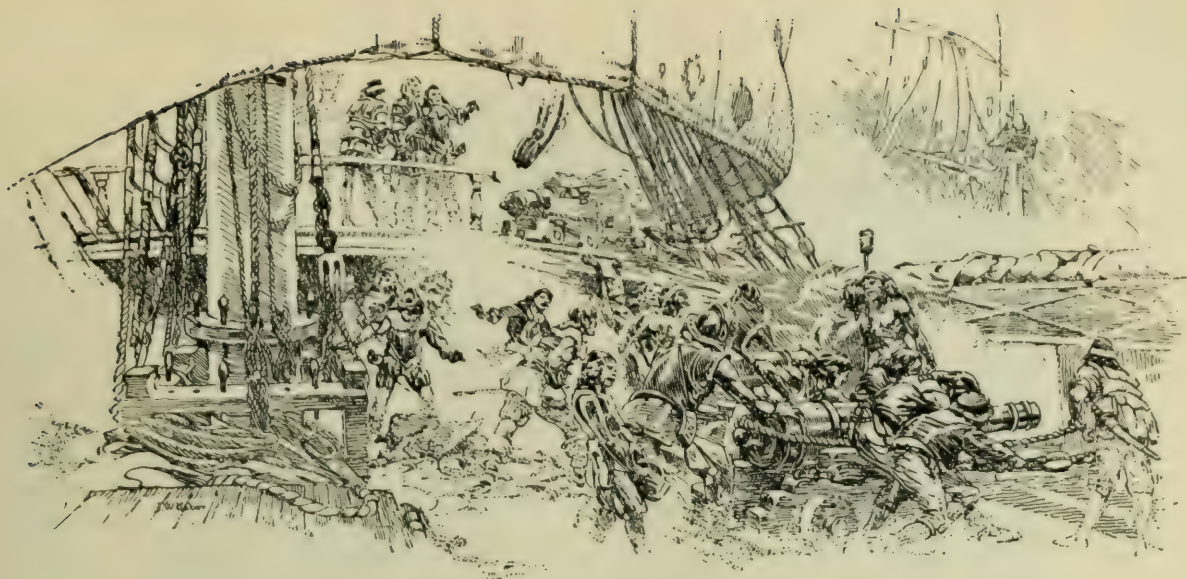
his architect, we have a revelation of saving face, run to absurdity.

But these things are bound to occur. A few years more and they will have disappeared, and Japan will emerge among the leaders, to look back on some of the hybrid structures of to-day as curious but necessary freaks of the transition. For, while Japan is now launched upon an era of more modern construction, many of her works and structures, while twenty-five years ahead of anything done heretofore, are still fifteen years behind the accepted modern standards in America. In these the Japanese seem literally unable to bring themselves to modernizing all at once, and this in spite of their theoretical espousal of the last word in things modern. In these matters, as in many others, Japan finds herself a house divided against itself on the same lines that have so often been observed—the young school against the old. Young Japanese engineers and architects will generally be found to be arrayed against the old-school builders, and outspoken in their advocacy of complete and unquestioned acceptance of the whole modernized construction idea—tradition be hanged. It is these young men that are the most unsparing in their criticism—intolerant, one might say, in their sweeping condemnation. Reverence for ancestors and personages they studiously maintain, but with reactionary conservatism they have no patience.

And in their zeal these men are rendering their beloved homeland a service that carries with it lamentable irritation at that which is fine and old and picturesque. One cannot fail to have a sense of furtive regret that all this is necessary, but necessary it seems to be, for in the young generation of trained and intelligent leadership lies the hope of Japan—a hope that will be amply fulfilled as she takes her place in peace and amity with the great nations of the earth.

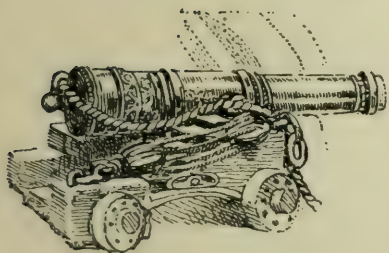






Brass Pounders and Wooden Walls at La Hogue

DRAWINGS AND NOTES BY I. W. TABER



JAMES II of England, after the landing of the Prince of Orange, carried his grievances to France, and the part-healed wounds of war were reopened.

On May 19, 1692, Admiral Tourville with a part of his fleet was lying off Cape Barfleur, ready to escort French troops and Jacobite exiles across the Channel. Hearing of the proximity of the allied British and Dutch fleets, Tourville investigated, and as the morning haze lifted saw the enemy's gorgeous fleet. A council of war was held and the rashness of an attack acknowledged. Tourville produced orders from "the Great Monarch," Louis XIV, ". . . to engage the enemy, strong or weak, wherever he might find them."

The French advanced close to the British centre (forty-five ships against some ninety-odd), the wind died out, and six hours of furious fighting ensued. Admiral Russell of the British fleet writes: "About four in the evening there came so thick a fog that we could not see a ship of the enemy . . . then it cleared and we could see Monsieur Tourville towing away with his boats to the northward of us. I then made the signal for the chase."

The day's desperate venture ended much to the credit of the French, who did not lose a ship, while the Allies lost three or four. Though the after-results were disastrous to the French fleet, their enemies were magnanimous enough to recognize it as one of the most gallant actions on record.





From a painting, copyright by Gerrit A. Beneker.

Steve Rigo—Galvanized American.

Art and the Industrial Problem

BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR



REAMS—if they are dreams which are to be of benefit to all mankind—sooner or later come true.

Some fourteen years have passed since I first visited the steel mills of Youngstown, Homestead, and, a little later, Gary, Indiana. I was so thrilled by the Bessemer converters spouting volcanic flame, the open hearths' glow, the huge ladles, ingots, bars, billets, and everything from the unloading machines plunging their iron fists into the holds of the lake freighters to the singing saws of

the rail mill—that I vowed to myself then: "Some day I shall have a studio in a steel mill."

That *some day* came when least expected on February 1, 1919, in a steel mill in Cleveland.

Imagine what it meant to one who calls himself an artist to find a group of business men with lofty ideals who could see the practical side of art as a means of communication between employer and employee, between capital and labor.

During the war, in times of emergency, the obvious poster of a figure in action—telling a story in itself—was found to be of unmeasured value in selling Victory

Bonds, promoting conservation of food and fuel, and in promoting general welfare and co-operation. If we did these things in war time—why not pursue the same principles in times of peace? For, while an armistice has been signed, the peoples of the earth are still at war with themselves in their own hearts, and the universal war raging throughout the whole world is the eternal strife between so-called labor and capital. The fault lies not so much with either side as it lies with management between the two.

Here was a group of managers who believed in men, who recognized that in spite of all the money invested in mechanical up-keep it remained as rusty junk if the human element, man, broke down—refused to operate it—gave thirty, fifty, seventy per cent efficiency if forced to work for a livelihood, or was out of a job. So why not sell men to men? Sell man to himself first, to his job, to his fellow men, to his employer. Why not sell labor to capital, and capital to labor, and management to both?

So for the first time in the history of either art or industry management built an artist's studio especially for him, close beside the tall factory chimney. Idealism and materialism, art and science, side by side, hand in hand, as they should be.

If that which is grasped quickly by the mind is as soon forgotten the reverse is also true that that kind of art which endures is the kind which invites inspection. So here was the opportunity to put over the kind of a picture which an art museum would accept and hang on its walls as art.

"Just a portrait of some fellow whom every one knows—who is he?" I asked. "Peggy Hirsch," was the prompt reply. "Where is he?" was my next question. I was advised to hunt up the traffic manager, who informed me that "Peggy" was worth any two truck-drivers in Cleveland, and that he couldn't spare him. But he took me over to the garage, where we found a pair of legs protruding from beneath a truck. Between blows of his hammer I caught epithets which do not look well in print—for "Peggy" swears as naturally as he breathes.

A little old man came in the door. In his hand he carried a tin can—he wanted it filled with grease. A swarthy grease-

besmeared face wrenched itself from between the wheels of the truck, got the grease for the old man, and then leading him to the door by the nape of the neck, thrust him out into the cold, expediting his transportation by his good-natured propeller-like boot.

As "Peggy" turned from the door I was introduced to him. He didn't stop to wipe his greasy hands on his overalls but gave me a real shake—so real that my hand was as black and greasy as his own. I looked at my thin "artistic" hand and thought to myself: "Honored by good honest American labor." This is how an artist should get his inspiration, by direct contact with men, not in a four-walled studio in Greenwich Village.

"Peggy, I want to paint you," I exclaimed. "Not by a damn sight," said he; "I'm black enough." "Well, I want only to paint a picture of you," I tried to explain; at which he gave me one look, spat a brown streak from his lopsided jaw and went back beneath the truck—without a word. "I'll see you in the morning, Peggy," I called to him, but next morning there was no "Peggy" in sight; he had taken a truck and had driven away for the day.

But the second morning, by appointment, "Peggy" sat in the employment manager's office, his knees bobbing nervously up and down, twirling his old hat on his fingers and looking all over the ceiling—wondering what was going to happen to him this day.

"Peggy," said I, placing my hand on his shoulder, "did it ever occur to you that it is about as high an honor as a fellow could have to be selected by his buddies to be the first man to have his face reproduced in full colors on the cover of their magazine, which goes to five thousand men in our four plants?"

"What hev I gotta do?" he inquired.

"Just sit still while I paint your portrait," I returned.

"I can't sit still," he argued, and when I told him that he didn't have to, he condescended to "come up." For my first studio was on the fourth floor and right over a steam hammer which jarred so that every time I was about to hit the canvas with a brush full of paint I couldn't tell whether I was going to make an eyebrow or an ear.

There sat "Peggy" on a low step-ladder—like a bump on a log, expressionless clay in the hands of the sculptor or pot-

formed him that I had only just begun. "Well, I gotta git back an' fix that truck," he continued.



From a painting, copyright, 1918, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

Victory Loan Poster.

ter. For half an hour I laid in the masses of color—establishing relative values of flesh to background, to shirt, to matted hair and cap—until he spat again from his lumpy jaw and burst out: "Say! how long is this thing gonna take?" I in-

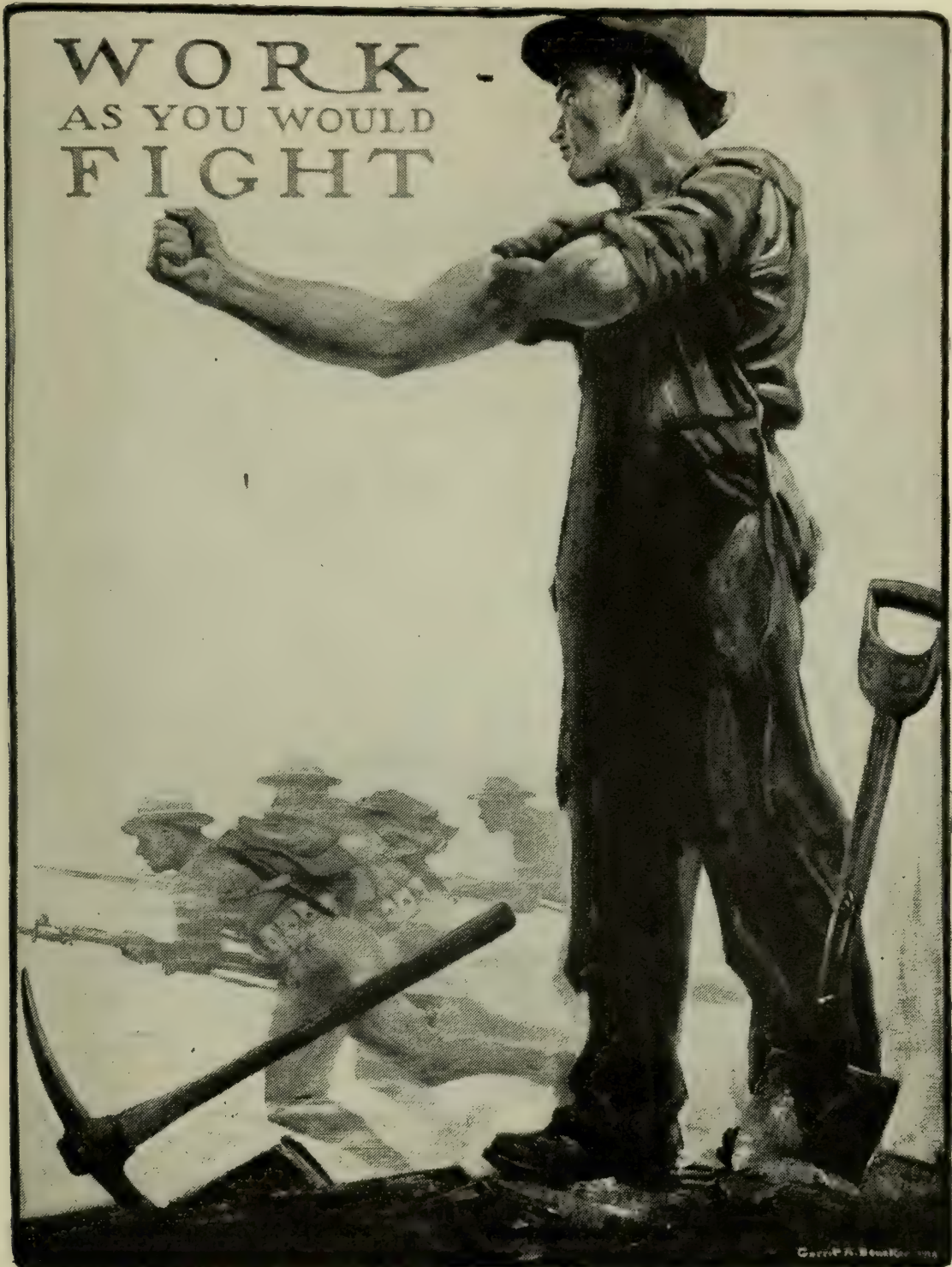
"No you don't," said I.

"Sure I do—they're waitin' fer it," he returned.

"Peggy," said I, "I have the right to haul any man off the job for as long as I want him."

Again he spat: "Well, who in h——l
give ya them orders?"
"Doc," said I.

Values established, I reached a point
where I wanted some expression in that
piece of clay—and I told him a funny story.



From a painting, copyright, 1918, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

A War Poster.

It so happened that "Doc," now our twenty-nine-year-old vice-president, was a few years previous the shipping clerk; a truck-driver and a shipping clerk are like two brothers.

"Well, what Doc says goes with me," and "Peggy" continued to sit—and spit.

He laughed—just a little.

I asked him if that hurt, and he laughed a little more. We became conversational, so much so that whenever I wanted that Franz Hals grin he just turned it on for me as easily as he would have turned on an electric light. I worked on—fast—in-

spired—but production in a factory begins to fall off about 11.30 A. M., and, too, "Peggy" was no doubt getting ready inside to eat.

"Say," said he, "can I see what yer doin'?"

"Sure! come 'round," but, thought I, here is the test, what is the verdict?

Two weeks later every man of five thousand working in the four great plants received his magazine on the cover of which was a reproduction in full color of "Peggy," and the caption beneath it read: "My hands are black—but my heart is Hydraulic." On the reverse side of this portrait I wrote a short editorial



From a painting, copyright, 1919, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

"Peggy" Hirsch.

"My hands are black but my heart is Hydraulic."

In his own homely way he exclaimed: "Well, I'll be G—— damned if it don't look like me!" He rushed to the door: "Hey—Mike!" he jerked his head for Mike to come in.

At first I could not get him—now I could not drive him away. Every day, and several times a day as long as the portrait remained in my studio atop the factory, "Peggy" came bringing his fellow workers to see this "damn thing" that looked like him; and of all the remarks—"Why don't you paint a handsome guy like me?"

to the effect that: "Time was when the 'black hand' stood for destruction—to-day it stands for construction."

Was this put over on the men? No. Each of the four plants had its editor and a staff of reporters from the ranks. The editor in chief a few years ago was wiping grease from engines—to-day, having been admitted to the bar, he is looking after workmen's compensation.

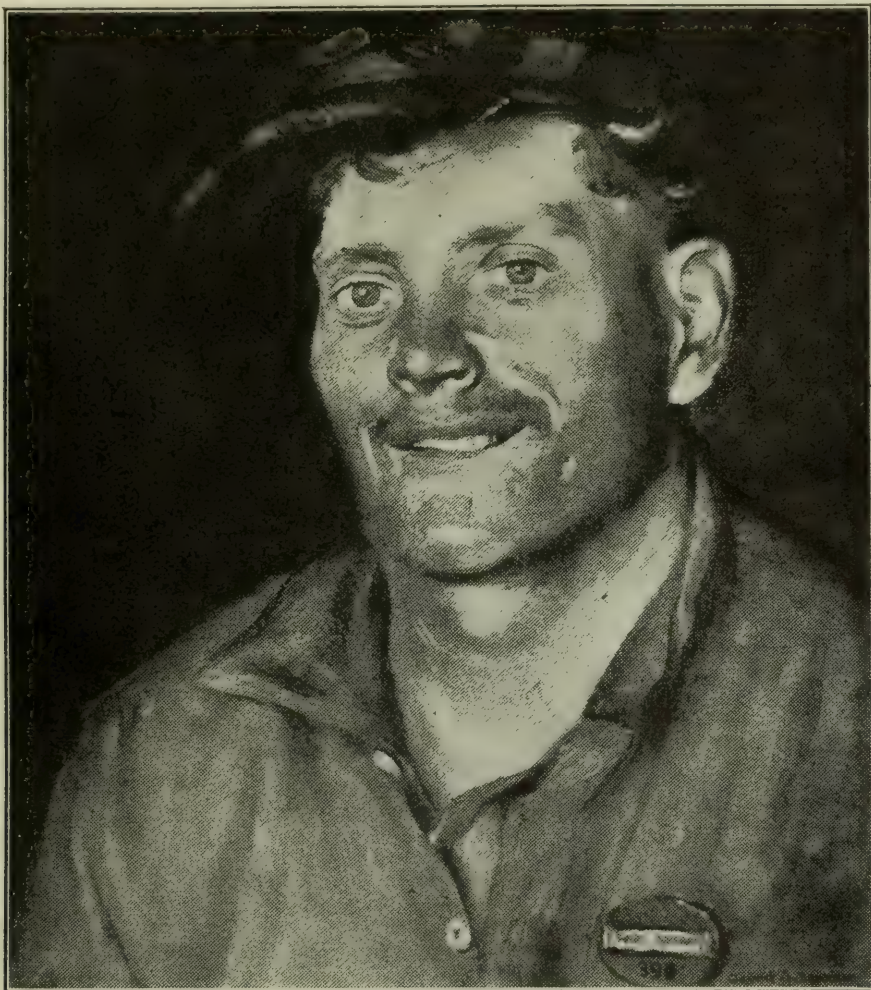
True, that most of the fellows reported jokes and repartee about the shop—but the magazine being of the men, by the men, and for the men prompted some of

them to contribute some very interesting articles.

The company believed in certain policies which were good for all mankind, such as the principle that, in so far as possible, "property rights and ownership should be commensurate with active responsibility and obligation"; to which

tunity to vent his feelings—either had to convince twenty-nine other buddies that he was right or they showed him very quickly where he was wrong.

The several plants had their own kind of mutual aid which the men had organized among themselves and into which each paid twenty-five cents a week. Yet



From a painting, copyright, 1919, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

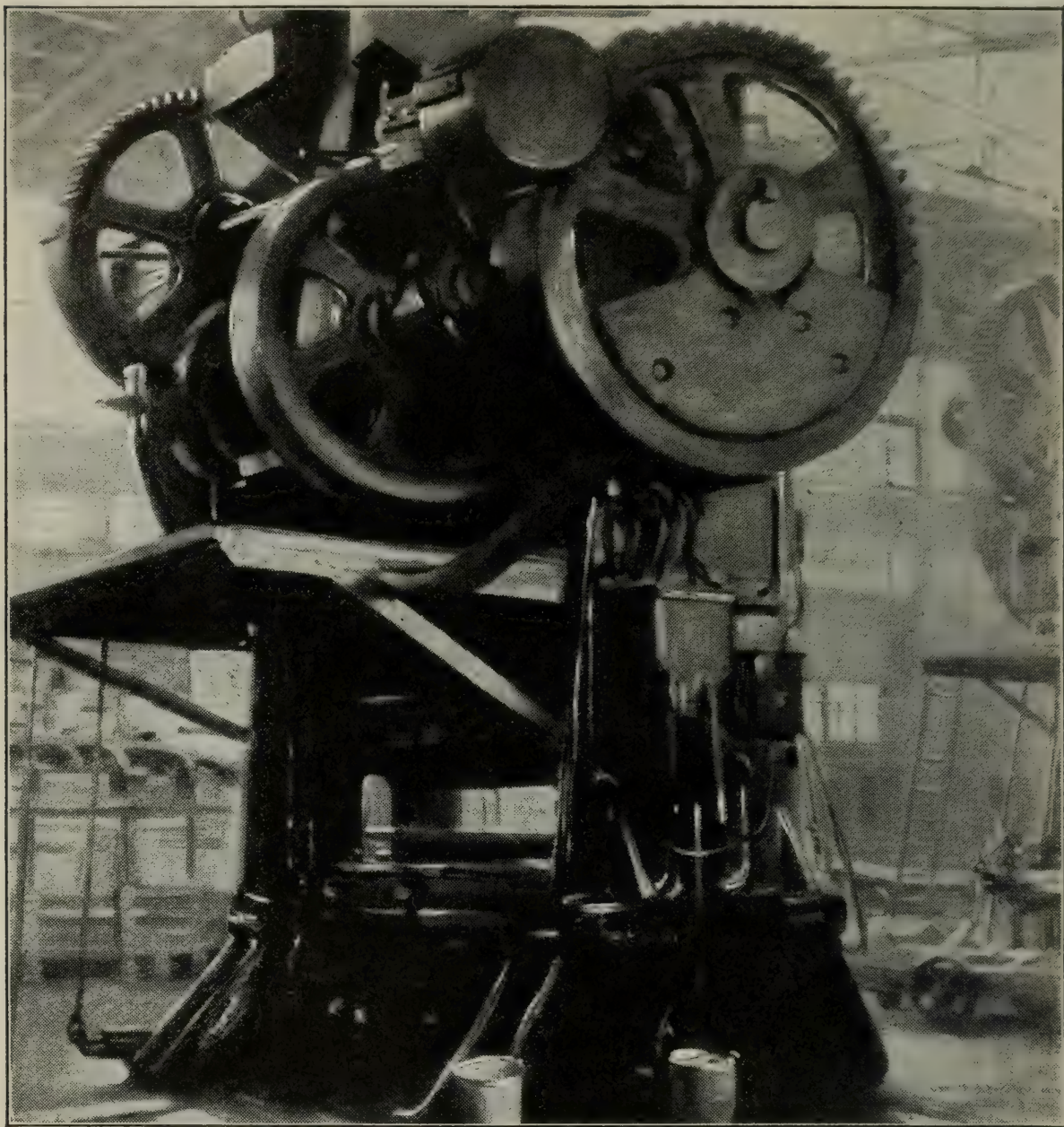
Andrew Folta—Declarant.

end 70 per cent of the common-stock holders were employees; the idea was sold to them largely through this same magazine. This was backed up by workmen's representation wherein every fellow had at least the opportunity to say something about his job. For every thirty men, or thereabout—by trades—the men elected a representative. These representatives met again in conference, and anything which they wished to be carried higher up to management was carried directly by the chairman of this group. It was found that the most negative-thinking radical in the plant—having this oppor-

with twenty different tongues and twenty different misunderstandings beneath a single factory roof—Hungarians, Poles, Slavs, Italians, were cliquy, and in fact a group of Hungarians would not permit a man of other nationality to work with them—a mutual benefit was organized which would cover all four plants. It was not put over on the men. I was present when "Doc" presented the idea to a foremen's meeting. They "bought" the idea—unanimously, the workmen "bought" it. It was explained in the magazine, and every month was printed a charted report showing amounts re-

ceived, benefits paid, and amount on hand. A workman's home burned down, he did not own it—but he lost his furniture; the fellows got together—asked him

ceived two thousand three hundred dollars when her man passed out. Not a large sum, but she was not left destitute. She was further advised by officials of



From a painting, copyright, 1920, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

"Gray Matter" (The Iron Man).

how much it was worth and voted him a substantial amount of money. For every dollar a workman paid in, which was one dollar per month, the company put up an equal amount. For his twelve dollars a year each member of the Mutual Benefit received a life-insurance policy for one thousand dollars with one hundred dollars added for each year of service and another one hundred dollars for each child he had. To help sell this idea I painted the portrait of a widow who re-

the company how to use that money. She paid off the mortgage on her home and still had nearly a thousand dollars left. A man can work better if he feels that his dear ones will not be left destitute, should he be taken away or become sick or injured—for Mutual Benefit also took care of sickness, accident, and old-age pensions.

To help sell workmen's representation I painted a portrait of "Rod Bender, Burt Reddington, representative." The

old method of ruling with an iron rod was bent by Burt who was chosen by thirty rod benders to represent them.

To help sell Americanization I painted

United States—what it meant to carry through that intention—the meaning of the fulfilment of citizenship.

I found Steve Rigo galvanizing rims for



From a painting, copyright, 1921, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

The Widow.

a portrait of Andy Folta, "*declarant*"; I never knew what I was going to say about a man until after I had painted his portrait—for by direct contact with men is the only way we may find out what is inside of men. Andy was an hour late when he came to my studio to pose—he begged my pardon and explained his tardiness by the fact that he had stopped in at the government building to get his first citizenship papers. So I called him "*declarant*," and in my editorial told his fellow workers what it meant to declare one's intention of becoming a citizen of these

automobile wheels. His portrait finished, I called him "Steve Rigo—Galvanized American"—for just as he was protecting steel rims from rust and decay by a coat of galvanizing, so did his coat of American citizenship protect him. "Are you going back to Hungary, Steve?" I asked. Steve laughed: "Me go back? No—I no go back. I got six children all born in America, they go to school here. I no go back. America my country."

There were one hundred and fifty-five Hungarians working beneath the same roof with Steve and Andy. "But they

can't read English," you say?—Ah—but on the date of publication I've seen a line of overalled men a block long waiting to receive their copy of the magazine from a wheelbarrow piled high with copies at the gate. It was something men wanted and they took it home, where their children who go to our schools read it to them. How do I know they did? I've been in their homes to dinner, and time after time they have told me what that magazine meant in their home. They asked for more copies to send to the "old country." Steve sent eight. They had these cover portraits framed in their parlors and dining-rooms, and tacked up about the plant. In fact I could not walk through a single one of the buildings but what I'd hear, "Hey Ben, when you going to paint me?" or "Who's the next guy on the cover?" After a long absence from the plants the last time I passed through, fellows came running half-way across the shop, polishing their black hands on their shining overalls before they squeezed my long thin fingers.

Management soon found out that men would tell me more than they would tell any one else about the shop. So they put the artist on the industrial relations advisory board, and many a time I have helped both workman and management to understand each other better; and why not? When Velasquez was court painter to Philip the Fourth of Spain, England sent the great artist Rubens as a diplomat to conclude a peace with Spain. Rubens influenced Philip to send Velasquez to Italy for two years, and while there Velasquez painted "The Forge of Vulcan." Study that picture. It shows working men of that day forging armor-plate—but at the left is the youthful figure of Apollo, God of Beauty and of the fine arts—who comes suddenly into their midst and says, "Stop! Venus, the Goddess of Love, has been untrue to Mars, the God of War." Anything strange in that? Can love and war ever go on together?

The workmen in Velasquez's painting look up in surprise just as we all did on November 11, 1918, when the whole world was forging armor-plate. In the mills where I painted, my buddies forged nineteen million shells for the World War.

May not art and artists serve again as

diplomats to bring about a better understanding in the world?

Wherever science installs the machine we must continue to expect war and misunderstanding. Art must go along, hand in hand with science. After all there was something in Gandhi's idea of getting back to the spinning-wheel, getting back to where man can completely express himself and "finish the job." To-day he turns a nut half-way in a factory in Detroit or Flint or Cleveland. I painted one of the machines, "The Iron Man of Industry," a huge hydraulic press—and as I painted the fellows would steal away from their jobs a moment to ask me if I drew "all them wheels without a compass."

When this picture appeared on the cover of the magazine it bore a title beneath it, "Gray Matter," and I wonder if the fellows ever thought of that machine in that way: "Gray Matter."

When the automatic machine hits China, we shall have the same thing all over again, unless through art we may show mankind that the machine must serve him as a means to lift himself up onto a higher plane of life.

Art must not be the tool in the hands of capital or in the hands of labor; a synthetic force in itself, established on the principles of relative values, art will pull together on both sides of the controversy and show mankind—whether employer or employee—the relative values of our work to the work of the world.

There is absolutely no panacea for any of our problems to-day except as we may create in each individual sound, clear thinking. Art must "stand in connection with the conscience if it is to put itself abreast with the most potent influences in the world"—if it is to mean anything at all to the people.

Fifty years or more ago Emerson wrote that, "proceeding from a religious (spiritual) heart, art will raise to a divine use the railroad, the insurance office, the *joint-stock company*."

If we have been holding the dark mirror up to life, then let us turn for a glance into Ruskin's chapter "The Dark Mirror" in his "Modern Painters," where he speaks of that flesh-bound volume, "Mankind."

"In *that* is the image of God painted, in *that* is the law of God written, in *that*



From a painting, copyright, 1910, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

Men Are Square.

Painted in the mills of the Hydraulic Steel Company as an expression of the mutual faith between employer and employee which makes Hydraulic "more than a place to work."

is the promise of God revealed, Know thyself—for through thyself only thou canst know God."

Consciousness of this—proof of it—is well illustrated by what Dave, a Croat foreman of the gas producer, said while a group of "Hunkies," "Guineas," "Poles," and "Wops" stood around behind me as I painted in the pit beneath the charging floor in the steel mill.

As I painted I heard this remark, "You know who is de smartest man in all de world?" I kept on painting.

"Dat artist over dere," he continued. I kept on painting, not daring to look around for fear he would not "spring it."

Then, "Dat feller is painting God mit-oudt seeing him," he remarked.

I stopped—I could paint no longer.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"Dat," said he, smiling through his mask of sweaty coal-dust, "dat, I know dat in de ol' country long before I come to America."

Continuing—he pointed through the

great dark vaulted mill: "Look t'ru dat steel mill—man made all dat; but—he can't make a man—God makes men."

Oh, if that is in a single man like Dave, it is in every human being, dull, suppressed, dormant, all but dead in most of us, but may we not breathe upon that divine spark—with art?—through a picture, a statue, a play, a song, or a poem,

and kindle it into a glowing ember, a flame, a consuming conflagration which will spell achievement?

Oh! where are the artists?—and where are the employers who will open their factory gates to us that we may go to work in *His Vineyard*—and show mankind the universality of God; that men may face each other as brothers?

The Alien's Childhood

BY H. ADYE PRICHARD



HE alien has no childhood. It is a fact which sociologists and welfare workers and Americanization experts forget. The alien is not a securely growing plant, its

roots rejoicing in a familiar soil; he is rather a fragile bloom severed from stem and fibre. The sap of the stock that gave him birth no longer rises in him, and the water and the air are unkind, for they are not the water and the air that he used to know. Speak gently of the alien. He has lost something which you, with all the good intentions in the world, can never give him back—the echo of the dream voices of his innocence.

What did the morning mean to the lotus-eaters—the morning upon which the sun rose with a renewed promise, the morning which sent them forth fresh to the duties and pleasures of the day, the morning with its reborn associations that were destined, in normal times, to last the daily cycle through?

"In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon."

Something was incomplete. The afternoon—time of fruition, of ease, of languor—what did it weigh without the morning to give it substance? As afternoon wore on to afternoon where was the sense of new endeavor, of morning's enterprise? The purposelessness of afternoon closed down upon the lotus-eaters. They were content to renounce; but they were never content to forget.

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did
make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said: 'We will return no more';
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer
roam.'

The modern lotus-eaters pour unnumbered from the catacombs of the great ships, and find that for them it is always afternoon in New York City. Some of them go out to look for the morning in the West, and their car-fare allowance runs out at Dobbs Ferry or Oneonta or Gary; and it is still afternoon. And so perforce they achieve a doubtful resignation, which is shorn of much of its spiritual excellence by the fact that it is a resignation induced by lack of any alternative, and settle down to work and marry and bring up children. Which eventually is the salve of their bereavement—for America's morning is the birthright of these little ones, and for them at any rate it need never be afternoon.

The plight of the immigrant has been voiced by many an advocate. But the representatives of the clan whose woes have regularly been exploited for the commiseration of countless philanthropists,

and the investigation of still more countless societies and government commissions, have always belonged to that class which, arriving in this country through the homelike medium of the steerage, have adventitiously escaped the rigors of Ellis Island, and have immediately become, if not a public charge, at least a public problem. They are, for the most part, unintelligent people, stupendously destitute of that faculty of imagination which is prone to make comparisons, and the morning they have left has been so arid in its sunshine that a little light and shade afford rather a welcome relief. The immigrant of the lower class who comes to America from the shores of the Mediterranean has left his traditions behind him; but they were traditions of which he was never very consciously cognizant. And so he is reasonably adaptable to the new environment in which he finds himself. But it is a very open question as to whether the process of furthering that adaptability is generally carried out with the subtle and delicate skill which so important an operation demands. Don Marquis, an eloquent sociologist, feels very strongly about it. "At the risk," he says, "of being excommunicated by the Ku Klux Klan, ostracized by the Best People, lynched by the American Legion, and otherwise desiccated, decimated, and damaged by other patriotic citizens, permit us to remark that one thing wrong with America is the extraordinary amount of Americanization that is in progress all the time." (Here we rise to state that the trouble, in our judgment, is not so much the amount of Americanization as the method of Americanization.) "Polacks, Bohunks, and Wops, Yegs, Squareheads, Micks, and Spiggoties, come to us by the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, bringing with them prejudices and instincts and racial quirks and slants foreign to our Yank tradition, and we set ourselves at once to grind out of them all the richness of color and strangeness of thought and fervor of emotion." (We wish to underscore "grind." "Grind" is good.) "We destroy the eccentric and the exotic that dumps itself upon our shores, and then run abroad hunting the eccentric and the exotic. Our institutions and our art (literary, dramatic, and pictorial) need more spice and garlic and

caviar. And we feel the need instinctively, though we refuse to recognize it candidly . . . we feel it because our young men and women go abroad to find the elements that the Yank tradition denies them at home, and we import the works of Viennese and Russian and Italian and Scandinavian and Celtic artists by the ship-load."

It is right that we should feel a stirring of genuine pity for these aliens as they squirm under the above-mentioned process of naturalization; but we should pity them not so much that they have been deprived for so long of the blessings of this land of freedom—our usual attitude—as that, late in life, they have been deprived of something else, not intrinsically so precious perhaps, but to them emotionally the pride of destiny—the bone and blood and sinew, the color and contour and smell, the spirit and intimacy and birth gift, of the land that brought them forth. It is right that we should offer them with lavish prodigality a share in this land of ours, its citizenship and education and protection, the reflection of its glories won by generations of pioneers; but it is not right that we should be supercilious when we make the offering. For we must remember that there can never be joy so great in the life of a man as the joy that came to him from the scanty store of his childhood. That joy the immigrant, whoever he is, can only taste once. And that once was when his youth was free in the land of his fathers.

Some alien once said: "I cannot be fully a man unless I have been a child—and my childhood has vanished." It is true that every man's childhood vanishes when he becomes a man. "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things." Yes, the childish things were put away, the lead soldiers swept into the box, the books of adventure sent to the scout headquarters, the stamp collection relegated to the dust of the cupboard drawer, and the dreams and longings and golden panoramas of life rolled up in a transient film of memory; and the cord was loosed—but not forever. The native could not entirely lose those things because, as he passed from milestone to milestone in his life, he would always chance upon some wayfarer who had

been with him in spirit while he played, who understood the same tongue of childhood, and had been moulded by the same delights. He carried his childhood with him though he acted as a man. And those he met had been children of his age and place and time, and their roots were deeply entwined together.

But the alien knows nothing of the childhood of his new home. The games he played, which did so much to foster his inheritance of adventure and romance, were utterly different from the games he sees around him now, which alone his present companions seem to understand. They call for different capacities, they breathe a different spirit. The flag which taught him in childhood the lifelong lesson of loyalty is not the flag he sees at every corner. The books, the coins, the food, the customs, the clothes, the cities, the trains, the toys, the holidays, the churches—influences which unconsciously moulded him to be the man he is and will ever be—have passed away in every visible semblance, and he suffers a torment of re-creation. That he cannot re-constitute himself in happiness is no fault of his. God arranged for the good of all the world that the child should be father of the man. To find it otherwise in one's own consciousness would be to face the fact that one was at best but half a man.

It is not any easier to find the soul of a country than it is to find the soul of a man. And the most sure way of courting failure in the quest is to be conscious of the adventure. If God is to give us realization, God will hide from us the stages of his revelation in all that has to do with his eternal verities. And the realization can never be perfected in us unless we have the gift of imagination, any more than the sun can give us light if our eyes are closed and blinded. Imagination is what the vast army of our aliens almost universally lacks. In the festive and promiscuous motley, with their knapsacks and bundles and green fibre suitcases (suitcase is an absurd euphemism for the appurtenances of him who never owned a suit), with their scarfs and patches and shawls, with their complexions of every possible hue of brown and ochre and terracotta, with their polyglot syllables of every conceivable mode of greeting and loving and cursing, there is display of

most of the qualities that go to represent a man—but there is little imagination. They are not poets, these sun-dried citizens of alien climes. The ceiling of the Grand Central concourse does not remind them of the night sky of the Campagna, nor do the metropolitan ferries speak of the gondolas of Venice. The past is gone—irrevocably. They are starting with a new birth. May it lead on to a happy—if postponed—second childhood!

There are pilgrims more fortunate. One has given us a record of his discovery of the soul of America. "Twenty-five years ago I knew but dimly that the United States existed. My first dream of it came, as well as I remember, from the strange gay flag that blew above a circus tent on the Fair Green." Fate plunges the alien boy into the vortex of New York City. "There I learned the bewildering foreign tongue of earning a living and the art of eating at Childs." But it was in Chicago, not in New York, that he found the United States. And it was in Chicago, disguised under the mark of a "social settlement." "In all my first experience of employers I got not one glimpse of American civilization. Theirs was the language of smartness, alertness, brightness, success, efficiency, and I tried to learn it, but it was a difficult and alien tongue. . . . Here on the ash heap of Chicago was a blossom of something besides success. . . . In that strange haven of clear humanitarian faith I discovered what I suppose I had been seeking—the knowledge that America had a soul." One thing more was needed—the alchemy which would link this soul with the soul of beauties that had passed away, with the eternal remembrances of the spirit of divine childhood lived amid traditions that now had snapped and influences that had ceased to energize. And that alchemy, gloriously understood, was the possession of Lincoln. "The heroes of the peoples of Europe have not been the governors of Europe. They have been the spokesmen of the governed. But here among America's governors and statesmen was a simple authenticator of humane ideals. To inherit him becomes for the European not an abandonment of old loyalties, but a summary of them in a new. The salt of this American soil is Lincoln. When one finds that, one is naturalized."

It is true that of all the patriots in the American Hall of Fame, there is none that speaks to the alien with so intelligible a message as Abraham Lincoln. He seems to be the only one who expressed any genius of temperamental cosmopolitanism. The others—excuse the expression—are provincial, and their appeal is essentially local. Abraham Lincoln can gather us all under his mighty shadow, because he was the best of us all. It is a gift he shares with Shakespeare and Livingstone and Jesus Christ. The emotions and experiences of perhaps half a dozen men in the annals of the world one cannot localize. And those men are the great fathers of all humanity, and the brothers and friends of every alien. The next generation, it may be, will be able to add to the list Theodore Roosevelt and possibly David Lloyd George.

The heart of America is kind toward her aliens—particularly toward her aliens of low degree. But it is a kindness not unmixed with patronage, and any elderly uncle or aunt will tell us that the easiest way to alienate the budding affections of nephew or niece is to be patronizing. Kindness is the most difficult quality to manifest because it demands the essence of sympathy. To be truly kind we must feel ourselves genuinely to be of the same kind. To assert at the outset that the alien has at last, to his eternal good fortune, set foot upon the soil of God's own country is not to be kind: for it implies by comparison that the countries from which the aliens originated were deserted of God in the times of men's wickedness, and unequivocally surrendered to the devil—an imputation which even the sorriest stranger feels tempted to resent. We are forgetting that that stranger sprang from a soil which, ill nourished and blood-stained as it may very well be, was his soil and went into his making, and that the childhood of his race and of his generation—those years in which his whole future was by origin to lie—was spent among its treasures and its promises. We cannot, in a word, expect to be loved or even to be believed when we protest that that soil was damned.

But there are others, besides those offspring of a humbly born caste, who need America's sympathetic understanding even more. They are men of breeding

and education, bearers of names that have been associated with and prominent among the roster of famous names in business and war and politics, men of poise and position and heritage, who come to this great land in commerce or finance or the ministry or the faculty of teaching or one of the thousand pursuits of the gentleman. They come expecting the best. They bring with them something that is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—the tradition of family and country and race, fostered in them with loving care for generation after generation, and they do not expect to be asked to change that tradition; but rather to find in America the expression of it at its highest. They anticipate at least an affectionate understanding of all the sanctities and humanities and spiritualities that have meant life to the old country that gave them birth. Those influences are no transient accidents. They are the breathless realities that make a man what he is. The King, cricket, the Gordon Highlanders, Eton, the charge of the Light Brigade, Rudyard Kipling, Piccadilly Circus, Sir Walter Raleigh—moulded into a million shapes and marked with a million dies and poured out through a million words and glances and mannerisms; yes, and consecrated with a million deaths of sacrifice and heroism: can a man treat such immensities lightly? Must not a man expect that all the world will treat such immensities as sacred? A man may expect anything—that is his privilege: he will be disappointed—that is his second birth.

There is no more pathetic figure in our midst than that of the alien Englishman who has not arrived on our shores until his formative period is over. A casual observer will not know that there is anything pathetic about him—for the Englishman scorns to wear his heart on his sleeve. Very often he is not actually aware himself that he is pathetic, for as a race the English are not overburdened with imagination, as the novelist noted who made the comment that Adam and Eve, before the fall, were probably English. But look at him in any society of men—in the club, at the dinner-party, in the office—especially when he is surrounded by a crowd of American college men. He is a usurper, an outcast. He

has no friends—for never in later life do we admit a fellow being of the same sex into that close intimacy of friendship in which lies the faith of youth; he has no common associations, no power of lasting intercourse. These others started life in America when they were conceived—or as long before that as the stretch of their American forefathers; the Englishman started it when he was eighteen or twenty or twenty-three. And he can never catch up. It is not only that he lacks the friends of youth, but also that all the recollections which partnership in a particular school or college inevitably produce—the most precious treasures of later life—have faded into nothingness. Of course he is frequently a failure, as much in business as in conversation. Where is the common denominator which will grant him a possible equality? These others have family connection, financial and industrial and social capital; people hear their names, and some one, at least, knows who they are. With him life is a career and an education rolled into one, crammed into a space of years hardly competent to contain the career alone. Is it any wonder that the Englishman feels that the pressure of circumstances is against him—and, as often as not, gives up the struggle?

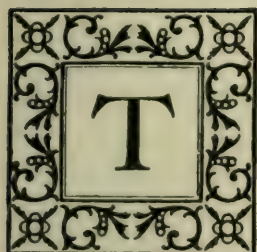
Together with his birthright he has lost his childhood. Therefore we say that the alien has no childhood. For, whatever might have been his inalienable privilege to glory in the sun, that glory lives now only in the company of those he played with and those he loved in the golden days. And those he has lost. Nothing can bring again the hot tears, the divine melancholies, the hopes and fears and dreams of the years that made him what he is, save those with whom he kissed and cried and prayed. Walter Pater is speaking of the eternal glamour of childhood when he says: "The realities and passions, the rumors of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passageway, through the wall of custom about us, and never afterward quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences—our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily

pain, for instance—belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation—that little white room with the windows across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings; and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; and, irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents—the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow—become parts of the great chain where-with we are bound." The nostalgia of death—the desire to go back and lie with one's fathers in the tomb—is not confined to Oriental races. Homer tells us how the soul of the lad Elpenor, killed by accident, entreats Ulysses to "fix my oar over my grave, the oar I rowed with when I lived, when I went with my companions." So it is with us. Our instinctive longing is to renew our childhood even in the shadows where we shall find the ones we played with and have lost.

We aliens who have learned to know and love America want you to understand us. For the good name of our country and for its happiness we want to join you in making this a land in which sympathy is the readiest and most welcoming virtue, that those who come to us may forget, as quickly as may be, the pain it was to part with half their lives. And this can never be unless you are willing to think and speak in the terms of childhood—to remember what it would mean to you if every face and form and tangible means of recollection and power of visualizing what life was like when you were young were suddenly taken from you, and the chart of life were laid before you bare and white and separate and unintelligible. The toys of childhood are sometimes expensive and elaborate and sometimes cheap and tawdry; but our young discrimination often loved the latter before the former. Our childhood was perhaps spent almost exclusively among more tawdry things than yours—but that does not mean that we loved them any the less. Your childhood is with you still—ours is gone. Try to be even more kind to us because it is gone.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



THE invitation to write something about Her Majesty, the Queen of the Netherlands, in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coronation, is one which I welcome

as a personal admirer and friend. Yet it carries with it a certain embarrassment arising from the fact that I have been American Minister at The Hague.

Diplomacy, to be successful, must be open and frank. But it ought not to be inconsiderate. Even after a minister has retired from his post he has no right to publish confidential matters. The rule of "the mahogany-tree" and the rose which hangs above it, still should bind him. Otherwise his successor will not be received into that confidence which is necessary to a real understanding of human affairs. Yet within these limits of propriety there may be room for me to write what I honestly think and feel about the reigning sovereign of Holland, the country of my forefathers.

She is a true scion of the liberty-loving House of Orange, a lady of the finest Dutch type (which is both simple and highly accomplished), democratic in her principles and refined in her tastes. Moreover she is, in my opinion, the ablest and most intelligent crowned head in Europe. (This statement covers also the time before the crowns began to fall.)

Wilhelmina - Hélène - Pauline - Marie, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, was born on August 31, 1880, at The Hague. In 1890, on the death of her father, William III, she succeeded to the royal title, under the regency of her mother Emma, Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, a lady of pure gold,—simple, wise, and sweet as a Puritan mother,—beloved by all the people.

In 1898 the little Queen, being then eighteen years young, with a profile like a Ghirlandajo portrait, had her coronation in the *Groote Kerk* of Amsterdam. The royal girl took the crown in her own hands and put it on her fair head, vowing to render true service to God and to her people. That vow she has kept.

The coronation, with its double homage to an ancestral crown and to a pure and beautiful girl, was an occasion of immense enthusiasm in Holland, and general romantic sympathy throughout the civilized world. Everybody who believed in womanhood sat up and took an interest. I remember that the Holland Society of New York sent a long, historic-sentimental address, (in which I had a hand,) to congratulate the Queen on her accession to the throne.

Then began, for this young girl, the twofold task of a real queen: first, to hold the helm of the ship of state, and guide her country in peace and safety; second, to provide an heir of the House of Orange-Nassau, to which the people of the Netherlands were attached by such historic, patriotic, indissoluble bonds.

Married in 1901, to Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg, four years her senior, the young Queen was faithful to her double duty as ruler and as woman. Of the extraordinary series of accidents—an attack of typhoid fever, a runaway pair of horses, a fall on a steep stairway—which time and again frustrated her maternal hopes, there is no need to speak. Women understand the perils and the heroism of motherhood. If men forget, so much the worse for them.

During this period the Queen was necessarily somewhat withdrawn from public life. People said she was getting proud, exclusive, aristocratic. Shallow public judgment! In reality she was suffering for them.

When the Princess Juliana was born on April 30, 1909, and began to grow as a healthy, normal, buxom child, the Queen was released from her ordeal. She could ride horseback and walk among her people as of old. Her popularity, temporarily obscured by the intimate causes which the populace will never take the time and trouble to understand, returned again, full-orbed, and made her distinctly the best-loved person in Holland.

It was thus that I first saw her, at her country home of Het Loo, in October, 1913—a handsome, happy mother; a naturally shy, but gracious and dignified Queen.

Interviews with royalty seem awful at a distance. In reality they have a singular, almost homely simplicity. After my letters of credence were presented, the Queen's first questions were, (in excellent English:) "Your name is Dutch; when did your ancestors go to America? Are you married, and how many children have you? Are you comfortable in your new house at The Hague?"

This was in the last autumn of a fallacious peace in Europe. Now let me write a few words of personal observation in regard to Holland and her Queen during the dreadful World War—peculiarly dreadful to Holland because its horrors were so close, so daily threatening.

Separated by only a hair's breadth from the chosen path of the devastating Potsdam war-lords through Belgium, the Queen, and her trusty counsellors, Premier Cort van den Linden and Foreign Minister John Loudon, were resolved by every honorable means to save the Netherlands from the ruin of war. This is the purport of the Declaration of Neutrality issued by the Queen and Parliament on *July 30, 1914*. "Within the jurisdiction of the State, comprising the territory of the Kingdom in Europe as well as the colonies and possessions in other continents, no act of war is permitted, nor may that territory be used as a base for warlike operations." (Article I.)

Many people have asked me whether Holland was not pro-German during the war. To this I have answered by asking: "Did you ever hear of a lamb being pro-wolf?" For a century the Dutch people have known that the Pan-Germans

wanted the mouth of the Rhine. That means Rotterdam. Thyssen tried to get it by a trick before the war. But Zimmerman, the Mayor of Rotterdam, foiled him.

Five-sixths of the plain Dutch people during the war sympathized with France,—not so much with England, because England has been Holland's commercial rival for centuries. But the Queen herself, (I beg her pardon if I misinterpret her,) was absolutely and only pro-Dutch, entirely determined to defend her native land against invasion and devastation, resolved to use her mobilized army of four or five hundred thousand against any aggressor, at the drop of a hat, from whichever side of the border the hat might come. I heard her say this more than once. To me it seemed a sane attitude for a small country situated as Holland was.

The hardships and losses inflicted upon the Netherlands during the war were the same as those suffered by the other northern neutral states which were not invaded by the German army. These losses which the Dutch had to bear may be listed under the following main heads.

1. The steadily rising cost of keeping the Netherlands army on a war footing in order to protect the frontier both from hostile invasion, and from the transit of belligerent troops, which would have forfeited Dutch neutrality.

2. The sinking of many merchant ships and fishing-boats by German submarines and floating mines.

3. The interruption of foreign and colonial trade by the maritime blockade of the Allies and the consequent shortage of raw materials for the factories and of markets for the traders.

4. The disorganization of many industries and the consequent loss of employment among industrial laborers. (This caused great suffering among the poor, especially in cities and large towns. Once or twice food restrictions had to be imposed. I remember that once the sale of white bread was prohibited; but my wife gave our cook lessons, and she learned to make it very well.)

Upon the whole, my recollection is that there was little privation or distress in Holland during the war, among the well-to-do. There seldom is. That is one of

the devils of war,—the poor have to bear the heaviest brunt of it.

Per contra Holland had some gains in war time which partially offset the losses.

1. Her farmers and fishermen got very high prices for their goods and found no difficulty in selling all they could raise and catch.

2. The Netherlands Bank accumulated a large stock of gold,—larger, I believe, than ever before in its history. Hence the Dutch money did not depreciate in exchange value, though of course, like all other currency, it lost in purchasing power. At one time, as I knew to my cost, the guilder was at a considerable premium above its normal rate in American paper money or drafts. After the war it declined, but now it stands very steady within a small fraction of the normal rate of exchange. As financiers the Hollanders have never been boobies.

3. The commandeering of a couple of score of Dutch merchant ships by the United States, in 1917, under "the right of angary," looked like a loss, but was really a gain. The rent paid by our Government for the use of the ships gave the Netherlands ship-owners their most prosperous year, without risk of loss. The protest of the Dutch Government was not ferocious: it was a correct diplomatic gesture, made to avert German wrath.

During all the dreadful war time Holland was kept inviolate and peaceful, and suffered only those griefs and calamities which all mankind must share when the devil of war for conquest breaks loose in this close-bound world. With the safety of the Netherlands and their comparative freedom from disaster, the loyal wisdom, firm spirit, and Christian mind of the Queen had much to do.

Many false and silly sensational reports about the conduct of the Prince-Consort were broadcasted in America by the yellow journals. He did *not* run away to Germany. He was *not* called back by a midnight meeting of the cabinet. He was *not* imprisoned in the "House in the Wood." So far as my observation went, (and my opportunities were excellent,) he devoted himself like a good sportsman to his duties as active president of the Netherlands Red Cross, and had no more to do with politics or war than a salt-cellar.

To hear the gossip about him here has made me laugh in a way which I hope my all-wise informants will forgive.

As showing the personality of Queen Wilhelmina perhaps I may, without indiscretion, record two remarks.

At the state luncheon, given at the three-hundredth anniversary of the University of Groningen, where the Queen received the honorary degree of Litt. D., she turned to me and said: "One great regret of my life is that I could not go to college, to study Greek and Latin. But at eighteen,—well, you know what I had to do." I ventured to answer: "Madam, the work which you have done is worth more, by way of education, than any course that any college can offer." Jonkheer John Loudon told me that her chief joy was to attend a cabinet meeting and take part in the discussion.

On another occasion she said to me that she thought there had been a fault in her education. "I was educated too much alone. Now my child Juliana shall be brought up with other girls."

Thus spoke the motherly Queen of the most democratic country in Europe. If by any chance you think of her as a formal and artificial person, you should see her on horseback visiting the camps of her soldiers, or on the ice teaching her daughter to skate, or footing it through the Lange Voorhout in the early morning to visit her mother.

Queen Wilhelmina has been fortunate in having at her right hand loyal and intelligent ministers of various parties,—like the present Foreign Minister, van Karnebeek, son of the famous international jurist. She has been the unifying intelligence of their councils. She inherits from William the Silent, who was, like George Washington, reserved, calm, an aristocrat passionately devoted to the welfare of the people.

Many congratulations from all parts of the world will go to Her Majesty of the Netherlands, the fair girl-queen who has "made good," on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coronation. I hope that one of the warmest of these greetings will come from the American Republic, which owes so much in its history to the luminous example, the constructive ideals of freedom, the practical help, and the steady friendship of the Netherlands.

Lobster-Creels

BY ARTHUR MASON

Author of "The Flying Bo'sun" and "Ocean Echoes"

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GORDON STEVENSON



It was not by accident that Captain Jacobs invited Danny McCann to join him at O'Callahan's. It was the last crafty move of desperation. He was richly rewarded.

By the fourth drink he had it all. The reason why the *Morning Star* had been mysteriously, day by day, sinking deeper into the water. Lobster-creels! Puget Sound lobster-creels to fill an immediate and pressing want of the fishermen down South, whose expected consignments had been delayed when lobsters were earlier than usual, and thick as hops. Quick money and lots of it. Kitty's idea, imparted to Danny, her husband, under seal of the deadliest secrecy!

The *Morning Star* was about loaded, and everything held for a fair and uneventful trip south from Seattle. Captain Jacob's ship, the *Whang*, was also ready to sail the same voyage, and showed unmistakable intentions of getting away first. This was much to the disgust of Captain Dan McCann, who, after his confidence in Jacobs, was unable to find out what cargo was aboard, or why he should have spent both night and day in loading and unloading. As he boarded the *Morning Star* Captain McCann questioned the mate on these matters, but Mr. McHenry, being newly shipped, had no information to give him.

About noon Captain Jacobs came aboard and inquired for Captain McCann.

"He is in the cabin," said the mate; "playing with the canary-bird. Won't you step down and find him?"

"Oh, no, indeed," and there was a sort of quivering burliness about Captain Jacobs at the very thought, "Mrs. McCann might happen along. She is a

screech-owl. She is a man-tamer, I can tell you."

At this moment Captain Dan stuck his head out of the companionway.

"When do you sail, Jacobs?" he said, nodding.

"This evening, if all goes well. And when do you expect to get away?"

"If all goes well," snivelled Captain Dan, "to-morrow noon."

The two captains whispered something to each other which was not audible to the mate's all-too-ready ear. Then, descending the gangway, they shaped a course for the nearest saloon.

About two hours later the echoes were startled by a loud and masculine voice from the wharf: "Ahoy, the *Morning Star*!"

The size of the voice was no indication of the size of its container, for it proceeded from a small and inconspicuous woman neatly shawled and bonneted. But, as she approached, and the sunlight pierced the bonnet's gloom, a face was revealed whose gray eye brooked no contradiction, whose mouth was one accustomed to command. The right arm holding the ruffled skirt was sheer muscle, and the footwork as she bounded to the deck proclaimed that she could take a fall out of any man not specially trained to withstand her.

She was none other than Kitty McCann, master mariner in her own right, half-owner and sole boss of the coastwise schooner *Morning Star*.

"Where is McCann?" she asked, casting as she did so a gimlet gaze over deck, crew, and rigging.

"Gone," the mate answered, briefly.

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Gone wid that divil Jacobs, I suppose. Whin did they go?"

"About noon, arm in arm."

"That settles it. It'll be no less than

thirty days for me poor Danny." "What did the auld clodhopper have to say, now?" she asked presently, after running her eye absent-mindedly over the paint-work, and commenting vividly on its condition.

"He had enough to say."

"Out wid it. I can shtand dinamite now. Was it me good name he'd be afther slurrin'?"

Now the mate was young, and no better than mates usually are. Not that he meant to make mischief. He remembered Captain Jacobs' expression as well.

"He said that neither you nor your husband were even capable of running a fishing-boat. That as for being seamen——"

She was pawing the deck like a horse in a shallow stream.

"No more," she cried, then to herself in an almost affectionate tone:

"I'll not kill him, I'll *murder* him!"

There was a commotion forward. McHenry looked up, and saw that Kitty's gaze was riveted on a small tug that was bearing down upon them. Behind her lurched the schooner *Whang*, outward bound. Captain Jacobs, holding aloft and waving a large lobster-creel, shouted as he passed in a voice that could be heard as far as sound could travel:

"Starboard your helm and keep away from McCann's paper-box. McCann is in jail, where he belongs. We'll see who'll take his rotten old hooker out of Puget Sound. We'll see . . . get first . . . at the lobsters!"

Kitty was too far gone for speech. The mate walked forward, and stood with his back turned, pitying her helplessness. It was pity wasted.

"Tell the crew," she began; "no, tell thim nothing. We'll sail to-morrow before noon. I'll be aven wit that hide-bound bum yet."

Then and there McHenry resolved to take a chance on Davy Jones's locker if he must, in command of a woman, but to stick by the ship, if only to see what became of her.

At about eleven the next day an express-wagon drew up at the gangway of the *Morning Star*. There, seated alongside the driver, was Kitty McCann.

"Ahoy, the *Morning Star*!" she shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir," the mate answered, unconsciously.

"Bring your min here to carry me things on board, and hurry, we have no time to lose."

The crew rallied around the expressman silently, all but one man with a crooked leg, who ejaculated: "Good gracious, is *she* going with us? Well, we can expect bad weather, and lots of trouble!"

Another sailor, who stuttered, remarked: "It l-l-looks as if we hh-h-had b-bbeen s-sh-sh-shanghaied!"

Fortunately this escaped Kitty's lightning hearing. She was snowed under with rubber-boots, oilskins, boxes, and very masculine-looking luggage; but, as they gradually dug her out, it became clear that she purposed taking command dressed in a red flannel skirt of furious hue, offset above by a pea-green tam-o'-shanter with a long woollen tassel, and below by stockings of the same vernal color, ending in square-toed carpet slippers.

While she was in the cabin arranging her belongings a tugboat came alongside and demanded a head-line. This caused the crooked-legged sailor to say earnestly as he gazed ashore:

"In the name of Heaven, where is the captain?"

Sharp and clear from the stern of the *Morning Star* rang the command:

"Cast off your lines forward, and a couple of youse come aft and haul in the stern-lines, and some one shtand by with a cork-fender."

The crooked-legged sailor uttered his final protest:

"I have sailed around the world. I have been north to seventy-seven; I have been south to sixty-four. But, Lord, not with a woman captain, not with a woman."

About four bells the next day, in the middle watch, the northwest wind which had driven her along at seven knots for twenty-four hours died away, leaving the sails flapping in the bolt-ropes. Away to the southward and eastward clouds were making with a light scud overhead. One hour later a fresh breeze arose from the southeast. By four o'clock the breeze continued to freshen, and the choppy sea made the *Morning Star* dip and dive, squeak and groan.

At ten o'clock, with the wind still fresh, and the sea quite lumpy, she was making dirty weather of it. Astern, and out of the horizon, a topsail schooner was fast gaining upon her. Kitty was particularly interested in watching her out of a pair of binoculars, impatiently switching her green tassel out of the way of her vision, the while the red petticoat made a grand showing streaming in the wind.

"I can't make out," she said, as she laid the glasses by, "whether she has two topmasts or three."

"Well," answered McHenry, "we shan't have long to wait, at the rate she is gaining on us."

There was a new expression on Kitty's face. The eye no longer had even a trace of kindness, but was become cruel and daring. As the stranger came ploughing along close hauled and on the port tack, still gaining, and crowding a little to windward, Kitty snatched up the glasses and looked through them long and earnestly. Then she handed them to the mate, saying:

"What is she?"

"She is a two-topmast schooner," said he, momentarily.

"Can you see her name?" she barked back.

"I can make out the first letter."

"In the name of Hivin, what is it?"

"W——," but as he continued to look at and spell the letters in the name of the fast-approaching schooner, Kitty in her excitement pulled the glasses away from him, and picking up the tail of her skirt wiped the lenses long and carefully, then focussed them to her glittering eye, and threw them full on the suspicious name astern the *Morning Star*.

While Kitty gazed as if life and death depended on the name of the schooner, the canary-bird sang, and the man at the wheel cleared his throat. Finally she set down the glasses with a bang.

"The durty auld shnake."

"Can you make out her name, Mrs. McCann?" the mate asked, tactlessly.

She turned on him like a she-bear.

"Niver mind what her name is. How much of the cintreboard is down?"

"It is all down."

"Pick half of it up, and get the stay-sail and flying-jib on." Then quietly to

herself: "It is the howly Saint Anthony himself that guided him into this course, and becalmed him to meet up wid us. Be no other chanst could I have beat him down. It may be doubtful now that I can do it, but it'll be the last vyage of Katharine Viola McCann if I do not."

Kitty's superior knowledge of handling the schooner seemed to have an immediate effect on the crew. They were aware of the rivalry with the *Whang*, and when she passed close to windward, close enough for them to distinguish Jacob's derisive pose on the poop-deck, they one and all became interested in the race to San Pedro, which was on in earnest now.

McHenry, too, felt the new interest, but with it a shade of anxiety, for with the glasses he could not but notice that Captain Jacobs's face, for all its coarseness, was the face of a veteran of the sea, and that to judge by his behavior and grave expression, he saw danger for both ships, and that not so far ahead.

The schooner was making heavy weather as she dipped her jibboom under the water, bringing tons of the emerald green over the forecandle and down to the main deck, where it raced away to the lee scuppers and to freedom. Cracking, groaning, buckling, and pitching the salt foam from stem to stern; it was only with the greatest difficulty that one could stand upon her bronco decks.

"I am afraid," said McHenry, looking aloft, "that the *Morning Star* has too much spread of canvas for this wind and sea."

Kitty braced her foot against the mooring-bitt. The green tam-o'-shanter blew away unheeded, its tassel streaming to the last. The wind that knows no virtue had respect neither for her hair nor her red flannel petticoat. She looked savagely ahead at the *Whang*.

"No, me bye, if the *Morning Star* can't carry her topsails atop av the wather, be me sowl she'll have to carry thim under the wather."

The crooked-legged sailor came hurrying aft.

"Mrs. McCann," he said, nervously, "she has sprung a seam on the weather-bow, and the water is running into the forecandle."

"Is it up to the bunks yet?"

"Well, no, but the Lord save us if it ever do get that high. I am afraid, Mrs. McCann, that you are crowding the little vessel too much. She can't stand it, ma'am, she can't."

He got no further. Kitty flew at him like a bantam rooster.

"It's a purty-looking sailor ye are. Go forward wit you, gowan now, before I lose me timper and tell you what I think of youse. Bail it out or drown, you lazy hound, and as far as the *Morning Star* is concerned, I'll sail her under, I'll make firewood of her, before I'll take in a yard of canvas! Now go forward and tell that to your fair-weather shipmates."

McHenry ran to the cabin for his oil-skins, then forward to the fore-castle to find out how the leak was. Old shoes, tin plates, and odds and ends of a sailor's belongings were awash on the narrow floor.

"Where is the leak?" he cried.

"Leak be damned," shouted a short sailor, delivering himself with one foot propped up on the bunk, the other resting on a floating bench; "the bottom has dropped out of her, that's what."

"Get your buckets, men, and bail it out."

"Well," said crooked-leg (who, by the way, claimed that he had once fallen from the mast in a fit), "not that I want to interfere with any plans for the safety of the *Morning Star*, but with all respect for Mrs. McCann, she might as well ask us to bail out the ocean." He was clearing his throat to enlarge upon his subject when a sudden corkscrew pitch threw them all into the rising water on the fore-castle floor.

"What did I tell ye?" shouted the irrepressible one, as he washed around. "What about me dream now? The dream you laughed at?"

The mate scrambled for the stairs and went aft to report to Kitty. The petticoat of no surrender was inconspicuous now. It had given way to a long black oilskin coat. The carpet-slippers had been replaced by hip-boots, and the tam-o'-shanter by an equally distinctive old rubber hat, with a decided list to port.

As McHenry approached he said: "Mrs. McCann, I did not know you."

"Ah, shure an' I feel more comfortable now that I have me corsets off."

"There is two feet of water in the fore-castle," he said, pathetically.

"Is the water gaining on thim?" as she took a bearing on the schooner ahead.

"Yes, very fast," he said.

"Well, have thim move aft to the lazaret. Shure an' it's dry enough there for anny wan. You had better sound her and see if there is air dhrop of wather in the hold."

While he was in the lazaret getting the sounding-rod the mate could hear Kitty screaming her orders. He knew that at any moment something might be carried away, and thinking that this had happened, stuck his head out of the lazaret hatch. He saw Kitty towering over three sailors from the fore-castle. She seemed to grow as she grew angrier.

"We can't bail it out," said one, as he dodged a sheet of spray; "it's coming too fast."

"I can see daylight through her every time she rolls to leeward," interrupted the stout sailor.

"Move your dunnage aft here to the lazaret," said Kitty angrily; "it's afraid of a little water you are. Shure, and I believe it's flying-fish sailors you would be."

"Take the topsails off her," ventured crooked-leg, "before she goes to pieces."

"The divil a stitch will come off her as long as there is a plank left in her." Kitty was working up a dramatic scene for the benefit of those soaking sailors. She stepped to the weather rail and pointed ahead.

"Do you see that blackguard ahead? Well, it's me intintions to beat him to San Pedro if I have to drown ivery wan av yez. Wit the help av God," crossing herself, "and me faith in the *Morning Star*, I'll do it or drown wit yez."

The schooner was diving into the lumpy sea, throwing white combers from her arrow bow, forty or fifty feet to windward. When she rolled to leeward one would think that the drift-bolts were slowly receding from their fastenings. The groanings and squeakings were intensified as she rolled to windward. As she rose to the sea, showing her forefoot, the stern would go down into the trough. Down till the sea was even with the davits.

The crew, getting no satisfaction from

the master, slunk forward obedient to Kitty's commands.

There were twenty inches of water in the schooner's hold. The situation was serious. With the constant driving against the wind and sea, there was danger that the frail vessel would open up and spill her crew into the water.

McHenry reported this to Kitty. Peering out from the rim of her storm hat with daring eyes, she answered him quite calmly.

"Oh, well, that little dhrop won't disturb us much."

"Mrs. McCann, do you realize that she may open up at any minute, and we'll all be drowned like rats in a trap? I don't trust even the knee-bolts, and if they spring the hold will be the box, and the deck the lid, and it'll be up to you what we ride on."

"I don't give a divil damn if the bottom dhrops out of her. I have sworn to me Maker to win this race, and I have yet to go back on Him!"

Stuttering John at the wheel began to look and act as if he were about to be overcome by a fit. His arms were flying over his head, he was kicking at the wheel-box. His mouth was open, his ears flung back like a braying ass, but not a sound could he utter.

"Speak, man, speak," shouted Kitty; "is it dying you are?"

He pointed astern, and with great difficulty sputtered: "Th-th-th—" Then he tried another tack with no better success. "C-c-c-c—"

"Out wit it," cried Kitty, "if it chokes you!"

"C-c-centreboard gone!"

"Ah, and don't let that bother you, me good man," patting him on the hand; "shure, we'll niver miss it. There's plenty of her left yit. You kape your eyes on the *Whang* ahead, and nose to windward of him all you can." She turned to the mate, not at all daunted by increasing misfortune.

"Put the crew to work and pump her out."

The *Whang*, about four cable-lengths ahead, was still holding on to her topsails, although she was making as dirty weather of it as was the *Morning Star*. Her hull was a mass of white foam, and at times all

that was visible of her was her raking spars. Jacobs was as daring as Kitty was about carrying sail, a fact that spoke for the importance of the race to him, also.

Six o'clock and supper. The wind was increasing. After pumping four hours the water had gained four inches in the hold, making two feet.

Kitty seemed in suspense at leaving the deck. The strain of the race was beginning to tell upon her. The cook, waiting his chance for an even keel, served bean soup.

"Mrs. McCann," began the mate hesitatingly, "the water is gaining on us in the hold, and I am afraid that by morning we shall be water-logged and helpless, unless the *Whang* comes to our rescue."

The spoon dropped from Kitty's hand, spilling the soup over the dirty tablecloth. The pointed and freckled nose drooped, the cheeks were no longer flushed with the adventurous spirit of youth, and the fighting and flashing eyes faded into dreamless space. Kitty's hope was gone.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. Her trembling hand tried to push back her spray-soaked hair. The silence was miserable.

Heedless of the scene in the cabin, the *Morning Star* drove on. But the reverberations from the pump told that the crew were fighting for their lives. The sympathetic cook was snuffling in the pantry. Even McHenry, hardened as he was, hated the words he had been forced to speak.

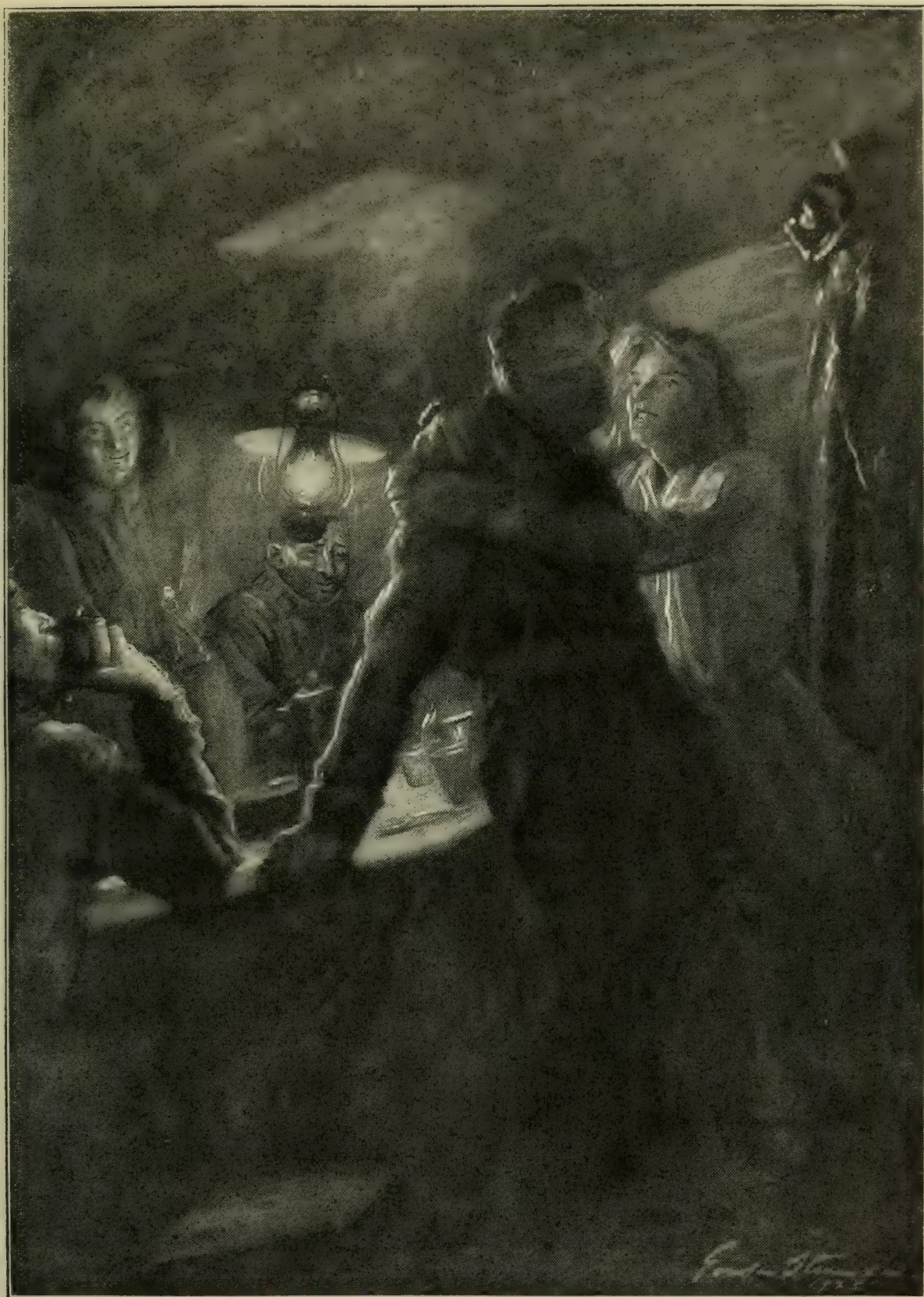
Kitty rose slowly, steadying herself against the table.

"Take the topsails and flying-jib off her."

She started to go into her room, then, turning around suddenly she cried out: "It's the dishgrace of it, it's the dishgrace of it, dragging me good name and character through the streets. I could choke him, the dirty hound! Ah, he must be happy now, whin he sees me take in sail, and the *Morning Star* opening up, with me husband in jail, and me cintreboard gone!"

She jumped in front of him, furiously.

"If I could pass him once, I would die happy. Yis, if I could just pass him, even if I niver set foot upon the land again, I



Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

"I have niver kissed ary man outside of Danny McCann, . . . but, right or wrong, I am going to kiss you."—Page 314.

would forgive me inimies, and close me eyes in peace at the bottom of the sea!"

Then tears of emotion and sorrow took possession of her again, and rubbing her tear-stained face pathetically she murmured:

"I am only a woman, after all."

Kitty's last words fastened onto McHenry like a vise. She was only a woman after all. She had no one to encourage her in the race against Jacobs. She knew that she was alone in the fight. It was not for her own life that she was willing to sacrifice her one cherished dream. It was not for the ship. It was for the sake of the crew. In the final word she was the real Master Mariner.

"Mrs. McCann," said the mate, touching her on the arm, "don't cry. Brace up. By jingo, we will beat the *Whang*, or sink the *Morning Star*."

Kitty ceased sobbing. The glow that lighted her face made her seem almost pretty. She threw her arms around his shoulders.

"God bliss ye," she said; "I have niver kissed ary man outside of Danny McCann, and of late years very little at that, but, right or wrong, I am going to kiss you."

Death held no terrors for McHenry now. He went to the companionway.

"Tell the men to lay aft here," he called to a sailor. "Splice the main brace!" It is the call to lay aft for grog. When the sailor hears this heavenly murmur, the misery of years fades from his hardened face.

They crowded around the companionway, and Kitty spoke with tears in her voice and on her cheeks.

"Men, do you see that schooner ahead of you?"

"We do, Mrs. McCann."

"Well, if she beats us to San Pedro I am a ruined and dishgraced woman. Are you willing to take the risk of your lives to get ahead of her?"

"We are," they shouted, and Stuttering John gave emphasis with head and hands.

"Here, give thim a ball, and the man at the wheel, too, God bliss thim, shure they are deservin' of it. I niver mind a drink to a sailor, or a sowl that is passing away."

"And," she continued, turning to McHenry, "ye may have seen a fisherman's staysail in the lazareet. Well, I'm thinkin' we'll be takin' the chanst of stringin' it up. Be the grace av God we be gainin' on Jacobs now, and be the strenth av the staysail we should pass him althegither if we hold up."

Every man in the crew knew the risk they were taking now. The staysail had the same drawing-power as both topsails, and was as large. The added strain on the ship would be proportionate to the enormous increase in speed. But the main brace was spliced. What was a leaky schooner now, or a misplaced sea?

The muddled strains of a sailor's chanthey floated aft from 'midships.

"Then heave ho, away Rio,
Fare you well, my pretty young girls,
We are bound for Rio Grande."

The groaning, even the death-struggles, of the *Morning Star*, would rhyme now to some old familiar melody. "Let her blow, let her roll, shipmates, this is the life!"

Getting up the sail, carrying it forward, and bending it took about five minutes. But to hoist it up, and get it on was a problem that required tact, skill, and strength. There was no time to lose, for the setting sun was making another day in the antipodes.

Regardless of the schooner's misery Kitty was at the wheel, relieving the helmsman to help the others. She was blazing with excitement.

"I could steer her through hell without a pilot," she said aloud, "just to have the pleasure of passing that auld divil himself." Then, "Are you ready, me byes?"

"All ready to hoist away, Mrs. McCann."

Down went the wheel, and up came the brave little vessel, heedless of the strain upon her emaciated hull; daring the wind and the whitecap combers, ever obedient to the whims of man, answering her master, and bowing before the elements that know no law. The whistling of the wind and the groaning of the schooner were lost in the noise of flapping sails.

"Hand over hand, men, lively, lively, up with it, belay, aft to the sheet, another pull—make fast!" roared the mate.

"All fast, sir."

The mate signalled to Kitty that the sail was set. She answered by putting her wheel up, and filling away on the shuddering canvas. As the schooner listed over to the force of the wind and sea, her voice could be heard above the tumult.

"Ivery man for himself, and God be wit yez!"

The crew ran to the weather-main-rigging, and McHenry aft to the wheel and Kitty. He got to the break of the poop, unable to go farther. The *Morning Star* was trembling over fathomless depths. The weather side, from the beam aft, pitched high out of water, assuming a horizontal position.

The fore and main booms were trailing in the sea, the hempen lanyards that supported the windward shrouds groaned and stretched in the deadeyes. The masts buckled, the sea-washed hull warped and twisted like a dying eel. No, she could not survive.

She had lost her headway when she came up in the wind, and was now being crushed by wind and sea and sail, unable to regain the momentum which was her only alternative to a watery grave.

The cinnabar sky to the westward was fading into the blue—to the eastward the faint and murky rays of a new September moon hung over the horizon, mocking those men in their despair. Alas, the work of an eccentric woman!

Suddenly a voice rang out loud and clear. Kitty's voice.

"Now, now, for me revinge!"

McHenry struggled to his hands and knees, and crept aft. The *Morning Star* was under way, no longer in a death-vice. The last rays of a dying day shone upon her, as she split the sea like a dolphin leaping toward the vessel ahead.

Kitty had kicked herself clear of her hip boots, and in so doing had parted the fastening which supported the pea-green stockings. In her acrobatic manœuvres with the wheel they were forced from their mooring, and lay in emerald folds about her feet.

She stood perched to windward of the wheel, a heelhold around the corner of the wheel-box. Her left knee was braced against the spindles, and her nimble hands commanded the spokes. She looked like

a windtorn half-uprooted cedar on a hillside against the rising moon.

"Unconquering, but unconquered, still!"

She was talking to the *Morning Star* as a mother would talk to her child.

"Take it aisy, me girl, take it aisy. Shure, I niver doubted you for a second. It's not shtrangling you I am, it's giving you your head. Now show that baste on the *Whang* your purty, fair stern."

The *Morning Star*, defiant as her master, refused to acknowledge the autocratic sea. She dove through it like a silver salmon on his way to softer ripples and shallower waters.

The crew in the rigging were twisted around the swiftners and the ratlines, high above the surging foam that enveloped the hull and deck. They were fast gaining on the *Whang*, which was about two hundred yards ahead, and a little to windward.

"I pass to leeward," shouted Kitty, waving off the mate's offer to take the wheel. "I'll take no chances with the crooked auld divil by passing on the weather side."

The *Whang* was three ship's lengths ahead.

"Look at him, the haythen, look at him, he is trying to cross me bows!"

The *Morning Star* was abaft the beam of the *Whang*, and a cat-jump to leeward of her. The unexpected would have to happen if collision were to be avoided. The men still clung in the rigging, motionless, in the face of this new danger.

"Keep her off," they cried to Kitty; "you're running into him, you'll drown us all!" For it is one thing to die because you have to, and quite another to perish through mistake.

Kitty puckered her mouth, and the wind seemed to make a gap for her voice, so loud it sounded.

"Haul in the mainsail!" she roared.

The crew slid down from the rigging, and ran for the sheet, with the strength that comes only in danger. They pulled till their eyes stuck out and their muscles stretched in pain. They flattened the mainsail in about ten feet. That was enough for Kitty.

"Belay," she shouted, "and look out for yourselves."

She put the wheel down, and the *Morning Star* nosed her head less than half a point to windward of the *Whang*.

Barely missing the weather quarter she was abreast of her now and less than twenty feet away. Slowly she took the wind out of the sails of the *Whang*, which dropped astern, and Captain Jacobs's language, fit to melt pig-iron, could be plainly heard.

Kitty took her eyes off the *Morning Star* just for a moment.

"Ha, ha! you auld blackguard who call yourself a sailor——"

She did not finish, for her voice broke into hysterical laughter that chimed the notes of conquest of the sea.

The crew, sure now of their captain and defiant through and through, clutched with one hand the briny shrouds, and with the other pulled off their caps and waved them high, cheering and cheering again.

When the force of the wind caught the loose, floppy sails of the *Whang*, a deafening and tearing roar spread out, and drowned laughter and cheers alike. Jacobs's sails were blown to ribbons.

The Great Bear was slowly circling the Polar Star, a horn of crescent moon was perpendicular to the horizon, as the *Morning Star*, dressed for comfort, sped on to harbor lights.

For five dismal days and nights the pumps sang their funeral dirge, but the *Morning Star* didn't carry her name for nothing, and safely she crept into port.

Kitty lost no time in disposing of her cargo. She unloaded her wares on the wharf, and sent an urgent call to the fishermen. They came in droves, and outbid each other for the lobster-creels.

"Now, min," she would say, as she held

up a creel, "what's the use to go to Alaska wit the gold plentiful at your door? Here you are, me byes, take thim away as long as they last. Shure an' I'm giving thim away at two dollars for the large ones and a dollar fifty cints for the shmall ones."

On the morning of the fourth day after, the *Whang* loafed into port and berthed just ahead of the *Morning Star*. Kitty saw Jacobs taking the hatches off his cargo, getting ready to unload. She still had some creels left, but not enough to fill the demand. How should she spoil his market?

"Come on, me hearties," she shouted; "come on, me fine-looking buckoes, you can have what is left for a dollar for the big ones and fifty cints for the small ones."

In vain Jacobs bid for custom. Kitty had the crowd. The market was swamped at last. "Come on and buy," she called hoarsely, "all you have to do is to put in a morsel of dog-salmon, thin drop it into twinty-foive feet of wather, and you have as foine a bit of lobster as iver you sunk your teeth into."

As she sold the last of her cargo she noticed a man running toward her. Before she had time to pocket her sale he stood breathless before her. He spoke as if his very life depended upon her answer.

"Kitty, for the love of hivin, give me tin dollars."

"And phwat would you be wantin' wit tin dollars, ye auld jailbird?" she asked with no more show of emotion than if she had seen Danny McCann at this very spot yesterday.

"It will cost me that for me fine to bate up Jacobs," he answered, simply.



Strange Memories

BY EDGAR JAMES SWIFT

Author of "Psychology and the Day's Work"



MR WILLIAM HAMILTON once said, speaking of Grotius and Pascal: "They forgot nothing that they had ever read." Of course this was an

exaggeration. These men had read and forgotten much that was not revealed in their vast learning. An efficient memory does not retain everything. It is selective.

Forgetting is as important as remembering, but we must forget the right things—that is, the facts which are useless for our purposes. That which impressed Hamilton in Grotius and Pascal was their marvellous erudition within the circle in which they were working and writing. And this circle seemed distressingly large even to so scholarly a man as Hamilton. But this only shows that these men were doing an immense business in ideas. When one is immersed in work in which one is profoundly interested one has little difficulty in remembering the facts related to one's problems. Such a person remembers them because he uses them. This, then, is the secret of an efficient memory.

Whenever a man has a remarkable memory in any line there is a reason for it. And this reason is personal inclination or force of circumstances which has made him practise the sort of memory in which later he is found to excel. Facts for which we have no use are forgotten. Personal motives, of course, play the leading part in promoting a good memory. An excellent illustration is mentioned by Frank Harris in his "Contemporary Portraits." He is quoting Upton Sinclair, who was speaking of his own memory and the change that occurred when writing gave him a compelling motive for remembering.

"I studied Latin five years and Greek three," Mr. Sinclair said. And "I looked

up some words in the dictionary ten thousand times and forgot them ten thousand times." But in writing, he continues a little later in Mr. Harris' sketch, "I developed a really extraordinary memory for words; I never put pen to paper till I had whole pages off by heart in my mind. I would walk up and down thinking it over and over, and it would stay in my mind—whole scenes.

"In the stock-yards I came on a wedding and sat and watched it all the afternoon and evening, and the whole opening scene of 'The Jungle' took shape in my memory. I never jotted down a note, nor a word, but two months later, when I settled at home to write, I wrote out that scene, and I doubt if three sentences varied. I can still do that."

It would be well, perhaps, before going farther, to make one point clear. There is no such thing as memory. Instead of this there are memories. Some excel in remembering faces, while others recall names or dates with ease. Doubtless this is due, in part, to heredity, but in large measure, it is the result of practice. Native ability of a particular sort, however, probably explains some of the memory feats which seem to us almost miraculous.

Selection is always operative in work that demands a high degree of specialized memory. The checkless checkers of hats in large hotels are illustrations. Doubtless many young men were employed and discharged before one was found who could learn to take three hundred hats from men entering the dining-room and distribute them as the diners left, without checks and without an error. In a city luncheon club with nearly four hundred members, for example, the usual method of paging a man who is wanted has been changed to asking the colored man in the hat-room whether this man has arrived. And a glance over the hats gives accurate information.

Conversation with those who display this wonderful and peculiar memory has always brought essentially the same reply. They have no system. They talk vaguely about something which, in psychological language, is association between the appearance of the hat and the face of its owner. One of the colored men whose ability to distribute unchecked hats seemed limitless, said that he looked at the inside of the hat and then at the face of the man who gave it to him. One cannot help wondering whether this is an illustration of association by similarity.

Pressing need for a certain kind of memory and the practice that this need promotes usually give striking results. This is the explanation of the amazing memory of public men for names and faces. It is a large part of their stock in trade. For them this ability constitutes much of that intangible asset known as good-will.

Then there are those marvellous storytellers who can entertain by the hour with fascinating anecdotes—fascinating, that is, if we are not too frequently in the company of those who tell them. But if chance brings us often their way, the fatal truth reveals itself even to the unpsychological. The desire to entertain has become pathological, and these men repeat the same stories without remembering that they have told them to us many times before. The disease of wishing to be entertaining, and the repetition that accompanies the story habit, enable these repeaters to remember the anecdotes, but no general faculty of memory saves their friends from the social affliction that requires frequent laughter over the same story.

One's friends are excellent subjects for psychological observation. They illustrate all the deviations and eccentricities of the human mind, and a few besides. Consequently, if one will but note one's friends, one will see the strange ways in which memory works, at least in others.

And now, in passing, if we may mention a rather common memory eccentricity of our friends, they often lose the point of the conversation in an outburst of memories unrelated, except as a chronological series of events. The thought in mind, the incident which we wish to relate, or the statement that we want to drive home

with argument, should be the guiding influence in this associative recall. Yet many begin their remarks with a preamble which has no observable connection with the point under discussion. And the only way by which these friends of ours can advance is by relating everything in chronological order, regardless of its irrelevance to the subject. One of Jane Austin's characters, Miss Bates, in "Emily," is an excellent illustration.

"But where could *you* hear it?" cried Miss Bates. "Where could you possibly hear it, Mr. Knightly? For it is not five minutes since I received Mrs. Cole's note—no, it cannot be more than five—or at least ten—for I had got my bonnet and spencer on just ready to come out—I was only gone down to speak to Patty about the pork—Jane was standing in the passage—were you not, Jane? For my mother was so afraid that we had not any salting-pan large enough. So I said I would go down and see, and Jane said: 'Shall I go down instead? For I think you have a little cold, and Patty has been washing the kitchen.'"

Every one wishes to have a good memory. Aside from its advantages in business and professional life, it has social value. We all envy the success of entertainers in a congenial group. But we do not wish to become bores. And if we observe social gatherings we must admit that the line between entertainment and boredom is a very narrow one. Closer observation will also convince us that our entertaining companions are rather frequently on the wrong side of the line. This is an advantage to a psychologist who would venture a friendly criticism of human nature. He can always write with the calm assurance that his readers, conscious of their own self-righteousness, will apply the criticism to a friend.

We have said that there are different kinds of memories instead of one general faculty. And this is of great importance. The common-sense view is that training the memory in one line trains it throughout, just as muscles developed in athletics may be used in physical work of any sort. But investigations in the psychological laboratories have proved this view untrue.

Professor Woodworth, of Columbia University, tested this common-sense

view upon himself. He committed to memory a stanza of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and found that it required eleven minutes. After three weeks of practice he reduced the time needed for learning a stanza to four minutes. His memory for this poem had, therefore, increased three-fold. But further investigation showed that there was no noticeable improvement in his ability to memorize names, or numbers, or paragraphs from scientific journals. This is merely a sample of what investigations in the psychological laboratories have revealed. And in the field of practical life the writer is acquainted with a police inspector who knows the faces of over twenty thousand police characters, but whose wife says that he never remembers any errands that she rashly intrusts to him.

Horace Walpole has given an excellent illustration of this specific nature of memory. Speaking of himself, he once said: "In figures I am the dullest dunce alive. I have often said of myself, and it is true, that nothing that has not a proper name of a man or woman attached to it fixes any idea upon my mind. I could remember who was King Ethelbald's great-aunt, and not be sure whether she lived in the year 500 or 1500."

It may be well to say, however, as an aid to understanding the human mind, that memory is not the only mental process that is specific. All abilities are of this sort. Just as there is no such thing as a faculty of memory, so there is no faculty of observation, or of judgment, or of reasoning. Sir Oliver Lodge's training in scientific experimentation in physics has not given him a keen, critical judgment in psychical research. Nor has Sir Conan Doyle's study of methods of detecting criminals improved his ability in exposing the tricks of spiritualistic performers.

To be sure, methods of work, habits of thoroughness and perseverance acquired in one line of work may be carried over to another. These aids to efficiency may be gained in any work or study, and no one would deny their value. But they are not the distinguishing mark of ability. Many men are painfully industrious, yet they accomplish little.

No single cause explains the inefficiency

of some industrious men. Putting it somewhat roughly, the explanation is lack of discrimination between what is essential to the success of the matter in hand and what is not essential. In other words, it is failure to select the important facts, to remember them, and to use them constructively. This makes the difference between achievement and failure. "Constructive imagination," says Albert Bigelow Paine, "and a gift for collecting and presenting conclusive facts that has rarely been equalled," enabled Theodore Vail to accomplish the impossible in the railway mail service of the government and in the early struggles of the Bell Telephone Company. If we know what should be done, and do it, we attain the desired results. But knowing what should be done is understanding a situation.

So far as an efficient memory is concerned, the difficulty is to recall the right thing. All West Point graduates, for example, have been trained in the strategy and tactics of the great military commanders. But not all of them, in the presence of an emergency, can recall the military movement that will defeat the enemy. It is a matter of selection as well as recall—of judgment as well as of memory. It is seeing things and events in their right relation. At its lowest level this ability distinguishes the "sane" from the capricious, and, at its highest, the man of genius from the mediocre.

Edward Bok, for instance, as he says in his autobiography, observed "that the average popular magazine of 1889 failed of large success because it wrote down to the public—a grievous mistake that so many editors have made, and still make. No one wants to be told, either directly or indirectly, that he knows less than he does, or even that he knows as little as he does . . . and the public will always follow the leader who comprehends this bit of psychology." Other editors also had these facts, but Mr. Bok recalled them in connection with one another. And this ability made him one of the influential editors of the country.

As recently as the beginning of Stefansson's Arctic explorations, to cite another example of failure to use facts which one knows, many explorers assumed that salt-

water ice could not become fresh with the natural variations of the Arctic seasons. Now those who held this view were scientific men who had all of the information needed to show them that sea ice becomes fresh by the end of the first summer after its formation. They simply did not recall the essential facts and use them in their thinking.

Stefansson, in his recent book, "The Friendly Arctic," tells a story which shows the difference between merely remembering, on the one hand, and, on the other, recalling the facts essential to a given question and using them in its solution. The story is the more significant because it refers to Sir John Murray, perhaps the greatest authority, at that time, on all ocean problems. Sir John, as Stefansson relates the incident, while cruising in northern waters ran short of fresh water, and all on board were seriously apprehensive. In the distance they saw indications of ice, and Sir John, from his knowledge of ocean currents, thought it probable that these floes came from one of the large Siberian rivers and, consequently, would be fresh. Under his advice, therefore, the captain steered to the floes, and when they reached them they "were gratified to find that it was river ice from which they could get fresh water."

"At this point," continues Stefansson, "I asked Sir John how he knew that it was river ice, and was dumbfounded by his reply: 'It was obvious,' he said, 'for the water on top was nearly fresh and the ice itself, except on the edges where the spray had been dashing on it, also tasted fresh.' In spite of being the greatest living oceanographer, Sir John was unaware of the fact, which I then supposed to be well known to all polar explorers, that sea ice becomes fresh" by the action of the sun. Sir John, however, had all the facts needed for this knowledge, since it is a matter of elementary physics, but he had not used the data. He had not recalled the facts, brought them together, and applied them to the problem. His memory, in this instance, at least, was not selective.

Again, the horrible suffering and death of all the members of Sir John Franklin's expedition for the exploration of the Northwest Passage were quite unneces-

sary had they recalled the facts which they knew—and used them. They starved and died in a land of plenty. The leaders of that expedition were not unaware that seals, and polar bears, and caribou abounded on the land or in the seas of the Eskimo. But they did not recall these facts and bring them into connection with their needs. Frantic haste to reach the outlying posts of the Hudson Bay Company inhibited the recall of ideas which would have enabled these explorers to pass a year in the North as comfortably as in the bonny South.

Facts may be classified, somewhat freely, into two groups—those which should be remembered and those which may be looked up in reference books. Engineers, for instance, have their handbooks to which they turn for certain data. All of these figures and formulæ could be committed to memory, just as could the numbers of the telephone book, but it would be a foolish waste of time. It would not improve the memory for other things, and, besides, the accumulation would clog the mind. The important thing is to remember their use and know where they may be found.

Selection, then, should be the rule in memory—selection of the facts we want to use, and, above all, frequent employment of them in thinking and acting. They thus become a part of our mental equipment, and we train ourselves in applying them to the problems that engage us in our business, professional, and social life. It is thus that we learn to think.

Practice in learning poetry, as we have seen, will improve the memory for poetry, and unremitting exercise in remembering names or faces will give amazing facility in recognizing people. But retention and recall, which are the essentials of memory, are not improved by a general training in mental gymnastics.

To be sure, those who are forced to rely exclusively upon memory sometimes show astonishing retentiveness in many directions. But this is because their practice is as varied as their life. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, for example, says in one of his letters that a sergeant in his company in the Civil War called the roll from memory. But this sergeant could not read, and, consequently, he had been

compelled to train his memory in many ways.

When we turn to the possibilities of recall we observe a curious contradiction. We often forget what we should expect to remember and remember what we might think we would forget. A great polar expedition, for instance, as Peary says in his "Secrets of Polar Travel," fitted out under the supervision of scientists and polar experts, discovered, when it reached its winter quarters, that there was no salt on board except that in the salt pork and beef.

Jacob Riis, to give another instance of forgetting what we should expect would be remembered, was regarded as a foreigner when, after many years in this country, he visited his native Denmark. He spoke his mother tongue with an accent that marked him as a stranger to the language.

An even more striking illustration of the loss of one's language after its use had been well established, is given by John Wilson Murray in his "Memoirs of a Great Detective." Maud Gillespie, a bright, pretty, thirteen-year-old girl, was stolen and carried away by Indians, and, though detectives were employed, no trace of her could be found. "Fifteen years passed, when in May, 1903, a surveying party, exploring in New Ontario north of Lake Superior and over four hundred miles from the Gillespie home, came upon a white woman living with the Indians in the wilderness. She was the wife of a big chief and had the rare beauty of the wilds, yet she was not wholly like her associates. She lived as an Indian, and exposure had tanned her skin a deep, dark brown. At first she was unable to talk with the white men, then gradually her power of speech in English returned until she remembered a few English words and could talk brokenly. Finally, she recalled her name, Maud Gillespie, and her mother." The significance of this story is that only fifteen years had passed since she spoke her native language with the facility of a child of thirteen, and also the slowness with which words and the facts of her girlhood returned. The language and facts seemed to be drawn from the depths of the subconscious.

It is strange—the things that we forget

—and especially are we surprised to lose our mother tongue after we have spoken it through the later years of childhood. Yet stranger still, perhaps, are the things that we remember. This, however, should be qualified, since we are not surprised at remembering facts to which we attach great importance. But the recall of unessentials—things that cling to the fringe of memory and which can be rescued from oblivion only by devices that psychologists sometimes use—is perplexingly curious.

Under hypnosis, as Doctor Morton Prince has shown, one can recall quite incidental details of the personal appearance and peculiarities of dress of those in whose company one has passed only a short time. The force of this becomes evident when we observe the weakness of our memory for the personal details of even members of our own family. The writer, for instance, has frequently found that his students could not name the color of the eyes of their brothers or sisters.

Failure to recall the color of eyes, however, is not strange, if attention has not previously been directed to them. We observe and remember for a definite purpose, else we do not note details. But when need arises or predilection prompts, the resulting practice may produce very remarkable effects. A few historical cases will illustrate the possibilities of memory under the motor power of a strong incentive. If some of the illustrations seem incredible the reader may, at any rate, be assured that they have as much authority in their support as other historical statements.

While John Leyden was in Calcutta a legal case occurred which could only be settled by the exact wording of an Act of Parliament. Leyden, who, before leaving England had read this Act carefully for another purpose, undertook to reproduce it from memory; and later when his copy was compared with the original it was found to be accurate in all respects.

Justus Lipsius, again, committed to memory the whole of Tacitus. So confident, indeed, was he of his ability, as the story runs, that he agreed to repeat any passage asked for, and to have a prompter at his side to thrust a dagger through his heart if he erred even by a single word.

And Macaulay, though he did not offer such heroic proof, learned all of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost," according to one of his biographers, "without undue exertion."

Antonio Magliabechi, librarian to Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Florence, is said to have reproduced without an error a mislaid manuscript written by a friend and loaned to him to read.

Lord Granville could repeat all of the New Testament in the original Greek, Euler could repeat the entire "Æneid," and Wallis, a mathematician, was able to think of a number of fifty-three places and find its square root to twenty-seven places without writing down a figure; and Daguesseau, having heard Martial incorrectly quoted, recited the whole of it, though he had not read Martial since he was twelve years old. Niebuhr, too, the historian, when employed as an accountant in his youth, restored from memory one of the account-books which had been accidentally destroyed.

Each of these men seems to have developed a prodigious memory of a special sort because of devotion to his work. There are, however, others for which no explanation can be given. Those who display this inexplicable memory are psychological freaks. But they are not without interest since the unusual assists us in understanding the usual; and thus memory monstrosities do their share in revealing the physiological basis and nature of retention and recall. A few instances are worth including in our list of strange memories.

Jedediah Buxton, an ordinary English day laborer, quite ignorant of Greek and Latin, could repeat eight or ten pages of Homer or Virgil which he had heard read but once. Whether William Lyon, an itinerant Edinburgh actor, should be called a freak, or whether he gained his ability through practice as an actor, is uncertain. At any rate, he repeated for a wager the whole of the *Daily Advertiser*, advertisements and all, "without the least hesitation or mistake."

A strange case which came under the personal observation of William T. Harris is reported in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. This man could remember the day of the week of any given date

since he was nine years and four months old, a period of somewhat over forty-two years. He also described the weather and remembered where he was on each of these 15,000 or more days. The ability of this man to recall all of these facts accurately was demonstrated to the satisfaction of Doctor Harris.

Achievements seem marvellous when we have nothing in experience with which they can be matched. So it is well worth while, at times, to turn to an earlier day and note the simple things that astounded people before psychology had illuminated some of the obscure recesses of the human mind and revealed to a degree at least its possibilities.

It seems incredible to-day that three simultaneous games of blindfolded chess should dumfound the world of sport. And yet, when Philidor accomplished this marvellous feat, as it was then regarded, a contemporary writer wrote: "It is a phenomenon in the history of man, and so should be hoarded among the best samples of human memory—till memory shall be no more."

Harry Pillsbury, however, aroused by Blackburne's achievement of ten simultaneous blindfolded games, with only two losses, and Paulsen's ten games, decided to see what vigorous practice would do. And the resulting twenty simultaneous blindfolded games—with five drawn and one lost—is familiar to every one interested in chess.

Pillsbury himself has described this accomplishment, which he does not regard as especially remarkable. "To play, simultaneously, a number of games of chess blindfolded," he says, "is not so hard as at first it might appear. A man begins by playing one game in that manner. Of course, before he comes to that he has already mastered the game. After much practice with the single blindfolded game he essays to play two at once, and gradually extends his operations. . . . His memory gains strength by exercise. There is nothing so very wonderful in this blindfolded play, but it is useful because it gives a striking illustration of what the mind may become with training.

"The truth of the matter is," he continues, "that such feats seem very wonderful because most men are what you might

call mental day-laborers. Only one out of ten really thinks."

Pillsbury was right. The memory of any person is what he makes it. Most of the historical cases that we have cited were of men for whom study and reading had an irresistible fascination. They did not set out to train their memory. Their work was for them a game worth playing hard, and memory was developed through training in the sport.

There is, however, another side to memory—the reverse side it may, perhaps, be called. We have been speaking only of conscious memory, where the effect is known and consciously utilized. But memory has also an unconscious aspect. What we read or hear produces results of which we are not aware. Examples could be drawn from abnormal cases, from those who disclose marvellous memory for details of events which they have never consciously known. Hypnotized subjects, and those who write automatically with the ouija-board or pencil, are illustrations. But stories of memories reproduced by these special devices would have little meaning for daily life could they not be matched by similar instances from "normal" men and women whose hidden experiences at times betray their presence in ways less unusual and obscure. Such cases—those in which events but vaguely noticed produce their effect—are not uncommon, but few have thought them worth recording. Fortunately, however, Miss Helen Keller, in "The Story of My Life," has related an incident of her childhood which shows how completely memories may be lost from view yet play their unseen part in moulding the machinery that produces the mental life. Her narrative indicates the indelible record sometimes made by passing experiences, and shows how difficult it may be for one in whose mind impressions are recorded to decipher and recall them. Yet the unconscious influence is always working.

When about twelve years of age, Miss Keller wrote a story which she called "The Frost King." "I thought then," she says in her autobiography, "that I was 'making up a story,' as children say, and I eagerly sat down to write it before the ideas should slip from me. My thoughts flowed easily; I felt a sense of

joy in the composition. Words and images came tripping to my finger ends, and as I thought out sentence after sentence I wrote them on my Braille slate. . . ."

When the story was finished she read it to her teacher, and at dinner it was repeated to the family. The story was so good that she was asked whether she had read it in a book. "The question surprised me very much," Miss Keller continues, "for I had not the faintest recollection of having had it read to me. I spoke up and said, 'Oh, no, it is my story, and I have written it for Mr. Anagnos,'" the principal of the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Mr. Anagnos was so delighted with the production of his former pupil that he published it in the reports of the Institution. And then it was discovered that a similar story had been published in a book for children, entitled "Birdie and His Friends," written by Miss Margaret Canby.

Little Helen Keller was heart-broken, and she racked her brain, as she says, to recall the story from which her own was quite clearly taken. But she was not able then, nor since, to remember having read it. It was, however, evident that her story was a reproduction of the other, since the two stories were similar in thought and even in language. Doctor Alexander Graham Bell and Miss Keller's teacher were so much interested that they investigated and found that the story from which Helen's had clearly been taken had been read to the child by a friend at whose house she passed a summer.

Miss Keller, as she tells us, has since reread the story from which hers was taken, and also a letter which she wrote at the time when the story must have been read to her, and she found that this story was the basis of much that she wrote during that period. "At the time I was writing 'The Frost King' and this letter," she says, "[my story] and the letter, like many others, contain phrases which show that my mind was saturated with the story."

Clearly, one's mind absorbs vastly more of what one hears and reads than has been thought possible. The acquisition of literary style, training children in thought and action, and implanting ideas which

shall later become forces that make the will, all of these as well as other mental traits get new meaning from these experiences of memory. We are often unable to trace the source of our opinions. We grow into them as the result of what we casually read and hear. Ideas need not be recalled to exert their influence. They are always acting. To a large extent they make our intelligence, our intuitions, and our character.

An interesting case which shows that a permanent impression may be left by newspaper head-lines and other statements at which we only glance, or which we see "out of the corner of the eye," has been reported by Mr. C. Lowes Dickinson. A hypnotized young woman gave many genealogical and other details about historical characters in the period of Richard the Second. The details were of such a nature as would have required considerable historical research. But the woman had not studied the period and did not recall having read any book which would give the information. It seemed to be a real case of "spirit communication." Finally, however, when writing on an ouija-board, she referred to a book which she had read when eleven years of age. Upon examination this book was found to contain all the details that she had given under hypnotism. Now, however, a further amazing fact was disclosed. Many of the details which she had given were contained in an appendix of the book. And, since the appendix was dull, it is improbable that a child of eleven would have read these pages. "It would seem, therefore," Mr. Dickinson concludes, in his report of this case in *The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, "that a good deal of information must have been left in her mind while she was simply turning over the pages in the process, which she now recalls, of coloring some of the illustrations."

These exceptional cases of memories disclosed by hypnotism and the ouija-board, because of their sensational interest, have been widely used by charlatans to promote psychological quackery. Until comparatively recently our information about the permanence, and influence upon the personality, of thoughts which cannot be recalled has been wholly based

upon hypnotized subjects. Now, however, we know that hypnotism, crystal-gazing, and automatic writing, so far at least as recall is concerned, are only devices for starting the cerebral machinery and awakening associations. And the value of Miss Keller's little story lies in the fact that it is the story of a mentally normal child.

Ideas and thoughts below the level of consciousness are always at work. This inframarginal field, as James said in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," "contains such things as our momentarily inactive memories, and it harbors the springs of our obscurely motivated passions, impulses, likes, dislikes, and prejudices. Our intuitions, hypotheses, fancies, superstitions, persuasions, convictions, and, in general, all our non-rational operations come from it." Evidently the sensational cases of hypnotism, and parlor ouija-board exhibitions, when they are not frauds, have the same significance for mind that the spectacular atmospheric manifestations of color and storms have for the universe beyond our world. They show that something is continually going on which occasionally discloses itself in these curious ways.

The method of recall is the association of ideas, and if we can once pull the right string all sorts of forgotten memories will come into consciousness. Sometimes recall is prevented by what psychologists call inhibitions. Then, if the restraint, or interference, can be released, recall follows. This sometimes happens in dreams when associations move freely and uncontrolled. And thus we occasionally dream where we put an object for which we have long and vainly hunted. Many so-called dream prophecies which come true may be explained in the same way. "Prophecies" which are realized are always preceded by indications. A member of the family, for example, who lives at a distance, has not written for some weeks and, while this may not be very unusual, the omission causes submerged anxiety. We are not conscious of it, but in our sleep, when restraints are lifted, we dream that he is dying, and when a telegram arrives the following day notifying us of his death we remember the dream and call it a prophecy.

Again, to give another illustration of the free movement of ideas and, in this case, recovery of memories in sleep: A man who lived in Spain during his childhood later moved to Canada, the country of his parents. Though as a boy he had spoken Spanish fluently, he lost the language so completely, as time went on, that he could recall only a few words. Yet in his dreams he frequently talked rapidly, intelligently, and extensively in the language of his childhood.

Memory, however, is not alone active in this inframarginal field of mind when inhibitions are released. Rational operations also occur at times. Ideas "stored" in memory sometimes acquire such a tension that they burst through into consciousness. This explains the discovery of the theory of natural selection by Darwin and Wallace. "The idea came to me," says Alfred Russel Wallace in one of his letters, "as it had come to Darwin, in a sudden flash of insight; it was thought out in a few hours—was written down with such a sketch of its various applications and developments as occurred to me at the moment—then copied and sent off to Darwin—all within a week." And the stimulating force, the incentive that started the associations, was Malthus's "Essay on Population," which both of these men had read many years before.

An illustrative experience of this activity below the level of consciousness has recently happened to the writer. It was a simple occurrence not uncommon to others. But that makes it the more significant because it helps to link the common to the unusual.

An important telegram had been written. The need of being strictly accurate caused the writer to read it several times. Then, before handing it to the operator he looked it through once more to be sure that nothing was omitted. Now the significant fact is that the writer left the telegraph office fully assured that no mistake of any sort had been made. He bought a newspaper, boarded a street-car, and settled down to read. Suddenly, in the midst of an interesting news item, he recalled that he had failed to sign the telegram.

A sales manager has related an even more striking incident. He had been

called upon for a price on a large quantity of one of the products of his firm. He used a short method in his reckoning and telegraphed the price. Now it should be observed that the important fact in this story, as in the preceding, is that the sales manager was satisfied with the result of his figuring. Since the firm had just begun to manufacture the article no previous price was in his mind to check his result. He went home, passed a pleasant evening with friends, and went to bed. Meanwhile not a thought of the article, the price, or any possible error had entered his mind. Suddenly, in the night, he awoke with the error in his mind. The price which he had given was several thousand dollars too low.

A friend of the writer, to give another illustration, spent an entire evening trying to solve a puzzle for his small daughter. Finally, irritated at his failure, he threw the puzzle aside and went to bed, and during the night he dreamed the correct solution.

Evidently in all of these instances, impressions made upon the mind had been retained and were used. And they were used in a logical manner. The neural machinery worked out problems.

This suggests the meaning of an efficient memory. If it is not always problems which must be solved it is, at any rate, questions and perplexities that trouble us. And an efficient memory is one which supplies the information needed for their solution. But the information must be first obtained, and this is a conscious process. Something of this sort may have been in Venizelos's mind when he told Herbert Adams Gibbons that "one's own memory yields little concerning years when everything went well."

The worst charge, one might say, that can be brought against the memory is its treachery. It does not play the game fairly. It tells me for example, after a spiritualistic séance, that I washed the slate carefully and that it did not leave my hands until I discovered the "spirit writing" on it. Yet those who were watching the performance assure me that I am mistaken.

An excellent illustration of this deception of memory has been given by Hodgson in the *Proceedings of the Society for*

Psychical Research. A Hindu juggler was making coins and other small articles dance around upon the ground. A military officer, who was present, drew one of his own coins from his pocket and the juggler made it perform quite as sportively as his own. At the dinner-table in the evening the officer described the performance and insisted that he himself had placed his coin upon the ground. His wife, however, maintained that the juggler had deftly received the coin from his hand and placed it where he wanted it. Hodgson was then appealed to as the arbiter of the dispute. "I had watched the transaction with special curiosity," says Hodgson, "as I knew what was necessary for the performance of the trick. The officer had apparently intended to place the coin upon the ground himself, but as he was doing so the juggler, leaning forward, dexterously, and in a most unobtrusive manner, received the coin from the fingers of the officer as the latter was stooping down, and laid it close to the others." The intention to lay the coin upon the ground at a place selected by himself had settled in the memory as the performance of the act.

Memory pretends to reproduce experience impartially—to represent all sides fairly. And its plausibleness is the more deceptive because it always errs as we would wish. We like to make a good story, and if we participated in the events we do not wish to underestimate our part. Then, too, in matters of opinion, facts that support our beliefs make a lasting impression, while opposing arguments touch us lightly and pass on. Charles Darwin, observing himself, noticed this tendency to forget facts that conflicted with his beliefs, and anxious to avoid the loss of such knowledge, adopted the practice, as he says in his autobiography, of writing down at once whatever published fact or observation he came across that was opposed to his theory of evolution. "I had found by experience," he says, "that such facts and thoughts were more apt to escape from the memory than favorable ones."

Memory is always a special pleader. People believe what they want to believe. The memories which would refute their opinions, were they allowed a hearing, do not intrude because they are not wanted.

Beliefs are obtuse to facts. And cherished opinions offer the greater resistance to assault when once they have been publicly expressed, because pride then joins in their defense: "'I have done that,' says my memory," as Nietzsche puts it. "'I cannot have done that,' says my pride, and remains inexorable. Finally, my memory yields."

Memory, like other mental processes, is a curious mixture of strength and weakness. Many times we remember what we would be glad to forget, and forget that which we wish to retain. The reason for this is clear when we recall that memory is not a separate, isolated faculty, made to order. Being one of the products of evolution, it is intimately interwoven with all the other processes of the human mind—activities which now promote, and again inhibit, the recall of past experiences. Evidently, to utilize the strength of memory we must understand its points of weakness.

The popular view seems to be that memory is a sort of perpetual-motion machine that supplies its own power and runs itself—when it works—and is in a hopelessly run-down condition when its product deteriorates, unless some patented remedy in the form of a memory-cure system can restore its lost energy. The enormous sales of these memory systems show that remembering is fast becoming a lost accomplishment. Many of these are systems of mental quackery which detract from the quality of the mind and subtract from the contents of the pocketbook.

All mental processes are subject to the law of causation, and memory is no exception to this principle. Facts are remembered because they are related to one another. This relation may be merely that of succession, and then we have the garrulous old ladies of both sexes. But, again, the relation may be one of causation, which constitutes thinking, or of obscure similarity amid conspicuous differences, recognition of which is the distinguishing mark of genius. It was similarity that led Benjamin Franklin to guess that lightning is "the same as electricity."

A survey of the achievements and failures of memory brings into view certain important facts. Memory is capable of

much more than is usually supposed. The way in which we now use stenographers, handbooks, libraries, and private secretaries who serve as vicarious memory machines, is causing us to lose our grip on memory, just as automobiles are rapidly depriving men of the ability to use their legs. The function of stenographers and private secretaries is to set our memory free for the larger problems, and for the details that are essential to their solution.

We cannot develop a general faculty of memory for everything, and should carefully avoid trying to do so, but we can train ourselves to remember what we practise and frequently recall. Since the amount of knowledge needed in any line of work is to-day enormous, it is of the utmost importance that we consciously and thoughtfully decide what things are worth remembering and what should be left to our animate and inanimate "ticklers."

A powerful memory, as we have seen, is no indication of intelligent judgment. The lusty, promiscuous memory, possession of which Mr. Edison has made the basis of choice of assistants in his departments, is, therefore, little better than selection of ability by the way in which an applicant for employment makes the letter "W," which settles the question for one business manager with whom the writer is acquainted.

And, finally, we should never forget that habits of thought, personal preference, and prejudice are always suppressing memories which urge acceptance of novel ideas or new ways of doing our day's work.

Now that we are able to gauge the intelligence of man, the next most desirable invention is a measure of mental antiquity. The unit of measurement will, naturally, be different. Instead of detecting the intelligence of a boy of twelve in a man of fifty, the new invention will find that another man of thirty-five, with fair intelligence, has the mental plasticity of an octogenarian. New ideas attack him in vain. The old, conventional thoughts which hold the citadel of his memory successfully repel their assaults. This determined resistance is encouraged by the disagreeable appearance of the unusual in contrast with the familiar. The mind of this man, together with his brain, has become inflexible. Intimation that he change his views as conditions alter seems to him preposterous, because his world of thought and action is immobile. Change does not occur. Progress, advancement, are myths of clouded minds with dangerous radical tendencies. This man is only a sample of the type. And consequently, the invention which we have suggested, aside from its general usefulness, would serve a very practical purpose in social economy. Just as the intelligence tests are being substituted for college-entrance examinations to determine whether boys and girls are worth the cost of education, so the antiquity test might well replace the present system of primaries to sift the senatorial and congressional candidates. Men grow old mentally long before they reach the chronological years of senescence. Habits of thought and mental inertia lead rapidly to that antiquated state of peaceful complacency known as old-fogyism.



Thief

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

Author of "Miss Fingal," "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. L. SAVORY



HE Percy Binsteads were not badly off, but after the war, like many others, they had to retrench. So in September they let their London house for some months, took a small villa at Penzance—in Cornwall—and settled down for the winter: a dull place, but there are excellent excursions to be taken from it, and St. Michael's Mount is a picturesque hump in the sea. Percy did not like missing his club, but he joined a local one, bought a telescope to look at the horizon, became interested in ships, went long walks with sandwiches in a side-pocket, and as a matter of fact enjoyed his exile. Especially he enjoyed having his wife more to himself than was possible in London, where there were relations and women friends who came to tea, tiresome committees that worried him to join them, and public dinners that extracted his guinea and gave him more food than was good for him. He was fifty-one, a good fellow, growing stout, and rather stodgy. His wife was thirty-four and a Frenchwoman, but she had lived in England since she was seventeen, and spoke English with only the ghost of an accent and that a pretty one. Charming, quick, impulsive, easily excited, she gave one the impression of a bird with wings that had been clipped but was content with captivity. She had little white teeth, black eyes, softened with thick, rather long lashes, a lingering dimple in her cheek, and dark hair that curled or half curled on the top of her head, encroached on her forehead, and was done up into a loose coil at the back; she was a trifle plump, looked as if she had a good temper, passionate, perhaps, but never sulky, and that she liked the good things of the place in which she found herself.

For the first three months the weather was delightful; so mild that, even in November, two or three times they had tea in the garden. Percy often sat there to smoke a pipe and read the paper, or to look through his telescope at the horizon while he wondered how people could live all the year round in London—the country was much better. Claire agreed with him till after Christmas, then her spirits flagged. There was not much to do at Penzance and very few people to know; Mr. Gibbs, the vicar, had a good-looking son, an invalid who buried his nose in books, and a wife who knitted all day; there was a doctor who wore horn-rimmed spectacles and an old gentleman with asthma: no companions for her. She had no piano and hated a gramophone; she was a good housewife, but the two maids they had brought from London did all the work of the small house; she let off a little steam now and then by giving them what Percy called "a good wiggling" if they didn't please her, and made them presents, bought at the Penzance shops, when they did. She had a black kitten called Shagpat, who rather liked being hoisted in the air with one hand and then cuddled up with its head under her chin till it could hardly breathe; but even that did not amuse her all day. In early January she became very restless. She told Percy that she really did long to see her English aunt who lived in Kensington, and wished they could run up for a week or two. He, being an astute man who had read his Sherlock Holmes, noticed that she always turned to the advertisements of the big drapers and lingered over the pictures of strange garments in the daily papers, so that he was not surprised when she said with a little sigh: "Do you know, darling, the sales appear to be perfectly wonderful this year; things *are* so cheap."

"Horrid crowds, probably—never saw

so many big women and plain ones in my life as when I went with you last year—and the way they pushed and pommelled—good thing you are out of it, my dear.”

“My dear” answered nothing; but three mornings later a long letter came that evidently interested her, and with a certain amount of gravity that gave importance to it she told him that Aunt Dora was not at all well.

even to pass by our house. I have been wondering if they keep the knocker clean.” The knocker was a beautiful brass one; they had picked it up in Italy; and her anxiety held a tender remembrance of a bygone holiday.

“Dare say they do.” He fumbled for his pipe. “Gives a good impression if a brass knocker is well polished—they are up to that, I dare say.”



Percy bought a telescope and became interested in ships.—Page 328.

“It would please her ve-ry much if we went up to see her—just a short visit.” A pause, and then: “I might find a hat if we went before the sales were over—I have not one to my head for the spring.”

Percy pretended not to hear her; he knew that when she put on the least bit of an accent there was danger.

“You do like me to look nice,” with her head a little on one side, “don’t you?”

“You always look nice, my dear.”

Silence for a few minutes. Then, as if she had thought the matter over, she began in an impartial, inquiring voice: “Percy dear, do you think we could manage the inside of a week? I should so like

“We were so happy in our home, were we not, darling?”

“We are happy anywhere—at least, I am.”

“Just the inside of a week,” she repeated with a little sigh.

Another pause; he turned possibilities over in his mind; then he said wickedly, knowing quite well what a cruel suggestion he was making:

“We’ll go up for a week-end if you like. Friday night, arrive on Saturday morning, in time for breakfast, come back on Monday by the day express—I don’t want to stick in London.”

“But on Saturday the shops close at

one o'clock, Percy dear; I should be too tired to do anything in the morning after the long journey all night, and on Sunday they don't open at all. On Monday morning there would not be time—not one single little hour, to buy a thing," with the accent again.

"Oh, that's what you're after, is it?" with a rumbling laugh that was not hopeless.

"Yes, that is what I'm after," she confessed meekly; "and that is why I want a whole inside of a week, but I would not spend much—only ve-ry little."

Then he had a brain wave:

"Why shouldn't you go up alone? It's a long way, and I hate a railway journey. You rather like one."

"I love it," she answered quickly.

"But I shouldn't like to think of you travelling all night; it would be better to go in the daytime. There's a fast morning train, you know—nine forty-five, luncheon-car—very decent food—gets you into Paddington at five forty-five."

"It would be too lovely, and you are a perfect lamb." She always talked like that when she wanted her own way, or had just been given it.

"Very well—you don't have to dress much here, but you shall have twenty pounds to play with, will that do?"

"It will be heaps and heaps," she said with a content that pleased him, for he thought it rather a small sum to propose.

"Shall I go on Monday?"

"If you like; you won't be happy till you have done it," he answered benevolently.

Thus far all was well.

II

ON Monday morning at breakfast, in her best tailor-made and a close-fitting hat, she looked so nice that he could have made love to her easily; but he came down rather late and he liked his coffee hot.

"Luggage ready?" he asked.

"Quite. I'm only taking one little cabin trunk, for I don't suppose I shall have much to bring back, and of course my lovely new suitcase." This was a tactful remark—for it was his last gift to her before they left London; almost small

enough to be called an attaché case, lined with watered blue silk, pockets down one side, but only two or three of them fitted for fear of making it heavy. Two clasps with locks.

"Good girl," he answered, enjoying the sweetbread and bacon she had thoughtfully provided—though she was too excited to eat anything herself. When he had finished he was a generous man. "I feel as if I ought to give you a little more money," he said.

"Oh, no, darling, it will be heaps. But I don't suppose I shall bring back much of the dear twenty pounds."

"Mind you don't get your pocket picked."

"I never have a pocket, my Percy."

"Well, your hand-bag picked, then. I wonder women are not afraid of having those little bags snatched, or of forgetting them—and I say, old thing"—he always tried to use slang if he remembered it in time, to prove that he was not slow or anything of that sort—"we ought to start—not too much time left. Todd went with your trunk ten minutes ago." He picked up her suitcase and looked at it with pride, highly pleased at having come upon it when he was dawdling round the stores.

"Sure you have everything you want?" He opened it and looked in. "Pretty full and very neatly packed; and I say, dear, I shall give you some more cash in case you fancy an extra blouse or a new frock."

She was putting on her hat, but stopped with pleasant excitement to look at him.

"Another twenty." He pulled two ten-pound notes from his waistcoat pocket; he had been conscious of them all through breakfast.

"Oh, no, Percy," she exclaimed, and nearly ran the hatpin into her head. "It is too much."

"Where do you carry your money?" with a lordly gesture.

"In my hand-bag, with my cigarettes and keys."

"It doesn't do to keep it all in one place; then if you lose one lot you have another to fall back on; we'll put them here—behind your powder-book." He pushed the notes into the little silk pocket opposite the handle in the suitcase. "Then they won't be too obvious—see?"

She did see, with great satisfaction; just the edge of them showed round the little bound book of papier poudré leaves.

He shut the case and was about to exact the reward of his beneficence when steps and a voice were heard outside.

"Oh, damn," he exclaimed. Walter Gibbs hurriedly walked in; a good fellow,

"Doesn't matter—excellent snaps." He clicked them.

"You will have to run. You have not quite five minutes," Walter Gibbs urged. They made for the door.

"Oh, Percy, we must wait a moment," Claire exclaimed; "I haven't kissed Shagpat yet. Emma"—this to the maid at the



Mr. Gibbs, the vicar.—Page 328.

brother of the parson—he had arrived for Christmas holidays and stayed on—but not wanted at that precise moment.

"'Morning," he said; "I met your man going leisurely down to the station with Mrs. Binstead's box. He didn't know—said you didn't—that the train starts a quarter of an hour earlier since the beginning of the month; if you don't look out you will lose it."

"Good chap." Percy took up the suitcase. "Where is your key, darling?" Claire, flurried, felt in her hand-bag. It was not there, nor in her coat-pocket.

"I shall find it presently," she said.

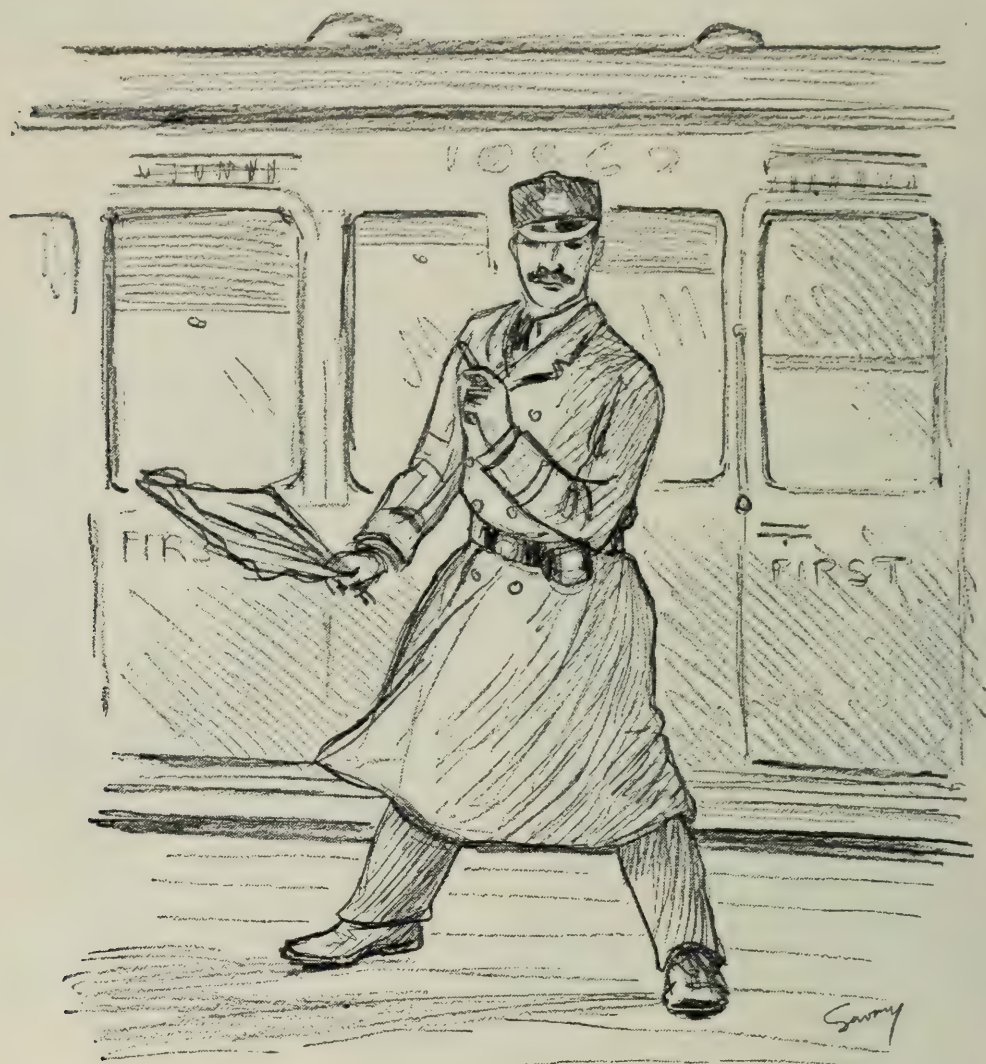
door—"do bring him quickly." Emma disappeared like a flash.

"Damn Shagpat—I'll go on and take your ticket." Percy fled. When the cat had been kissed, Claire and Walter Gibbs hurried after him. The station was only three minutes off—they could see his legs ahead of them running—they ran, too—the train was in and snorting—they could hear it. "We shall lose it," she cried.

Percy had taken her ticket, picked up a sensational novel from the book-stall, run up to the train—the doors were being banged—and breathlessly held on to the handle of an empty carriage. Claire

jumped in, he put her suitcase beside her in the corner, with the warm coat that Walter Gibbs had been carrying. The guard was about to blow his whistle when, suddenly, a pretty woman appeared, fol-

gleam of silver coins and of something gold showed through it. The red case and the fur coat were put down beside her, an umbrella in the rack, the porter evidently given a big tip; and the guard



The guard was about to blow his whistle.

lowed by an excited porter carrying a beautiful fur coat and a red suitcase with dark corners. She sprang into the carriage.

Excellent companion for Claire, Percy thought quickly, for the stranger looked agreeable. There was an air of opulence about her that held up the train for half a minute—opulence can do anything. Her tailor-made coat and skirt were properly cut; a string of pearls round her neck just showed in front; some valuable rings were on her ungloved left hand; on her wrist there was a silver-chain hand-bag; a

beckoned; she asked him in a clear voice that was full of decision and obviously American:

"This train does stop at Bath?"

"Yes, madam."

"You won't fill up the carriage with too many people." She leaned forward; another coin changed hands.

He touched his hat, closed the door sharply, pulled a ticket from his pocket with "Reserved" on it, licked each end of it, gummed it on the window, put his whistle to his mouth again, and the train started.

"Good-by, darling." Percy kept pace with it for a couple of yards. Walter Gibbs's absurdly blue eyes sought the stranger's. The two men watched the train slither out of the station. The two nice women felt that the journey would be agreeable. The stranger put her head out of the window for a moment to take in the view. "I should have liked to stay longer at Penzance," she said as she sat down; "it looks like a nice place."

"Yes," doubtfully; "but one gets tired of it. Were you there ve-ry long?" The slight accent provoked a smile.

"No, I motored this morning from the Land's End—I wish I had not been so hurried; I have just whisked through the places."

"Did you see St. Ives?"

"St. Ives? Now let me see." She opened the case beside her with a little gold key that, attached to a thin chain round her neck, dangled in front of her,

and took out a note-book, a dainty thing with gold corners, and a pencil that had an ivory top with a diamond to it.

"I expect she has some valuable things in there," Claire thought and noticed that she did not lock the case again. She remembered that she had not found her own key, but it didn't matter.

"St. Ives?" turning over the leaves of the note-book; "why, yes, I went there—it was like an opal; but it rained, so I went on. To-night I start for Paris, and next week I sail for New York."

"I thought you were going to Bath?"

"I shall stay there just two hours—I want to see the old Assembly Rooms and the Roman Bath, to get an impression. I expect there will be time for that. England is packed full of beautiful places, mellow with age and traditions; we have not got much of that in America." She stood up and dived into the pockets of the wonderful fur coat, pulled out a couple of



papers that had evidently been sent by post, tore off the direction, screwed it up in a ball and threw it out of the window.

"I suppose we shall get some morning papers at Plymouth," Claire said, wishing she had seen the direction on the others.

"Would you like to look at an American one?" It seemed like a hint that too much conversation was not desired, and for the next hour the travellers read in their separate corners, facing each other, but Claire, not being as much interested in the *Boston Transcript* as her companion, took up the novel Percy had bought her—she never forgot that it was called "*A Wicked Woman*"—but she put it down again; she didn't want to read anything just yet; it seemed a pity to let the Cornish land slip by unnoticed. Once or twice the stranger looked outward too, or made a trivial remark about the time, or the window, or the weather. Presently she said inquiringly:

"I expect it was your husband saw you off just now?"

"Yes, it was—my husband. He bought me this book at the last minute," she added, with a little laugh, and showed the title, at which the stranger seemed amused. Claire thought: "She is rather nice. These Americans are so responsive—and I feel convinced that she rolls in money; they always do. Why, her fur coat is worth a fortune."

"And the other? He had such beautiful eyes, and was so well grown; just as we imagine an Englishman. Was he your brother, or a friend?"

"A friend." The praise of Walter Gibbs seemed a little superfluous; Percy was quite as tall, and typically English.

"It's always nice to be seen off on a journey; makes you feel they are sorry to lose you. I thought that when I came over to England last fall."

"Are you travelling alone?"

"Why, yes; it's a rest. There's nothing like being alone when you are tired, to be free of your people for a time—you like them again so much; but I meet two friends in Paris, and we shall go on together—I sail from Italy for home next week." She took off her hat and showed a small head with a quantity of light-brown hair twisted round it and little soft

masses pulled down over her ears. Her face was thin, the cheek-bones rather high, but her complexion was creamy white, and the large gray eyes were full of grave content. When she was amused a smile came to her lips—a faint, inquiring smile that curled about her mouth, as if seeking her eyes, and was curiously attractive. Claire, susceptible and impulsive, was taken by surprise. "I like her," she thought, "and I wish I knew who she is, though American names don't tell you much, because they never have titles."

"I should like to stay longer in Paris this time," the stranger added, as if it were a postscript to her last remark, "but it is impossible." She took up the paper again, as if to hint that she did not want to talk.

III

A WAITER from the restaurant-car appeared an hour later.

"Will you lunch, ladies?" he asked; "first service directly we have passed Plymouth, second service as soon as we leave Exeter."

"Don't think I want to lunch very early, I ate a great deal this morning," the stranger said.

"Then I'll go first," Claire said, thinking it would be as well not to leave all their things in an empty carriage, "for I had no breakfast."

The man gave them tickets for the luncheon-car and disappeared.

Presently the stranger looked up.

"Do you always live in Penzance?"

"Oh, no, we are there only for the winter. We live in London."

"London is a fine city; I wish I were going to stay there now; but I've got pretty well to the end of the money I set out to spend, and I guess I mustn't buy any more things, even in Paris, or I'll be ruined in duty when I get to New York. I believe our custom-house wants to support the rest of the country with the duties it makes us pay when we go back from Europe. I've tried many times to outwit it, but it can't be done."

"How have you tried?"

"Well, I've bought silk stockings and worn three on each leg when I was landing, and said it was to keep me warm,

but they wouldn't have it. Last time"—she touched the string—"I told them these pearls belonged to my grandmother in Texas, but they wouldn't have that either. They collect people who won't believe anything at all, and it isn't any good thinking you know better than they do. Luckily, clothes are not much dearer in New York than they are in England, so it's just as well to get them there. Besides, I couldn't buy any this time, for I played poker coming over, and lost—did you ever play it?"

"No, I can't."

"Well, if you take my advice, you will never try; I had to cable for more money; I expect I'll find it in Paris. Say, do you mind if I smoke a cigarette?"

"I should like one, too." Claire had been longing for one. She felt for a couple she had hurriedly put into her coat-pocket at the last minute.

The stranger took out a gold cigarette-case from the silver-chain bag—Claire had seen it glistening—a beauty, chased all over except in one corner where there was a monogram.

"Will you try one of these?" she asked. "I always smoke Virginian."

For twenty minutes there was much content, and between them there seemed to grow up a sense of intimacy.

The train rushed into the crowded station of Plymouth, but no one entered the labelled compartment, and as the train crawled slowly out, the waiter passed, calling:

"First luncheon is served."

Claire got up quickly. "I am dreadfully hungry." She slipped her novel into the suitcase, clicking the snaps again with an affectionate thought of Percy, and suddenly she remembered that she had left the key in a little silver tray on her toilet table. "I won't be very long," she said.

"I wouldn't hurry; it doesn't do to eat too quickly."

"Perhaps she will like being alone—she motored a long way this morning and is tired," Claire thought.

The luncheon was quite good, and a full hour was allowed to have it in. Luckily, she had a seat by a window, so that she could look out between the courses.

IV

SHE found her companion curled up in the corner turning over the English paper bought at Plymouth.

"Think I have read this from end to end," she said with a little laugh; "I wished I had had your 'Wicked Woman' novel."

"How stupid of me not to leave it for you."

"Oh, no, I have been looking at the landscape; I never saw anything like these cunning little fields and side hedges. England is a lovely place; you ought to be very glad you live in it."

"I am, but it is my husband's country, not mine; I am French."

"I knew that, for every now and then a bit of accent peeps out and gives you away, as I expect my American one does."

"You don't like France as much as you do England?" It was obvious begging for a compliment.

"France! Why, I worship it—think how magnificent it was in the war—you must be proud of being a Frenchwoman."

"I am, but my husband is English, so I belong to both countries."

"I call that very clever—but we manage it nearly as well, for we say that good Americans when they die go to Paris, but they crowd over to England while they live; so you see they are just this life and the next to us." The little smile that wandered round her mouth lit up the whole face.

Claire beamed. "France was magnificent, wasn't it?" she said. "I saw Foch when he came over; I was standing by the side of the road, his carriage stopped a moment for the crowd—I wanted to run across and kiss him."

"I wonder you didn't."

The waiter hurried down the corridor again:

"Second luncheon ready."

"Now you must go," said Claire impulsively; "I hope you will have a very good feast—because you love France."

The stranger was amused. "I will leave you my cigarette-case," she answered; "you must enjoy a quiet smoke." She hesitated for a moment at the door of the carriage, went to her fur coat, which had been lying in a heap on the seat,

folded it, as if to put it in the rack overhead, but, changing her mind, dropped it on the seat again. Then, with a glance at her suitcase and another quick look round, she disappeared.

Claire was puzzled. "Perhaps she thought I should try on her coat," she said to herself with a little laugh; "but I won't—though I should like to. It is such a beauty; she must have heaps of money; perhaps she is a millionairess." She looked at the cigarette-case in her hand and tried to make out the monogram; but the letters were so intertwined it was impossible. . . .

V

SHE was a long time gone. Claire looked out of the window, and felt bored. Then she remembered her nose; by this time it must want powdering. She opened her suitcase wide to get out the papier poudré, moved the novel, and with a start realized that the two ten-pound notes had gone. She had seen Percy put them in, and the little white edge round the cover of the powder-book, as he called it. She stood up in astonishment.

"They are gone!" She could not believe her eyes. "They are gone!" She examined everything—no good—it was impossible that they could have slipped out. "They have been taken. . . . She is a thief! I can't believe it—but they are often disguised—she doesn't look it, but she is a thief!"

She sat down, flushed and breathless, staring at the empty silk pocket. Everything the stranger had said flashed through her mind. "She lost money at poker; she talked about the custom-house; and her silk stockings; perhaps they are mock pearls, or she stole them; she is artful and a thief."

She got up again and stood rocking with excitement.

"But what can I do?" she cried; "if I accuse her she will deny it; she couldn't be searched in the train; it would be a scene and get into the papers, and ten-pound notes are all alike; she would say they were hers . . . what did she do with them?" Then a sudden idea: "Why did she stop in the doorway and come back and shake her fur coat? Perhaps she hid

them in it." She shook it, felt in its pockets, looked for secret ones in the lining—no good; she dropped it back on the seat, picked up the gold cigarette-case and threw it on to the soft fur heap. "I won't touch her dreadful cigarettes any more; perhaps they are drugged, so that I might sleep till she got out at Bath." The French blood in her was roused, she would not have been surprised to find that poison pains were darting through her—or that she was a corpse already. "But where are the notes? I will find them if it is possible; she had a bag with her; they are not in that, for I could see there was only the cigarette-case and loose silver in it—it showed through the chain work—they must be here—" She knelt down in front of the red case and hesitated; then, remembering its owner's parting glance at it, she cried: "Probably she has locked it—if not I *shall* look; she is a thief and I have a right to recover my own property if I can." With indignation surging through her she undid the snaps; it was not locked. She opened it quickly. It was beautifully fitted with gold-topped bottles. A delicious perfume she could not identify pervaded it; she sniffed up. There were soft substances filling the main space. On the top of them was the note-book and then a handkerchief sachet worked with forget-me-nots; beside it, between it and a gold-topped bottle, she saw a corner of unmistakable white paper sticking up. Her heart stood still as she pulled out the two ten-pound notes.

"She did take them! She *is* a thief; they are mine, and I will have them back!" Without a moment's pause she put them into her hand-bag, closed the suitcase, snapped it, and sat down in her corner again.

Her excitement simmered down, she began to consider the situation; she had done a desperate thing; but she had only taken her own notes; she had a right to them—and even to go to a thief's closed case . . . she was glad she had done it, but a horrible fright was coming over her. The American, of course, was a thief; she was one of a gang, perhaps, and might do anything to her—she didn't know precisely what; but she was beginning to dread her return. . . . Perhaps she would not go to her case again before she

got out of the train. "If she does, she can't deny that they are mine or that she took them; she daren't make a fuss . . . but it is dreadful. . . ."

She looked out into the corridor and saw with consternation that the travellers

travel with a wicked woman. She turned over the pages and appeared to be reading.

The stranger entered looking pleased and satisfied; she took up her cloak, evidently seeing that it had been touched,



She knelt down in front of the red case.—Page 336.

were beginning to return from the restaurant. She retreated to her corner, and made up her mind that she would do nothing, and say nothing; she would be stiff and cold and not speak if she could help it; the thief's guilty conscience would give her a hint and tell her why. She looked at the watch on her arm; in less than an hour they would be at Bristol, and half an hour afterward at Bath. . . . Many people were passing now along the corridor. She picked up the novel; it was the right title, she thought; Percy was so clever; he must have guessed she would

for she had left it folded and found it in a heap with the cigarette-case on the top.

"I hope you had a quiet whiff," she said.

"I did not require one," Claire answered coldly. Her lips were stiff; they would hardly speak.

"Won't you have one now?" The gold case was handed.

"I do not require any more," without removing her eyes from the book. The stranger looked at her doubtfully, lighted one herself, and soon appeared to be lost in thought.

A whole hour—an hour of silence and

tension that Claire could hardly bear; at last it was impossible not to raise her head. Her companion looked at her with a smile.

"That book seems to be very interesting."

"Yes, it is very interesting." Again there was silence. It was extremely awkward, but there was nothing to be done. "If I could only be as calm as she is," Claire thought; "but I can't, my heart is thumping so hard."

VI

THERE were a good many people at Bristol station. Claire wished that some one would enter the carriage, but the label still held good, and in a few minutes they went on again. Suddenly the stranger rose and went along the corridor; she returned in a few minutes and, as if to change the atmosphere of the last hour, said pleasantly:

"In a quarter of an hour we shall get to Bath; then I shall leave you for the rest of your journey alone."

There was a frigid "yes" from the corner.

The umbrella in the rack was lifted down and put with the fur coat; the stranger hesitated a minute, then suddenly opened her suitcase, put in her cigarettes, and took out a handkerchief from the sachet; she was about to close it again, to the infinite relief of the woman in the corner, when suddenly she seemed to remember something, opened it again, and was evidently startled.

"She sees they are gone," Claire thought. Her heart left off thumping and stood still. The American lifted the handkerchief sachet right out, and hunted in all the corners of the case, then looked at her companion, as if unwilling to be suspicious, and again made a search.

"Did any one enter the carriage while I was away?" she asked.

The color rushed to Claire's face, her eyes had sparks in them. "No, no one."

"Did you leave it at all?"

"No, I did not."

"It is an extraordinary thing, but two bank-notes that were in my case are gone."

"Yes, they are gone," firmly. "I took them."

"Took them?" The stranger looked astounded—bewildered.

"Yes, I did," with angry triumph.

"Well, but how did you come to do that?"

"I took them back." Claire's temper was rising. "They were mine—mine—and you stole them from my case." She was conscious with sickening relief that the train was slackening to get into Bath.

The other woman stood calm and cool, staring at her.

"Well"—she drew her words out slowly—"this is the very strangest thing that ever happened to me—you think I am a thief!"

"You were here alone; no one else could have taken them; I believe you belong to a gang——"

"A gang?"

"Yes, a gang. You wore silk stockings to cheat the customs—you played poker on board ship. I will not prosecute you, but you are a thief." The dark eyes blazed; their owner had lost all self-control; but the American did not turn a hair.

"I wish you would prosecute me, only I haven't time to stay for it. But this is the most amusing thing I know—that a woman like you should open my luggage, take out some bank-notes, and then pretend they are hers! Why, it's you who are the thief."

"Oh!" Claire had become inarticulate.

The train was almost stopping; the stranger evidently hesitated what to do next, then locked the red suitcase. "I ought to have done that before," she said.

The guard appeared; he had evidently been spoken to.

"These are the things," she told him, "and I shall want a taxi."

He evidently had reasons for being attentive; the train stopped, a porter came to the door. She hesitated before she got out, and turned to Claire, who, intense but almost stupefied, stood leaning against the window-frame at the other end of the carriage.

"Well," she said, with a mocking, maddening smile, as it seemed now, "a hundred dollars isn't much to give oneself away like that for, or to lose—I don't mind a bit, and you may keep the notes—I shan't miss them. If you had gone deeper you would have found some more."

I put those two at the top ready for Bath. But if you take my advice, you will leave other people's luggage alone in future." She jumped down lightly from the carriage; in a moment she had disappeared.

VII

It was a relief to find that some cousins, Jack Dawson and his wife, were staying with the aunt. Claire poured out her story, and passed on some of her excitement to them.

"By Jove!" said Jack; "it was neat of her. You never know what they will get up to; I've been rooked two or three times myself. It's a warning never to leave your things about unlocked with people you don't know; you can't tell what they will be up to, especially in these days when every one is hard up."

"She looked frightfully rich."

"Part of her game, probably."

"You should have seen her fur coat, it was such a beauty."

"Perhaps she had pinched it from some one else—anyhow, you had a good time, for I expect you went for her." Claire's family knew her sweetness—and laughed at what they called her fireworks.

"She was so cool, it maddened me. I could have killed her."

"A pity you didn't; it would have made a sensation. Well, you have got your notes back; that's something. But I should have thought such a small sum was hardly worth her while—she must have been disappointed at not getting more!"

Mrs. Binstead came down punctually to breakfast next morning; she felt that

if she were going to the sales it would be better to start early; but she was tired and had had no sleep. A letter from Percy was on her plate.

"He is such a dear," she said as she opened it; "he always writes the moment we are apart."

Two ten-pound notes dropped from the envelope.

"I hope you were not worried if you missed these, darling; as I ran to the station I remembered your case was not locked, so I took them out, meaning to tell you to put them in your hand-bag, and in the fuss of getting you off, clean forgot about them."

It was more than she could bear.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "She started for Paris last night and sails from Italy next week for New York. I shall never see her again."

"Pretty mess, isn't it?" Jack laughed. "You have done it rather completely, but you can have an extra good time at the sales."

It was like a sting. "I couldn't go near them now. I shall go home, and advertise for her in American papers."

"She'll never see it."

She poured it all out to Percy, sitting on the rug by the fire with her head against his knees. He agreed to the advertisements, though they would be no good, he told her.

"Then they must go to the devastations," she said; "it would please her, for she loved France—but always I shall say to myself: 'I stole. I ought to be put in prison'; and, oh, Percy, always, somewhere in America, there will be a woman who thinks I am a thief."



The Poets and Nature

BY RAYMOND WEEKS



FROM ancient times until the present it has been a title of glory for one to say that what interests him is man. We have so long repeated the device of Terence, "*Homosum; humani nil a me alienum puto*," that we forget the lengths to which man's pride has gone. He has called himself the lord of the universe, and has taught that all other animate beings were created for his use and pleasure.

As if to fortify him in this opinion, he possessed until the sixteenth century a system of astronomy which fitted like a glove his extravagant esteem of himself: the earth was believed to be the centre of the universe, the immutable point about which the sun and the planets revolved for the glory of mankind. Then came, in 1543, the Copernican astronomy, which, despite the opposition of the Church and the universities, replaced the Ptolemaic. The earth was discovered to be a mere atom,¹ whirled about in a universe immensely superior to it.

Those of us who are interested in literature have a right to inquire how the poets met this astonishing discovery. Did they, true to their traditional rôle as seers, prophesy the discovery, or at least run to meet it with swift sandals? Or did they, like the clergy and most of the universities, wait until there was no danger in joining the revolution—until not to do so would cover them with ridicule?

The poets, unfortunately for their glory, followed the latter course. Not only was there no one among them who showed the prophetic gift, but—except for Giordano Bruno, known rather as a writer of prose—there was no one among them for many generations who dared to lisp a word of the great discovery. As early as 1576 Bruno taught in both prose and verse the wonderful new astronomy, and he received his reward at the hands of

the Inquisition, in February, 1600, when his ardent life went out in the flames.

His tragic death and the persecution of Galileo deterred the poets of all countries from allowing their imaginations to roam audibly through the vast concourse of the new universe, but writers of prose showed more courage. More than two centuries after the death of Copernicus, however, we find the French philosophical poets glad to assume the falsity of the Biblical astronomy, in order to toss chaff at the Church. Voltaire, from the fastness of his kingdom at Ferney, dared to say anything, and Saint-Lambert accepted the new cosmogony as early as 1769. Ten years later, the intrepid Roucher, who was to perish on the scaffold with André Chénier in 1794, followed suit. As for Chénier, his favorite dream was his poem "*Hermes*," which was to reproduce for his age the "*De Rerum Natura*" of Lucretius. To his ardent young spirit, science, being truth, was the handmaid of poetry.

In England, we find Cowley, Milton, Dryden, of course, Prior, and the others adhering to the Ptolemaic astronomy in their verse. The courageous if erratic Chatterton, however, accepted the new astronomy; and, shortly before his suicide in 1770, wrote a poem on the Copernican system. This was two hundred and twenty-seven years after the death of the Polish astronomer. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, Erasmus Darwin, scientist as well as poet, espoused the "new" astronomy, as did Wordsworth in 1799.

The nineteenth century witnessed the final emancipation of the Copernican theories from theological opposition. They at last crept into the Spanish universities even. The book of Copernicus was dropped from the Index of 1835, but it was still possible for Newman, preaching at Oxford in 1843, to speak as if it were a debatable question whether the earth moved or not. This was exactly three hundred years after the death of

Copernicus. It is evidently not easy to see in the typical poet of these three centuries the inspired bard, who, in the phrase of Horace, is the *sacer interpretsque deorum*.

But rough waters lay ahead of poetry in the nineteenth century. Those absurd scientists precipitated a revolution in geology, paleontology, and biology, which paralleled the earlier one in celestial mechanics. The horrible theory of evolution, which had been forming for more than two thousand years, came to a head in 1859, with the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Just as the earlier revolution had shown that the earth was not the pivot of the universe, so the new revolution attempted to show that man shared the slimy origin of the fishes, the serpents, and the grasshoppers, instead of being a conspicuous angel temporarily engaged in moulting. Of these two revolutions, the second touches us much more profoundly, as W. H. Hudson has said in "Far Away and Long Ago."

It is to be noted in passing that this second revolution, like the first, was brought to a culmination by men outside the universities.

The new theory moved to victory much faster than the former one, in which lies a measure of hope for the future of the race. The churches, and for a while most of the universities, opposed its acceptance. We know how bitterly the struggle raged, until to-day a smug clergy, beaten in the breach, has turned squarely about, and looks with shruggings upon a few shaggy preachers and bald-headed statesmen, who alone defend the beliefs universally held less than seventy-five years ago.

If theology was the first to suffer in the new revolution, poetry did not escape. The poets faced a world turned topsy-turvy. A multitude of their ingenious, sentimental explanations of life appeared as absurd as any speculations of mediæval scholasticism. To judge properly the way in which the poets reacted to the new ideas, one should bear in mind that evolution did not come to them as an entire surprise in the works of Wallace and Darwin. The close of the eighteenth century had seen a quickening of scientific thought on these lines, especially in

France, England, and Germany; and the whole first half of the nineteenth century was filled with the research of a half-dozen "evolutionists," mostly British and French. With the exception of Huxley, the British scientists enjoyed two great advantages: most of them possessed private fortune, and they were not professors. They were thus independent of the attacks of the clergy and society. As for Huxley, young and courageous, he occupied a well-intrenched chair in the Royal College of Surgeons. In the forties a school of liberal science came into being at Oxford, and by the fifties several professors in England were expounding theories which their opponents might call "certainly not orthodox, and probably immoral." In France, the situation was less favorable, mainly because the Restoration crippled scientific study.

As for the French poets, the sombre Vigny, revered for his confidence in the future of science, withdrew from the world too soon to give poetic form to the new conception of organic life. As early as 1848, however, a young poet addicted to science, Louis Bouilhet, became a convert to what he called the identity of species. He, like Chénier, projected a modern "De Rerum Natura," and published in 1853 "Les Fossiles," a poem in which he skilfully used the recent studies in geology and paleontology. In the late sixties, Madame Ackermann incorporated evolutionary notions in her philosophic verse. She was followed by others, especially by Sully Prudhomme, who became the great exponent of evolution among French poets.

In England, Tennyson is lauded as the friend of science, and such he was; but those who praise him as an advance prophet of evolution are mistaken. During his college years and those immediately following, young men of education in Great Britain were everywhere discussing the theories of Lamarck, Saint-Hilaire, Lyell, Doctor Wells, Dean Herbert, and Patrick Matthews, as to natural selection, fixed species, the age of life on the earth, etc. The often-quoted passages in "In Memoriam," which seem to have been written in 1844, and which treat of what may be called evolution, show in Tennyson the friend of science, but not

the prophet. In one of these passages, where he speaks of the processes of nature, occur two lines which may be said to indicate in him a prevision of the modern lady-typist:

"So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life."

When Tennyson bids us

"Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die,"

the supposed anthropological allusion in the second line is fortuitous, whatever family accent it may appear to bring us.

Browning possessed greater intellect than Tennyson, and was more of a liberal, but we find in him no prophetic vision of the new nature, no warm defense of the theories of Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and Spencer.

Matthew Arnold is known as the unflinching friend of the scientific awakening of his century, a reputation due rather to his prose than to his verse, of which he wrote little after 1857, when he became professor of poetry at Oxford. "Empedocles on Etna," published in 1852, and several other of his poems, are informed with the scientific spirit, yet nowhere show the fabled prophetic gift of the traditional bard.

Despite the bitter resistance of the clergy and of conservative society on both sides of the Atlantic, the new ideas spread rapidly. The mid-Victorian poets and their American disciples hardly knew what to sing about. After some gloomy moments, they came forward and commenced to sing of the beauty of law, order, and harmony in nature (as if Lucretius had never sung of these things), passed on to tell of the long ascent through which predestined man had mounted, and ended by taking this as proof of a long and glorious future. Across this future they projected for humanity an immense viaduct, whose use they denied to the other animals. As we see, they were trying to "save the pieces." They were not content, like the scientists, to see some glint of light along the ragged edge of things. They were not deterred at seeing so much broken harness trailing among the stars.

The new theory of the world meant a return to the Lucretian view of nature as

a whole—of man occupying a certain place and no more. The submission of poetry to this view was only partial and cannot have been sincere. Poets became more anthropocentric than ever: they *would* sing of man, that is, of themselves. Instead of deriving from evolution its great principle of the fraternity of animate creatures, they derived the lonely grandeur and exceptional divinity of man, and left the impression that science proved this!

Thus, as will appear more fully, the other animals "lost out." But this, alas! was not the first time in their unending calvary. When the religions of Greece and Rome fell into dust, and Christianity arose upon their ruins, it seemed that an altruistic belief was about to lead to a proper view of man as a part, but only a part, of animate nature. A natural extension of the principle that all men are brothers would make all the races of animals brothers. But the new religion failed to complete the generous gesture of its founder.

All poetry of the last sixty years, which, as Dryden says, closes with "diapason full in man," is beautiful in a restricted sense only; and Whitman's boast, "I avowedly chant the great pride of man in himself," and its many variations are commendable for their impudence and nothing else. We have had, it is true, in the last sixty years some "pretty poems" about animals and some nice prattle about nature; but how many of these attempts equal the passion of Wordsworth's early work? As for poems which express pity for our brother animals, do any of them surpass the accents of Cowper or Burns? Thanks to the twist which the poets and the clergy have given to evolution, the other animals have sustained a relative loss in the scale of existence. We have played with them "heads we win, tails you lose."

Two evolutionary catchwords, "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest," seem to have sufficed to ease the sordid conscience of men, who thus justified red-handed brutality toward other creatures. The poets have in the main merely reflected this attitude, although they are by profession supposed to be gentle and kind.

The sinister thing is that the spread of a belief in evolution coincided with a spread of fury in our destruction of animal life. And let us not delude ourselves as to another point: it was not the yellow race or the black race that accelerated the massacre of the earth's most beautiful, most innocent creatures, but it was the so-called Christian and civilized races! It has been in the main men of English speech and of Neo-Latin speech who have been the most pitiless. This has been partly a result of our great prosperity. We have been submerged under the impedimenta of success. Our materials have outrun our intellect, and our intellect has outrun our emotions.

It will be worth while for us as students of literature, and therefore to a limited extent students of life, to listen for a few minutes to some of the cruelties inflicted by men on helpless nature in this era of material gluttony, mechanical inventiveness, and perverted moral instruction. As you read this horrible recital, ask yourself how many poets of the last sixty years you can name who have protested against these crimes.

First, take the chapter of plumage and furs. With our gold, we have enlisted the other races in the extermination of birds and mammals which is going on in all the islands of the globe, throughout Africa and Europe, in the Americas, in China, in India even. London is the centre of this trade. The furs sold by one British firm, totalled in one year shortly before the Great War 11,650,000. During the same year, the sale of bird corpses by four London firms ran into untold millions. For the rarer species, there were such items as 80,000 humming-birds, 40,000 birds of paradise, 250,000 egrets. No one can tell the total sales for London, or for the other great markets, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, New York, St. Louis. This plumage goes for the most part to embellish heads that have never suffered from rain or snow or wind or sun; and as for the furs, they go mainly to cover shoulders that have never shivered. In general, the wish of the wearer is to add to charms already triumphant, or to arrest the decline of beauty which has already done enough harm. Why should wealth and beauty fail to profit by the

working out of the great, newly discovered laws of evolution?

One who doubts the hardening of the Occidental heart in recent times has but to read of the increased "hunting" and "shooting" of parked beasts and birds in Europe, or to read several of the hundreds of books on hunting, such as Sir Henry Seton-Karr's "My Sporting Holidays." Let him read the proud record of Henry Bailey, who boasts of bringing down seven elephants in five minutes, or that where Newman, the ivory-hunter, tells of slaughtering twenty-three elephants in one day!

We of the United States have shed more innocent blood than any other "civilized" nation. In a brief time, we have extinguished 95 per cent of the wild animal life, and this mainly for our pleasure. A million and a half of us take out annually a license to hunt, and a million others hunt on their own land without licenses. In Louisiana alone there were slaughtered for market in the year 1909-1910, 5,700,000 birds and 2,600,000 mammals. Some of us remember the time when immense flocks of passenger-pigeons darkened the sky in their flight. The last survivor of this species recently died in captivity in the Zoological Garden at Cincinnati. And some of us remember when the Great Plains were black under the herds of buffaloes. We know how they were shot for sport, and left lying where they fell. Colonel Henry Inman says that in some regions one could walk all day, stepping on the dead bodies without touching the earth. It was found later that the skeletons of the buffaloes could be converted into fertilizer. According to an estimate, there were gathered and shipped from Kansas alone, in thirteen years, the bones of 31,000,000 buffaloes.

Yet the poets sang of God's loving universe! In the presence of this death-struggle of nature with cruel man, they wrote on such subjects as "To My Soul," "Walking by Moonlight," "To My Lady's Fan." Of pity for the world of hunted, dying creatures, little or none. If they have admitted kinship with the other animals, they have generally added: "But I am different; I am not as they; I have in me an indwelling God; I am divine." A few poets have in modern times written lines of protest against this bru-

tality, or, at least, lines of real tenderness for the other animals. Most of them, however, have not progressed beyond Pope's shameful lines:

"Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;"

or the shocking falsity of Wordsworth's

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her;"

or Browning's cruel blast:

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Mr. W. H. Davies says in a pretty poem, called "Nature's Friend," that all things love him. It will be harder than he thinks for us to recover our lost position in creation. There are too many dead bodies piled against the door between nature and man for us, short of long ages, to arrive at the sanctity ascribed to St. Francis, of whom it was said that "not a bird upon the tree but half forgave his being human."

The poets, then, in the years that followed the acceptance of evolution, continued to show docility by going along with the mob. They were of their generation, not apart from it, and not above it. Their voices sounded hollow and hollower, and their estate sank lower and lower. But as a Daughter of the American Revolution has said, the longest worm has a turning. The worm turned shortly after the close of the last century. At that time retribution descended upon poetry. Her devotees separated into two hostile camps.

One of these camps—the Old Guard—has taken refuge in a fortress on a hill. Around the walls press the opposing forces, carrying banners of violent colors—green, yellow, purple, saffron, indigo, red, with twenty kinds of musical instruments, adjuncts of valor, all blaring, shrilling, beating or bleating at once. Upon banners of the attacking host are to be seen such words as impressionists, vers libristes, imagists, vorticists, cubists, satanists, futurists, polyphonists, paroxysmists, diabolists, staccatoists, contortionists, energumenists, dadaists.

If you converse with one of the beleaguering heroes when he is off duty, you

may learn some of the rules of his camp, such as: Be "different," be peculiar. . . . Scrap the past. . . . Beat the big bass drum. . . . All you require to succeed is a disordered imagination, lungs of brass, and unlimited impudence. . . . Splash crude colors over everything, especially green and yellow. . . . As a guiding principle, remember that, if you can prove anything, everything else becomes automatically true. . . . Use whenever you can, and even when you can't, certain words which are sacred amongst us, such as: blood, red-blooded, bleeding, stabbing, hissing, far-flung, sobbing, thrills, threnody, psaltery, chrysopraxe, mauve, gargoyles, pericarps, mandarins, turquoise, jade (the stone not the girl), yellow, green. . . . Never say "Preface," say "Foreword." . . . Talk about yourself as much as possible. Remember that the more trivial the subject, the better the poem. . . . When you have nothing to say, say it with italics. . . . Treat all persons and things with the utmost familiarity. Punch nature in the ribs. Slap God on the back. For Lincoln, say Abe; for Washington, George; for Whitman, Old Walt; for Alexander the Great, Ellic.

Among these rules for success, several may not meet our approval; but here are others, and this way lies hope: Be brief. . . . Read your verses aloud as you compose them. . . . Suppress four-fifths of your adjectives. . . . Employ only *le mot juste*. . . . Avoid ready-made locutions. . . . Treat all of life.

"Treat all of life!" Yet what do they mean by "all of life," these reforming poets? We open one of their books, and we find:

"Life!

Startling, vigorous life,
That squirms under my touch,
And baffles me when I try to examine it,
Or hurls me back without apology,
Leaving my ego ruffled and preening itself."

Although somewhat ruffled ourselves, we are not daunted. We read many of these poets, and we discover that they actually treat nearly everything, from a cabbage to a constellation, from a shirt to a freight-train. As we read, we note that they like noisy things, and that they talk much of themselves. They make us think of steam-riveters.

We soon see that they are pantheists. They believe that they are a part of all things, that all things are a part of them, and that everything is a part of everything else. Their pantheistic system is one of standardized parts, such as constitutes the prosperity of the city of Detroit.

Their pantheism is also remarkable in that it affirms what may be called delayed metempsychosis or dormant identity. You meet one of these poets. You converse with him. He converses with you. You come to think that you know him. It is an error! One of these days he will casually inform you that he is—or was—the last of the Pharaohs. Or a none-too-seductive and only normally unsettling poetess confesses to you that she was Cleopatra. Thus you move on from agreeable surprise to agreeable surprise, and come to know life as it is. From delayed metempsychosis has developed what may be called the "Cycle of Babylon," since it found its first great example in Henley's famous lines:

"I was a king in Babylon,
And you were a Christian slave."

We are disquieted to see among our poets so many descendants of the ancient royalties of Babylon, Syria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome. The slopes of Parnassus have gone purple.

In yet another way the new poets, and their short-haired rivals as well, have shown a passion for real life. They have cultivated a geographic acquaintance with the earth's remote provinces, such as the planets, comets, suns, moons, asteroids, heaven, and hell. Some of them could, with their eyes closed, draw a fairly accurate map of several of these provinces, especially of the last two. Instead of wasting their time writing about the death-agony of nature at the hands of man, they choose subjects like these: "The Smithy of God," "A Masque of the Gods," "Riders of the Stars," "Christ in Hades," "The Runner in the Sky," "The Falconer of God," "The Hounds of Hell," "Around the Sun," "The Testimony of the Suns," "The Bells of Heaven," "The Celestial Circus," "The Path of the Stars," "The Daughter of the Stars," "Unborn Stars," "The Huntress of the Stars," "The Rider of the Sun-Fire,"

"Beyond the Stars," "How I Walked in the Jungle of Heaven," "Sky High." It is true that many of these poems, despite their alluring titles, treat of things mundane. None the less, the titles remain significant of the sustained interest felt by scores of our poets in life as it is—all of life.

Life! Such is at least their programme. But there is a part of life—and we know what it is—that they have not often treated. They have hardly gone farther than their predecessors in recognizing properly the fraternity of animate creatures, and when they approach nature it is generally with a chipper, jactant, familiar tone which amounts to a profanation.

We reflect on their programme, "all of life," as we read their poems, and at last it occurs to us that prose has the same programme! We end by realizing that nearly all these new poets—all of the radical ones—are not poets; that, at most, they have but run a trolley-line through poetry. We may even come to believe that much the larger part of their production is to real poetry as the staple manufactured article of Connecticut is to nutmegs. When we first find that it is almost impossible to learn by heart one of their poems, we are distinctly shocked. We would remind some of them that wilful extravagance does not suit either poetry or prose; that, although noise means much in modern life, it is not everything, and that there are times when a poet is known by the silences he keeps; that cataleptic seizures and intoxicated half-visions can have nothing to do with art; and that because a piece of writing has neither rhyme nor reason does not mean, necessarily, that it is poetry.

Mr. Lowes has said in his excellent book, "Convention and Revolt in Poetry," that "verse is *not* prose." One may reverse this as a warning to those who write the new poetry: "prose is *not* verse." In fact, most of our *vers libre* is merely prose adapted to the needs of skilful elocutionists. It was written to be recited. Unlike children in former generations, it should be heard, not seen. *Vers libre* impresses one as being an eccentric prose translation of an eccentric poetic original in an eccentric foreign language. One feels this most clearly, if,

after reading some imagist verse, one opens a volume of translations from Chinese poetry. The two are extraordinarily similar, except that the Chinese translations are superior. No vers-libre poem can survive, unless as a curiosity, or as part of the repertory of an elocutionist.

Yet all these criticisms would be mere detail if the young poets knew how false to science, to justice, and to honor their predecessors have been in turning the unity of nature into the disparity of nature, for the advantage of men and the ruin of the other animals—if they knew and would act on their knowledge. Furthermore, it would be mere detail, if the poets knew what was good for them. How can there be sincerity in their voices when they speak of nature, if they are the assassins of nature? Is sincerity of no importance in literature?

May we, as spectators and auditors of Parnassus, indulge even a remote hope that the new poets will end by rallying somewhat to the defense of the solidarity of nature? Yes, there is hope, because, for one thing, they are eager to reform the past. Despite their uncouth antics, they have really accomplished much. They have already forced a taking of stock. In a few brief years they have broken the mould of the conventionalized, sentimental poetry of the last seventy years of the nineteenth century. We had become unendurably weary of the singsong of that poetry, weary of verses with a sickly moral appended, weary of all the pretty

gestures which were nothing but convention, weary of seeing poets forever starting for Arcady and arriving in Arkansas. The new poets have changed much of this by their violent attack. They possess, then, the courage without which great things cannot be done. They possess, further, a resentment like that of the minstrel of Lacedæmon who was driven from his town for adding a string to the traditional lyre, and may easily be led to aid a good cause.

There is hope, finally, because most of these poets are not poets at all, but prose-writers—janizaries serving the Crescent, but born under the Cross. Nor is it an affront to call them prose-writers! We are under a misapprehension as to prose and poetry. It is prose which serves for most of the sacred things in life. Suppose that your brother is travelling in a distant country, and that you write to tell him that his mother and yours has passed into the great silence, and to express your grief for her, your love and sympathy for him. Suppose, too, that you are an excellent, an admirable poet. Will you write in verse, or in prose?

Let those who would be poets realize that there are still immense mysteries in life, and that it is our injustices which prevent us from having the right and the power to see them; that there are vast zones, as yet unexplored, where only those may penetrate who are intelligent, generous, tender, courageous, and . . . innocent.

The Poet

BY CHARLES W. KENNEDY

His soul was free of space and time,
Of every age, of every clime.

With absent heart and puzzled hands,
He dwelt in vague, familiar lands,

Reluctantly, with startled eyes,
Recalled from shores beyond surmise;

Mistaking trim New England trees
For gardens of Hesperides,

Or summoned from Gethsemane
To answer how he'd take his tea.

“The Hound of Heaven”

BY JOSEPH LAWRENCE PATTON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. FLETCHER WHITE



DOCTOR FRANCIS RANIER, professor of psychology at Doran University, sat meditating in his study. His study was located in the west wing of Commercy Court—the wing which was designated in the current slang of the institution as the “home for the poverty profs.”

Commercy Court was divided into two wings, the east wing serving as a dormitory for the senior men students of the college, and the west wing serving as a residence, furnished gratis by the university, for the bachelor members of the faculty.

At Doran, one of the oldest and proudest of New England's institutions of learning, there was a saying that the teachers taught for love and married for money. Doctor Francis Ranier had never married—hence Commercy Court.

Yet Doctor Ranier had a national reputation as one of the greatest criminologists of the country, and had he wished to commercialize his reputation he could have amassed a fortune with ease. He, however, engaged in the detection of crime simply because it offered an interesting field for psychological experimentation. He refused all fees. He took cases only when they offered a psychological problem. And he had attained to an enviable reputation as a great man of science, an idealist in his way, and a most sincere devotee of his one and only mistress—the science of psychology.

In his study, cosy and comfortable enough on this bitter, cold night of a New England December, he sat meditating over the baffling problems presented by the death of his boyhood chum and lifelong friend, Bob Caulfield.

Professor Robert Caulfield, besides being a lifelong friend, had also been a most

able colleague and fellow member of the faculty of Doran University. He had, until his mysterious death, held the chair of anthropology and evolution at Doran. The night before, he had been found dead in his home at the opposite end of the campus. Professor Caulfield had been a man of independent income and had been able to live in more luxurious style than the so-called “poverty profs.” His death had been surrounded by suspicious circumstances and had attracted the attention of the police, with the result that Perry Doyle, one of the shrewdest and most successful detectives of the local force, had been assigned to the case.

Doctor Ranier was waiting for Perry Doyle, whom he had asked to call upon him for a conference. He walked to the window and stood looking out across the court to the east wing. Lights shone in most of the windows and the students could be seen moving about. Some were reading under their desk-lights. In one of the rooms a crowd was gathered, probably chatting over the prospects of the hockey team or discussing the latest musical hit on Broadway. But the doctor's eyes were focussed upon the windows directly opposite his own. The windows were dark. He knew that to be the room of James Reams, one of the most promising and brilliant seniors at Doran—class poet of the senior class.

“Jimmy boy,” mused the doctor, “you're in for a terrible mess in this thing, and I wonder if you could be guilty. I'd say you were if it were not for the fact that a lot of the things won't fit in with such a theory. And I've found that you told me the truth about some of the worst evidence against you. But why didn't you tell me the whole truth? Are you subtle enough to think that by telling part of the truth you can prevent further inquiry?”

Doctor Ranier went back to his desk.

He sat upon the edge of his big chair, leaning forward with his head in his hands. For a long moment he sat thus. Then he settled back in his chair and picked up a sheet of paper from the surface of the desk. He gazed long and thoughtfully at that paper. On its surface was scrawled in shaky, wavering handwriting:

"Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears."

?

The paper had been found on the desk of Robert Caulfield, crumpled under his lifeless body. Apparently the dead man had expended his last atom of strength in writing it. At the end the pen had trailed off the paper, leaving an inky train which might have been the question-mark as indicated above or might simply have been the trail of a pen in hands too weak to lift it from the paper.

"Poor Bob!" Doctor Ranier soliloquized. "What a travesty it is that Bob Caulfield, the man of science who loved to dabble in the supernatural and who stoutly maintained that after death communication with the earth would some day be possible, is now unable to communicate from behind the great unknown and guide me in the solution of this mystery."

"'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.'" Doctor Ranier pronounced it solemnly. "I wonder if Bob is trying to communicate with me now. I wonder if, from beyond the veil of death, he is trying to tell me the name of his murderer. And I wonder still more, Bob, if in this slip of paper which you left as your last act on earth you didn't try to leave me a message as to the manner of your death. 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears'— Are you trying to tell me that you took your own life in the interest of science, in an attempt to solve the mystery of death? It is just like you to have done so. I have often heard you say that what comes after death is the only question left for science to answer. But are you telling me that you took your own life because it is true, or because you want to shield some one else? Did you leave this paper, which you knew would point toward suicide, in order that the crime might not be fastened on some one you

love? Your daughter Dorothy, perhaps? Or is your meaning something still more subtle? 'Adown titanic glooms—' I wonder. I may be on a wild-goose chase. It is a flimsy theory, but to-night will test it out."

His meditation was interrupted by the ringing of his door-bell. He arose and admitted Perry Doyle. Perry Doyle was a quietly dressed, unobtrusive little man, chiefly notable on account of the absolute negation of his appearance. He was a man so inconspicuous that the ordinary observer would not give him a second look.

Doctor Ranier greeted him cordially, took his hat and coat and pushed forward a comfortable chair.

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Doyle. I can't tell you how glad I am that you have been assigned to the Caulfield case. And I appreciate immensely your giving me an evening of your time."

"It is a pleasure to be associated with you, doctor," replied the detective. "I am sure my time is always at your command."

"Thank you. I shouldn't ask you to spend this evening in my study unless I felt sure some evidence would be revealed that will be of value to you in the case. I have arranged a little seance here to-night at which I think some startling things will be brought to light; in fact, I must confess that I have purposely concealed from you some of the evidence in my possession."

"You certainly had no cause to fear my discretion, doctor?"

"No, no," the doctor hastened to assure him. "I have implicit confidence both in your discretion and in your ability, Mr. Doyle. Right here let me say that I appreciate your having kept secret the fact that you found Professor Caulfield's will in his desk, and the unusual contents of that will."

Perry Doyle bowed an acknowledgment to the compliment.

"I confess, doctor, that I cannot see your exact reason for asking such secrecy, but I assure you that no one except the two of us knows that Doctor Caulfield wrote a will on the night of his death, or the provisions contained in it. I say no

one; I mean, of course, except the two witnesses to the will."

"Exactly. Have you received the report of the autopsy?"

"Yes. Professor Caulfield came to his death as the result of curare poisoning. Curare, a poison much used by the South American Indians in poisoning their arrows, was injected into his blood stream through one of the veins of the lower arm. He probably lived only a few minutes after the injection. Perhaps you noticed at the time you discovered the body that there was a wound in his arm, as if a hypodermic needle had been inserted with force, and probably during a struggle. The wound was torn slightly and jagged."

"I noticed that at the time; but your conclusion that there had been a struggle doesn't necessarily follow. Doctor Caulfield might have been clumsy or nervous in inserting the needle and have made such a wound himself. Curare is just the sort of poison that a student of anthropology, such as Caulfield, would be familiar with. To my mind the nature of the poison tends to strengthen the theory of suicide."

Perry Doyle leaned forward earnestly and exploded his question.

"In which case, what became of the needle?"

"Reasoning from the suicide theory as a premise, I would say that there was probably plenty of time for him to have tossed it into the grate or otherwise to have disposed of it. However, I think to-night will disclose to you just what did become of the needle."

"You have a theory, then. I should like to hear it, Doctor Ranier."

"My theory must wait, Mr. Doyle." The doctor looked at his watch. "It is a bit absurd on the face of it, and I prefer to let the investigations I am about to conduct present it to your mind as the evidence develops. I have asked five people to come here to-night, all of whom have some knowledge of this crime—if crime it was. I have asked them to come at different times, so that I may question them in the order I desire. The first one is due at eight o'clock. We have twenty minutes to wait."

The doctor rose and, taking a box of cigars from a stand, offered one to Doyle.

"Will you have a cigar?"

"Thank you, but I never use them."

"A wise man, Mr. Doyle. I seldom indulge, myself. I am using this one to-night for a purpose. There will be certain questions that I shall ask to-night and certain statements that I shall make which will have a particular significance. As I ask those questions I shall strike a match to light this cigar. I, myself, shall be otherwise engaged at these times—making certain private observations of my own. I shall need your assistance and want to get the benefit of your trained powers of observation. I want you, whenever I start to light the cigar, to observe closely the facial expression and the reaction of the person being questioned. Then I want you to scribble on a scratch pad, which you can hold in your hand, one or two words telling the effect upon the witness. Please slip those notes to me under the corner of the desk. That all sounds melodramatic, perhaps, but I assure you I have a reason."

"Certainly, Doctor Ranier. It is not at all—er, unreasonable. I will follow your instructions."

"And now while we are waiting"—the doctor seated himself again—"have *you* formed any theory about Professor Caulfield's death?"

"I have." Perry Doyle looked closely at the inscrutable countenance of the gray-haired sage before him. "But before I outline *my* theory, I must ask *you* some questions." He was watching the doctor's face closely. "Doctor Ranier, it was you who supposedly first discovered the body. You stated at the coroner's inquest that you chanced to go to Professor Caulfield's house and found him dead. Was that simple statement the absolute truth?"

The doctor's answer came slowly, deliberately. "No."

"Then what was it that caused you to go there?"

"From your question, you probably know already that it was a 'phone call. At five minutes to eleven last night I received a call. The party on the other end of the wire excitedly urged me to go at once to Caulfield's. I did so, and found my old friend dead."

"Did you recognize the voice of the party who called you?"

Doctor Ranier hesitated and then answered: "Yes."

"Whose was it?"

"I would rather not answer that question at present. You will know before this evening is over, Mr. Doyle."

"Doctor Ranier, I know now. James Reams was seen by three students leaving Professor Caulfield's home last night at ten minutes to eleven. He was running and apparently greatly excited. They watched him cross the campus and run into Commerce Court. The university telephone exchange has a record of a telephone call at five minutes to eleven from Commerce 25 to Commerce 35. Commerce 25 is James Reams's number, Commerce 35 is yours. Your call was from Reams and James Reams is at present under arrest at police headquarters, charged with the murder of Professor Robert Caulfield."

Doctor Ranier surprised the detective by smiling.

"You are right, Doyle. My congratulations on your shrewdness. Jimmy Reams was the man who called me. But I do not agree with you that he committed the crime—at least I cannot agree to that as yet. If you had investigated the telephone records a little further, you would have found a call at seventeen minutes to eleven from Campus 7 to Commerce 25. Campus 7 is Professor Caulfield's desk 'phone. At seventeen minutes to eleven Jimmy Reams was called to Professor Caulfield's house. He has told me about that call. He states that while he was reading in his room, his 'phone rang and Professor Caulfield's voice called over the wire: 'It's Bob. For God's sake come quick!' At first I didn't believe him, for Professor Caulfield would never have called Jimmy Reams in an emergency, and would never have said to Jimmy Reams 'It's Bob.' But the records at the telephone station show that there was such a call, and I think I can explain the rest of it. I believe that Jimmy Reams told me the truth and that when he reached Professor Caulfield's he found the professor dead. I think we can fix the time of the crime by that call—at eighteen or seventeen minutes to eleven. But then, Jimmy Reams did not tell me the whole truth.

On another point he lied—or, at least, I am convinced he lied. He stated that he rushed out of the house and 'phoned me, but became embarrassed when I asked him why he went back to his own room before he 'phoned. At first he stated that he saw nothing of the hypodermic needle and syringe with which the crime—or suicide—was committed. He absolutely refused to talk on that point—says he knows nothing at all. Tonight I hope to be able to force him to talk."

"You have asked him here as one of the five?"

"I have. And since you have had him locked up, would you mind calling police headquarters and having an officer bring him here at—say nine o'clock."

Perry Doyle stepped to the 'phone and sent the message as Doctor Ranier had requested. As he hung up the receiver the door-bell rang.

Doctor Ranier opened the door and admitted a tall, slender man, dressed in a well-tailored black suit and wearing prominent tortoise-shell glasses. A man of intellectual aspect—in age about thirty-five or maybe older.

"Lawrence, let me introduce Detective Doyle from headquarters. Mr. Doyle, this is Professor Thompson, formerly Doctor Caulfield's assistant. He has succeeded Professor Caulfield in the chair of anthropology."

The two men shook hands.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Doyle." Lawrence Thompson took the chair which Doctor Ranier placed for him in front of the desk.

Doctor Ranier took his accustomed seat behind the desk, with Perry Doyle seated slightly to his right. The doctor picked up the cigar which was lying before him and fumbled with a box of matches. Doyle remained impassive. Professor Thompson was expectant.

"Lawrence," Doctor Ranier began, "I asked you in to this conference to-night because I think there may be disclosed some evidence bearing on the death of Professor Caulfield. I knew that you, his protégé, whom he had brought up from infancy and educated to continue his own work, would want to be here. I am expecting some others, but they are a little

late in arriving, so I trust that you are in no hurry."

"No, indeed, doctor," Thompson replied. "I am very glad to be present. But I can hardly think there was any foul play connected with Professor Caulfield's death."

"You think, then, that it was suicide?" Ranier asked. "I would be glad to hear your theory. You knew Doctor Caulfield, probably better than any of us. I wish you would tell Mr. Doyle about Professor Caulfield's lecture in Anthropology IV yesterday. To my mind that seems the strongest evidence pointing toward suicide."

"That is the only reasonable theory that I can see," Professor Thompson began. "You see, Mr. Doyle, I have been very close to Professor Caulfield. He has been like a father to me since I was a baby. In fact, he is the only parent I have ever known. He never formally adopted me, but I lived in his home until very recent years. It was he who guided my education and trained me to fill the position his untimely death left vacant."

"Professor Caulfield was a man of science, a devoted student and follower of Darwin and Spencer, and yet he was not satisfied to rest within the limits of scientific fact. Yesterday he delivered a wonderful lecture in his senior anthropology class. He touched briefly on the great debt that science owes to Darwin for his work in proving the evolution of all forms of animal life, including man, from the beginning of things, through the unthinkable geological ages, to the forms of animal life which we find in the world today. He touched on Spencer's contribution to science in carrying on the work of Darwin and applying the principles of evolution to the customs of society, sociological factors, such as religion, marriage, and government."

"He ended his lecture most dramatically by saying that there was only one field of inquiry left open for scientific exploration, and that was death. Darwin and his followers had proved where we all came from and how we reached our present state. It remained for some even greater scientist to reveal where we went after death. He stated that, of course, all speculation as to the life hereafter was

valueless and that the doctrines of religion were pure speculation. He closed by promising that, if it were in any way possible for him to communicate with any of us after his death, he would do so. And he ended with his favorite quotation: 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.'

"I understand that he left that quotation scribbled on a piece of paper when he was dying. To my mind that was his way of saying that he had taken his own life and had gone to fulfil his last mission as a scientist—an exploration of the life after death."

Perry Doyle was listening attentively and started to speak. A motion from Ranier silenced him.

"It is known that Professor Caulfield died as the result of a poison injected into his arm with a hypodermic needle." Doctor Ranier stated it quietly. "If it was suicide, how would you account for the disappearance of the needle?"

Professor Thompson answered without hesitation: "He was probably able to destroy it before he died."

"Perhaps. But there is another thing, Lawrence." Doctor Ranier fumbled with a match and unsuccessfully essayed to light the cigar with which he was playing. "When I found the body of Professor Caulfield, he was lying face downward on his desk. His desk 'phone was knocked over, the receiver off the hook. It looks as though he might have tried to call for help—hardly a logical action for a man who was deliberately taking his own life."

Lawrence Thompson appeared to be considering this suggestion. While waiting for his answer, Ranier read the scribbled note which Doyle slipped into his hand beneath the desk. It read: "No surprise—no disturbance—perfectly natural."

The professor was speaking.

"I am inclined to believe, as the coroner did, that the telephone may have been knocked over when Professor Caulfield lurched forward in death."

"When did you first learn of Professor Caulfield's death?" Doctor Ranier switched suddenly to another line of inquiry.

"Why, when you called me up to tell

me about it. I think it was about eleven-thirty."

"I was fortunate to catch you at home."

"I had been in my room all evening. Had been reading a treatise by Professor Caulfield tracing the analogy between the stages of development which the human foetus goes through in the womb and the stages of development through which the human race has progressed in the course of its evolution."

"Lawrence, Doctor Caulfield left a will which he wrote last night."

"Indeed!"

"In this will he revoked his former will and cut off his adopted daughter Dorothy with a thousand dollars. In his previous will he had left his very sizable fortune entirely to her. Can you suggest any reason why he should have taken such an action?"

A moment's silence while Professor Thompson seemed to be thinking. He answered hesitantly.

"Well, it seems like a slender cause, but knowing Professor Caulfield as I do, it is not beyond the range of probability. He was a man who insisted upon having his own way. That trait of his character probably ranked second only to his devotion to science. And Dorothy would not abide by her father's wishes in some respects. They had a violent quarrel yesterday afternoon."

"And the reason for that quarrel?"

"It is a rather delicate matter and I hesitate to speak of it. It was over her infatuation for James Reams. Professor Caulfield had no patience with Reams; he considered him a waster and a dreamer. Professor Caulfield was a great admirer of the fine arts and a careful student of poetry, but he considered Reams one of these modern youths who mock the settled principles of the old masters, not because of a sincere belief that free verse and impressionistic, futuristic poetry represent a higher medium of expression, but simply for the notoriety connected with the espousal of a new field of thought."

"How did you know this?"

"Professor Caulfield related the circumstances to me. He said that he would not see his money left to the support of a whippersnapper of a loafer who

posed as a poet. He threatened to disown Dorothy unless she married a man of his selection."

"And you were the man of his choice." Doctor Ranier stated it as a fact, but Thompson went on to answer.

"I had asked Dorothy to marry me, and her father regarded my suit favorably."

"Do you think the prospect of a marriage between you and his adopted daughter was the reason that Professor Caulfield had never adopted you as his son?"

"I hardly know. I have never considered the question."

Doctor Ranier took up his neglected cigar and struck a match. He seemed to forget his purpose, and absent-mindedly let it burn without lighting the cigar.

"Professor Thompson, do you know who your parents were?"

"Why, no." Thompson was evidently startled. "But that question seems hardly relevant to our discussion, doctor."

"I beg your pardon; of course not. You must pardon my erratic mind. It follows peculiar channels." Doctor Ranier looked down at Doyle's note as he spoke. Perry Doyle had scribbled: "Startled—but I don't blame him—a flash of fear showed, too."

Doctor Ranier threw back his head and contemplated the ceiling.

"What were we on? Oh, yes, the will. It is a peculiar twist of fate that the will my dear friend Caulfield wrote on his last night on earth can never be carried out—it was improperly witnessed."

"But two witnesses are all that the law requires!" For once Thompson spoke spontaneously.

"Is that the law?" Doctor Ranier was still regarding the ceiling and speaking casually. "In that case you are fortunate, Lawrence, for I believe there are two witnesses to this will, and under it you are left Professor Caulfield's entire fortune, amounting to something over a hundred thousand dollars."

"Why, sir, you startle me!"

"Ah, yes, but to return to the problem. I am surprised that Caulfield didn't remember his old boyhood sweetheart, Alice Berceau."

"Probably because Alice Berceau died

in New York a little over a month ago." It was Thompson who made the answer.

"You knew Alice Berceau?" A match flashed as Ranier shot the question.

"No, that is, I——"

"Perhaps Professor Caulfield told you of his romance with her?"

"No, he didn't, but oh—er—well, I had heard of her, of course."

Perry Doyle's note read: "Struck a reaction that time, but what the h——?"

"Well, well," went on Ranier. "So Alice Berceau, the famous actress and still more famous adventuress, died in New York, the scene of her former glory. But I am wandering again. Doyle here thinks that Professor Caulfield was murdered, Lawrence."

"Of course," Professor Thompson conceded, "there is ground for such a theory, but I can hardly believe it myself. If he were murdered, why should he have written the note he did?"

"There are two explanations for the note." Ranier looked at his watch. "One, that he left it to shield some one he dearly loved, preferring people to think it was suicide rather than have the crime fastened on the guilty party; the other——"

Professor Thompson interrupted.

"In that case your theory of his having 'phoned for help is exploded."

"Yes, in a way. But the other explanation was suggested by Mr. Doyle, and is that the murderer may have forced him to write the note—perhaps guided his hand after he had 'phoned for help."

Perry Doyle had made no such suggestion, but he remained silent.

"In which case the murderer——" began Lawrence Thompson.

"Ah, yes," Doctor Ranier interposed; "in that case the murderer must have known that 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears' would mean to Professor Caulfield's friends that he had committed suicide."

The door-bell rang.

"Will you answer the door, please, Lawrence? I imagine that is Dorothy."

Professor Thompson admitted a slender girl, dressed in deep mourning, which could not entirely conceal her beauty. Doctor Ranier formally introduced her to Perry Doyle and helped her to a chair in

front of the desk. He then resumed his own seat.

Lawrence Thompson protested.

"My dear doctor, there can be no excuse for dragging Miss Caulfield into this discussion. I must protest."

Dorothy Caulfield answered for herself.

"It was at my own request that I came to this conference to-night. Doctor Ranier seems to think that father was killed—that it was not suicide—and promised that evidence as to the guilty party would probably be disclosed here to-night. Naturally, I asked him to allow me to attend."

"Thank you, Dorothy." Doctor Ranier spoke courteously. "I am very glad that you were willing to come. It was important that you be here—so important that I should have felt it necessary to ask you to come, even if you had not so desired. And while we are waiting for the others, will you permit me to ask you a few questions?"

"I've already told you what I know, doctor. Is it necessary to go over the ground again? I met you on the campus as you were going to father's house. I accompanied you, and after you—after you came back down-stairs and told me—I swooned. That's all I know."

"Dorothy, did you have a quarrel with your father yesterday?"

"Yes." Her answer was scarcely audible.

"Over the question of your marriage?"

She nodded assent.

"And you left the house intending to marry the man of your choice in spite of your father's wishes to the contrary? You probably told him that when you left?"

"Yes, I did. We had a quarrel and I told him I would not obey him in a matter which I considered my personal affair."

"When you left the house, where did you go?"

"To Madge King's."

"I happen to know that you left Miss King's at twenty-three minutes to eleven. It is about three minutes' walk from Miss King's home to the campus. I met you on the campus at five minutes to eleven or very shortly thereafter. Will you please tell me frankly where you were be-

tween twenty minutes to eleven and the time I met you on the campus?"

"I—I must have walked back slowly."

"Really, doctor, I can't stand for this, you know," Lawrence Thompson again interceded.

"Be still, please." Doctor Ranier again turned to the girl before him.

"You were almost running when I met you, and, besides, you were greatly excited—almost frantic with terror. I do not wish to be hard or cruel, Dorothy, but I must know where you were. Won't you explain frankly what happened?"

"I have told you all I can."

"And suppose I tell you that I know where you were and what happened?"

"Then why ask?" She straightened in her chair. "I did not come here to submit to an examination. I refuse to answer."

Doctor Ranier settled back in his chair and carelessly lighted a match.

"And suppose I tell you that the hypodermic needle with which the poison was administered to your father has been found?"

"My God!" And Dorothy Caulfield fainted in her chair. There was no need of a note from Perry Doyle. Doctor Ranier's eyes were on Lawrence Thompson.

Thompson sprang from his seat, red and excited, and rushed to the fainting girl. Assisted by Perry Doyle, he carried her to the couch at the side of the room. Doyle was administering restoratives. Thompson faced Doctor Ranier, who alone remained calm.

"This is an outrage, doctor! You surely are not accusing Miss Caulfield of murder simply because of her quarrel with her father? I refuse to believe it—even if the hypodermic *was* found in her room."

"Ah!" Doctor Ranier almost lost his own composure. "Then how could it have gotten there?"

"I don't know but— Oh, it's simply preposterous, that's all. And yet I know Dorothy's headstrong temper. Of course Doctor Caulfield was only her adopted father. And she was madly infatuated with Jimmy Reams. But no! Couldn't the murderer have placed the needle in her room?"

"Ah!" Again Doctor Ranier exclaimed. "A probable suggestion! I thank you. Would you mind answering the door-bell and asking the people who are there to wait a minute? We shall continue after we have revived Dorothy."

Perry Doyle's restoratives were having their effect and Dorothy Caulfield soon returned to consciousness. Doctor Ranier walked over to her couch.

"My dear Dorothy, your refusal to tell what you know is making it harder for us all. Won't you please tell me what you are fighting so to conceal?"

She shook her head. "I refuse to answer."

Doctor Ranier returned to his desk. "Ask the people in the hall to step in, please."

Lawrence Thompson admitted Mary McCann and Finley, respectively maid and butler at the Caulfield home.

"Were you on duty last night, Finley?" Doctor Ranier addressed the butler.

"No, sir—that is, I was not at the house, sir, after ten. The professor, sir, he let Mary and me off to go to a dance we had been wishing to attend."

"Then you left the house at ten, also, did you, Mary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Before you left did Professor Caulfield call you into his study to witness a will?"

"Yes, sir," Finley replied. "He had us both sign our names as witnesses to the will he had just written."

"How do you know he had just written it?"

"Because, sir, he had written it in ink, and the ink was still wet on it, sir."

"Ah, yes. So you are willing to swear that Professor Caulfield had just finished writing this will at ten o'clock?"

"A little before that, sir; say a quarter to ten."

"And you affixed your signatures as witnesses at about ten?"

"Yes, sir; maybe a little before."

"And then you and Mary left the house and know nothing of what happened later?"

"Yes, sir. I mean to say, sir, we did leave the house and know nothing more."

"Was Miss Caulfield at home when you left?"

"No, sir."

"One thing more. Did you see Doctor Caulfield sign his name to the will?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; that is all. You may go."

"Yes, sir; ah, thank you, sir." And Finley and Mary made their exit.

Doctor Ranier turned to his assembled guests.

"I am sorry; we shall have to wait a few minutes for the next caller. I made a slight miscalculation of the time. Mr. Doyle, would you mind calling up and seeing if the prisoner is on his way here?"

"Prisoner!" Professor Thompson exclaimed. "Have you made an arrest in this case, Mr. Doyle?"

Doctor Ranier replied:

"Jimmy Reams is under arrest charged with the murder of Professor Caulfield."

At his statement Dorothy Caulfield rose to a sitting posture on the couch. It was evident that she was making a great effort for self-control. She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Doctor Ranier, I can't stay. I couldn't stand it to see Jimmy put through the third degree."

Doctor Ranier replied gently: "I am sorry, Dorothy, but I am forced to say that I cannot permit you to leave—unless you will disclose the information you are concealing."

Dorothy settled back on the couch. Doyle reported that the prisoner and his escort should arrive at any minute. Doctor Ranier sat toying with his cigar.

"What do you think now, Lawrence? Do you think Detective Doyle has nabbed the right man?"

"I am compelled to admit, sir, that it looks pretty black for Reams. He is the one man who could possibly have a motive for the killing. He might have figured that it was the only way in which he could win the girl he loved. He probably did not feel any too kindly toward Professor Caulfield. He also might have figured it was the only way he could gain control of the Caulfield fortune."

Dorothy Caulfield turned her face away and bit her lip in an effort to remain silent at this last statement.

"The motive is what has been worrying me," remarked Ranier casually. "It hardly seems reasonable that a boy like

Reams would kill a man except for some tremendously compelling reason. I know Reams rather well, and he is a pretty wild boy; has a nasty temper and is prone to brood over things—poetic temperament, I guess—but I can't quite imagine his killing a man for such an aim as you suggest. However, it does look black, blacker than you think. Detective Doyle has witnesses who will swear that they saw Reams running away from the Caulfield house at the time the crime must have been committed."

Lawrence Thompson was apparently giving the matter deep consideration.

"There is only one logical conclusion. Reams must have been out of his head when he did it. Only a madman would have concealed the needle in the room of the girl he loved."

"Ah, yes," remarked Doctor Ranier. "That was a mistake. A criminal, however, in covering up his tracks makes some very peculiar breaks, particularly if he is above the class of the ordinary criminal and a man of brains and imagination. I've found that it always happens so."

The door-bell rang, and Lawrence Thompson ushered in Jimmy Reams, a rather delicate, undeveloped boy, in the custody of a blue-coated policeman. Reams was decidedly pale and nervous. Ranier nodded to Doyle, who dismissed the officer, telling him to wait outside and saying that he would be personally responsible for the prisoner.

Reams stood before the desk. He trembled a bit when he caught sight of Dorothy Caulfield. Doctor Ranier did not offer him a chair.

"I am going to be brief, Jimmy." The doctor's tone was crisp but not altogether unkind. "You are in a very serious situation, and I wish to advise you, as man to man, to be frank and open. I want you to answer a few questions."

"Very well, sir. I have refused to talk at police headquarters because you advised me not to."

"I'll want you to repeat what you told me for the benefit of these others. Please repeat just what you told me about the telephone call you received last night."

Jimmy Reams answered cautiously but looked his examiner straight in the eye.

"I was sitting in my room last night,

reading. Some of the fellows had asked me to go to a show, but I didn't feel like it. The telephone rang and I answered it. I recognized Professor Caulfield's voice—he was speaking under great excitement. He said: 'It's Bob. For God's sake come quick.' I tried to get further information over the 'phone, but he didn't answer, so I jumped out of my bath-robe, jerked on a sweater, and ran across the campus to his house. I found him dead." Reams stopped.

Doctor Ranier prompted him.

"Go on; that isn't all."

"That's all, except that I lost my head and ran back to my room before 'phoning you."

"I wonder why you tried to hide the fact that you ran back to your room before 'phoning. You tried to conceal it when you talked to me this morning. But we'll let that pass. I knew you 'phoned from your room, for I recognized your voice over the 'phone and, after you hung up, I stepped to my window there. I could see you in your room across the court as you were putting down the 'phone."

Doctor Ranier nervously lighted a match, only to blow it out.

"Did you know, Jimmy, that I could see into your room from my windows?" Doctor Ranier was watching Dorothy Caulfield as he spoke. She was leaning forward, hanging on every word. At his question she started. Doyle's note told him the effect his words had had on Jimmy Reams. "You struck oil then," read Doyle's scrawl.

But Jimmy answered quietly: "No, sir, I didn't."

"And now, have you any idea why Professor Caulfield should call you in his emergency, or why he should say to you 'It's Bob'?"

"I haven't; no, sir."

"It sounds like a fish-story to me," put in Lawrence Thompson. "I am more convinced than ever that Mr. Doyle has landed the right man."

"I think I can explain the call," Ranier said calmly. "Your telephone number, Jimmy, is Commerc 25; mine is Commerc 35. Isn't it quite likely that Bob Caulfield was trying to call me and that Central got the number wrong?

That would explain his saying 'It's Bob.' Jimmy, I believe your story! I believe that the crime was committed before you reached the house. Now come clean with me and we will clear you here and now. What's the rest of it?"

"That's all I know, sir."

"When you discovered the body, did you see anything"—Doctor Ranier paused and actually lighted his cigar, then laid it aside in the ash-tray—"of the hypodermic needle that was used to administer the poison to Professor Caulfield?"

"I did not, sir." Doyle's observation registered: "Never fazed him." Jimmy Reams was meeting Doctor Ranier's searching look without flinching.

Doctor Ranier used another match and puffed a few puffs, retaining the cigar in his mouth as he formed the next question.

"Jimmy, will you tell me the truth if I tell you that the needle has been found?"

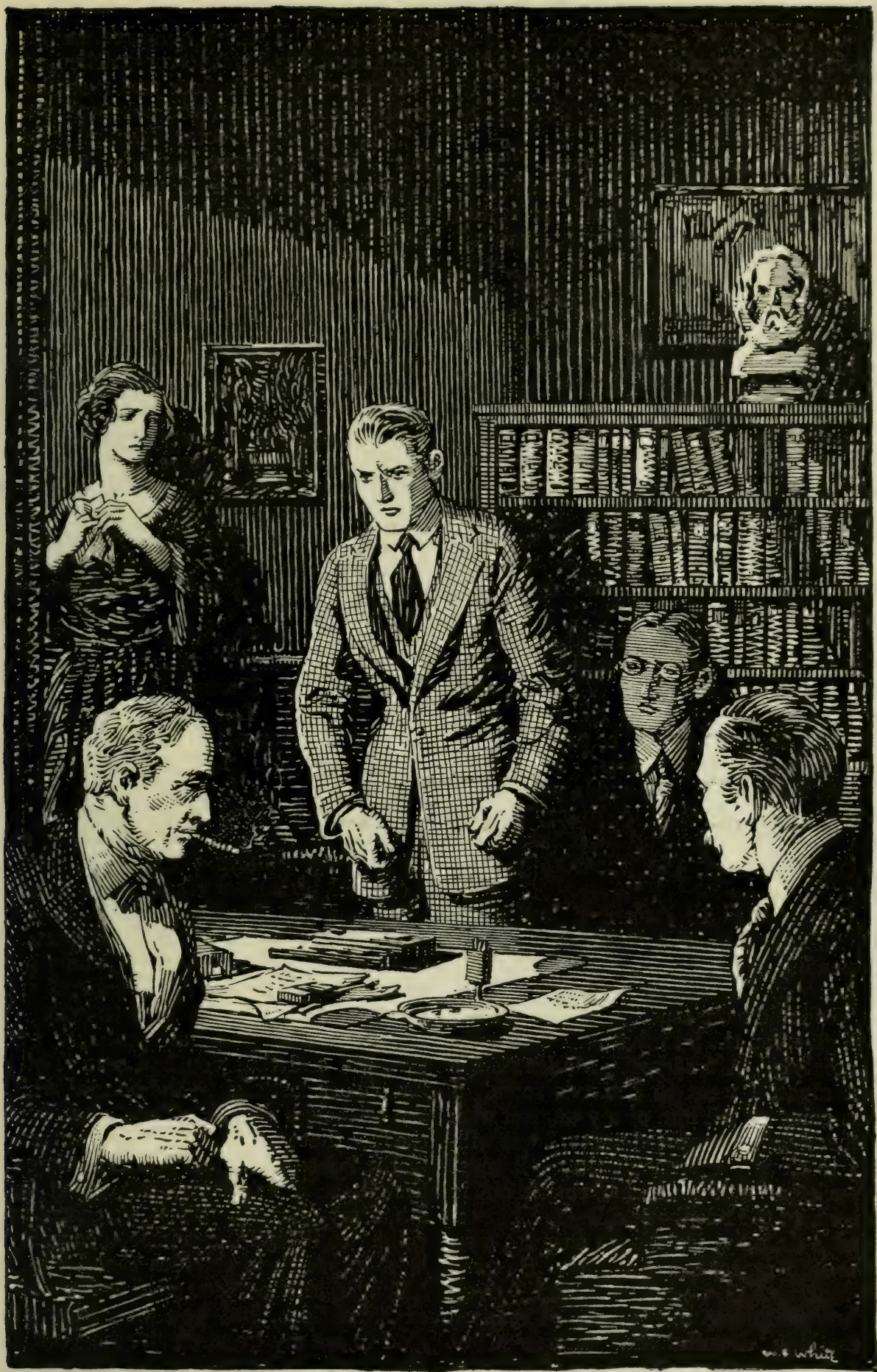
Jimmy Reams remained silent. Doyle reported: "That shot got him." Dorothy Caulfield half rose from her couch. Thompson leaned forward. Doctor Ranier went on, puffing contentedly and attempting to blow a smoke-ring ceilingward.

"And if I should add found in the room of Dorothy Caulfield?"

"That's a lie!" Jimmy Reams screamed it. Then he returned as suddenly to his stoic silence. Dorothy sprang to her feet and remained standing.

"Jimmy Reams," said Ranier, "I am going to acquit you of this crime, but to do so I must fasten it onto your sweetheart."

"You'll not!" Reams's reserve was broken. He was leaning over the desk, glaring directly into the eyes of Doctor Ranier. "If you found the needle at all, you found it in my room—you found it in the bottom drawer of my desk, under some books and papers. I don't know why I didn't throw it away as I was crossing the campus. I was too crazed with fear, I suppose. But I'll come through now. You've got me. I killed Professor Caulfield." After his outburst and confession he settled back to a grim calm, though beads of perspiration were standing out on his forehead. Perry Doyle looked questioningly at Ranier. It



Drawn by W. Fletcher White.

"That's a lie!" Jimmy Reams screamed it.—Page 356.

should be said for Perry, however, that the first shadows of doubt were beginning to appear. Dorothy Caulfield rushed to the front of the desk, seizing Doctor Ranier by the hand.

"Please, doctor," she implored. "He's confessed now. You tricked him into it by pretending you were going to fasten it on me. Don't torture him any more."

Doctor Ranier patted her hand.

"Don't you think it is time you were confessing what *you* know? I knew all the time that the needle and syringe were in his room. I saw him hide something in his desk last night, after he 'phoned me. My windows, again, served a useful purpose. But don't you realize, little girl, that he is confessing to a crime that he didn't commit—confessing to murder because he thinks that you are guilty."

Dorothy staggered under her surprise.

"You mean he is lying to protect me! Why, no! Doctor, you can't mean that you really think I did it!"

"No, I don't think you did it. But I stated the truth when I said the needle was found in your room. At least, that is the only theory which will fit in with all the facts and explain the psychological reactions of Jimmy Reams. My theory is that the needle was found in your room, but it was found there by Jimmy Reams. He took the needle and he is taking the responsibility for the crime to protect you."

Jimmy tried to interrupt, but Perry Doyle leaped to his feet and hushed the impending protest.

Dorothy Caulfield was speaking.

"I should have trusted you, doctor. I will give you the information I have been concealing. After leaving Madge King's last night, I went to Jimmy's room. I was going to tell him of my quarrel with father and, if he wanted me to, I was willing to elope. He wasn't there—it must have been just after he had rushed out in answer to the telephone call—so I hid behind a drapery, waiting to surprise him. The drapery was near the door. He came in looking like a wild man, and I overheard his 'phone call to you. I realized something dreadful had happened at home. Then I saw him take that hypodermic syringe out of his pocket and hide it in his desk. He was talking to himself

all the time. I didn't quite realize what it all meant, but I was terror-stricken, and I slipped out of the door and rushed off toward home. Then you overtook me."

"Ah," sighed Doctor Ranier. "My dear, I saw you leave Jimmy's room and I followed you out of Commerce Court. I had to know how long you had been there and I wanted you to tell it yourself, before Jimmy, so that he would be convinced that he was not shielding you in maintaining his silence. And now, Jimmy, you see that your sweetheart is clear. We can establish an alibi for her. Now, where did you get hold of that needle?"

"Doctor Ranier," Jimmy burst out, his eyes glowing, "you have saved my life and you have saved me from believing Dorothy guilty of a hideous crime. Your chance shot was a direct hit. I found the hypodermic in Dorothy's room. I ran in to call her after I had found Professor Caulfield dead."

"Are you working back to the theory of suicide, doctor?" The question came from Lawrence Thompson.

"I am not. Lawrence Thompson, I am charging you with the murder of Professor Caulfield. Mr. Doyle, there is your man."

Thompson attempted a bold front.

"Me! Why, you are absolutely absurd. I never heard of such a thing!"

"I will present my case against you. First, you lied about having been in your room all last evening. Your unguarded exclamation that a will needed only two witnesses told me that you knew Professor Caulfield's will had two witnesses. It suggested that you had probably seen that will and that you had seen it after ten o'clock last night—the hour at which the witnesses signed. That established the fact that you might have been present in the house of the crime at the time of the crime. I wasn't sure of you yet, but I had my opening. Then, you were too willing to defend the suicide theory, and later to switch to the idea that Dorothy killed her father. You covered it up with expostulations, but you were only too glad to see my questions tending in that direction. It just suited you to have the crime fastened on to Jimmy Reams and you lent yourself too readily to that hy-

pothesis. My suspicions were further confirmed when you tried to encourage me in my suspicion of Jimmy."

"Absurd, I tell you, absolutely absurd!" Lawrence Thompson interrupted. "What possible motive could I have had?"

"At first I was at a loss for a motive, but your motives are very evident now. First, you succeed to the chair of anthropology. Second, you would inherit something over one hundred thousand dollars before Professor Caulfield could have a chance to effect a reconciliation with his adopted daughter and change his will again. You thought we would all jump to the idea of suicide and it would be easy to avoid suspicion. Then you had another motive—revenge. You wished to avenge the fancied wrongs of Alice Berceau."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Professor Thompson, mopping his forehead.

"You claimed to know nothing of Alice Berceau, and nothing of your parentage. Again, I am sure you were lying. You cannot lie smoothly, when you are taken by surprise. You forget that I was a boyhood friend of Bob Caulfield's and knew his innermost secrets. Alice Berceau was once the wife of Bob Caulfield; she left him in order to lead the gay life in New York which she preferred to quiet decency. She was a disgraceful woman, and Bob always kept his marriage secret. You were the child of that marriage, the son of Robert Caulfield and Alice Berceau. Professor Caulfield was so bitter against Alice Berceau that he would never admit that you were his son; he was unwilling, at that time, for you to bear his name. Later, you showed such tendencies to follow in the wild path led by your mother that he never became willing for you to bear his name—he claimed that you were not his son. Yet secretly he believed you were and, accordingly, he took you and brought you up. If he hadn't done so, your mother would, probably, have abandoned you. You were originally christened Lawrence Berceau, but Professor Caulfield, of course, would not stand for that, and had your name changed to Lawrence Thompson. Your mother always cherished an unreasonable hatred against your father. She blamed him for not taking her back after she had

sowed her wild oats and disgraced herself. You knew of her death—you revealed that in spite of yourself—and it is my surmise that, before she died, she broke her word to your father and revealed to you your parentage. I imagine that she probably told you all her grievances against Bob Caulfield, poisoned your mind against him, and even went so far as to exact your promise to avenge her fancied wrongs."

"I admit nothing of what you say," Thompson declared defiantly. At the same time he was evidently weakening; he was manifestly nervous.

Ranier went on quietly, but closely watching his victim.

"That is almost a confession, Lawrence. Your choice of the poison used was a good one, if you had stuck to your original scheme of planting evidence toward suicide. Curare is such a poison as Professor Caulfield would use, but it is also one which you would use if you wanted to have people think Professor Caulfield committed suicide. Professor Caulfield probably spoiled that scheme when he managed to get in that telephone call for help. Accordingly, you planted other evidence—for example, you probably forced him to write that note, 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.' But you made your worst mistake when you planted that needle in Dorothy's room. You made the mistake that is made by so many crooks of brains and imagination—you established too many plausible theories. The only point in which they could all be reconciled was the fact that they all served to confuse the issue and that they all pointed in one direction—away from you."

Thompson was rapidly losing control; his nervousness was increasing. "Do you mean to say that I placed the needle in Dorothy Caulfield's room?" He attempted a sneer.

"I do," Doctor Ranier stated calmly. "As a matter of fact, I found the needle in the room of Jimmy Reams—not in Dorothy's room. The fact that he had carried it home and so firmly refused to answer questions about it suggested to me that he had found it somewhere else and that he considered the place where he had found it evidence which would in-

jure some one he loved. I jumped to the conclusion that he was shielding Dorothy. You overdid your expostulations when I put Dorothy Caulfield through the third degree, and before anything in the examination had betrayed the fact that the needle had been found in her room, you protested that you knew she could not be guilty, even though the needle had been found—and you added from your own knowledge the words 'in her room.' That confirmed my suspicions beyond a doubt that you knew it had been put there—that you had put it there."

"That is all very fine but it is not evidence." Thompson was making his last stand.

"Detective Doyle will have no trouble in digging up the necessary evidence. You have convicted yourself, Thompson. I advise you to confess."

"The case is made out to my satisfaction, doctor," interposed Perry Doyle. "I will release Reams from arrest. Professor Thompson, you are under arrest, charged with the murder of Professor Caulfield."

Thompson's nerve broke and he made a dash for the door. He was intercepted by the officer waiting outside for Jimmy Reams.

Doyle issued a staccato order, "Hold that man!" and Thompson's attempt at escape was over. The officer brought him back into the room.

Doctor Ranier was smiling. "That is a confession, Lawrence. There is one other point I wish to touch on. When I stated that Professor Caulfield's will was improperly witnessed, I stated the truth. It is required that the two witnesses to a will not only witness the will but also witness the signature of the man making it. Professor Caulfield was, apparently, not aware of this technicality, and had the witnesses witness the will but not his signature. Under the circumstances this

will is void and his former will holds. Dorothy Caulfield will inherit the property under the provisions of the first will. Mr. Doyle, I have presented the case against Lawrence Thompson. I will leave it to you to dig up the necessary technical evidence to secure the conviction."

"And you can bet I'll dig it up," Perry Doyle assured him from the confidence born of trained experience. "One thing, though, doctor. You must have had something which originally aroused your suspicions of Lawrence Thompson. I should like to know what that was."

Doctor Francis Ranier smiled. "I think I am right in the way I reconstruct the scene of the crime. First, Professor Thompson forcibly injected the poison into Professor Caulfield's arm. He then turned away to await the effect of the poison; perhaps he started into Dorothy's room to leave the needle. Bob seized the 'phone and sent the call which reached Jimmy Reams by mistake. Thompson rushed back into the room, wrested the 'phone from his hands, and forced him to write a final message which would point toward suicide. *But*"—Doctor Ranier paused dramatically—"in that last message Robert Caulfield double-crossed his murderer. The message which he left was satisfactory to Thompson, for it pointed toward suicide—'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.' But that quotation, with a straggling question-mark in the place where the author's name is usually found, conveyed to me the first clew to the murderer's identity. Jimmy Reams, can you tell me from what poet the quotation 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears' is taken?"

Jimmy Reams's eyes sparkled. "Professor Ranier, I never thought you were so familiar with the English poets. The quotation is from Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven.'"



The Typical American

BY SVEN V. KNUDSEN

Author of the "Danish Handbook of Boy Scouting"; Inspector at the Danish State High School

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

[DR. KNUDSEN has been on his way around the world, studying educational conditions. He and his wife have motored in a Ford car from coast to coast, visiting all the Eastern States, the Rocky Mountains, the Indians of the Southwest, old Mexico, and California. They sailed from San Francisco on February 21. In the same car they continued their journey through the Orient, Egypt, and across Europe to Denmark.]



It is the people, after all, that give the country its character.

But what are the American people? That is what really puzzles you. You talk of the United States,

and there is no doubt that the Union is a fact. Everything in the history of the States—the Revolution, the solving of the problems in the Civil War, the proceedings before and in the World War—everything shows that the States stick together, and, though diverging in details, after all feel as one body. They have convinced the world of their unity in mind and deed. But what about the American people? The States are a unit, but the people are anything but that. I had hardly been twenty-four hours in New York before I seemed to know several thousand people, if not intimately, then at least by face.

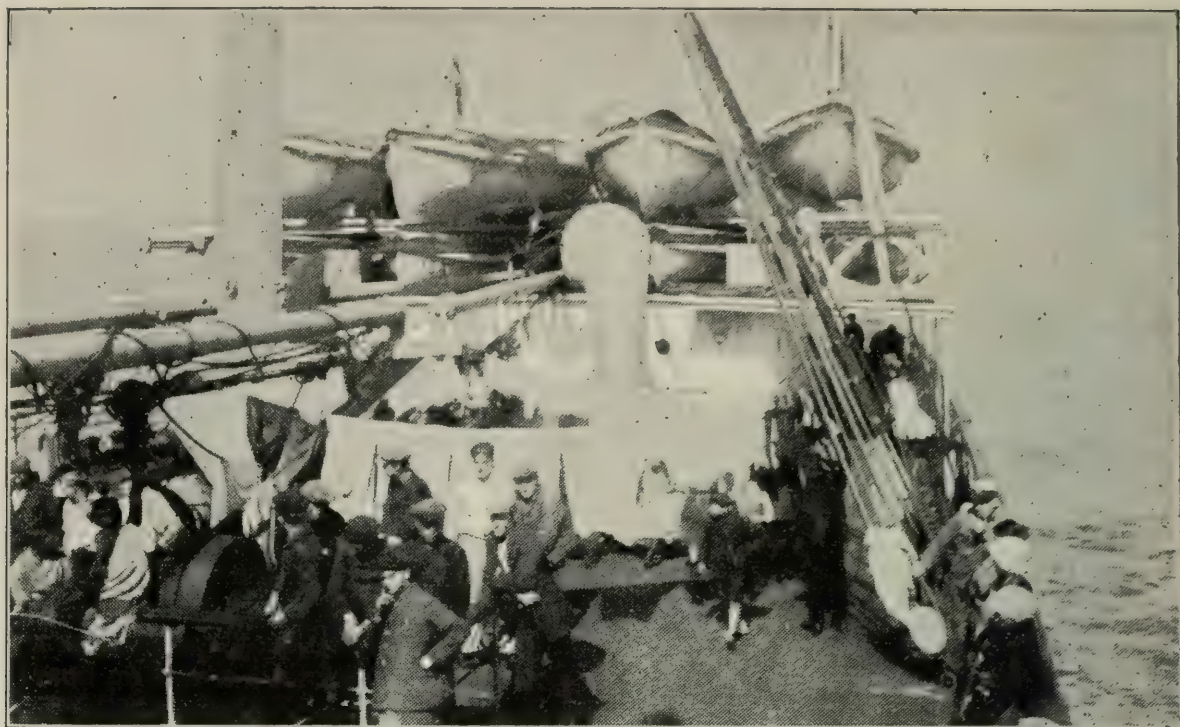
The chauffeurs of the taxis, the newspaper boys, even the little shiner with his box seemed to be known to me. I wondered where I had seen all those faces before, this being my first visit to the United States. Then it suddenly came into my mind that I had seen them all on board the emigrant steamer.

There they had all been: Isaac, Moses, Benjamin, Israel, Rosenthal, and all the rest of them, all coming from different places in Russia and former provinces of that country. All went to the United States to seek what they had not found in the old country: a living and a life in happiness and peace. The United States have more than one hundred millions

of inhabitants, but on board that steamer was the material of at least four hundred new ones, and in New York I am sure I found hundreds of thousands of the same type. The sight of that crowd on board the steamer could not help but make one think of how life would be to them when they came ashore. They were all uneducated, could hardly read and write, all insufficiently dressed, undernourished, and probably unable to work hard on account of their weak bodies. Yet all would have to earn a living, though not knowing one word of the American language.

Maybe they are all happy now, just as happy as the rest of their race in the States. But are they Americans? Or will they ever be Americans? That is the question I have put to myself, and to several who regard themselves as Americans to the very back-bone. Most of these have denied it, yet facts seem to answer in the affirmative. If they will ever be Americans the States must indeed be a wonderful melting-pot, superior to the rest of the nations. If they can teach people of so many nationalities and languages to be of one mind and soul, they have achieved more than any nation in the world ever did. It is remarkable to see how people, forever squabbling in Europe, when immigrating to the States seem to co-operate as good citizens. Irishmen work together with Englishmen, Germans with French, and Austrians with Czecho-Slovaks. Maybe they do not co-operate very intimately; they are, anyhow, less antagonistic than when at home.

Crossing the continent by a stretch of the National Old Trails Road, I passed



Wash-day on a Jewish emigrant steamer.

through the newest parts of the United States. Those parts gave me more reason than anything else to think of how mixed the American population is. I have realized that most of the European immigrants learn to make themselves understood in the American language, although they talk a very poor language, and write a worse one. But what about the former Spanish population in New Mexico and Arizona? Will they ever be Americans in that sense? I have enjoyed travelling thousands of miles in the States, everywhere having been able to get along with one language. I cannot help comparing travelling in Europe, where you will have to change your language every third day and sometimes more often than that—otherwise people will stare blankly at you, and you will not be able to get even a drink of water. I had, in some ways, that kind of out-of-bounds feeling when driving through the two States mentioned. Being used to getting an answer from anybody on the road, you feel somewhat uncomfortable when the person asked shakes his head and gives every indication of not understanding the American language. Not being able to talk Spanish, one has to try to get an answer on the question from the next

passer-by. That is like travelling in Europe for people only mastering their own language. I have no doubt that even the Spanish-speaking population in the new States will learn to talk American, if not in this generation then in the next anyhow, and it is my hope that it will not be long before the Mexicans will be like the rest of the citizens of the States. But I must confess that I hope the same thing will never happen to the Indians out there.

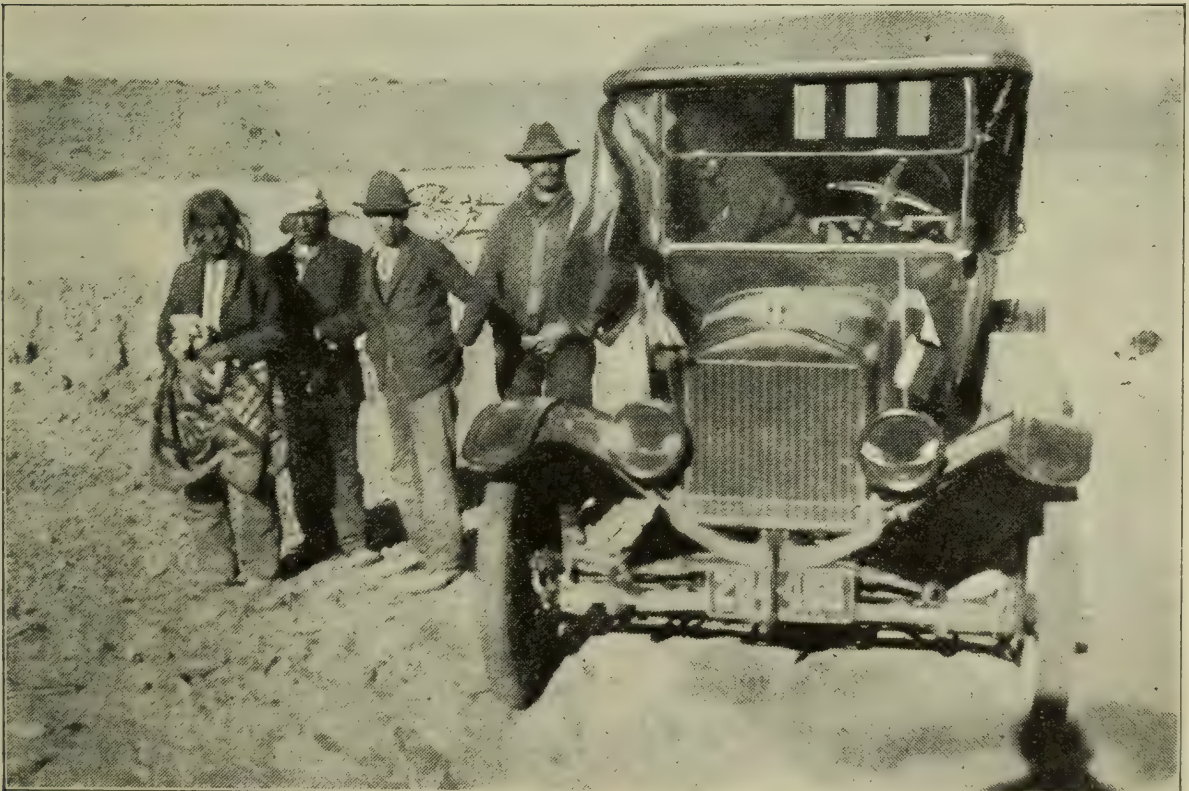
Maybe it is un-American to foster any thought like that, but then you will have to forgive me that I am a little cosmopolitan in this matter. To all civilized people the Indians have a charm about them, a touch of early life on earth, that ought to be preserved. There is no doubt that the redskin of the Eastern States is destroyed forever. He is only living in Fenimore Cooper's charming novels. But the Indian of the great Southwest has a chance of keeping up a little of the life and the civilization that is natural to him and, in all its simpleness, is fascinating to modern people. That life preserved will be of more worth to mankind than any little bit of modern civilization transplanted into a soil where there is really no growth for it. Staying with a government inspector, I

had an opportunity to discuss the problem with an authority on the question. His view affirmed my opinion that it is better to leave the Indians alone and not try to make them Americans. Their hearts and souls are far away from the feelings of white men. *You will lose a few Americans, but an interesting part of mankind will be preserved.*

My visit to the States has changed what I will have to teach my boys at school. We teach them in history that the Civil War was fought principally to free the negroes of the Southern States from abject slavery. The Northern States won, and the nation settled that all slaves should be free. After that day all colored people were to be like white people. That was a day of triumph for humanity. I have found that to be wrong. The colored people are not slaves any more, that is true; but they are not like white people. My only disappointment in the United States was to find that the feeling that we teach as the ruling feeling in and after the Civil War, and the predominance of which meant the greatest step toward the victory of human rights, does not exist. When trying to dis-

cuss the problem with intelligent Americans, they all seem to evade a discussion. In my own mind I have interpreted that behavior as an indication of a bad conscience. Maybe I am wrong, yet one cannot help thinking that Abraham Lincoln did not evade a discussion of the problem, but tackled it vigorously. The fact that he is now the glorious national hero seems to contrast strikingly with the fact that very few Americans nowadays live up to his ideals in that question.

All these types—the Jewish immigrant, the Mexican descendant, the Indian, and the colored man—are not what a European thinks of as typical Americans. It is very difficult to point out the type that every Danish boy has in his mind when reading or hearing about the technical wonders, or the immense amounts of agricultural products that are characteristic of America. Who is behind all that? Who is the typical American? It is certainly not any of those that left their homes twenty or thirty years ago. They live all right on this side of the water, are regarded as very good and handy workers, and have, maybe, made quite a lot of money. Yet their broken language tells their origin,



Two New Mexico Indians and two Mexicans helping us out of a river-bed. No conversation except by gestures.

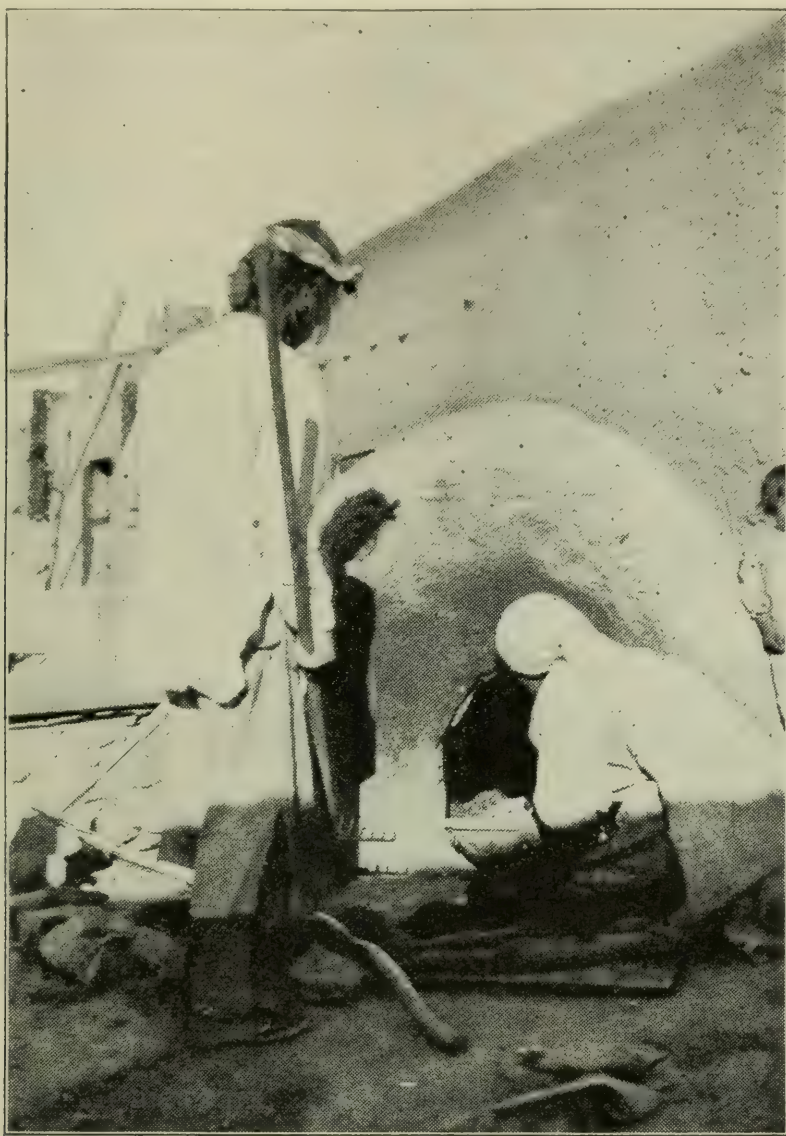
and when you happen to see them closer at hand, following their lives more intimately, you will soon discover that they do not have their roots in America. They have married here, their children flock around them, they seem to feel at home. Yet the slightest reminder of their boyhood or early manhood in their own country will make them homesick. I have had that experience, not alone with my own countrymen when telling them about home, but my meetings with Germans, Englishmen, Swedes, and Italians, whose home towns I happen to have visited, and who in this way were reminded of early life there, have fully convinced me of the fact that, though they act and behave as Americans, still their hearts are in their old country. But their children, are they not the typical Americans? Far from that. Their language is at least better, but it bears witness of the languages spoken in their homes, where the parents very often try to keep up their mother tongue in daily conversation. Furthermore, the children are, in many other ways, reminded of their parents' old country, so that, out of parental love and a kind of loyalty, they will be kept away from a real, genuine American atmosphere. Anyhow, there is certainly a type that is as pure American as any Indian is Indian. I have met several representatives of that type, and I can tell them from any other type. They are, of course, all descendants of immigrants—the whole white population, after all, consisting of immigrants—but the wonderful thing is that many of them are only three or four generations from the original immigrants. Yet they seem to have forgotten everything about their ancestors, very often only their names recalling their origin. You find them everywhere in the States—not very many, though—but their appearance seems to radiate that energy, that unconquerable virility and manliness that is the ideal of any wide-awake American boy. They do not talk very much of patriotism, yet you feel that they know only of one nation, the United States. England is a democratic country, the whole population having nearly the same rights. Yet there is no doubt a predominating class in England of intelligent, highly educated people that

act as leaders to the rest of the people. The United States are not less democratic than England, maybe more, and everybody is praising freedom and equality. *I think that those typical Americans play the same part as England's ruling class, performing the duty of being the American public mind.* Except for this national group, it is, for example, incomprehensible how quickly and irresistibly all newcomers are shaped and formed into the same mould. *This class of typical Americans is undoubtedly behind everything.* They are found in business, although much business is carried on by thousands of others, not caring so much for the States as for their money. (The same is the case in European countries.) They are numerously represented on the staffs of newspapers and magazines, and in educational life. I have had special opportunity to realize how influential these real Americans are in both these lines, and how much all others take after them. Last, but not least, they are found among the farmers. This may sound peculiar to many, as it is commonly believed that farming is taken up mostly by newcomers. Yet it is a fact that many farmers represent that type of full-blooded Americans that largely contributes to stabilize the American people.

I have found quite a few, some tracing their ancestors almost back to the days of the Revolution, still occupying the original homesteads on the tracts that were cleared and cultivated more than a hundred and fifty years ago. This was the case in many places in New Hampshire, yet I found changing conditions there that in a short span of time will make an end of the typical American as a farmer in those districts. Driving around and camping in the White Mountains, it attracted my attention that I found more deserted farms than occupied farms. In some tracts three out of five farms were desolate, the buildings decaying, the fields completely covered by weeds, and dozens of apple-trees offering their rich harvest to the hungry travellers. Inquiring in a village I was informed that since last census the population of the neighborhood of that village had decreased from two hundred and ten to one hundred and four inhabitants. A leader of a boys'

camp around there enjoyed the decrease, saying that in a few years the district would be the most wonderful country, everything being overgrown and inaccessible to ordinary people, the wild animals returning to their dens and thickets, and

will be the dominating feature there in the future, thousands of tourists streaming through, enjoying the picturesque scenery. The former farmers will have left for the towns, or have got jobs as mechanics in hundreds of garages, or as helpers in all



Indians of a New Mexico pueblo.

his boys taking full advantage of the wild nature. The only thing missing in his description to give a complete picture of that country as it looked when the first pioneers arrived, was the return of the redskins to their original hunting-grounds.

I know that the final change will not be so bad as that, although it is a fact that many farms are deserted and the cultivated land disappearing. Yet civilization will not die; a new kind of life will take the old one's place. Pleasure-travelling

the new-built hotels that accommodate the overflowing stream of travellers. I cannot share that camp-leader's joy at the change, seeing how it brings to waste all the energy and toil spent by many generations in cultivating this country. If not for any other reason, one would think that this cultivated land ought to be preserved out of veneration for the pioneers that gave their work and lives to the States, during the Revolution and afterward, giving proof of their love of

freedom and their loyalty to the States by maintaining their independence against their oppressors.

The reason for the deserting of the farms in the East is obviously the fact that the soil is not so rich as in many other places in the States, and that many young people are tempted by the fertility of the land in the West and the opportunity of easy money-making there. *The people, going out West, and not dropping farming out*

conditions in Europe and you will see the difference. You will find how the farmers for a long time were looked down upon as outcasts, hardly better than the slaves over here before the Civil War. Conditions have changed during the last centuries, the farmers of Europe now being free; but what it took several generations to achieve in Europe has always been the right of the American farmers. They have always had the rights of free



A typical American—the headmaster of an Eastern Preparatory School.

there, contribute to stabilize the nation. Those who abandoned farming because of the toil with the hard soil, being enticed by the easy-going life in the large cities, are forever lost to the farming life. They will soon be in the ever-struggling army of wage-earners, enjoying no more the pleasure of possessing their own farms and daily gaining everything from the soil.

Maybe they do not realize what they actually have lost, because they do not know how happy the farmers are over here—much happier than farmers in Europe. Since the first days of the life of the States the farmers have been the very backbone of the American population, all free and self-dependent, in many ways the pride of the nation. Compare

men, and have kept up a standard of independence and freedom that has made them mean more to the States than farmers in Europe formerly meant to their countries. Seeing so many Americans giving up farming in some parts of the East, and not taking to it in other places, makes one think that the whole farming population of the States might gradually decrease. Yet going out West one realizes that there is no reason for being afraid of that. It is a real pleasure to drive through the vast stretches between the Atlantic and the Rockies. As far as the eye can reach is seen nothing but farming country, cultivated fields, and pastures. The abundance is surprising to a European. One thing strikes you more

than anything else, and that is that the farmers do not seem to have much difficulty in making the soil produce what they want. Maybe their many acres yield so much that they do not care to improve the soil; but to one coming from a very small country (hardly any larger than Maryland), with a population of three millions, where the farmers have to cultivate every single acre and treat it as carefully as a garden to make it give its best, it is remarkable to see how the farmers, with little toil, get plenty out of the soil. Yet the more years the farms are worked the more they seem to yield. That is to be seen throughout the Middle West, where many farms are subdivided, and sons of the original owners, now having their parts of the old farm, each by himself on a smaller farm makes just as much money, and sometimes more, than

his father did on the whole place. I really had to go south and west of the Rockies to find the endless farms of some thousand acres that we, in Europe, read of as characteristic of America. The continuous new-settling of farmers in the Far West, and the subdividing of the farms in the Middle States, will make the farming population steadily increase; this is of great interest to Europe, which depends on the States for a large supply of farm products.

But still more important is whether that population will be able to keep the spirit that, from the earliest time in the history of the United States, has been the binding force in their life: the love of freedom for oneself and for others. If the Americans, in the future as in the past, will stand up for that spirit, there is no doubt as to who will be the leader of the world.

Old "Prof" Dickson Dies

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

OLD "Prof" Dickson's dead at last;
Sixty years have come and passed
Since he first taught in bleak North Hall.
Taught the "boys" their classic lore,
Taught their sons—and even more—
Taught their grandsons. Strange indeed
How they came and went! What speed
They made to hear the world's shrill call!

Old "Prof" Dickson explained great books,
All the time with keen, shrewd looks—
Up there in rickety North Hall—
Sizing up each soul's estate,
Teaching each to do, not prate;
Saw some rise, saw many die;
Death called him too—by and by.
Possessions? Books and books—that's all.

Lo, at the gates of Heaven a multitude standing and waiting,
Expectant, peering through cloud-land, excited and smiling like people
Who await at an earthly station the train that bears them their loved ones!

Waiting they gaze down the mystical valley of cloud-land. Impatient
They seem for the guest whose coming had long been delayed and whose absence
Had caused in their hearts a sense of some vague incompleteness of living.

Then a shout from a glorified youngster: "He comes! There he is! He is
coming!"

A buzz of excitement and giggling, sly poking of ribs; and swiftly
The soul of the boy unrolls the gossamer folds of a banner,
A banner like air, but distinct with the colors that loftily over
The towers of gray North Hall had flown when in triumph of battle
The stalwart squad of the College had carried the ball past the goal-line.
And now o'er the ramparts of Heaven an eager boy-soul waves it madly!

And behold! up the road that winds billowing softly to Heaven's high portals
Comes old "Prof" Dickson, walking sedately, as ever, and bearing
In one lean hand the ghost of his old and familiar green note-bag;
Reading with studious calmness a manuscript tattered and yellow—
The notes of his lecture on Milton's *Paradise Lost*! Oh, then
What a bedlam bursts forth at the gates of High Heaven! What rhythmical
roaring

Of the wild college-yell that for sixty long years had re-echoed and bellowed
Through the halls where so calmly "Prof" Dickson had taught callow youth the
beauty

Of letters and living! What cheering! What raising of ghost-filmy banners!
And singing of *Old Alma Mater*! Gray chaps who in days long since vanished
Had heard in North Hall this identical lecture on Milton's grim epic,
Now waving their diadems, shouting a welcome! And whooping and swinging
His gossamer college banner, that boy-soul redoubles the turmoil!

Calmly came old "Prof" Dickson, lifting his eyes from his papers,
And smiling to hear what so oft on the wide college campus had roused him
From study and meditation of those who had written the record
Of the sorrows and joys of the earth-life. And thus into Heaven's dominion
Midst thundering cheers of his "boys" walked quaintly their old "Prof" Dickson,
Unaware that the roar and the tumult of welcome were all in his honor!
Proudly he looked upon them: "I take it you won in your battle."
And up through the streets of Heaven "Prof" Dickson led the procession
Of boys who had sat in North Hall and learned from his lectures their "classics."

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Old "Prof" Dickson's dead at last;
Sixty years have come and passed
Since he first taught in bleak North Hall.
Left no money; books—his hoard;
"Resolutions by the Board."
But my! what cheers rocked Heaven's wall!



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IN the "New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," which are appearing in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and which constitute one of the greatest "finds" in modern literature, there is an enthusiastic tribute to Thomas Carlyle. The young Scot had just been reading Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," and he writes: "I subscribe to that essay. My own is quite unnecessary. Do read it, it will do you good; it would do the dead good. It has reminded me once again of the great mistake of my life—and of everybody else's; that we are all trying to gain the whole world if you will, except what alone is worth keeping; our own soul. God bless T. Carlyle, say I."

I am frequently informed that there is to-day a "reaction" against Carlyle—"nobody reads him." From the literary point of view, it would perhaps be nearer the truth to say that those who do not read him are nobodies. I am not sure whether it is wise or not to follow the fashions in clothes; but I am quite sure that it is folly to follow the fashions in reading. Read what is good for stimulating and for refreshing the mind; and leave book-fads to others. They have their reward. Goethe instantly recognized that Carlyle was a moral force; such inspiring energy is needed even to-day. I remember in "Tom Brown at Oxford," the fine compliment paid to the new book, "Past and Present," how eagerly the undergraduates were reading it, and what a powerful influence it exerted on their young lives.

There is this to be said for the average undergraduate: one may lament his apparent absorption in athletics, in societies, in student politics, his appalling waste of precious time; he at all events is a shrewd critic of men, he despises insincerity in his elders, he instantaneously detects a false note in teaching and preaching, and, whatever may be his outer aspect, he responds, both in art and in morals, to inspiration. No wonder the

Oxford men were stirred and shaken by Carlyle; if you put flame to powder, something is bound to happen.

When I was eighteen I read Froude's "Life of Carlyle." I well remember the evening when I lit the gas, and sat down to the new book, having no conception of the tremendous influence it was going to exert on my life. Through the thick night I heard the trumpet blow.

A year later, when I was a freshman at Yale, a member of the last class taught by Cyrus Northrop before his translation to the presidency of the University of Minnesota, he informed us that every pupil must select some literary essay, and read aloud to the division a synopsis of the same. I had never read "Heroes and Hero Worship," and I chose for my "effort" the chapter called "The Hero as a Man of Letters." I chose this because I thought it would be good for me. It was.

There are certain spiritual experiences in our lives which we would not have missed for anything. They are worth more to us than years of ordinary existence. In an hour the soul rises to a higher plane, and, despite temporary lapses, one can never live again on the lower level. The mind leaps to an elevation. That afternoon in my room on the top floor of old North Middle, as I absorbed "The Hero as a Man of Letters," I was in an ecstasy. There is no other word for it. The pages of the book seemed to be aflame, and the fire consumed me utterly. When I came to read my paper in the classroom, the spell was still upon me. I trembled with excitement, and could hardly read the words I had written. Professor Northrop, who had probably expected a perfunctory report, looked at me with surprise. His talent for ironical comment had made him a terror both to slackers and to sloppers; if he had chilled my enthusiasm with his famous icy disdain, I should never have forgiven him. But apparently he saw that my all but

uncontrollable emotion was genuine; that I was really under the domination of the genius of Carlyle. I have not forgotten his brief but emphatic word of commendation.

I therefore echo Stevenson's exclamation—"God bless T. Carlyle." We must forever be grateful to those persons and to those works of art that have lifted our souls.

Nearly every day I receive a letter concerning English grammar or good usage. A physician in the Gowanda State Hospital, at Collins, N. Y., writes: "While I agree unqualifiedly with your strictures on mathematics, I beg to inquire if the usage is now mathematics *are* instead of, as formerly, *is*?" My answer is that words like mathematics, athletics, politics may properly be followed either by the singular or the plural verb. In a poem by Browning, published in 1855, he wrote:

Mathematics are your pastime.

In all languages there are some expressions that are simply matters of taste, like the gender of the French word for *afternoon*. By the way, I have never received from anyone a satisfactory answer to this question: What determines the gender of a new word in the French language?

A Brown alumnus from Arlington, Mass., writes me the following interesting letter: "Do we not greatly need a word as a common pronoun in the third person singular number to take the place of *he*, *his*, *him*, *she*, *her*, etc., as in 'If anyone wishes to see me let ? come forward'? You probably recall Ella Flagg Young's futile, if not absurd, attempt with '*hiser*, *himer*,' etc. [I do not.] I suggest the word *e*. As 'If anyone wishes to see me let *e* come forward.' *E* is the only vowel—the one most used—that is not a word. *A* and *I* and *O* are words. Why not *e* with all its merits? And especially since we *need* it? How easily it would glide into use if presented by a persuasive tongue and pen!"

This suggestion is ingenious, but will hardly command universal assent. In the first place, it is not necessary, for the masculine does well enough by implica-

tion; secondly, *e* spoken would sound either like bad grammar spoken with a Cockney accent, or as if the speaker were trying to imitate Thomas Hardy's Wessex shepherds.

A letter from Honduras suggests that instead of using *n'est-ce pas* or *amt I*, or any other expression, we adopt a literal translation of the Spanish *verdad*. Some have suggested *yes* and others *no*. But practically all are agreed that there exists a vacancy which should be filled.

My engineer from Honduras continues: "I wonder if you dislike the expression 'in the public prints'? I do hope so, for then perhaps you would include it in your select list of special literary boundaries." I do not think I have seen this very often, but I hereby confer upon it my official damnation. All those who on and after this date use it are excommunicated. It is, as my correspondent says, sufficiently banal.

I have been immensely pleased by the general interest in the use of good English, and by an accompanying determination to help in raising the standard. None of us is daily accurate, and there is probably no book on English grammar or speech that is itself free from error. A theologian from California writes, "I found 33 errors in A. S. Hill's '*Rhetoric*,' errors in Herbert Spencer's '*Philosophy of Style*,' Trench's '*On the Study of Words*,' Richard Grant White's '*Every Day English*,' Dean Alford's '*The Queen's English*,' etc."

If gold rusts, what shall iron do? Iron must improve. An extremely useful book has just been published, in pocket size, yet containing over 350 pages in clear type. It is called "*Constructive English: An Aid to Effective Speaking and Writing*." The author is Francis Kingsley Ball. This handy volume contains decisions on all kinds of doubtful cases, lists of words commonly mispronounced, and many exercises in punctuation. It ought to have an enormous circulation.

I am often asked, What is the best treatise on the art of writing English—where the aim is not so much to give elementary instruction in grammar, punctuation, etc., but to assist those who wish to write not only correctly but persua-

sively, elegantly, artistically, creatively? My answer is Barrett Wendell's "English Composition." This book came out of the author's long experience as a teacher of advanced pupils at Harvard. It is a good illustration of its precepts, for it is written with grace, vivacity, and charm; it is steadily interesting. It is the only book on rhetoric that I ever succeeded in reading straight through.

A librarian from Cleveland writes, referring to "Casey," that she has an Anthology of Baseball Verse nearly ready. She remarks that few novels and short stories mention baseball. "There is a game in Harry Leon Wilson's 'Bunker Bean' and a pitcher in Mary Watts's 'The Rudder.' I don't recall any other novel which mentions such a game."

Now there must be many. When I was a boy, there appeared a long list of novels uniformly bound, called the "No-Name Series," because they were anonymous. I read them all, and I particularly well remember one—"The Great Match"—which dealt with baseball. I remember even the hero, Dick, and the villain, Ned Black, who tried to sell out the game, and was foiled by Dick, who had indulged in secret practice.

Mary S. Watts is a truthful and accurate American realistic novelist. "The Rudder" is a good story, but perhaps her best is "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." Her books are too free from exaggeration, caricature, and sensationalism to please the crowd, either natives or foreigners, who demand something more racy or more emphatic; but they are so true that taken together they constitute a trustworthy history of manners.

Sometimes I think that our American woman novelists are more accurate and more honest in their presentments of life than their masculine colleagues. Edith Wharton, Anne Sedgwick, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Elsie Singmaster, Mary Watts, Willa Cather seem to have as their aim to tell the truth. On this difficult target their percentage of hits is high.

Yale University, which was the first academic institution to give an honorary degree to Benjamin Franklin, Mark

Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, has once more honored itself in being the first to bestow the degree of Doctor of Letters on Edith Wharton. No one could possibly question the wisdom of this choice. The artistic distinction of her work is so generally recognized that she has become a world figure. That even the foremost writers appreciate university recognition may be seen from the fact that Mrs. Wharton left her pleasant home in France and a half-written novel to come to New Haven and receive the degree, even as Mark Twain travelled to Oxford. Had she known in advance what was to be the terrific heat of that commencement day, would she have come? On the commencement stage that morning, I lost three pounds.

In talking with Mrs. Wharton, a memorable experience for me, she told me that her translation of Sudermann's play "Es Lebe das Leben," made long ago, continues to enjoy a steady sale. In my opinion, no living writer has been more unjustly treated by the critics than Hermann Sudermann. The acclaim with which his earliest plays were greeted soon turned into detraction and abuse. Much of this came, no doubt, from those who had failed in the attempt to do what he did so well; but that by no means expresses it all. I shall have more to say on this subject when I discuss in a later issue his recently published autobiography. It has been translated into English.

I have been reading the latest book by Edmund Gosse, called "More Books on the Table," containing forty-one short familiar talks on literature, ranging over a wide field. The accomplished critic discusses Housman, Rostand, Beowulf, Akenside, Edwin Abbey, Leigh Hunt, Browning, Edgar Lee Masters, and others. All of these brief essays are sprightly and entertaining, and written with that good taste, good temper, moderation, and fundamental common sense that have generally been characteristic of the author. Mr. Gosse is an admirable critic; it is only when he is called an eminent scholar that I am forced to express dissent. He is frequently spoken of in English books and periodicals as a man of profound learning. I remember read-

ing this phrase: "Mr. Gosse has pre-empted the eighteenth century," as though somehow that field had become his preserve. He himself has never made any such claim, nor has he ever adopted a pontifical attitude. Critical ability is one thing and scholarship another; from the purely scholarly point of view, Mr. Gosse's books are both inadequate and inaccurate. A very learned English scholar, and one not given to exaggeration or over-emphasis, wrote me that he had gleaned more misinformation from the works of Mr. Gosse than from any other writer, ancient or modern.

This talent for inaccuracy—for that is what it amounts to—does not affect his standing as a critic. He has written much valuable and subtle criticism, has awakened, stimulated, and directed many readers. His best qualities appear in "More Books on the Table." I am particularly glad that he denounced the publisher's puff on the paper jacket of Edgar Lee Masters's "Domesday Book," for which, of course, the American author was not responsible. It is worth quoting as a horrible example: "For startling originality . . . it should rank among the masterpieces of the world." Mr. Gosse's feelings on reading such a pronouncement were quite natural: "This embarrassing violence nearly prevented me from opening the book."

My own custom is to tear off the paper jacket of a new book before reading it, as I do not wish to start with an adverse prejudice. If there must be a jacket—and there are some readers who read the book with the jacket on, just as there are some persons who keep all their books behind glass doors—it should contain only a fair statement of the nature and purpose of the volume, without any puffery whatsoever. It may be that there are unintelligent readers who are impressed by the loud superlatives on the outside, and who are thus led to buy the thing, for there are still many who believe everything they see in print; but I am sure that in one important aspect the puffery is a disservice to the author. I refer to the book reviewers. There is no doubt that the average reviewer, when he sees the book labelled fulsomely, immediately makes up his mind to slate it. His feel-

ing is natural enough. The book has been sent to him for review, and he does not care to be told by anybody what he must say about it.

No judge likes to have his decision anticipated, especially by a party who is interested. Yet how frequently we see the batsman with three balls called throw away his bat, start confidently and cockily toward first base on the next ball pitched, only to hear from the lips of the umpire the fateful word *Strike!* An elementary knowledge of human nature should prevent the attempted forcing of another's hand. Puffery on the jacket is practically just that and usually meets with a result that ought to have been foreseen.

The position I took on books for children, that the best books for children were those not written for them, receives powerful support from a teacher in Rutherford, N. J., who writes:

"A nine-year-old boy belonging to me began five years ago to devote his attention to my copy of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which is fully illustrated with full-page colored pictures. The story he got by asking what the pictures meant. The book now is entirely out of its binding, but its charm has not fled. The same is true of the copy of 'Gulliver's Travels.' Possibly the story there came to him better than in the other. If it were read to him as written, with sentences broken by references to the Bible, it would not have held his interest, but it does when given as a story. Children sometimes like books better when they browse about as they will than when too much is told them, don't you think? As teacher, I found children liking better such poems as extracts from 'Vision of Sir Launfal' than poems written for them. They are not given good things and so must be satisfied with inferior and stunted mentally by what they have been fed for thought."

The latest member of the Fano Club is Mrs. John Meigs, who for many years has exercised a deep influence at the Hill School, and who has always been an enthusiastic student of Browning. She wrote on the picture post-card while sitting directly in front of the famous paint-

ing in the church of Saint Augustine at Fano, and as the card bears the Fano post-mark, she is now a life-member of the exclusive Fano Club, and entitled to all its rights and privileges. I am certain that the club will receive a number of accessions during this present summer of 1923, and I may eventually have to establish a waiting list, the moral of which threat is too evident to need elaboration.

It is good news that we are to have a complete translation in English of the works of the Russian novelist Gogol, who, like so many other men of genius, entered the world in the year of Our Lord 1809. That was the *annus mirabilis*, not only of the nineteenth century, but of human history. In 1809 were born Darwin, Lincoln, Tennyson, Gladstone, Poe, Gogol, Chopin, Mendelssohn, FitzGerald, Holmes, and some other distinguished persons whose names I cannot at this moment remember.

Great translators are rarer than great creative authors; the necessary combination of qualities being seldom united in one individual. Constance Garnett seems to have them all. The family to which she belongs is sufficiently remarkable. Doctor Richard Garnett, who for many years was an official at the British Museum, illuminated a wide range of subjects with his knowledge, wisdom, humor, and information. His son, Edward Garnett, the husband of Constance, is a literary critic of high standing and of international reputation; and their son has made a sensation with his first book, "Lady into Fox." I wonder if he got the idea from Browning's poem "White Witchcraft"? Look it up for yourself and make your own conjecture. Whatever may be thought of "Lady into Fox," whether it be taken as a piece of light drollery or as a profound satire, it is written in a style so exquisite that we may confidently greet the young man as an important addition to contemporary letters. If ever prophecy were justified, it would seem to be in this happy instance.

Constance Garnett has translated the novels and tales of Turgenev, who is perhaps the greatest artist in the history of prose fiction; the short stories of Chekhov,

and has begun to translate his plays; the novels of Dostoevski, and some of the works of Tolstoi; and now we are to have also the writings of Gogol. Her capacity for work is almost as remarkable as its excellence. I am frankly amazed at the rapid succession of translations that proceed from her workroom. I could not understand it at all, were it not for the fact that she suffers from weak eyes. Nothing inspires effort like an obstacle. An enormous amount of first-rate scholarly work has been accomplished by men and women who could hardly see; just as nothing makes for longevity like having heart-disease.

Although Pushkin was the founder of modern Russian literature both in poetry and prose, Gogol was emphatically a germinal writer. His short story, which has been translated as "The Overcoat," "The Cloak," "The Mantle," has had more effect on the course of Russian fiction than any other work or event. Anyone may see this for himself by comparing it with Dostoevski's first book, "Poor People." Gogol's long novel, "Dead Souls," often infelicitously likened to the manner of Dickens, is good only in spots. It has many pages that are insufferably dull, but is worth reading for the others, which are indeed quite otherwise. His masterpiece is unquestionably the short novel, "Taras Bulba," which one will read in two hours, and remember for a lifetime. In that astounding tale, which combines lyric brevity with epic breadth, one gets all the effect of the leviathans of Sienkiewicz.

In addition to producing in a few years a pioneer short story, a long novel, a heroic romance, Gogol wrote the best "regular" play in the Russian language, "Revizor," sometimes translated as "The Inspector General." Although this has always been a favorite on the Continental stage—I saw an excellent performance in Munich—the first time it was ever produced in English was by the students of Yale University. Wholly Russian in characters and scene, the theme is universal—for it deals with political graft.

The other day I was talking with my friend, Professor Theodore Woolsey, and he said, "Why don't you comment on the greatest novel ever written, 'The Del-

uge,' by Sienkiewicz?" I am sure that hundreds of my readers can remember the excitement caused in the 'nineties by the appearance of the Polish historical romances; an excitement that became a frenzy on the publication of "Quo Vadis?" I have often wished that he had never written the Roman story, because the glamour of its notoriety outshone his finer work. Let me insist that the Polish trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," are just as gloriously inspiring reading in 1923 as they were when everybody was talking about them. They have ceased to become fashionable, but they have not ceased to be works of genius.

If by these few words I could induce some members of the present younger generation to begin reading these magnificent books, I should have the satisfaction of adding to their lives a source of happiness and an influence permanently fruitful.

I am glad that the publishers have included in the Modern Student's Library "American Prose Masters," by W. C. Brownell, so that this important critical work is at last available in a popular edition. Mr. Brownell is our leading American critic. He has experience, scholarship, training, and a wide acquaintance with ancient and modern literature and art. Although some will dissent from all the conclusions reached by Mr. Brownell, and all will dissent from some of them, no one can read these essays on American authors without receiving both illumination and stimulation. The six writers discussed are Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, Henry James. On its publication in 1909 the volume at once took its place as a notable addition to American criticism, and it is well to have it reissued at a price that places it within the reach of all.

One of the world-centres of the study of the life and works of Robert Browning is Baylor University, at Waco, Texas. Thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of Professor A. Joseph Armstrong, the university has acquired an exceedingly valuable collection of Browning books, manuscripts, pictures, and other memorabilia.

The latest publication to issue from this source is of almost sensational interest. It is a handsome volume containing the "Letters of Robert Browning to Miss Isa Blagden," which fill over two hundred pages. The original manuscript was bought by members of the senior class (1923) at Waco. The letters have been arranged for publication by Professor Armstrong, and are here printed for the first time. It is unnecessary to comment on their value to students of the poet.

In sharp contrast to the importance of this publication there has just appeared in England a biographical work on Browning, by Frances M. Sim. It is both surprising and unfortunate that such a book should have been published. It is called "Robert Browning: the Poet and the Man," and deals with his early years, from 1833 to 1846. Not only is there nothing important in it to justify its publication, but it is a veritable comedy of errors. It is difficult to say which is its more striking characteristic—its crudity of style or its chronic inaccuracy. As an illustration of style—"Shelley was his worship at the time of writing 'Pauline.'" "The love-story of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett is embalmed in Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.'" Inaccuracies: *Byronic Weltz-Schmart*; *Dante's Purgatoria*; *La Belle Sans Merci*; while an alleged quotation from a work on psychology by James Rowland Angell is assigned to "Herbert Angell, Professor Psychology, University of Chicago." Quotations from Browning and Shakespeare are not only frequently inaccurate, but seem to indicate that our biographer has no ear.

Says Shakespeare:

"The sounds of music soft stillness in the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

From "Pauline":

"Andromeda with eyes upturned, secure some
God
To save will come in thunder from the stars."

The only "contribution" in the book is the suggestion that Browning wrote the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," for which there is no evidence. I have read many inaccurate and silly books on Browning, but this outclasses them all.



THE POINT OF VIEW



IN these latter days moving has become a commonplace incident. To many housewives October 1, or whatever the local moving date is, brings an event, perhaps not exactly welcome, but at least ordinary and expected, like wash-day and cleaning-day. After many movings they rather anticipate the occasion, with its hopes of sunnier rooms, more desirable neighbors. If they are apartment-dwellers, accustomed to cramped spaces, they have probably so denuded themselves of household possessions that moving is indeed only a glorified cleaning-day. To this class of chronic movers I am unfortunate enough to belong, although my natural instinct and desire is to take deep root. I look with envy upon those blessed creatures who live placidly all the days of their lives in the same surroundings, until they become to us like actors ever in a play with appropriate and beautiful settings. But every year of my married life has been marked by a move.

Those movings! Even the first, when we left the tiny apartment where we had embarked so joyously on the adventure of home-making, was a wrench; and it was with a homesick lump in my throat that I took a last look around those bare and empty rooms, so recently vivid with a real personality—the little kitchen, scene of my heart-breaking struggles to master culinary arts; where Peter, scorning my New England traditions, taught me, with the superiority born of past accomplishments in camp cookery, the secret of the tender crusty Southern biscuit; where I wept tears of disgust over the war bread, foreordained to be a gray sodden lump of uncooked dough; where, the night before Christmas, the festive goose, a trifle malodorous for a steam-heated apartment, hung out of the window. The living-room, too, was crowded with memories. Here, with the sun streaming through the western windows, gay with potted plants, we worked and read and talked, surrounded by our books and pictures and the shabby, comfortable furniture—procured by many triumphs of bargaining from second-hand dealers. Such

happy, golden days, when a Saturday night jaunt to town, with supper at an Italian or an Armenian restaurant, a stroll through the crowded market district, as varied and rich in color and sound as a bit of a foreign city, and a second-balcony seat at a theatre afterward, satisfied every desire; and the topmost row at the opera represented the acme of human accomplishment. Other homes, larger and finer, we have had, but none more dear.

Sensible people in our profession, realizing the probability of frequent changes, would, doubtless, learn to regard each house as a temporary stopping-place, and so avoid the pain of being rooted up every year or two. Many noble resolutions have we made, usually at moving-time. Next year we will *not* allow things to accumulate so! I survey in disgust a motley array of objects to be foisted upon the kind and unsuspecting neighbors, or, in case they rebel, to be unceremoniously dumped—a coffee-mill which will not work, bought by the astute Peter at an auction; a sofa, hideous and uncomfortable, but for some reason the joy of his heart, similarly acquired; a student lamp, plausible but not successful; and quantities of miscellaneous junk—nails, small tools, screws, candle-shade holders, Christmas-tree trimmings, rope—the usual things you will miss most if you do not take them, and yet which at this particular stage of moving you desire never to see again in this life. Generally we effect a compromise, and find ourselves at the new house burdened with the useless articles, and compelled to purchase anew the indispensable odds and ends we have discarded. Somehow the art of moving can never be learned by experience—movers are born, not made.

However, these little backslidings do not prevent us from attacking each move with renewed hope and faith, like the habitual drunkard taking the pledge. Surely, this time we will move with system, with economy, with ease born of long experience. We make plans as soberly as if we had never before mapped out schedules only to ignore them. According to the plan, I begin in the attic, and here I must confess, although I

maintain with sincerity that movings are inhuman and abominable, that I take a sneaking pleasure in attacking the heterogeneous collection, accumulated heaven knows how, in so short a time. One uncovers so many interesting and forgotten articles. There is that vase, carefully protected from the corruption of moths and rust, a wedding present, beautiful and costly, but useless to us because we have never had a living-room large and imposing enough to provide for it a proper background. There is a box of reed and raffia and half-finished baskets which I once started in a moment of misdirected zeal. Best of all, there is the trunk full of pieces, which I delight in sorting—gowns, donated by wealthier relatives, out of which I plan every year to make my whole winter wardrobe, but which somehow never fulfil their promise; plumes and laces laid away for the proverbial seven years; that rag rug I had forgotten, which some day, when completed, will adorn my guest-chamber; my wedding-slippers, which, though long since too snug for utility, are yet strangely potent in conjuring up happily sentimental memories.

But the pleasant task of sorting the attic is only a prelude to the grim business of packing and moving. In accordance with advice given by efficient friends—acquaintances, rather, for I should never aspire to be on terms of friendship with efficient people, however much I may admire them—I make a list of the contents of each trunk, box, and bureau-drawer. There will be such a sense of satisfaction in knowing that if on the journey I am suddenly smitten with a desire to know just where my best table-cloth is, I can find out in a second. Peter regards the list with a pathetic hopefulness. To him it seems destined to be the solution of a difficulty faced by all husbands of chronic movers. Heretofore, when in the watches of the night I have been panic-stricken by the sudden fear that my new and expensive wall-mop has been left behind, or that the study curtains still adorn the otherwise empty room, Peter has been able to give me only sleepy and half-hearted assurance. But, as a matter of fact, the list is never of much comfort to us, because I invariably pack it away in some obscure place and promptly forget where it is, but even so, what a joy, when in the throes of getting settled in the new house, to come upon

such evidence of systematic and thoughtful packing!

When the packers and movers come, I humbly retire, feeling amateurish indeed as they proceed with expertness and despatch to denude the walls, the cupboards, and the floors of every visible article, leaving only a wake of excelsior and paper. Many movings have not hardened me to indifference, and I shudder as the packer wraps Great-aunt Rachel's teapot with the same impersonal care he bestows on the pyrex pudding-dish. The movers show similar callousness as they hustle unceremoniously into the van the precious gateleg table, the little orange-and-black chairs I painted with so much agony of spirit, Peter's beautiful old chest of drawers, the ironing-board and the kitchen stool, all in one democratic jumble. Then, after the last van has gone, and the family conscience has been appeased in the ritual of scrubbing floors and burning trash, comes the final farewell. The empty unfamiliar rooms bear but faint resemblance to our comfortable, homely abiding-place, and a sense of homelessness comes over me. But the back yard is unchanged, and I walk slowly around for a last look at the snapdragons, the hollyhocks against the wall, the larkspur, so blue and tall. One more garden I have loved and tended and left! Yet in a distant town is another home to be created, another garden to be made and loved, and, in the fulness of time, to be left.

THERE is no park in the world more restful than the Luxembourg, at Paris.

An hour slips away there rapidly, not simply because of the beauty of that garden created by absolutism for the delight of democracy—but because of the variety of things within it which give a gentle stir of interest to a mind weary and vacant.

The Pears of
the Senators

There are the vistas of the dome of the Panthéon to be exactly sighted along the *allées* of clipped chestnuts. The gay beds of flowers are backed by pomegranates with gnarled old trunks and fresh foliage ranged in their huge boxes around the sunken garden, and it is necessary to see how many of them show, even when the season is over, the blazing scarlet of scattered tiny flowers. In the centre the great fountain is rimmed with children launching their ships. On one terrace the music may be playing to its

crowd of listeners seated under the trees. On the other side one finds the row of bronze statues of dancing nymphs and piping shepherds and other figures of a jolly rusticity, the fenced rose garden, and the veteran players of croquet whose crafty address demands some moments of respectful admiration. Not far off men swing their rackets in the vigorous strokes of the *jeu de paume*, while the solemn voice of the counter, as he manipulates his colored staff, chants the mysterious score. A few steps and you can watch while a skilled *guignol* draws into the dialogue of his stage the gleeful warnings and questions of his excited audience. Over beyond, past the apiary where the mysteries of the bee-keepers' art may be learned, is the best place to watch the tamed pigeons and sparrows as they take pellets of bread from the fingers of their friends. And, finally, in the remote corner, there are the pears of the senators.

I had my first view of these wonderful fruits when I was a schoolboy and somebody told me then that they were strictly reserved for the senators of France. In my imagination I saw those august beings solemnly eating those pears every day for luncheon. All my own hoarded pocket-money I would gladly have given for a single one of those supernal delicacies. There was something in the solemn austerity of the great grilles which defended the *espaliers*, so rigidly trained that all the flowing curves of the trees have turned into a wonderful angular conformity to a series of perpendicular and horizontal lines, where every leaf seems to be counted and every rare fruit to embody at least a year of patient tending in the past—that suggested a flavor at once nectareous and ambrosial; for I had just learned of the charms of classic mythology, and the *espaliers* convinced me at first sight that the gods of Olympus had no advantage in their feasts over the senators of France.

Never have I visited Paris since without going to inspect the pears of the senators, and for years I have resolutely turned my back on those destroyers of the ideals of youth who have tried to make me believe that those pears are no better than the pears that can be bought in the market and that they are not eaten by the senators of France.

During those years I have met senators of France, but never in such intimacy that

it seemed proper to ask: "Have you eaten the pears of the Luxembourg Garden?" But now at last my time has come. Since I left France two years ago a friend of mine has been elected to the senate. I long to see him for his many amiable qualities, but almost the first question I shall ask him is: Do you eat the pears of the senators?

Alas, I have seen him and he has never tasted them! So perishes a precious day-dream of youth.

"DAMNS have had their day!" cried Bob Acres a century and a half ago, but despite his optimistic efforts at reform, the "damns" are still with us as thick as Fords at a county fair. Let me say at the outset that although not addicted to profanity, at least of the open, vocal brand, I am not easily shocked. But my *Sprachgefühl* is deeply hurt by the endless repetition of commonplace expletives. I crave variety, a new method. "There is no meaning in the common oaths, . . . nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable."

Curses that
Count

The ordinary oath is in the same class as common slang. Even a college professor of English does not object to slang. What annoys him is hackneyed, threadbare, overworked slang. "You are not the only pebble on the beach" may have been refreshing when Demosthenes contemptuously sputtered out the sharp-cornered pebble which cut his tongue and didn't fit into his elocutionary stunt, but to use the figure to-day is a sign of arrested development. A high-grade moron should know enough to substitute "You're not the only condenser in the radio," or "You're not the only Tut in a tomb." So, too, with curses. Your "damns" and "hells" indicate a barrenness of invention.

The scholar from whom Bob Acres acquired his notion had the right theory—"The oath should be an echo to the sense." But Bob, while improving upon the *S'deaths*, *Zounds*, and *Odd's lifes* of his day, and producing oaths that were "an echo to the sense," fell into a fatal monotony. His "Odds triggers and flints! Odds bottles and glasses! Odds slanders and lies! Odds daggers and balls!" will not do.

For effective profanity has two uses: it relieves the tension and terrorizes the opposi-

tion. "Odds daggers and balls!" may relieve the tension, but it does not terrorize or quell the opposition. How much better is Caliban's

"A southwest blow on ye and blister ye all o'er!"

And this brings us to the heart of the problem. To whom shall we turn for proper and powerful expletives, if we lack courage or inventiveness? And the answer, of course, is—to Shakespeare! To be sure, the imprecatory psalms are a rich mine, but why turn to the Bible in a discussion not of sacred but profane literature?

The prime ingredient of effective malediction is mystery. Therein lies the fatal defect of your "damn." Everybody, including the dog, knows exactly what a "damn" means. But if some one calls you a "rumped runion!" or even a "three-suited, super-serviceable, finical rogue!" you stand dazed by the ample vagueness of the insult. This is one of the great merits of Shakespearian objurgation. He gives you not only force, but the murkiness of the unknown, for the objurgation usually contains a word or phrase whose meaning has puzzled the commentators for centuries.

One morning as I hurried through one of the slum neighborhoods of London, I accidentally brushed against a hoodlum, who resentfully let loose such a flood of blasphemous profanity that I was shocked into horrified haste. If only I had recalled my Shakespeare! I might have terrorized him into temporary decency had I paused and launched Caliban's curse on him:

"All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats on 'hoodlums' fall and make
'them'
By inchmeal a disease!"

And then, if that had not sufficed, I might have added Kent's: "You base, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; you lily-livered, action-taking, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue!"

One sometimes wonders whether the Great War or the rapid spread of golf is the cause of the recent epidemic of profanity. The question is purely academic. The war may have been responsible for past pro-

fanity, but the war is over, and the golf germ or "bug," though already having fastened itself upon two million enthusiasts, is likely to infect half of the population of the United States in another decade. We know, therefore, where to place the responsibility for future profanity.

Hence the pressing need of a profanity that is respectable. If any one needs help it is the golfing "duffer." The long winter of his discontent has passed, the spring has come, the day's at the morn, the fairway's dew-pearled, as he stands on the tee of No. 1, gazing over the links in faith and hope. He has taken indoor lessons during the winter, he has played the course in par as he sat by his fireside, and he now is about to enter upon one of the supremely happy moments of his life. And then! his drive hooks out of bounds into Hell's Half Acre! There are spectators on the club-house veranda. If Shakespeare did not come to his aid, he might express his thoughts rudely and blatantly, but instead he recites poetically:

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!"

And that is what the earth does, forsooth. And then after composedly teeing up for the second trial, with the hazardous but natural desire of driving twice as far as he ever drove before, to recoup the loss of that last stroke, he swings at the ball with a vigor that Hercules would have envied, only to see the pale white sphere trickle gently down the side of the tee. And now he needs the choicest stick of dynamite found in "Macbeth." He knows the occasion calls for nothing less than

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!"

That malediction has the threefold virtue of vigor, mystery, and literary distinction. It should satisfy the conservative who clings to the old-fashioned "devils" and "damns," and as it mounts with its crescendo to the "cream-fac'd loon!" the radical reformer feels the subtle charm of the unknown. Besides, it is Shakespeare; and though the other golfers have concluded that that duffer does not know golf, they are now convinced that he does know Shakespeare. There's something in that to minister to a mind diseased.

Form in Garden Art

BY ADELINE ADAMS

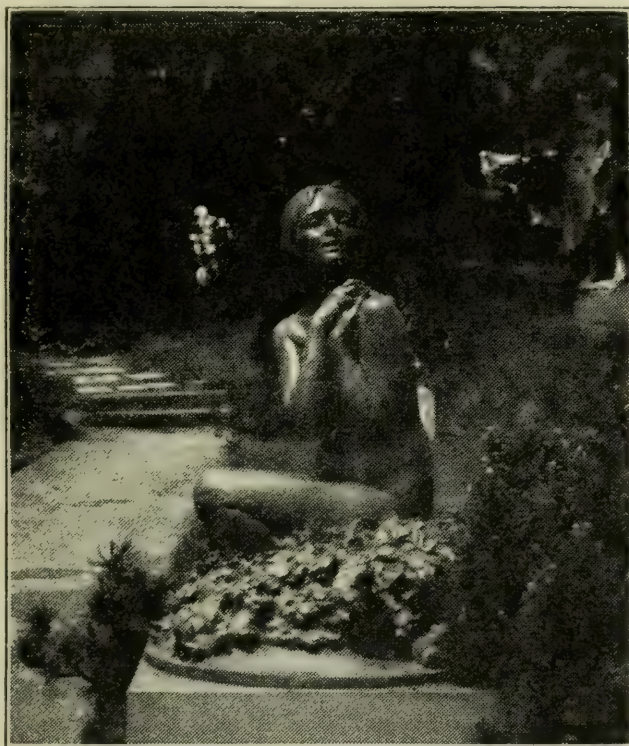
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE

BY a gracious thought of wise minds in council, the National Sculpture Society was lately enabled to make in New York, in that section smilingly called the Acropolis, an extensive, extended, and free showing of the art its members practise. A group of learned societies had given our sculptors the hospitality of the galleries, terraces, and garden-space belonging to their several estates. Beautiful though these various backgrounds are, and well adapted for exhibiting sculpture, they were further enhanced by a judicious and imaginative garden art. That art wreathed stone stairways with roses and ivy. It transplanted great trees of flowering dogwood to make an ethereal setting for lofty gilded equestrian statues. It put laurel around Mr. French's "Memory," and a wall of evergreens behind Mr. McCartan's poetic monument to Eugene Field. It placed informal stepping-stones as byways through a walled garden peopled with storied images, and it arranged formal paths and vistas in a flowery plaisance where at one end the "Spirit of the Sea" made music near a lofty pine, and at the other end Venus and Adonis walked discreetly among

all the dryads, virtues, and satyrs known to sculpture. In short, and indeed at short notice, garden art had provided our sculptors with a living, delightful outdoor setting for their works.

Thronging thousands visited this show. In general, the spirit of order and urbanity that had created its environment animated the public also.

Many notable plastic works were exhibited within the buildings, either in the stately tapestried hall of the Academy, or in the courts of the Numismatic, or else in the galleries of the Hispanic, where the vivid genius of Sorolla stayed hidden behind the arras, while sculpture



Woodwind, by Edward Berge.

rather than painting had its innings. But though masterpieces abounded within doors, the public preferred on the whole to take its sculpture in the open, under clear skies, and in the midst of trees, shrubs, flowers. In charm and interest, the garden was mightier than the gallery. No new happening, surely!

Except in the lives of cliff-dwellers and of nomads born, the garden has from very early times in the process of civilization occupied man's thoughts as a pleasant half-way place between fireside and forest. It

has been a place in which to forget old cares, and perhaps to invent new ones; a place to look into from the threshold, and a place to look away from, as far as the eye can reach, toward whatever enchantment of horizon is granted by nature and art.

Like other civilizing influences, gardens came out of the East. Perhaps the antiquarians have too often told each other that

the ancient Greeks had little feeling for landscape, little love for the cultivation of flowers. And botanists sadly inform us that in the old pre-Burbank Attic days the world had in its gardens only the rose, violet, and lily, the iris, narcissus, and crocus, the amaranth, gladiolus, and poppy, besides a few other classic favorites. Yet we know that with the Greeks, as with the Egyptians and Romans, garlands of flowers played an important part in festivals, religious or otherwise. We know that Greek philosophy gladly took the air in gardens, with statues of the gods and half-gods close at hand. The Greek honeysuckle and ivy and acanthus have been immortalized in sculpture, through the Greek genius for form.

The genius for form! Perhaps more than we moderns realize, this genius for form—for the making of significant shapes out of all sorts of practicable materials, organic or inorganic—has been a fundamental influence in the most famous gardens of all time. Without letting our surmises stray as far back as to the garden of man's first disobedience, we can readily see that hanging gardens and terraced farms, whether in Babylon or in the Borromean Islands or in Peru, demand first of all a bold reshaping of nature by art, a sculpture upon the hillside. Not only must the earth itself, the very ground under foot, be carved into plateaux, stairways, water-courses, but even the waters must be curiously turned and modelled into new lines, now for the utili-

tarian purposes of irrigation and refreshment, now in the service of beauty. Again, living trees and shrubs, especially the evergreen varieties, have from early times been trimmed into forms of usefulness or ornament. Man no sooner acquires a possession, say a field or a garden-plot, than he longs to frame it and hedge it and bound it and accent it with finials pleasing to his

taste. To-day, we sometimes look on the English topiary work of the seventeenth century as a quaint and agreeable pedantry of landscape art. Wesmile a little at those venerable bushes of box or privet carved into shapes of ships, peacocks, and unicorns. But perhaps the fantasy was

"Already old when Homer still was young."



Garden of Herbert Adams.

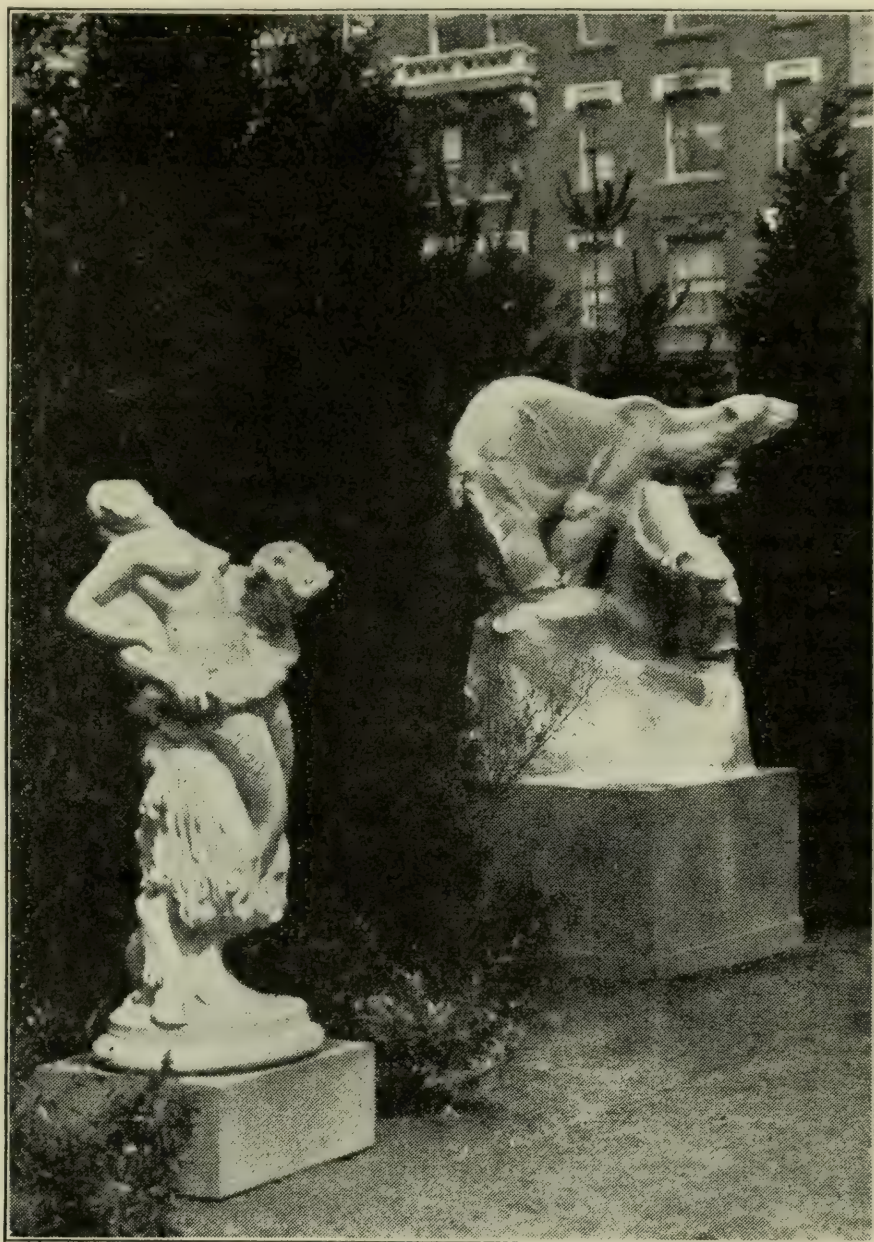
In the horticulture of antique Rome, the chief gardener was honored under the name of *topiarius*, a term that suggests an origin from the Greek *topos*, place, and brings to mind the thought that, to a fresh-air folk like the Romans, a garden was indeed a beloved place, possibly the place paramount in the home life. The *topiarius* directed the carving of shrubs such as box, laurel, and cypress into various forms of man, beast, bird, globe, pyramid. Was the ancient myth of Apollo and Daphne thus shown—the maid turned into a tree in the very embrace of the god? Was man's moulding of a tree to his own will a conscious, subdefiant expression of his mastery over nature? Or was it merely a simple and easy way of making a boundary, always with due regard for Mercury, god of terminals, yet without recourse to the more difficult art of sculpture in stone? Pliny the younger, in his often-quoted description of his countryside villa, no doubt bored his contemporaries as much as he has edified later generations by his leisurely correspondence concerning his "box hedge," his "easy slope adorned with representations of divers animals in box,

answering alternately to each other," his "tonsile evergreens," shaped into a variety of forms. Those "pensile gardens" of Sir Thomas Browne's quaint phrase would no doubt be an appropriate background for "tonsile evergreens." Such gardens and such evergreens are nothing without the pick and shovel, the shears and pruning-knife. Their form is the first consideration. Stone, bronze, stucco, and baked clay are not by any means the only materials used in shaping garden forms.

It is true that garden-lovers in past ages were far more limited than we as to varieties of rainbow-tinted flowers. This is but one of the many reasons why form was always even more important than color in the minds of the master garden-architects of the Italian Renaissance. Theirs was a virile art, an art that engaged the attention of men of lofty genius. A garden visualized as "a riot of color" was a much later manifestation, destined for more northern latitudes, the cultivation of flowers for their own sake reaching its best estate in England. And flowers, like lawns, are easier to keep in glowing freshness, month after month, in the moist climates of England and France than in the heat of central and southern Italy. So the great Italian garden-designers, though always valuing the noble simplicity of turf and the radiance of flowers, were obliged to depend largely on other elements of garden beauty. Italian garden-magic

was the result of necessity's logic as well as of inspiration.

Tradition has it that even Michelangelo's austere mind did not disdain planning a



Fountain Group, by Robert Aitken; and Polar Bears, by Frederick G. R. Roth.

villa, and whoever planned a Tuscan villa always related the house intimately with its garden, even if he did not actually lay out the garden itself. Bramante in his memorable terraced garden of the Vatican, Raphael in his unfinished Villa Madama, Vignola in his fortress-villa at Caprarola, Annibale Lippi in his perennially enchanting Villa Medici—all these great designers considered gardens as works of architecture, projects in which fitness, beauty, and variety should

be harmoniously expressed, with art and nature revered alike.

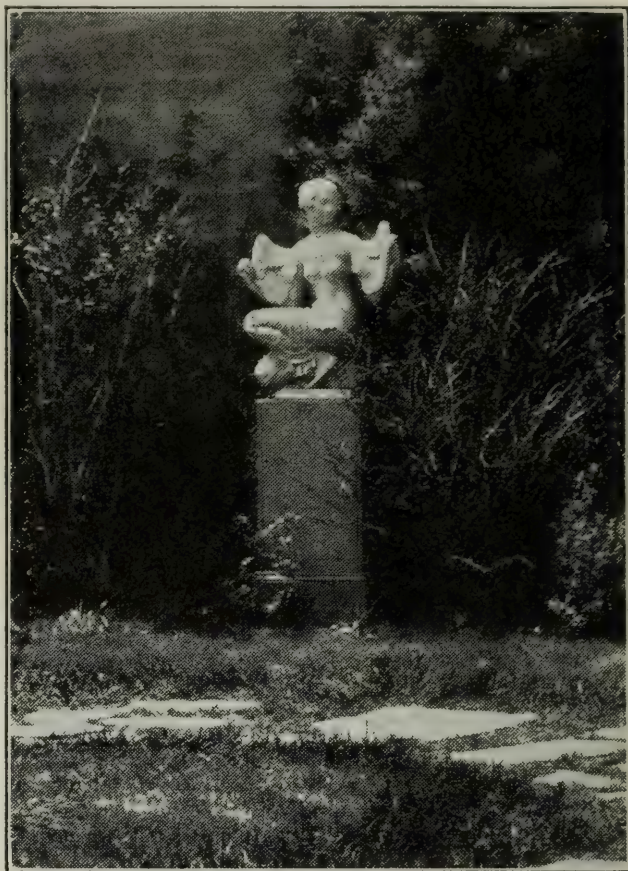
Bearing in mind this latter principle, one recalls, by way of contrast, Saint-Simon's scathing description of the vanity of Louis XIV in his creations at Versailles, and especially at Marly, where, even at a sacrifice of human life, incredible violence was done to nature in the name of art. True, the plains of France lent themselves with difficulty to the soaring designs that were a natural expression of life in hill-crowned Italy. The late seventeenth century saw Le Nôtre, that greatest of French landscape architects, seriously studying, even in his old age, the Italian masterpieces of design, on their sites. There followed a natural give-and-take of ideas between France and Italy; and this was fruitful enough as long as fitness rather than mere novelty was the first consideration.

Italian garden art was to feel an influence still more alien. The English garden, enchanting indeed on English soil, had not only crossed the Channel to tarry a while in France for the benefit of Marie Antoinette's Trianon and kindred spots; it went farther and fared worse, sojourning perhaps all too long in an Italy to which its spirit was and is alien, an Italy already richly provided with its own native garden traditions. How curious is the curve of garden art, as we watch its progress through successive generations! It is more than a curve, it is an arabesque, sometimes almost a grotesque in its meanderings. The lesson is plain enough for those who will read it. When an English garden, in its artful naturalness, becomes a "jardin anglais," it

has already wasted something of its native charm. But when it travels across the Alps, to play the rôle of "giardino inglese," it is lost, as far as integrity of garden design is concerned.

Until recently, our own country's ideals were those inherited from the English countryside. And that is well. But in many sections, the conformation of the land is

more like that of Italy than of England. And often our skies are like Italian skies. American gardens can frequently preserve American individuality, yet show a profound sympathy with the old Italian tradition. This tradition cries aloud for sculpture; sculpture ranging from that simplest form of topiary art, the hedge, up to a masterpiece by a Gian da Bologna, or, to look nearer home, a MacMonnies or a Manship. How beautiful for a garden by the ocean would be Mr. Atkins's "Spirit of the



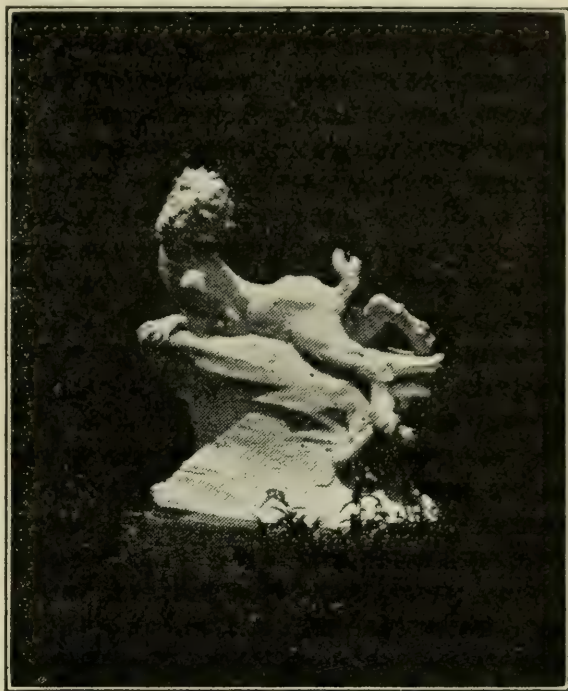
Philomela, by John Gregory.

Sea," or Mr. Beach's "Glint of the Sea," and how fitting for any garden, not too small, is Miss Frishmuth's "Vine," or Mr. Gregory's "Philomela"! The Sculpture Society's exhibition held scores of beautiful works well adapted for garden vistas. The animal figures in which our sculptors excel are often admirable denizens for gardens of somewhat informal type. And many an American sculptor has done his or her bit in creating fountains, things that may be as simple as a bird bath or grandiose as a *château d'eau*.

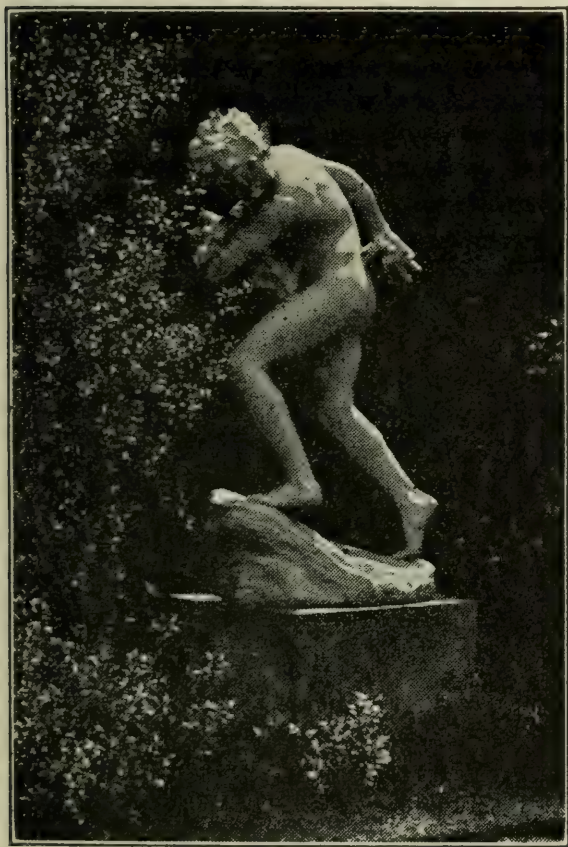
A *château d'eau*! The phrase brings to mind Italian glories such as Vignola's Caprarola, with its exquisite garden-house and its wealth of fountains. Lingering especially among memories of Caprarola is

that famous double line of sylvan deities, all fantastically unlike, and antiphonal as Pliny's animals carved in evergreens. In their place, they have their value. Away from their place, they might become as Emerson's sea-shells, "poor, unsightly, noisome things." If this is heresy, let us pursue the subject in another direction. By the time the *baroque* has gained the upper hand in the Italian garden, a mind that is fastidious as to form will find much to dislike in the pebbly, shelly, one had almost said *smelly*, species of sculpture proliferating in stalactites and monsters around fountains and grottoes. On this subject sculptor and architect are sometimes at variance. The true-born sculptor is jealous for the honor of his art at every point. He values sculpture from a thousand aspects. Subject, style, ensemble, silhouette, construction, modelling—all are important to him. With the architect, the general effect is what counts: little vices of modelling pass unrebuked. In fact, the architect in his broad-

choice on a platform far simpler than any that a proficient sculptor can use. Pushed to their illogical extreme, such choices de-



Narcissus, by Adolph A. Weinman.



Mischievous Faun, by Brenda Putnam.

base sculpture; and the *baroque* style really did debase sculpture. Possibly the debasement was mutual. The *baroque* used too much sculpture. No such tendency at present afflicts the American sculptor; we are but too chary in making use of his art.

In 1903, Mrs. Wharton wisely wrote: "The real value of the old Italian garden-plan is that logic and beauty meet in it, as they should in all sound architectural work." To-day, Americans have a larger understanding of these facts than was possible twenty years ago. Through the well-imagined works of Olmsted, Platt, Greenleaf, Vitale, and scores of other artists (among whom some of the most notable are women), garden architecture has made a very definite advance here during the present century; and but for the war, this advance would doubtless have been still greater. Our summer colonies of American painters and sculptors scattered by hill and shore have, in an obscure yet important way, fostered a good tradition in garden-planning. The gardens created by our artists are not necessarily extensive. Their significance depends on something more valuable than mere extent. They are

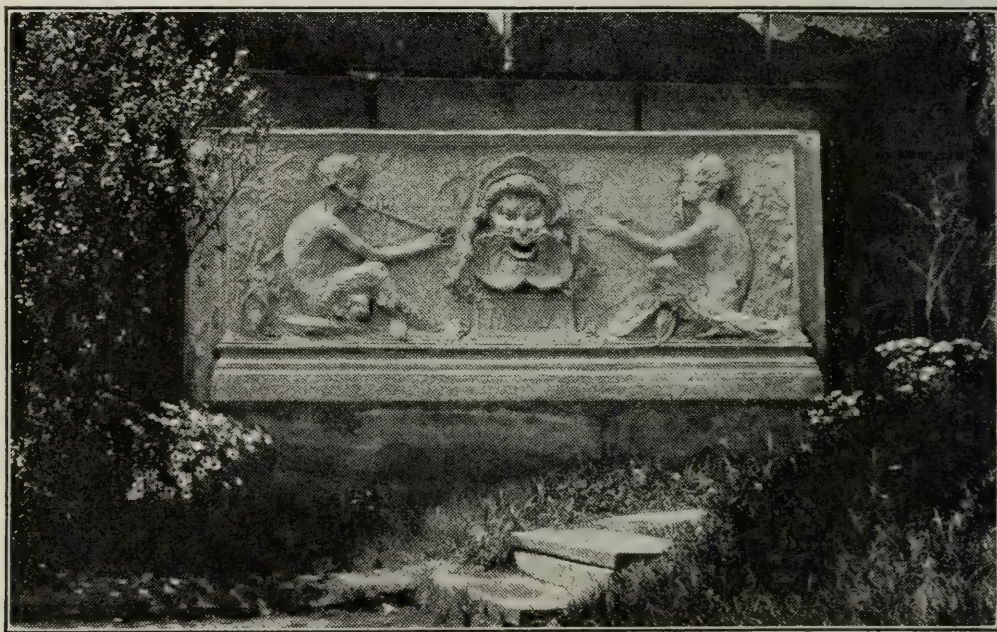
mindedness may often prefer a rather illiterate piece of sculpture to something better imagined and better done. He bases his

works of art because love and logic have persevered together in handling form and color in harmony with a given environment. Take, for instance, the gardens at Cornish, New Hampshire. These have a rather uncommon landscape setting. Instead of the tumbled fragments of great hills almost always found near a mountain range, the Cornish gardens look out upon an ever-varying, idyllic landscape, ruled by one mountain alone, one solitary Shakespeare of the skies. Its lines recall Fujiyama and Vesuvius, but carry no minatory suggestion. Most of the Cornish garden-plans have eagerly sought the advantage of this large and simple background.

The American artist has inherited from his English forebears a love of trees, lawns, and flowers for their own sakes, while he has acquired from his memories of Italian and French masterpieces in garden-design something of that logic (dwelling side by side with emotion) which characterizes the Latin mind at its best. A garden that is a mere riot of color will not satisfy him; as in the garden art of Horace's Rome, of Michelangelo's Florence, of eighteenth-century Vaux and Versailles, he looks for form as well as color. He realizes that a garden is not the place for a riot, but rather for its opposite, harmony. The American garden that simply imitates the letter of Italian

tradition will, of course, be a poor affair. But every American garden created in a spirit akin to that which shaped the Italian Renaissance garden (in the days before the *baroque* with heavy thumb laid on its unmeaning decorations) will be framed with order and fitness. It will depend upon form to enhance color; it will express its own individual blend of logic and magic. It will turn almost instinctively to sculpture, both that of the practical clipping-shears and of the poetic chisel. There will be modelling in water also, whether aspiring, radiant water in jets, or flat, mirror-like water for calm reflections in both realms, thoughts and things. From the first jonquil to the first snowfall, and after, such a garden should be alive with a thrilling sense of harmony between nature, art, and the owner's inmost mind.

Toward the consummation of such a garden, the Sculpture Society's outdoor show in forecourt and on the terrace, in plaisance and in secret garden, offered a wealth of suggestions. Certainly the society's heterogeneous display of beautiful works in plaster, bronze, and stone could not in the nature of things give any completely satisfying picture of what a garden with its gods should be. But the picture was better than complete. It was helpful and suggestive to an interested public.



Caritas—Wall Fountain, by Philip Martiny.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Anniversary of the Great War

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE anniversary of the outbreak of the Great War is not an occasion which people celebrate. A casual reminder in the newspapers that this is the date when Germany crossed the Belgian frontier, a

**Nine Years
Since the
German
Invasion**

word or two of reminiscence or perfunctory moralizing, and the matter is forgotten. The attitude is not strange, when even the anniversary of the

ending of the war meets with slight observance. Nobody celebrates the battle of the Marne; perhaps it was only after a considerably longer lapse of years than this that the battle of Waterloo or the battle of Gettysburg was celebrated in the aftermath of older wars.

To most of us, perhaps to all of us, the memory of the rush of events in August and September, 1914, is nowadays much of a blur. It is not easy, in reminiscence, even to set the bewildering occurrences in their right succession. We can recall the utter incredulity over the possibility of such a war, which everybody shared up to the day when, even in advance of the Kaiser's ultimatum, all the world's stock exchanges closed their doors, the rate of New York exchange on London rose to 12 per cent premium, and a North German liner, bound east with a consignment of \$10,000,000 American gold consigned to Europe, faced about in mid-ocean and made a hurried run for the coast of Maine.

All of us can remember the astonishment with which we heard of the American summer tourists stranded in the wake of the advancing armies and trying to get home. Most of us can even bring back to mind the two or three September days when the newspaper cables told us that the French had turned, that something had gone amiss with the German

plans, and that possibly Von Kluck and his army would be captured.

BUT it is scarcely possible for us to remember now what we actually expected would happen next, when the German line swung down in its triumphant and seemingly irresistible advance on Paris or when it was hastily retreating to the intrenchments of the Aisne. It is not at all easy to be sure whether

**What We
Expected
in 1914**

we ourselves had then reached the conclusion that it would be a short war or a long one. But what is undoubtedly impressed on most individual memories is the rapid deepening of the conviction that, however the conflict was to end, it would not be the same world as that of July, 1914, nor the same alignment of the nations, which would come into view at its termination.

It is in this regard that the ninth anniversary of the events of August and September, 1914, suggests a broader retrospect. That neither the economic nor the political position of the important states could ever be quite the same at the end of a great war as at its beginning we had learned long before 1914. We learned it by comparing the England of 1830, in its relations to the outside world, with the England of 1795; the Germany of 1875 with the Germany of 1869; or even the United States of 1880 with the United States of 1859. But what we are not so apt to recognize nowadays is that a very considerable stretch of time was necessary after the return of peace on those occasions before the new alignment of the nations could be seen correctly.

During many years after 1815, England seemed to the contemporary observer to be entangled in a hopeless problem of re-

adjustment of foreign trade, home production, labor, and ill-regulated currency. The new Germany did not come clearly into view until at least ten years after the Peace of Paris in 1871. Between 1865 and the late seventies the United States was living on European capital and floundering helplessly in paper-money inflation.

NOWADAYS we judge these episodes in the light of the longer results. But "readjustment" and "reconstruction" were matters, not of five years after return of peace, but of ten or twenty. What the

The Slow Process of Reconstruction present generation vaguely recalls as the reconciliation of the South and the North, which came along with completion of economic rehabilitation in the previously seceding States, was not actually recognized as an accomplished fact until twenty-five years after the surrender at Appomattox.

When Henry W. Grady of Atlanta made his celebrated speech of 1886 at the New England Society dinner in New York, pointing out to his hearers that a new era was about to open in the relations between the belligerents of the Civil War, a full generation had elapsed since the South laid down its arms, and yet the audience had gathered to discuss the probability of reconciliation. In the light of such precedent, it may easily be imagined that we are not yet far enough away from the beginning and ending of the last great conflict to get the true perspective. Nevertheless, there is possibility of reaching at least a tentative judgment on the economic as well as political realignment which has followed it.

IN the first place, what were the economic situation and relationships when the new turn was taken in history during August, 1914? That England was the undisputed banking and invest-

The Position of 1914 ment centre of the world; that France was lending the proceeds of her people's industry and thrift to a dozen foreign countries, including America; that the United States was still leaning heavily on European capital to finance its industrial undertakings; that Germany was pressing England hard for commercial supremacy in trade

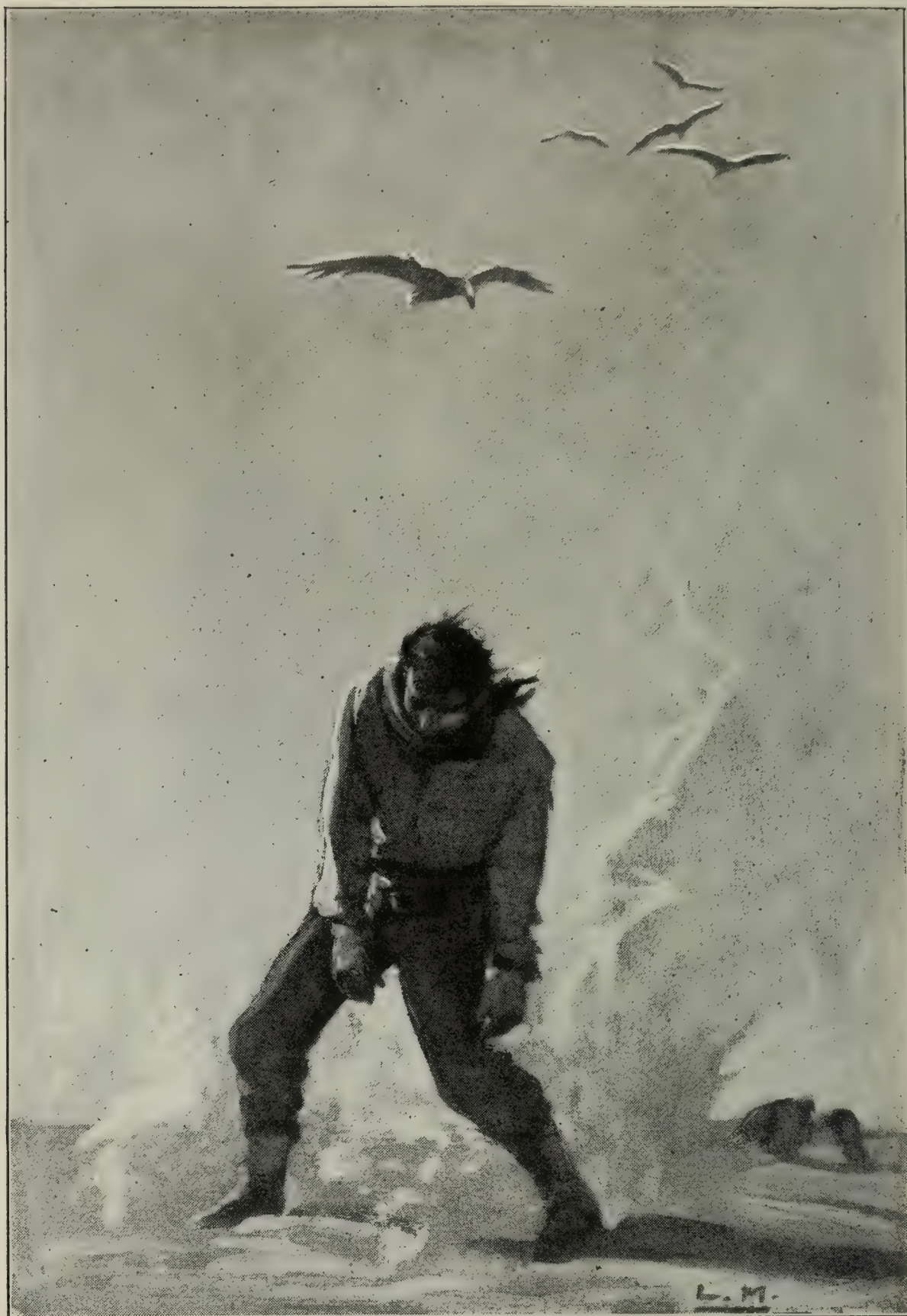
with many foreign countries—all this is a familiar story. Yet in various ways these conditions were changing, even then. London was not maintaining its financial prestige wholly unimpaired; even in 1901 it was thought for a moment that New York would challenge it. The period immediately preceding the declaration of war had been marked by financial uncertainty and industrial unsettlement.

It was rather widely believed in European financial circles, when Austria's ultimatum to Servia gave the signal for war and Germany accepted it, that signs of trouble, in both the home trade and the home politics of those two states, had inclined the governments to resort to the experiment of war by way of solving their peace-time problems. The position of Austrian finance was admittedly precarious; declining trade and rise of the public deficit to figures very large for those days—the 1914 budget of expenditure for Hungary alone had doubled within ten years—had forced the empire into an unwilling money market, where it was at one time doubtful if its necessities could be covered. Germany's foreign trade was declining rapidly; there was a good deal of uneasiness in financial Berlin as to the status of the long-term credits lavishly and not altogether prudently granted by the banks to promote the export trade, especially with South America and the Far East.

CENTRAL EUROPE was not the only scene of financial unsettlement on the eve of the Great War. Efforts of the French Government to turn an unmanageable floating debt into long-term loans were blocked by the legislative factions; it was difficult to market any large loans. Italy was in the grip of trade reaction and severe money stringency; it was stated at Rome in March, 1914, that unemployment had become so great that emigration from Italy had for the first time in the country's history exceeded a million in a twelvemonth.

Trade reaction had seized England also in the first half of 1914. The cotton-spinning industry had gone on short time; iron furnaces were shutting down, largely because of urgent competition by Ger-

On the Eve of the Great War



From a drawing by Lon Megargee.

HE HAD FALLEN AND RISEN AND STUMBLED ON.

—“Dead Man’s Hand,” page 487.

The Voyage of the "Sudden Death"

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS



UP in Canadian sporting clubs each "m'sieur", which comprehends also the supposed gentle ones of the species, is valeted, generally speaking, by two guides. The distances are so great, both for paddling and portaging, that this is not the fantastic luxury it appears to one coming from the Adirondacks. There a guide for every two persons is, or used to be, adequate. Moreover, a "m'sieur" is not expected to carry anything unless his own rod or rifle. But the arrangement certainly results in guides underfoot about camp, in intervals of travelling, and when the Captain arrives to be the "m'sieur"—what time the original "m'sieur" is called out—when the six-foot Captain blows into the woods, freshly escaped from business, harking back to strenuous army days, eager to eat up exercise, then the guides, except for cooking and chopping wood, are out of a job.

"Don't let's take guides. Let's go alone. It's so much more fun," pleads the Captain. And proceeds to set forth how he is in the last agonies, starving to death, as it were, for lack of portaging a canoe. "I won't carry the lunch in my hand," states the Gentle One, hurriedly. "I hate toting things in hands. I'll paddle till the cows come home. Of course I will. And walk anything. But I won't stir with a package in my fist."

"Oh"—the Captain waves aside that and all obstacles—"I'll tie the lunch to the canoe bar. I won't know it's there. May we take Bill's light canoe?"

Certainly we may, if we won't scrape it on rocks. That twelve-foot, forty-five-pound canvas canoe, made by Josef the Huron in Indian Lorette, is a new toy, and the Captain has a heavy hand with toys. But he promises.

The two consider geography, and find good a round trip comprehending five lakes, differing each from the other as one star from another in glory, but all stars and all glorious. In between lakes are portages of varying length, and a stretch of wild river, decorated with rapids, connects Lac Sauvage with Lac T. N. T. The Captain and the Gentle One start from the dock about ten, with the lunch tied, for its ultimate overcoat, in a white cornmeal bag with a slim waistline and a train. The Gentle One hefts it.

"It weighs nothing. I'd just as soon carry it as not," she repents, but the Captain ignores such late-in-the-day offers. "It goes on the bar. I won't know it's there," he repeats. She steps into the bow, and the big Captain stows himself in the stern, and the stern goes shooting down-hill. The little Indian boat, the *Sudden Death*, one calls it, kicks and dances at the very idea of that big weight, and the Captain is intrigued as to where to put his feet.

"I can't sit on the gunwale. The thing won't stand for it," he complains. "Kneel then," suggests the bow paddle. There is no third attitude in an Indian canoe.

"But I won't go in between," the Captain argues. "It's too tight for my hips."

Whittling him down is the only other scheme, but the Gentle One thinks it best not to be flippant. She steadies the kick-

ing craft against the dock while the Captain wedges in his bones, his too large bones; and with care they are off.

"Gosh, this is uncomfortable," murmurs the Captain at intervals down the lake.

The water is low in the Dammed Little River, so they take a short portage to the next lake, and the slim-waisted lunch goes on the canoe bar. Through shadow and light of the little portage winds the canoe, high in air, upside down, with long legs locomoting beneath it.

"I'll take stern," suggests the Gentle One, as the procession arrives at the next lake, Lac Noir. "Maybe it'll balance better, and you'll have room for your precious hips in the bow."

Down goes the bow, as one hundred and seventy-five pounds of human drops into it, and the *Sudden Death* kicks more earnestly, and a general topheaviness settles on the fleet. The Gentle One, adventuring in the stern, shoves off and hops in, with high hopes of all being well. But intense depression of the bow persists.

"Damn it, there's no place for my feet here," indignantly protests the Captain.

"I can't sit up on the gunwale myself; she wabbles horribly," states the Gentle One gingerly. "*Don't* pull me around with your stroke, for mercy's sake; I don't dare steer hard."

"Don't trifle with the gunwale, woman. Kneel. This boat is dangerous," urges the Captain.

"We won't try this plan again. You'll have to suffer in the stern; at least we're safe that way. The bow is slanted down a foot with your elephant weight." So the Gentle One.

The craft prances, head down like an ostrich, and tail wagging flightily, the length of Lac Noir—Lac Noir sparkling between mountains—and the crew lands, thankfully enough, on a sand-bar before the portage. The Captain lifts the reprehensible *Sudden Death* on his mighty paddle to near-shore, and splashes out into splashing shallows, and the Gentle One follows suit, secure in *bottes sauvages*, high moosehide moccasin-made boots, with soles and hobnails. The coldest spring in Canada tinkles into this sand-bar, and one pushes through the alders to a secret sanctuary, all moss, where dark-brown water

murmurs icily over gravel. There is a battered aluminum cup which travels in the Gentle One's breeches pocket, and it comes out, dented and doubled sidewise, and is dipped into the crystal tinkling; the two drink where moose and caribou drank the day little Moses was found in the bulrushes, and before. It is a very old earth up this way, for the Laurentian Mountains were the first things out of water when the round world was making. The steep hills have stood and the streams have twisted through them, and the beasts have come down to the lakes to feed in the same antique likeness—perhaps the most ancient families on the globe—for thousands of years. When Alexander was conquering his world, or thought he was, when Napoleon was tearing Europe to pieces and making it over to suit his fancy, on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, on the morning of the first Fourth of July, the moose and the caribou made their way through these shadowy bright forests, and across our own wind-blown, sunlit, aromatic beaver meadows, and came to Lac Noir to munch their meal of lily-roots, quite unconcerned as to world politics, the same grotesque old figures of animals which are there to-day.

The trail from Lac Noir to Lac Creux winds up a slope through a pleasant forest of birch and moosewood. Moosewood is a growth, high of about fifteen feet, and the legend is that the moose eat the young shoots. I never caught one at it, or heard of it; the moose whom I have met have been concerned with roots of water-lilies and with patches of tender grass in beaver meadows. But they may do it, and not let me know; in any case, there is the moosewood, a gay, waving, rustling plantation under gay, rustling white birches. Of these September days, it has a winning habit of turning gold with pinkish and copperish shadings to its leaves, so that the entire wood interior, as one climbs to Lac Creux, is a very tapestry of glory. The air is wine, the sky is firmly blue with cotton-wool September clouds blowing across it, a sky innocent of evil.

Thus, through joy and silence of the open, they come to the Lac Creux end of the trail. The Gentle One is ahead, and,

reaching a tiny deep bay, sheltered with spruces, she looks comprehensively over the landscape, as do all woodsmen coming out on water. A brown bulk about the size of a horse looms, knee-deep among lily-pads. The lake is shallow, and the beast is a hundred feet out, unconscious of an audience. From up the trail the graceful length of the canoe flashes through the trees. The Captain will make no noise; he is woodsman born and bred; but as he tosses the little boat sidewise and lets it to earth, the Gentle One smiles and points.

"A cow moose," she whispers. "No horns."

They watch, and the big lady puts her head under water and rolls it and shakes it, and swashes slowly along, nipping lily-leaves. The canoe is slid in without a sound, for this is a mossy cove, and silently the Captain paddles closer, as close as one dares, for a moose will charge a canoe. The wind is toward them, so that they might almost run into the beast, but at last, tossing her head up luxuriously, she sees something out of drawing on her lake and the toss is arrested midway. The paddle stops; the moose stares; a good half-minute passes; then, with a puzzled over-the-shoulder glance, she turns, deciding that the bush may be healthier, in view of that queer spot on the lake. She trots, not frightened, yet nervous, lumbering, and enormous and awkward, but, for all that, fascinating, toward land. A wake of foam thunders behind her as she goes, and the wild, shy, huge thing, kicking white water, melts as a handful of moss into woods which open to receive their own. A tremendous crack or two, a few lighter sounds, and she is gone, leaving the usual astonishment as to how masses like that can locomote in thick woods with so little fuss. Then the Gentle One picks up her paddle, and the canoe proceeds on its hidden course, punctuated with indignant objections from the hero in the stern about his hips and his feet.

"Fold your hips up, and let your feet hang over," helpfully suggests the bow paddle.

No attention is paid, but shortly the Captain states thoughtfully: "She's a feather to carry, but she's hell on a lake."

One is soon across Lac Creux—no plot to Lac Creux—and twisting down its placid outlet, which strolls through a mighty beaver meadow, wind-ruffled and rustling over a mile or so of pale-green grasses, touched up with spruce and balsam trees. The portage to Lac Ouitouche climbs, and about half-way a whole-souled little mountain stream crosses. The Gentle One, marching ahead, comes around a shoulder of the hill and sees, unexpectedly, water. The beaver are there. A dam of thirty feet long bars the mountain stream in the dip of the land, and above it is the prettiest fairy pond, forty or fifty feet across, set into the middle of the forest quite impossibly. Yet there it sits. The water trickles busily, hollowly, over it, over the dam, and murmurs out of sight among thickets. Messieurs the beavers have felled two birches, big of ten inches through, across the trail, and the Gentle One drops down on one and considers how it is quaint that the boat will have to be put in to navigate this trail. Then the boat, a long green mushroom with legs, swings up the light and shadow of the forest highway, and she signals—one learns not to talk overmuch in the woods. In a moment the *Sudden Death* is tossed down, and with that it is jumping into the water and, astonished to meekness, it is across the tiny lake. Then they are off again, climbing, climbing, to Indian Lake, Lac Sauvage, on the Indian River. A stretch of four minutes on the lake and one takes the river, and there are rapids.

"Do we shoot them?"

"Nobody ever does," states the Captain, "but I think we do."

And with that the dancing canoe, entranced with the adventure, is among big rocks in rushing, whirling, tumbling white water. It is a place for alertness and expertness with a paddle, but these two have handled paddles long years. In and out the boat twists, and one of the voyagers is on a rock and lifting the small craft to deep water, and the other stands in the flowing wetness and shoots the bow toward a passage; the cold river shouts around them, and tries to tip them into itself; they flash, with a deep drop, out—the bow two feet, three feet out into air, over ridges of smooth, oiled flood. They

head off with a paddle from rocks waiting to crash them, and at last flow out, on a foam-flecked speeding wave, into still water. The still water is long and corkscrews through beaver meadow, but bumps here and there into a shore of clear woodland, with rocks on its edge, and swings back to its sunshiny path through grass, and around sudden blind corners.

As the bow paddle pulls water vigorously to help make one such bend, her blade arrests sharply; she turns her head a mere fraction. But the Captain has seen. A bull moose stands on a sand-bar not forty feet away, and the white lining of his antlers, his *panaches*, is like a billboard against the forest. A spread of fifty-five inches those *panaches* must have, and they look to the lowly paddlers as if they towered, with the lordly head thrown up, at least twenty feet. As a fact, it is about nine. The two blades dig into the sand of the river; the boat stops dead; the moose and the voyagers stare mutually. Then:

"Good old citizen," speaks the Captain out loud, "get along to lunch; we won't hurt you."

And the old citizen, regarding them with heaven knows what wonder or *malaise* in the dim brain behind the black small eyes, decides to accept the advice. Turning his mighty headpiece, he plunges at one whirl into shadows. The miracle again—tremendous cracks for a mere instant, then a small breakage of twigs; silence. How they do it is marvellous.

"We won't hurt *him*!" the Gentle One repeats. "Likely not. With a package of lunch for shootin' irons! More likely the other way. I wasn't so sure how he'd take us."

"I wasn't either," agreed the Captain. "We came on him fairly close. That's why I spoke. But as you mentioned lunch——"

"It's only twelve-thirty," reasoned the bow paddle, who had not been portaging. "Let's wait till the end of the last portage. There's a nice place for a fire by the river."

"All r-right." So the veteran, well-nigh tearfully.

And ahead tumbled a busy line of water and a ridge clean across the river—a beaver dam. The club guardian had

broken a passage, and the *Sudden Death* tiptoed to it and jumped, and slid over the dip into smooth, swift water. Another portage shortly; another stillwater, through high, breezy, coarse grass, beaten down in spots where big beasts had bedded, and marked on the earth-banks with hoof-prints, the tossed-up mud yet wet on one or two. Then more beaver dams, easy to negotiate in this time of high water, while always mountains crowded close to the valley of the river, mountains incredibly vivid in their autumn gaiety. Then came a portage again; another stillwater; then the last and loveliest trail of all. It winds up, this heavenly portage, through large birch woods, and it is wide and of easy footing, and a most charming stream strolls beside, talking in a busy undertone all the way: of moose who have drunk in it, of trout who are flashing in it; of leaves which drop in it and speckle it goldly; of emerald mosses which overlay its stones with velvet; of the high mountain rocks where it was born—of such things the stream talks unendingly, running along by the heavenly portage, till it and the travellers come to the head of the last stillwater.

With a single movement the Captain slips the canoe off sideways to the shore; its nose splashing into the river.

"There's a spring a hundred yards back, and a good place for lunch," suggests the Gentle One.

"There's a good place for lunch here." The Captain doubles his meaning by patting his anatomy. "I won't go back anywhere, *YOU*—" he sets forth indignantly. "We'll lunch here. And now."

In a cleared spot overhung of alders and a huge birch, a spot sloping to the hurrying little river, they build their fire of bark and sticks and of yet bigger sticks, and the Gentle One, as is her duty, unpacks lunch and spreads various paper linen and paper china. The Captain carves two long-handled forks from an alder, and when the Gentle One's green rubber coat—her *ciré*, as the guides say—is pulled out of the extreme bow of the canoe, where it is wedged tight, one makes of it a sofa fitted into pleasant curves of old stumps, and one sets to work to toast sandwiches. Bacon and peanut butter are the genus of the sandwiches. Noth-

ing more delectable is known than such a brown and hot refreshment, by a wood-fire, on the bank of a rushing little river, foam-spotted, and most eager to get there. And, after all the bacon sandwiches are toasted and eaten, hot and brown and curling like trout; when the eggs are gone and the little cakes, and the tiny flask's last drop has tempered the river-water in the nickel cups—then the Captain, a well-fed animal, announces his intention to "torp," and he chooses the bottom of the canoe for torpidity, and crawls under the bars. The Gentle One spreads the hard-working green *ciré* and torps in unison, by the crackle of the fire. There is no hurry anywhere in creation. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and he has lent it to these two for a day. Across the stream, narrow and deep here, forty feet away, are rocks with their heads in the sunlit alders and their feet in the flowing. Under half-closed eyelids the Gentle One sees a mink, bright of eye, pointed of nose, svelt and narrow-waisted of body, ripple out on a rock and stop, and stare at the drowsy camp, and slip on again noiselessly, a darker shadow among the dancing shadows of the alders. It stops yet again, curious and bold and unafraid, to reconnoitre once more the unknown big objects strewed about, on the shore of its own peculiar river. They watched the mink play there, melting in and out of shifting alders and shadows for minutes. And then the siesta of peace was over; the bow paddle stepped down to the bow, the sandy shore grated under as the boat slid forward, the Captain came aboard in a jolt, with the last shove, and the *Sudden Death* was afloat again. Soon mountains were standing back; the valley of the river widened; level woods were on each side.

"That scarlet hill is across Lac T. N. T.," stated the Captain, who is much like the people who read aloud the inserts at the movies, for informing one of obvious facts.

"I know it," the Gentle One threw back. "And the mouth of the river isn't a half-mile away. I'm sorry it's over, aren't you?"

"It's not over," the Captain reasoned. "We're an hour and a half from camp.

What's that cloud doing in the east? The sunlight's gone."

Suddenly it was. The innocent blue sky, the cotton-wool clouds of morning, were swamped in a morose blanket. By the time the boat tripped around the last wide grass-patch into the lake, all the bright firmament under which they had travelled was hidden with sullen gray.

"We'll get wet."

"Who cares?" said the other. "We've had the day, and there are warm fires and a comfy camp at the day's end."

Any sort of weather has its charm in the woods. The bow paddle did not even slide into her faithful green coat when the sweet rain began pelting on Lac T. N. T.

"I can't paddle in that thing," she said, and turned her collar high, and paddled urgently. It was after three miles of wet progress over lakes, it was after two sopping portages also, that, on turning the canoe into Lac Lumière, the loveliest lake in all the club, one saw blue smoke curling from the trees against the mountain a mile off. The rain pelted yet, it ran off their hats in streams; a cold spot stabbed one shoulder and an arm; one's trousers were dark with wetness and chilly on the knees. But the voyagers had no regrets.

"Look at the pond in the canoe," pointed out the Gentle One.

"Look at me. It all runs down on little me," the Captain complained from the stern. "And my hips—" The laughter of the light-hearted and the wool-clad defied rain.

Ten minutes later, when Josef, the head guide, had met them at the *quai*, and had conducted them to the haven where they would be, where wood-fires burned and dry clothes were heating, when the little *Sudden Death* lay cosily, bottom-side up on the rack by the landing, and Josef had gone off with a parting "Dinner in half an hour; yes, m'sieur"—when this state of well-being had arrived the Captain strolled into the camp of the bow paddle before beginning fundamental dressing and made his speech.

"I just wanted to tell you that this was the best day yet, and I simply love to get squeezed and soaked in the *Sudden Death*," said the Captain.



The Cliffs at Thebes.

The Work of an American Orientalist

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Author of "Recent Discoveries in Egypt," "The New Heavens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



HERE are many strategic positions from which to survey the wonders of the world. Some command great natural phenomena: the peaks and glaciers of the Alps, the castellated walls of the Colorado Canyon, the smoking craters of Vesuvius and Etna, where the processes that have shaped the face of the earth are still plainly in evidence. Others, like the heights above Granada or the crests of the Alban Hills, look down on the scenes of such historical events as the final extinction of the Moorish civilization in Europe or the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Of all such view-points, that which dominates the

valley of the Nile from the cliffs above Thebes perhaps affords the widest scope to the imagination. Here on the summit, as the chipped flints at our feet attest, lived paleolithic man scores of thousands of years before the great lake that once washed the palisades had given place to the Nile. Near this point, following the receding waters, he descended to the river terraces while the ice of the glacial periods swept back and forth over Europe, extinguishing again and again the nascent cultures of the north. Here on the alluvium, slowly laid down through centuries by the river, he turned from hunting to agriculture and developed the earliest known civilization. And here in later times he established the greatest city of antiquity, which flourished for two thou-

sand five hundred years before the Christian era.

Even this sweep of hundreds of thousands of years need not limit our picture from the cliffs at Thebes. On their crest, among the chips of the palæolithic workshops, we may pick up fossil shells that tell

vanished ocean, we may project our imagination back toward the beginnings of the world. If we would extend the scene still farther, we have only to glance at the sun, of which the earth once formed a part, and, as night falls, at the stars that mark each of the successive



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James Henry Breasted in his study at the Oriental Institute.

of life in the primeval sea from which the cliffs themselves were formed. For the particles that constitute these limestone rocks on which we stand were once suspended in an ocean that covered, not only the Nile valley, but the whole extent of the Sahara and the Libyan and Arabian deserts. The tomb of Tutankhamen, in the Valley of the Kings below us, was thus excavated at a time relatively near our own, in the sediment, hardened into rock, that formerly stood a thousand feet below the bottom of this early sea.

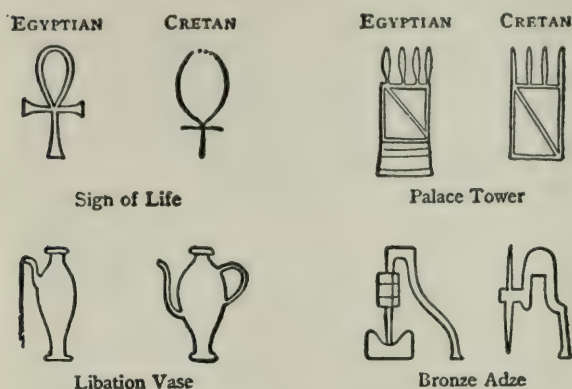
So from this vantage point, aided by the great temples that mark the site of Thebes, the numerous traces of prehistoric man, and the signs of life in a long-

stages attained by the sun in its early stellar career.

Such a survey, with all the enlightenment its adequate development would bring, is the means naturally employed by any man of science to broaden his conception of his particular field of research. Nothing is more stimulating or more practically useful to the student than to regard every investigation, no matter how specialized, as an element in the great process that is steadily building up a general picture of the whole sweep of evolution. Beginning among the stars, this process finally leads up to the origin of man, his rise from savagery, and the dawn of civilization.

THE TASK OF THE ORIENTALIST

The problems of the Near East, where civilization arose, have been approached by the philologist, the historian, the museum collector, the student of art, the archæologist, and many others; but too often, as in other branches of science, the interest of the investigator has been



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Egyptian hieroglyphics compared with signs from early Cretan writing.

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concentrated upon some specialty or the range of his perception has been too closely circumscribed. Fortunately, as a previous article has indicated,* our American Egyptologists have proved themselves to be broad-minded men. As an admirable illustration of this, and the most inspiring plea for research in the Near East within my knowledge, let me outline the task of the Orientalist as conceived by Professor James H. Breasted, Director of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.†

The first duty of the student of civilization in the Near East is to consider his problem in its relationship to the history of mankind viewed *as a whole*. The old-school classicist was unwilling to admit the influence of the Orient in the rise of civilization, while the chief interest of the Assyriologist was to trace origins to the shores of the Euphrates in opposition to the Egyptologist, who

claimed them for the banks of the Nile. The simple procedure of looking at the problem as a unit and of recognizing the *facts*, wherever they might lead, has been sadly neglected. Here the Orientalist may well take a hint from the methods of the American ethnologist, who has followed a more scientific plan.

It seems to be demonstrated that there are only two regions on the earth in which the three essentials of civilization—agriculture, the art of writing, and the use of metals—have been developed from the barbarism of the Stone Age. Oddly enough, each of these occupies, or adjoins on both sides, a great intercontinental bridge, one connecting North and South America, the other Africa and Eurasia. The Americanist, using every class of evidence on which he can lay his hand, has determined this focal point of the New World in many independent ways. Thus the cultivation of maize has been shown to have been distributed over a large area by a process of diffusion from a centre in Central America. Other culture traits, such as the practice of irrigation or the use of metals, when similarly tested, lead back to the same origin. In this central area the only writing is found at the critical period of transition from the pictographic to the phonetic stage. This reached Mexico but did not penetrate South America, which never developed the art of writing.

The leaders in this nucleus of civilization, from which the cultural development of the whole western hemisphere was derived, were chiefly three peoples: the Maya of Yucatan, the Nahua (including the Aztec) of Mexico, and the Inca of Peru. All were greatly superior to the other American peoples, but differed markedly among themselves. Thus the Maya, though generally the leader, never advanced beyond stone tools, while the Aztec and Inca had introduced copper and bronze implements. The Inca, on the other hand, was superior in decorative art. Each influenced the other, and contributed toward the advancement of civilization.

Breasted concludes that a similar process of diffusion must have gone on for millennia in the Old World, where some six thousand years ago essentially

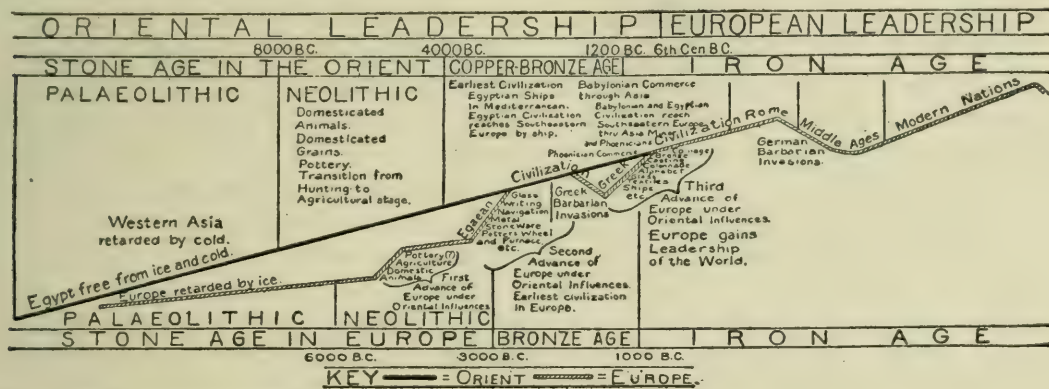
* See "Recent Discoveries in Egypt," *Scribner's Magazine* for July, 1923.

† See "The Place of the Near Orient in the Career of Man and the Task of the American Orientalist," *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, vol. XXXIX, pp. 159-184, 1919.

the same stage of culture had been reached on the Nile and Euphrates as that attained by the Maya, Aztec, and Inca in 1492 A. D. Thus the New World diffusion of culture, continuing down into our own times, is like a great laboratory experiment for the benefit of the Orientalist, showing what must have occurred about the Egypto-Babylonian group before the age of written documents.

Many centuries after the Egypto-Babylonian group had gained highly developed governments and the arts of civilization, the outlying peoples of Africa and Eurasia were in a primitive state of culture development and the more remote inhabitants of Europe were

and methods from every direction, and apply them without limitation or restriction. Thus a slight acquaintance with the botany and zoology of the Nile valley, and of its arts and crafts, would have shown the true origin of the hieroglyphic writing (in which flora, fauna, and implements are pictured) to the able but limited philologists who sought to prove its Babylonian source. Written documents, the sole material of the old-time verbalist, form only one body of available evidence. The classical archaeologists of the German expedition that excavated Olympia discarded prehistoric bronzes* with contempt, because they bore no inscriptions. Yet their form,



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Diagram visualizing the rise of civilization in the Orient and its transition thence to Europe.

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still barbarians. As for China, its oldest contemporary annals date from the second century B. C., while its earliest datable bronzes cannot be placed before the thirteenth century B. C. Moreover, there is much reason to believe that the Chinese civilization had its source in or near the Egypto-Babylonian group. Excavations in Asia Minor, Turkestan, and Persia show the drift of culture in this direction, just as those in Crete and Carthage demonstrate the spread of Egyptian influences toward Europe. "In this vast cultural synthesis, embracing the whole known career of man, the civilizations of the Near Orient are like the keystone of the arch, with prehistoric man on one side and civilized Europe on the other."

No wonder, then, that Breasted pleads for a combined attack upon this single great problem, in which, like the modern astronomer, he would borrow suggestions

technique, craftsmanship, and other features would have offered invaluable evidence to open-minded investigators.

Our museums, indeed, are crowded with materials, perfectly adapted but never adequately used, for the elucidation of the problem of the Near East. This is no argument against further excavation. On the contrary, it is a strong reason for it, as so many links in the chain are missing and must be found to complete it. Much could be accomplished if Ægean archaeologists would put together the materials showing the rise of the old pre-Greek Ægean civilization, the influence of the inflow of the Greek barbarians, and the subsequent development of Greek civilization after 800 B. C. Similarly, the history of art would greatly benefit by a study of its transition from the crude

* Rescued for the Copenhagen Museum by Sophus Müller.

beginnings in Sumerian Lagash to the superb sculpture of Sargon and Naram-sim at Semitic Akkad.

PRIMITIVE CULTURE IN THE NEAR EAST

Lepsius, irritated by the discovery of Stone Age man in the Nile valley by an archæologist, is an amusing illustration of the point of view of the old-time Egyptologist. But though long since initiated, the task of the archæologist in the Near East has hardly begun. No one can yet say when the potter's wheel was first used in Babylonia, whether it originated there or was imported with the bow-drill from Egypt, where the potter's wheel had appeared by the thirtieth century B. C. Nor is it known when the Babylonians first employed the composite bow, which must have revolutionized ancient warfare because of its great superiority in range over the simple bow. It appeared in Egypt in the sixteenth century B. C., and fine specimens of these bows were found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. Thence it passed across Asia into Alaska and down the Pacific coast, finally disappearing in southern California.

Sequence maps, showing the regions utilizing a given cultural attainment at successive dates, tell a significant story. Shaded areas, indicating the distribution of the art of glaze, would include only Egypt in the thirty-fifth century B. C.; possibly reach Crete ten centuries later; cover Egypt, Crete, Syria, and perhaps Assyria after another thousand years; and include Mesopotamia and probably Babylonia in the eighth century, Persia in the fifth century, and China in the second century B. C. But until such studies have been widely developed the direction of diffusion of the essentials of civilization cannot be determined, and it cannot be said whether Babylonia or Egypt was the original centre. In this comparison the archæological researches of Petrie, Reisner, and Lythgoe, which have recovered the prehistoric culture of Egypt, must be paralleled in Babylonia, where the oldest known remains date from the latter half of the fourth millennium (3500 to 3000) B. C., a thousand years later.

Many other means of research are fortunately available to supplement the customary methods of the Orientalist. The earliest known examples of domesti-

cated grains (barley and millet) were discovered in the alimentary tracts of the prehistoric bodies of Egypt, which also afford material for the study of disease and the rise of surgery and dentistry among civilized peoples. Both botany and zoology have important contributions to offer. The discovery of the wild ancestor of domestic wheat, together with wild rye, wild oats, and wild barley, in Palestine and its neighborhood, indicates that their domestication was accomplished by the peoples of the Egypto-Babylonian group. The Babylonian and Egyptian names for the earliest form of cultivated wheat are the same, and much evidence favors the opinion that its use spread to Babylonia from the Nile, where the plough (in the exact form employed there to-day) was developed from the Egyptian hoe by the earliest farmers. The question of animal life is also of great importance to the student of origins, who is still debating whether domestication began in Babylonia or Egypt. Palæontologists, by discovering their wild ancestors at dated levels on the shores of the Nile or the Euphrates, can greatly extend the information afforded by the monuments.

The geology of the Nile valley, when fully elucidated, will throw much additional light on the problem of early man. It is not yet known whether the wide rift between the cliffs that limit the inundated area was caused by erosion or by the sinking of the intervening floor. The study of the pleistocene river terraces of Egypt has been barely begun, while the geology of the Tigris and Euphrates is wholly unknown. Breasted emphasizes the importance of seeking for evidences of the pre-dynastic culture of the Nile valley beneath the alluvium at the foot of the river terraces, where early man must have lived before the alluvium was laid down.*

* A prospector's drill well adapted for this purpose is of the sectional-tube type, designed to bring up cores from depths of several hundred feet when necessary. This or a simpler drill might be used for other purposes, such as the discovery of foundation walls, rows of sphinxes, or other objects lying at a considerable depth. In fact, their plan or distribution might be roughly ascertained by marking the ground surface like a checker-board, and boring at the corners of the squares. This sounding method would naturally be employed only in soil reasonably free from scattered fragments of rock, where complete excavation over a large area, which is always preferable, is for any reason impracticable. Such a region, for example, as that adjoining the temple of Seti at Abydos, where tradition pointed to the existence of "the tomb of Osiris" or the recently discovered "well of Strabo," might have been tested very rapidly with a simple drill.

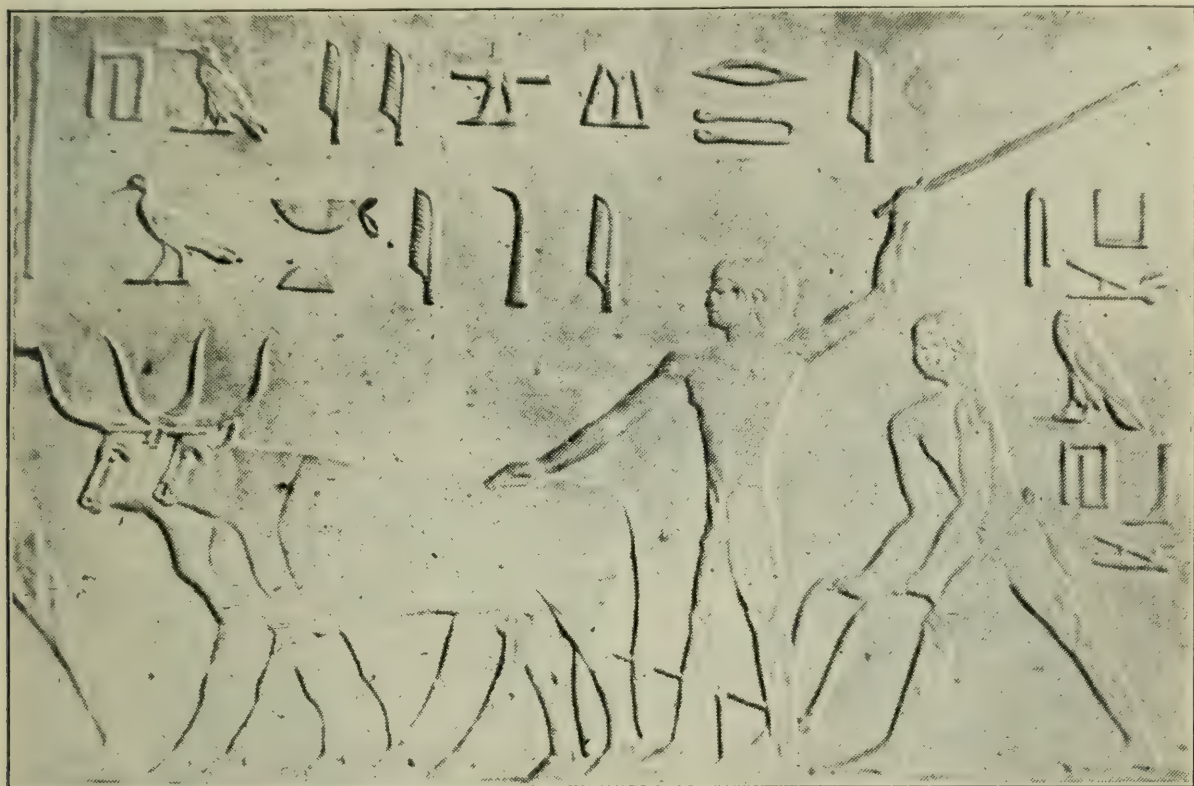
The huge walls of sun-dried brick surrounding temple areas, which in at least one instance were found to contain

The borings of Horner, some seventy years ago, recovered bits of pottery and other human products from the lower levels of the alluvium at depths as great as eighty-seven feet. As these must date from the Glacial Age in Europe, the necessity of continuing and extending such work is obvious. In Babylonia the problem of the alluvium also delays the solution of many questions, one of which is

philologist, to whom grammar meant more than evolution. Let us turn from his precepts to his practice, and watch this broad-minded investigator at work on the problems of the Near East.

BREASTED'S "HISTORY OF EGYPT"

A truly entertaining history, full of color and replete with striking pen pictures, yet scientifically accurate and re-



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Egyptian Peasants Ploughing.

From a tomb relief of the 26th to 27th century B. C., now in the Louvre.

Reproduced by permission from "The Origins of Civilization," by Professor James Henry Breasted.

the age of the ancient Plain of Shinar. If Eridu, now about a hundred and twenty-five miles from the Persian Gulf, was a seaport four thousand years ago, as the evidence suggests, this plain had probably hardly begun to form in 7000 B. C., and the site of Babylon did not then exist. But if Eridu was merely an accessible port on the river, like Basra, such reasoning evidently does not hold.

This brief and incomplete epitome of Breasted's review of the task and opportunities of the Orientalist may suffice to show how far he has advanced beyond the limited outlook of the conventional

liable, is a rare phenomenon. The average reader, unless led to consult it during a winter on the Nile, may therefore be unacquainted with Breasted's "History of Egypt," which is nevertheless one of the most readable books ever written. Although prepared for the general reader, it is in reality the outcome of an extensive work of research, which also resulted in the production of the five large volumes of Breasted's "Ancient Records," comprising the original sources on which the "History" is based.

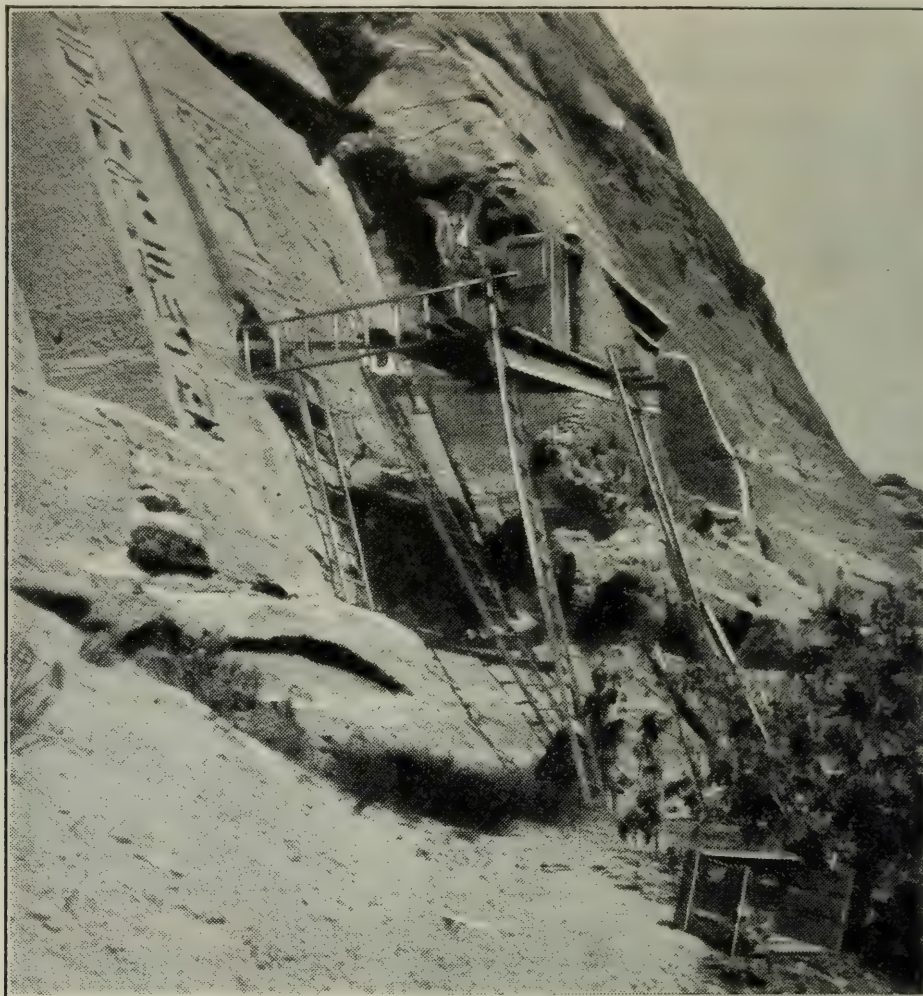
There are two ways of writing history. One consists in gathering materials from books and journals, which give the necessary information as interpreted by other writers. This method may sometimes result in valuable contributions to

a concealed chamber with valuable contents, might also be pierced at intervals of a few feet with a small drill. Although the chances of similar discoveries are not great, the attempt might be worth making, say at Karnak, as it would involve but little expenditure of time or money.

literature, and in competent hands it is not to be despised. But it is very different from the practice of the scientific investigator, who goes straight to the original sources, however difficult they may be to collect and interpret. If the early history of the United States were in ques-

Moreover, they are written in hieroglyphic or hieratic characters, which can be read with certainty only by a few experienced scholars.

The first step of Doctor Breasted was an endeavor to copy all the historical inscriptions from the monuments themselves—a



University of Chicago Expedition photographing inscriptions on the Upper Nile under Doctor Breasted's direction.

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tion it would be a comparatively simple task to seek out the original letters, records, and other documents preserved in public and private collections and gather from the familiar words in which they are written the necessary facts. The history of Egypt is a different matter. The original documents are chiefly the inscriptions on the monuments still standing between Alexandria and the fourth cataract of the Nile (far south in the Sudan) or preserved in fragmentary form in the museums of Egypt, Europe, and America. In many cases these inscriptions are seriously mutilated or almost obliterated, so that only an expert can decipher them.

great task in itself. He then translated each in the light of the latest knowledge of the language, and compared his translations with those previously made by other Egyptologists. These translations, gathered in chronological sequence with copious references and explanatory notes, constitute the five volumes of his "Ancient Records,"* a mine of fascinating information, indispensable to the scholar and of the greatest interest to the general reader. With this material before him, the "History" was rapidly written.†

* University of Chicago Press.

† The "History" has appeared in two forms: as a large illustrated edition, published by Scribners, and as a condensed volume, also published by Scribners.



Copying the Coffin Texts in the Cairo Museum.

These were written four thousand years ago on the wooden planks of the coffins which have been dismounted for the purpose of copying and photographing.

From left to right: Mrs. N. De G. Davies, Dr. Alan H. Gardiner, Dr. James H. Breasted, Dr. Ludlow S. Bull, Mr. N. De. G. Davies.

RECORDS ON THE NILE

This, however, was merely a beginning in Doctor Breasted's attack on the problems of the Near East. As Nile travellers are well aware, the temples and tombs, whose walls are covered with the most valuable inscriptions and sculptured reliefs, when not by good fortune buried in the drifting sands of the desert, were with few exceptions used for hundreds of years as dwellings by early Arabs or by anchorite monks. Sometimes, too, they served as stables. I have recently seen one at Luxor devoted to the comfort of a camel. Under these conditions it is remarkable that such a vast number of inscriptions, sometimes on delicate plaster surfaces, are still legible. The Antiquities Service of the Egyptian Government is doing all it possibly can to preserve the temples and tombs, but its funds are wholly inadequate to enclose and protect even the more important ones, and a single sharp rain-shower, such as occasionally falls in Upper Egypt, sometimes does serious damage. It is not surprising, therefore, that many inscriptions mentioned by Egyptologists who visited the Nile during the last century have completely disappeared.

As the leader of an expedition sent some years ago by the University of Chicago to Nubia and the Sudan, Doctor Breasted systematically photographed and made hand copies of all the inscriptions on the walls of the temples and tombs then known between the First and Fourth Cataracts of the Nile. Some of the difficulties of this task, in the pitch-dark interior of temples or on high rock walls like that at Abu Simbel, are suggested by the photograph reproduced on page 398.

Below the First Cataract, in the numerous temples and tombs that line the Nile in its descent of more than seven hundred miles to the sea, this fundamentally important task is still to be completed. Fortunately at Thebes, where so many monuments lie, the able British Egyptologist, Doctor Alan H. Gardiner, has compiled an admirable catalogue of all the known tombs, which renders the historical documents in this great treasury of records available for reference by the use of a number. As mentioned in a previous article, Messrs. Davies and Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, are systematically copying, the former in color, the latter by photography, the walls of all these tombs, while the chief inspector of the An-

tiquities Service is rescuing from the natives and seeking to preserve many tombs that would otherwise be lost beyond recall.

The inscriptions on the many other monuments of Upper and Lower Egypt, with some exceptions, remain unrecorded by modern methods, and it is much to be hoped that Breasted's work can soon be extended from the First Cataract to the sea. The resulting great historical library, when adequately published, would preserve for all time an autographic record of the dominant civilization of antiquity and rank as the foremost classic of historical science. As these temples and tombs are scattered all along the Nile, they can be most easily rendered accessible by the provision of a house-boat, a floating archaeological laboratory, with an adequate equipment of cameras, scaffolding, dark-rooms, apparatus for illuminating subterranean walls, and other necessary adjuncts of research.

ORIGIN OF THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD"

No one who has visited the great collections of Egyptian antiquities in Egypt, Europe, and America and compared the entire body of published investigations with that of the available material, can feel that the study of this material has more than begun. The search for new objects is more attractive to most minds than the utilization of those already in the museums, and the need for further excavations, when judiciously directed and organized, is in reality very great. But our comprehension of the Egyptian civilization, and its bearing upon the origin of modern man in the Near East, may be greatly widened by intensive studies of objects already in hand.

Doctor Breasted's investigation of the coffin texts, undertaken with the invaluable collaboration of Doctor Alan Gardiner and the cordial co-operation of M. Pierre Lacau, director-general of the Department of Antiquities of the Egyptian Government, is an excellent case in point. Its immediate object is to elucidate the origin and meaning of the "Book of the Dead," the existent translations of which are useless without adequate knowledge of the ancient materials from which it was derived. The oldest extant body of literature in any language

is comprised in the religious texts engraved in the pyramids at Memphis of the pharaohs who reigned from about 3000 to 2500 B. C. These pyramid texts reach back in their origin at least as far as the thirty-fifth century B. C. Later they appear in the tombs of the nobles of the Feudal Age, and out of them arose a body of mortuary literature, available for the use of the people, which finally passed over into the "Book of the Dead."

These early texts, available in the versions of local priests to the coffin makers up and down the Nile valley, were written in pen and ink on the inside surfaces of the cedar planks from which the coffins were constructed. The effort of the scribes was obviously to cover these surfaces as rapidly as possible, regardless of accuracy or duplication. In one coffin, for example, the same chapter was repeated five times.

A scientific study of such material must therefore be based upon accurate copies and comparisons of all the available texts. Aided by a valuable publication of eighty-seven chapters by M. Lacau, Doctor Breasted and his collaborators have spent the past winter copying and collating the texts on the large collection of coffins in the Cairo Museum. The complete task is a very extensive one, involving similar work in many museums and an exhaustive study of the great mass of texts thus systematically assembled. This work will eventually be largely in Doctor Gardiner's able hands.

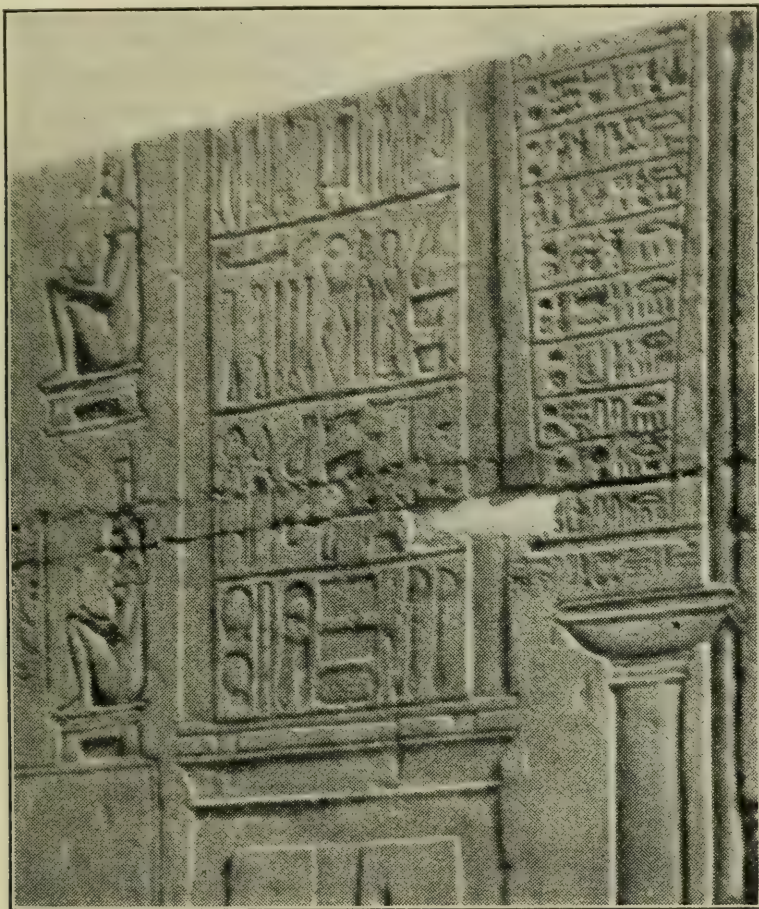
It will thus be possible greatly to extend the studies described in Breasted's book entitled "Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt," and to establish them on foundations as complete and reliable as those that underlie the "History of Egypt." The coffin texts mark an important stage in the evolution of civilization because they contain the earliest literary expression of ethical consciousness and moral responsibility. Their investigation, developed in Doctor Breasted's customary broad and liberal manner, will extend far beyond the limitations of theological dogma, and shed new light on thought and life in Egypt.

THE BEGINNINGS OF SCIENCE

The student of science, fascinated by the clarity and precision of the Greek

thinkers of the Alexandrian school, and perhaps repelled by the mysticism, the appeals to magic, or the purely practical attitude of their Egyptian predecessors, is tempted to think of science as springing fully armed, like Minerva, from the Zeus-like head of Greek culture. While it is well known that the Greek philosopher

rus," an Egyptian medical treatise of the seventeenth century before Christ, is an event of exceptional interest because of the new light it throws on the Egyptian attitude toward science. In the days of the Empire the Egyptian physicians ascribed their compilations of magic to the earliest dynasties and sometimes to



Surgical instruments shown on the walls of the Temple of Kom Ombo. (Ptolemaic Period.) Although this temple was built in Greek times some of these instruments may have descended from the Egyptian dynasties.

derived initial impulses toward geometry and astronomy from Egyptian sources, and that certain mathematical papyri are of considerable importance, the evidence hitherto available has led many authorities to the conclusion that the Egyptians had very little interest in pure science. The late Babylonian astronomers seem greatly to have surpassed their contemporaries of the Nile valley, though the ancient Egyptians had established a practical calendar beginning about 4241, the earliest fixed date in history.

The publication of Breasted's preliminary account of the "Edwin Smith Papy-

miraculous intervention. Thus the "London Medical Papyrus" states that: "This book was found in the night, having fallen into the court of the temple in Chemmis [?] as secret knowledge of this goddess [Isis] by the hand of the lector of this temple. Lo! this land was in darkness and the moon shone on every side of this book. It was carried as a marvelous thing to the majesty of King Khufu [Cheops]." While such statements are worthless, there is evidence that medical papyri of some kind, probably not all of them magical, were numerous enough to fill a case in the twenty-eighth century before Christ.

The "Edwin Smith Papyrus" is a roll thirteen inches high and over fifteen feet in length, acquired by Mr. Smith, an American amateur Egyptologist, at Luxor in 1862. It consists of eight fragments of a much larger papyrus, several of which were partly read, though not published, by its gifted owner. The constant use of technical expressions, and our lack of a glossary of Egyptian medical terms, make a definitive translation of such a papyrus impossible. But Doctor Breasted has already brought out a most interesting preliminary account of its contents for the New York Historical Society* and his exhaustive study of the text is far advanced.

The medical treatise proper is accompanied by two brief magical treatises on the "Incantation of Expelling the Wind of the Year of the Pest" (the pestilential wind supposed to carry malignant plagues) and the "Incantation of Transforming an Old Man into a Youth," doubtless as popular a topic in early Egypt as at the present day. These are of the usual type, and need not detain us.

The seventeen columns of the medical treatise contain part of a remarkable book of surgery and external medicine. Beginning at the head and proceeding toward the feet, it represents forty-eight cases. Unfortunately the copyist stopped abruptly, in the midst of the first case devoted to the spine, omitting all other cases below the thorax. Each case is methodically arranged under (a) title, (b) examination, and (c) diagnosis, each of these sections always beginning thus:

(a) "Instructions for" (name of ailment).

(b) "If you examine a man having" (giving symptoms).

(c) "You should say concerning him: 'A sufferer with'" (giving name of trouble).

Then comes (d) the verdict, always expressed in one of three forms:

(d) 1. "An ailment I will treat" (favorable).

2. "An ailment I will contend with" (doubtful).

3. "An ailment I will not treat" (unfavorable).

* "The Edwin Smith Medical Papyrus. A Preliminary Account." By James Henry Breasted. Published by the New York Historical Society, 1922. A fuller account has since appeared in the memorial volume commemorating the centenary of Champollion's decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics, Paris, 1922.

This section is followed by (e), the treatment, and (f) a collection of explanatory definitions and notes, of which there are seventy in all.

The many instances of knife, sword, or war-axe wounds of the skull found among Egyptian mummies explains the marked attention paid in the papyrus to such injuries. In the ten cases described the surgeon is always told: "You should probe the wound," the verdict depending upon its depth and character. In one case a padded linen brace and a (sun-dried) brick support, to hold the patient in a sitting posture, are prescribed. No mention is made of trephining, not yet unmistakably identified on the skulls of Egyptian mummies, though commonly practised among other peoples in a primitive state of culture.

After seventeen other cases devoted to the nose, mandible, ear, and lips, the treatise takes up cases of the neck and its vertebræ, continuing with those of the collar-bone and shoulders, thorax and mammæ, and stopping abruptly in the midst of one concerning the spine. The building operations in Egypt must have resulted in many dislocations, and scores of examples of fractures have been found among Egyptian burials. In dealing with dislocations of the vertebræ and many other cases pronounced beyond relief, the author nevertheless repeatedly goes into anatomical details which indicate his scientific interest. This is especially true in the appended group of explanations, one of which contains a long account of the heart and its system. Here occurs a famous passage, also found in the "Papyrus Ebers": "There is in it [the heart] a canal leading to every member of the body. Concerning these, if the physician places the fingers on the back of the head, on the hands, on the pulse, on the legs, he discovers the heart, for the heart leads to every member and . . . it beats [literally 'speaks'] in the canals of every member." This note on the heart as the centre of a system is related to the case of a head wound, "apparently," says Doctor Breasted, "in the effort to account for disturbances carried throughout the body, though resulting from the seemingly local trouble in the head. This effort to reach a scientific explanation of the observed conditions illustrates the phy-

sician's interest in the scientific aspect of his subject, which we find throughout this venerable document." Moreover, the internal evidence plainly shows that the main text of the treatise, frequently expressed in terms already archaic when the commentaries were added to elucidate

viving mathematical papyri demonstrate a true scientific attitude on the part of the Egyptian authors, and not merely an interest in the measurement of the area of fields or the contents of granaries, is therefore considered by Professor Breasted to be confirmed.

File Under <i>nadānu</i>	Writing { Ideogr. " w ph. Comp.	Syl. List, Gram, School Rel (Hymn, Prayer, Psalm, Lit, Rit, Omen, Incan, Hemerol) Lit (Epic, Prov, Fable) Hist, Chron, Business, Legal Assy. Code Law, Medical, Math, Astrol.	KAV. I, COL. III.
<div> (24 Cont'd) 63)us-bu-tu-u-ni i-[di] 64) 3 a-te i-id-da-an 65)ù šum-ma it-le-ki-e-ir 66)la-a i-di-e-ma i-ka-ab-bi 67)a-na i-id il-lu-u-ku 68)ù šum-ma. amēlu ša aššat(at) amēli 69)i-na btti-šu us-bu-tu-u-ni 70)i-na i-id it-tu-u-ra 71) 3 a-te i-id-da-an 72)šum-ma amēlu ša aššat-su i-na pa-ni-šu </div>	2123	<div> (But if the master of the house) 63)knew(that a man's wife) was dwelling } in his house with his wife), 64)he shall pay threefold. 65)But if he denies (it), 66)says: "I did not know," 67)they shall go to the river. 68)And if the man in whose house 69)a man's wife was dwelling, 70)returns from the river, 71)threefold he shall pay. 72)If the man whose wife(of her own accord withdrew herself)from his presence </div>	

NOUN, ADJ, PART, INF.			PERSONAL PRONOUN		PRONOMINAL SUFFIX		PRONOUN		VERB (strong.) (md, gem) (pr. uia) (pr. gut) (md. gut) (ter. inf.) (pr. w&i) (quadr.)				
sg.	pl.	du.	nominative gen-acc	sg.	pl.	noun verb	sg.	pl.	sg.	pl.	du.	I, 2, 3, II, 1, 2, 3, III, 1, 2, 3, IV, 1, 2, 3,	
nom			1st		1st		Démonstr.	mas	1st		Present	a	
gen			2nd		2nd		Rel.	fem	2nd		Preterite		
acc			3rd		3rd		Inter.	neut	3rd	✓	Imperative		
mas	fem	com	mas	fem	mas	fem	Indef.		mas	fem	Infinitive		
PROPER NOUN (incl. gentilic)					NUMERALS				emphatic		Participle		
male	god	star	city	mount.	cardinal	adverbial			dep. clause	Permansive			
female	goddess	temple	land	stream	ordinal	adjectival			ADVERB { encl pref	PREPOSITION	CONJUNCTION		
				underworld	fraction	distributive							

Manifolded card of the Assyrian-Babylonian dictionary after editing.
Reproduced by permission of the Oriental Institute.

them, dates back to a very remote period and that the commentaries themselves may have been several centuries old when they were copied about 1600 B. C. into the present papyrus.

Increase Mather, president of Harvard College, wrote a book on "Remarkable Providences," in which he insisted that the devil is alarmed by the smell of herbs and may be expelled by medicine. Early Egyptian medical practice, which so commonly preferred the "art of incantation" to the "art of the physician," is represented at its best in this papyrus, which really contains the earliest recorded observations in natural science. They reveal the existence of a group of men who, though believers in the power of magic, nevertheless systematically practised dissection, organized their observations, and based inductive conclusions upon them. The opinion of Professor Karpinski, of the University of Michigan, that the sur-

THE PROGRAMME OF THE ORIENTAL
INSTITUTE

I wish that space permitted me to describe the other extensive tasks organized by Doctor Breasted, especially the great Assyrian-Babylonian dictionary, which under the immediate direction of Doctor Luckenbill is being formed at the rate of some two hundred thousand cards per year. All of these undertakings form interlocking parts of the work of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, a true research laboratory, organized with a staff of thirteen or more members (not all of whom are able to give their whole time to the enterprise) for the investigation of the career of early man in the Near East. Doctor Breasted's long experience and familiarity with conditions in Egypt, his recent exploratory expedition to Mesopotamia and Syria (which resulted among other things in the dis-

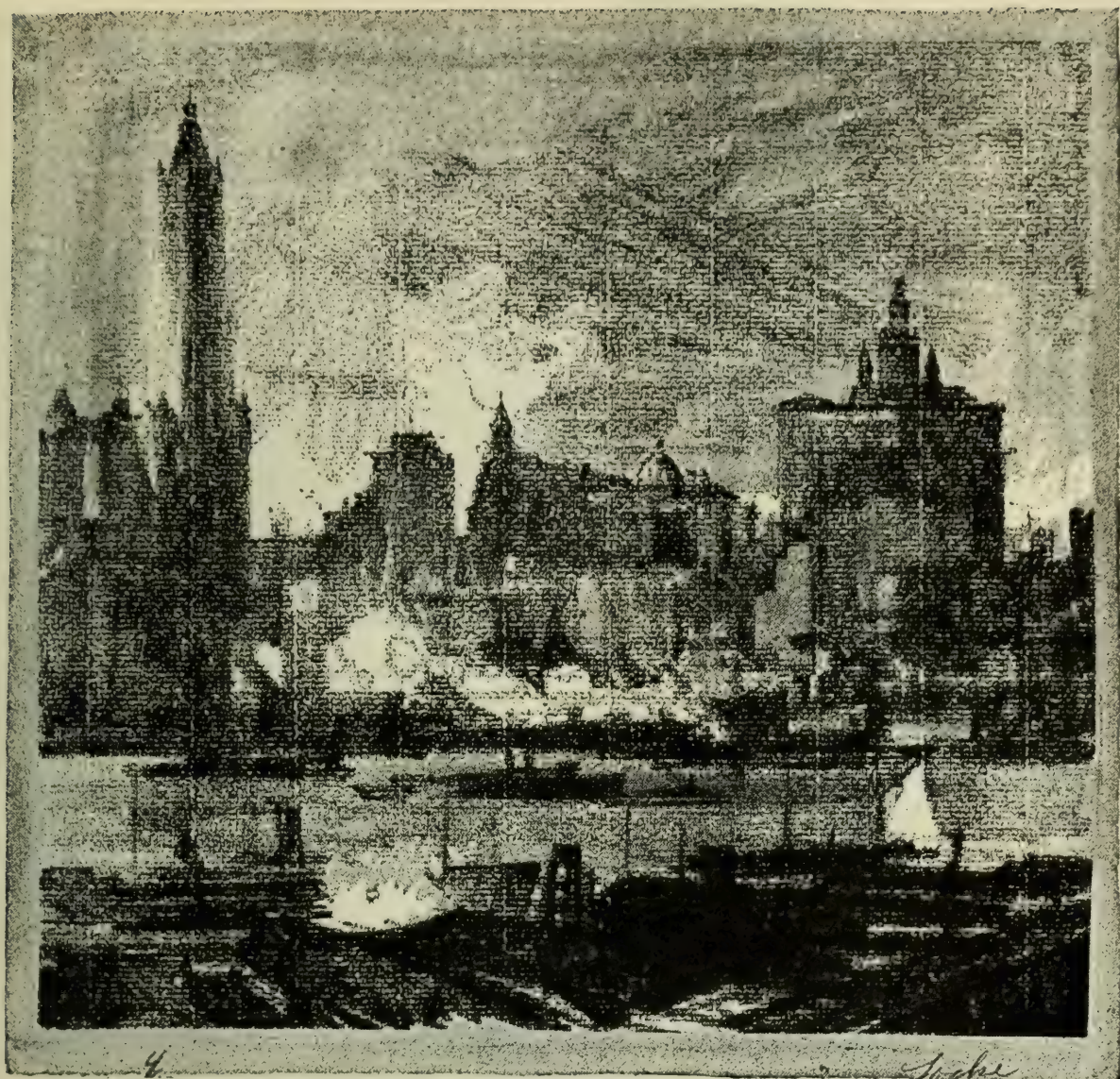
covery of the only surviving Oriental ancestry of Byzantine painting), and his open-minded desire to utilize every effective research method, from whatever source it be derived, mark him as the ablest of leaders for such an enterprise. Its immediate purpose is to "furnish fundamental blocks of material ready for the use of the historian. When these blocks of material shall have become sufficiently representative of all the leading channels of human activity throughout the early stage of man's advance, it should then be possible to reconstruct and put together an adequate account of the career of man from his emergence in geological ages, through the origins of civilization and the appearance and development of the earliest civilized societies, from whose culture the civilization of Europe and America has come: in fine, a History of the Origins of Civilization and the Career of the Earliest Civilized Societies."

Those who have read his books, studied his methods, and compared them with the work of other Orientalists know that Doctor Breasted is exceptionally qualified for this great task. Indeed, his remarkable little volume, "Ancient Times," written from already available materials for use in the high schools, affords the best rapid sketch we now possess of the rise of civilization. The fundamental treatise toward which its author is aiming would summarize the steps that most directly concern mankind in the great cosmic process of evolution.

To the elucidation of this process, in each of its aspects, American men of science are making a worthy contribution. The initial raw material, out of which stars and earth are made, is matter, and the recent advances of our physicists and chemists have added greatly to knowledge of the nature of the electron, the composition of the atom, and the evolution of the elements. In this fundamental research our astronomers have also taken part, utilizing the enormous temperatures, pressures, and masses of celestial bodies for experiments beyond the range of terrestrial laboratories. Meanwhile they have begun to make clear the structure of the stellar universe, the internal motions of the rapidly whirling spiral nebulae, and the evolution of stars from gigantic spheres of the rarest gas to the highly compressed red dwarfs, far

denser than water, that mark the final stage of self-luminous stellar life. Out of the sun, when vastly expanded in an earlier period of its existence, the planets were born, the earth among them. Here our geologists, skilled in the interpretation of the varied phenomena of its crust, have intervened to enumerate the processes and to trace the steps by which the face of the earth has been evolved through the ages to its present form. Fortunately, though so much has been lost, the stratified rocks have preserved a marvelous succession of life forms, which our palaeontologists have followed from pre-Cambrian to recent times. The causes of the extreme diversity of both fauna and flora, the problem of the origin of species, and the current phenomena of variation have occupied our biologists with no less conspicuous success. Nor have our anthropologists, though favored with less easily accessible material, failed to make great progress in their studies of earliest man.

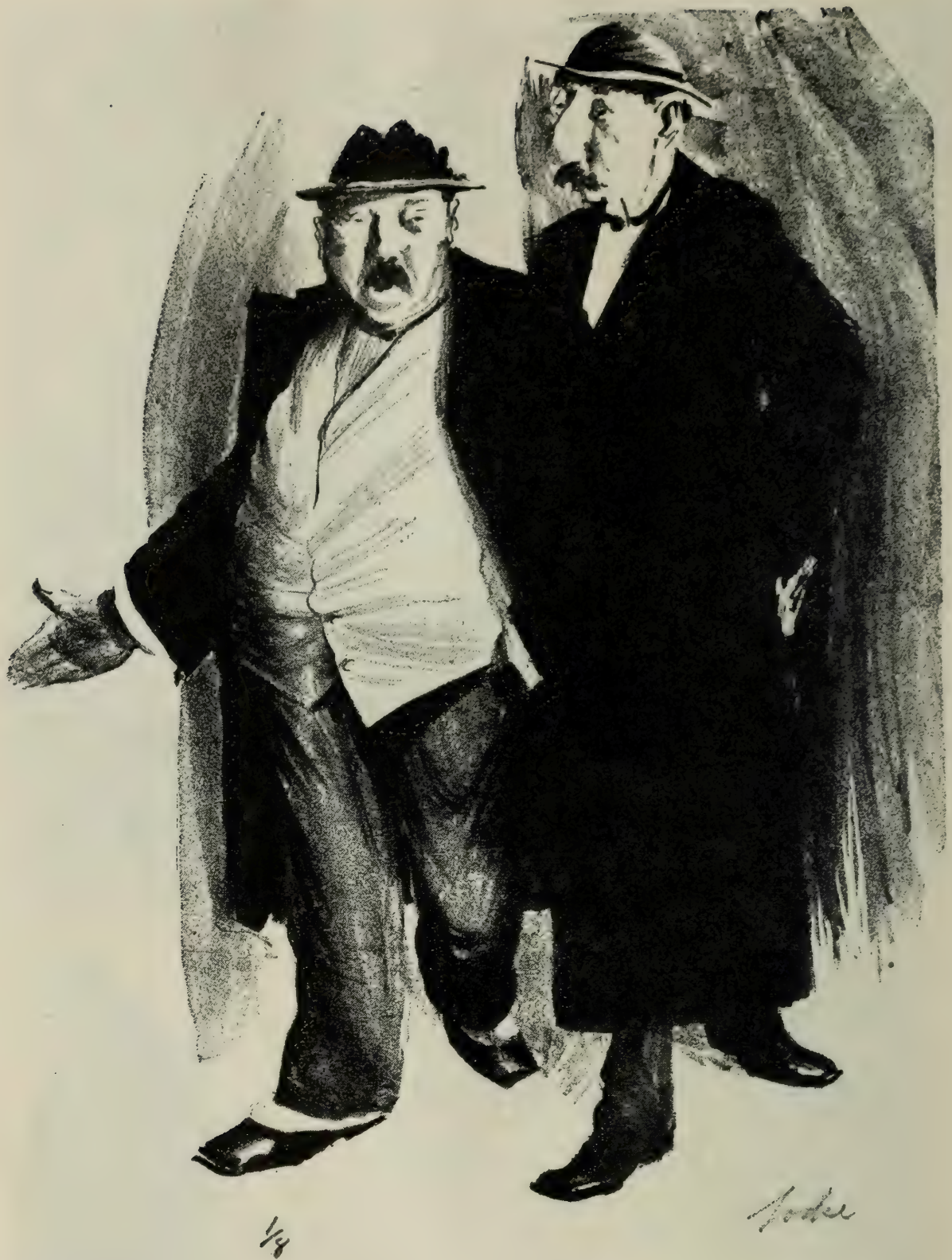
In all of this work our great research endowments, perfectly equipped laboratories, observatories, and museums, government organizations like the Smithsonian Institution and the Geological Survey, and other exceptional facilities, enjoyed in no comparable measure by any other nation, have played an indispensable part. They have materially helped to counteract the fact, still unfortunately evident, that in the United States the proportion of leading scientific investigators to the total population is far below that of such countries, for example, as Holland. When we are so fortunate as to possess a scholar competent to write the most important chapter in the history of the evolution of man, we should hasten to give him as complete an equipment and as large a staff of associates as our leading investigators in the physical, biological, and medical sciences already enjoy. It is therefore fortunate that the University of Chicago, aided by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has established the Oriental Institute, where it is to be hoped that increasing means will soon provide, under Doctor Breasted's general direction, for the rapid assembly, by skilled associates, of the great body of material which he is so competent to interpret and to weave into a history of early civilizations.



A CITY AND SOME
OF ITS PEOPLE
AS ONE ARTIST
SEES THEM

LITHOGRAPHS AND
DRAWINGS BY
CHARLES LOCKE





BUSINESS, ALWAYS BUSINESS



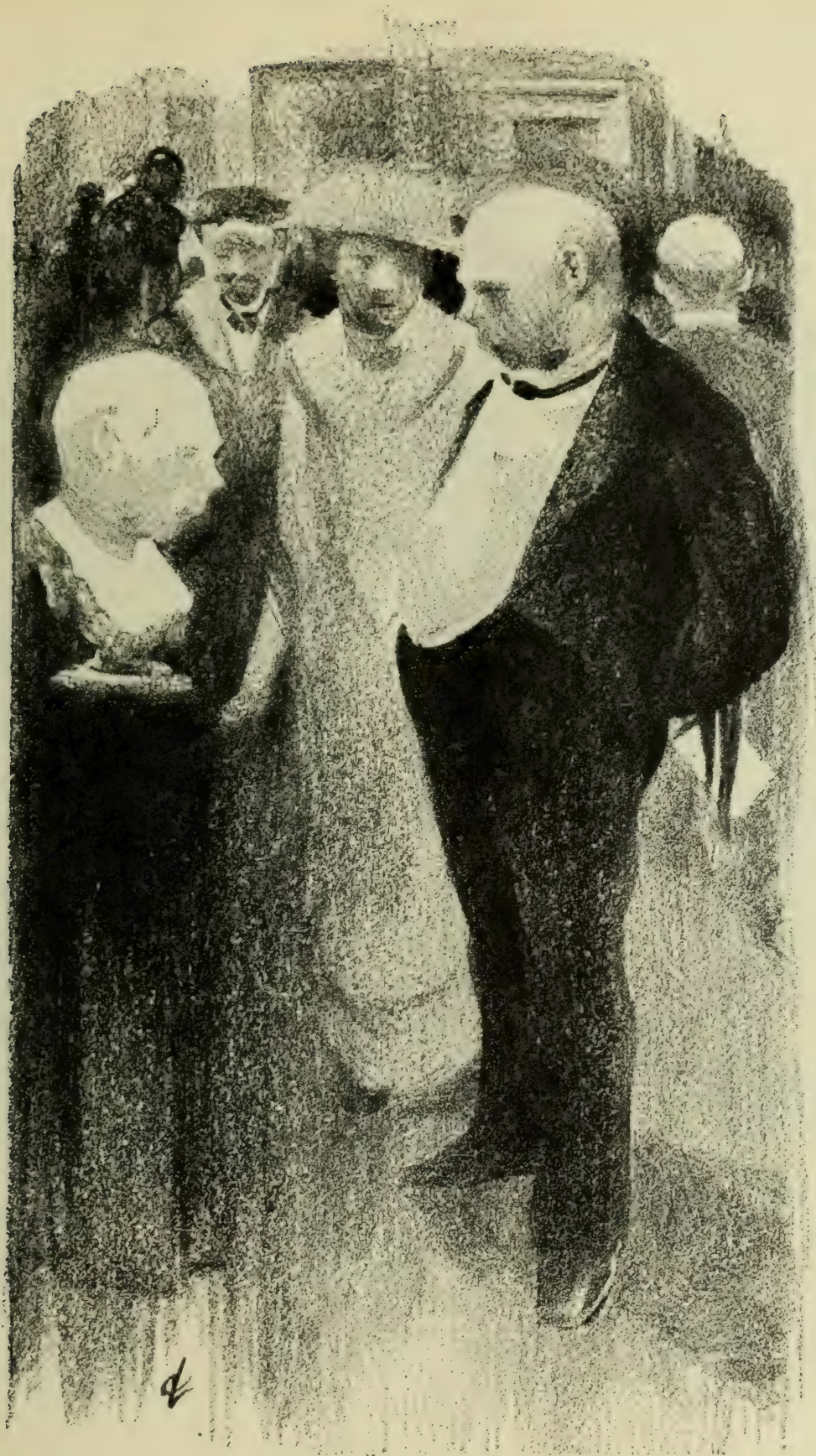
CONFIDENTIALLY



SOME PEOPLE
STILL WALK
TO THE OPERA



ALONG THE RIALTO



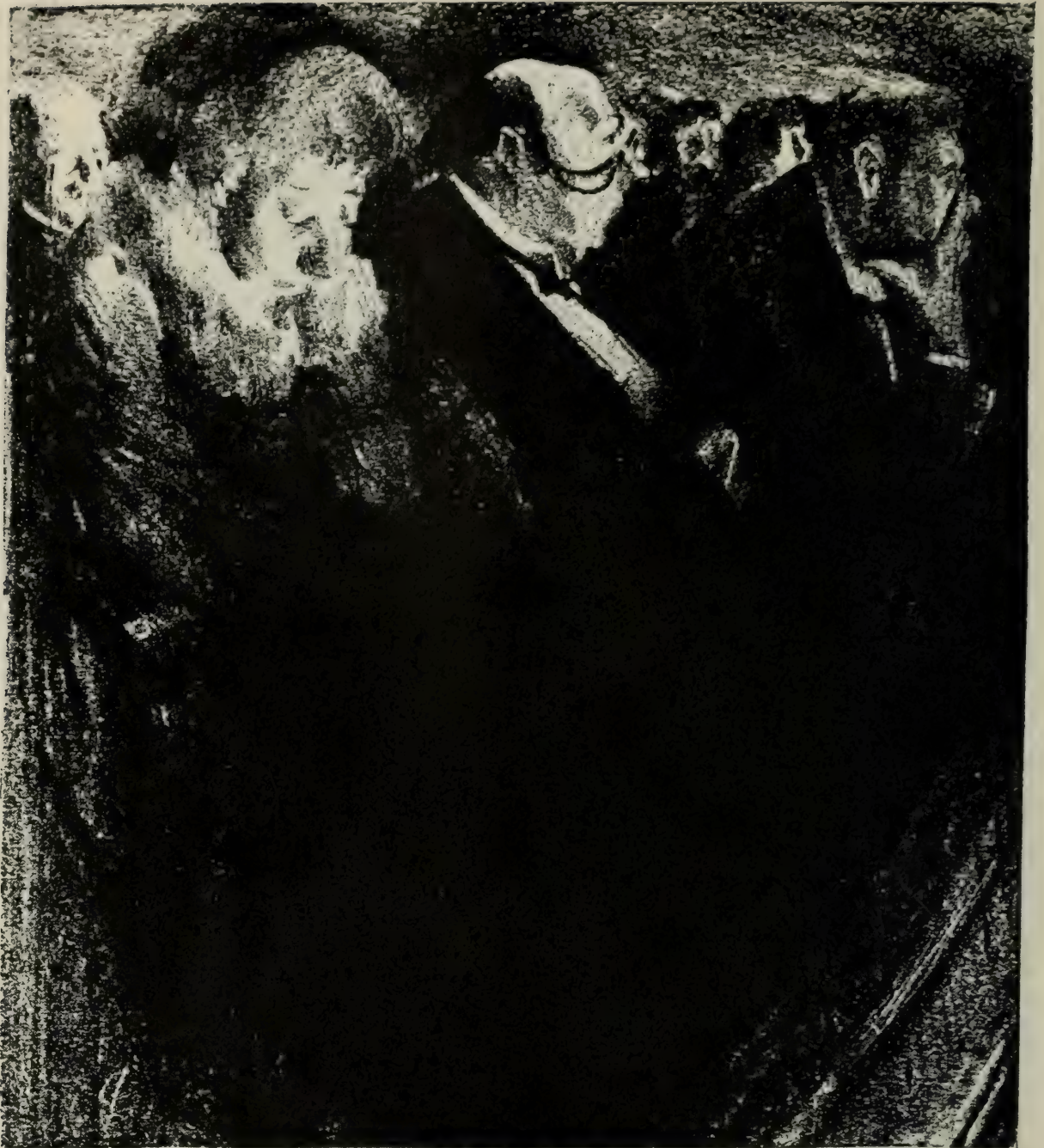
OPENING DAY AT THE ACADEMY



LEISURE HOURS IN THE SUBWAY



IN THE LIBRARY
A THIRST—FOR KNOWLEDGE



BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY

One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts; Chairman, Committee on Foreign Relations



THE celebration of anniversaries has become one of the most fashionable and popular of amusements. There are very few which need to be in constant remembrance, but as we are creatures of habit, and slaves to the arbitrary divisions of time, we call them up before the glass of memory either annually or when the hundredth anniversary is told off on the calendar.

Among these distinguished few we may properly place the Monroe Doctrine, the hundredth anniversary of which is well worthy of the reverence and commemoration not only of the American people, but an occasion which cannot be wisely overlooked by the other nations of the world if they can spare a moment for meditation upon its meaning and significance.

A large literature has gathered about this now-famous doctrine, but so important is it in meaning and effect that repetition need not be feared, for it has reached the stage of historic distinction where it can never be amiss to review its history and reiterate its significance.

Let us recall briefly the period which gave it birth and consider for a moment the scene the Monroe Doctrine looked upon when it first saw the light. It was a world shaken and broken by a war which with one brief interval had lasted for twenty-two years. In its course this war had involved the British Empire and all Europe; it had finally drawn the United States into the conflict and had penetrated in some degree into every corner of the earth either by sea or by land. It had cost millions of lives and vast amounts of money. It had destroyed capital and savings to a degree never known

before. It had disordered all national finances, forced the nations to issues of irredeemable paper, seriously diminished the world's purchasing power, wrecked economic conditions, established new ones, and by its conclusion had shattered those which it had itself created. Victors and vanquished alike were suffering deeply in the years which followed the peace of Vienna and Paris.

The mental condition was as bad as the economic, although not so obvious because the representation of the great powers was in the hands of kings and emperors, of aristocracies and governing classes, and the division of the spoils was theirs. But underneath this ribboned and decorated exterior were suffering, poverty, and bitter discontent, to which those in control gave little heed but which aroused Greece to insurrection six years after Waterloo; nine years later, broke out into the streets of Paris and overthrew the government; and two years after the days of July, 1830, brought England to the edge of revolution, which was escaped only by the passage of the Reform Bill.

All alike, however, the few above and the many below, were agreed that there must be peace and that such a war as had just ended must never be permitted to occur again. Those in control of the political, peace-making machinery were very clear as to the proper means for the right solution: dynasties must be maintained, kings and emperors preserved, territories must be parcelled out by diplomatists, powers balanced and boundaries arranged by wise persons of the ministerial variety. There must be no more efforts for liberty, no popular movements, or governments, no thought of the people anywhere, and the word "democrat" was to be always a thing of fear and horror, with the grim figure of the French Revo-

lution stalking about in the not-remote background.

Had it not been for one man, there can be little doubt that the peace terms at Vienna, and finally at Paris, would have been worked out by the usual process of threatening, arguing, and bargaining, and in much the same political form which they ultimately reached. But the one man who interfered with the ancient system happened to be the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I. He had a tendency to idealism and to mysticism, and had cultivated this tendency, which was probably genuine. The result was that the emperor made endless trouble for the very practical gentlemen with whom he had to deal by schemes for a European confederation and for helping and giving a measure of free government to the oppressed populations of Europe, excluding, however, Poland, which was to be cherished and cared for by himself alone. Time was lost and tempers suffered in overcoming and evading the emperor's idealism and mysticism. How real they were no one can say, but when the test finally came, the emperor turned out to be an autocrat, with the views and policy to be expected from an autocrat of such political magnitude. The sole interest to the rest of the world in 1814 was that he formed a picturesque addition to the customary scenery of a European peace conference, and to his real or apparent idealism we owe, in a measure at least, the international agreement which afterward affected the United States and acquired for itself a wide and evil reputation under the name of the Holy Alliance.

The other members of the group which met at Vienna, and subsequently at Paris, to settle the fate of the world are easily disposed of, for it is not a little curious that when one comes to study that situation closely very few of the people who made such a brilliant showing at Vienna and later, appear now above the historical horizon or are at all remembered. The Emperor of Russia, whom I have just mentioned, was, undoubtedly, the most conspicuous. The others whose names still remain in the general recollection of men as dominating the events of 1815, apart, of course, from the Duke of Wellington and the other military chiefs,

were Talleyrand, Metternich, and Castlereagh. Talleyrand succeeded at Vienna in bringing his country (to which his life was devoted), although beaten and crushed to earth, back to the position of one of the great powers of Europe.

Metternich, a man of much less force and ability than Talleyrand, but a very able man and quite as unscrupulous as the great Frenchman, probably had more to do than anybody else with framing the Treaty of Peace, and surely had a large part later in managing the Holy Alliance of the Emperor of Russia. Metternich came to a fitting end as a fugitive in 1848.

The third conspicuous figure is that of Castlereagh, a man of great importance at the moment because he represented England. He was not stupid and probably not more brutal or tyrannical than many of the men who sympathized with him in his days of power, but he had the misfortune to have men of genius hold him up to eternal reprobation in poetry that lives, just as Shakespeare held up Richard III. There is no need to go farther. The impression that Byron and Shelley and Leigh Hunt and other poets and writers of that time have made in regard to Castlereagh can never be effaced, and the historians and the whiteners labor in vain. Yet we can say in justice that even Castlereagh, before his death, had begun to see the dangers of the Holy Alliance and took the first steps toward separating England from it. Few people realize, knowing the reputation of that combination, how simple and attractive it looked in its original form. There was signed in Paris on the 26th of September, 1815, by the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia, the following agreement:

Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the Three Contracting Monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity. Considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will on all occasions and in all places lend each other aid and assistance; toward their subjects and armies, they will extend a fatherly care and protection, leading them (in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are themselves animated) to protect Religion, Peace and Justice.

This is the essential article. Those I have omitted add nothing. Everywhere shines

forth the same hypocrisy, the same contradiction of what the signers really meant, as in the one I have quoted. Nothing could have been fairer on the surface, nothing worse than the inner reality and true purpose of this vast falsehood.

After the establishment of peace the second treaty, that of Paris, was signed on November 20, 1815, and on the same day the Treaty of Alliance between Austria, Russia, and Great Britain. Article VI of that treaty reads as follows:

In order to consolidate the intimate ties which unite the four sovereigns for the happiness of the world, the High Contracting Powers have agreed to renew at fixed intervals, either under their own auspices or by their representative ministers, meetings consecrated to great common objects and the examination of such measures as shall be judged most salutary for the peace and prosperity of Europe.

The first agreement shows the influence of the idealism with which Alexander was amusing himself, and from that agreement came the name of the Holy Alliance. The other treaty of alliance, which was subsequently made at Paris, included Great Britain and was at least free from the religious cant of the prior declaration of the three powers. When we read them to-day, their avowed purposes seem harmless enough: the preservation of peace, the maintenance of religion and of order by agreement among the great powers.

So far as the United States was concerned, the attitude of Great Britain was the most important element. Disraeli, in his novel "Sybil," * said that from the death of the Younger Pitt to 1825 "the political history of England is a history of great events and little men." Like all other generalizations, this one is not wholly true, for an exception should be made in regard to Canning, who rises higher than the general average of English prime ministers and towers above his immediate predecessors, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Percival, and Lord Liverpool, who successively filled the highest place in the government after the death of Pitt, leaving out, of course, the brief ministry of "All the Talents." A man very different from Disraeli and who has never been accused of being either a wit or a humorist, Count Nesselrode, said:

"Since Pitt, England has been better governed by mediocrities than by geniuses." * We can easily believe that Russia approved of the mediocrities, but to us the gradual withdrawal of England despite the "little men" and the coming of Canning to power were highly significant. On the 12th of August, 1822, Castlereagh committed suicide, and was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Canning.

At the Congress of Verona the Duke of Wellington represented England, but under instructions which were sharply restricted. Difficulties indeed were gathering fast about the Alliance, both in the East and the West. Greece was in insurrection and there were flagrant disorders in Italy. The Alliance sustained one of the meanest of the Bourbons in Naples and another equally contemptible in Spain. It is, however, when we reach Spain that we come in touch with the events which brought the United States into the field of European politics and within range of the Holy Alliance. Spain, with her Bourbon king, was anxious for support in suppressing the rebellion of the Spanish-American colonies. To the United States this, of course, was a question of the utmost importance. Apart from the sympathy which we naturally felt for the people of the Spanish-American continent, who were seeking the same freedom from Europe which we had won, it was obvious that it was a matter of the highest political moment to the United States to detach the Spanish-American colonies from their European possessor.

From 1816 onward the question of the recognition of the Spanish-American republics had been before Congress. In 1819 we made our treaty with Spain which secured to us the Floridas, and Clay's succeeding motion for the recognition of the South American republics was defeated by only a narrow margin. President Monroe, none the less, took his time, and it was not until March 8, 1822, that he recommended recognition, and then Congress made appropriations in May for the salaries of ministers to the new republics. It was a personal victory for Clay, and this action was also extremely popular throughout the country. The previous years had convinced the Ameri-

* Book I, chap. 3.

* See "Life of Canning," by W. Alison Phillips, p. 55.

can people of the importance of securing the release if possible of the South American states from Spanish dominion. There had been strong movements to secure in behalf of Spain the aid of the Holy Alliance in suppressing the South American insurrections. The Emperor of Russia had interfered and expressed vigorous disapproval of any action friendly to independence. His idealistic schemes were beginning to fade. Notwithstanding, however, all this opposition abroad, the recognition by the United States came and Alexander had to accept it, in sorrow if not in anger. The danger of our action, which looks imaginary now, was very real then, although then as now there was a serious lack of confidence in our own strength, and among certain persons of financial and social importance a queer lurking apprehension of what Europe might do to us—natural perhaps then, ludicrous now.

The recognition of the Spanish-American republics brought the question of the relations of the United States to both American continents, to Europe, and to South America, very conspicuously to the front of the stage.

On the 17th of July, 1823, Mr. Adams made this entry in his diary:

I told him (Baron Tuyl) specially that we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new European colonial establishments.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the editor of his father's diary, says in a note at this point that this "is the first hint of the policy so well known afterward as the 'Monroe Doctrine.'" At that time and for two or three weeks afterward, Mr. Adams was engaged in negotiations with England and Russia for a treaty settling neutral and belligerent rights in time of war and also a treaty with Russia as to the Northwest coast, and this fact must always be remembered by those who wish to understand the general situation as it then was.

Mr. Adams went to Quincy on the 11th of August, 1823, and did not return to Washington until the 7th of November. The diary, therefore, contains no entries as to what was happening in Wash-

ington during that interval of nearly three months, and while he was away Canning opened correspondence with Mr. Rush, our minister to Great Britain, in regard to combined action by the United States and Great Britain with reference to the question of the Spanish republics.

In many respects a brilliant man, in all respects a very able man, Canning had larger views and a wider vision than any of the commonplace persons who had been governing England, who were all Tories of a very narrow kind and who also had reached a point where they were extremely afraid of being jostled or jarred by new ideas. Canning had never been a friend of the United States. As Canning's biographer, Mr. Phillips, says: "He reaped in full measure the reward of those who do the right thing in the wrong way." But Canning was a man who could learn, he disliked the Holy Alliance and he was now about to do the right thing, and if he had persisted in his original intent he would have done it in the right way. His proposition for joint action, addressed to Mr. Rush, contains the following principles of the British Government clearly set forth:

First—We conceive the recovery of the colonies by Spain to be hopeless.

Second—We conceive the question of the recognition of them as independent States to be one of time and circumstance.

Third—We are, however, by no means disposed to throw any impediment in the way of an arrangement between them and the mother country by amicable negotiation.

Fourth—We aim not at the possession of any portion of them ourselves.

Fifth—We could not see any portion of them transferred to any other power with indifference.

We had already recognized the independence of the Spanish-American republics and there was nothing in the other propositions with which we could not at that time agree. Mr. Rush went as far as he could under his instructions in dealing with Mr. Canning's proposals, and President Monroe and his administration were, of course, very much impressed by them. Fortunately for us, the inevitable delays of correspondence changed the situation through negotiations which Canning held with France and which relieved him from any anxiety on that side, and we did not commit ourselves to Canning's plan or to any alliance or joint action with England.

It is impossible within the limits of a necessarily brief article to go into all the phases of the discussion in the Cabinet, to which Mr. Adams returned on November 11, nor is it necessary. The story of the genesis of the Monroe Doctrine and the most essential parts of the Rush-Canning correspondence and of that with Baron Tuyl are all to be found in Mr. Worthington Ford's admirable account of the "Genesis of the Monroe Doctrine," published in the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society in January, 1902. There and in the diary of John Quincy Adams, which is deeply interesting, and in Mr. Calhoun's speech in the Senate in 1845, may be found the development of the principles finally embodied in Monroe's famous message, and an account of the discussion in the Cabinet which preceded it.

In Mr. Monroe's first draft of the message he had begun with a description of our foreign relations and the condition of the world, involving Greece and Russia and Spain, which Mr. Adams considered very dangerous and calculated to awake unnecessary alarm. There in the diary can be found the gradual change in the tone of the message, the statement of the two propositions which Mr. Adams originated and sustained and which Mr. Monroe adopted, that it should be the policy of the United States not to interfere in Europe, with its corollary that Europe should not interfere in America, and the further addition that the Americas were not to be considered as open to further colonization by any European power. In other words, in the Adams diary one finds formulated the great declarations of the Monroe Doctrine. No one could have any wish to diminish the just credit due to President Monroe. The doctrine bears his name, and properly, because it was he who made the declaration in his message and who took the responsibility for it, but the principles and policies of that declaration were the work of John Quincy Adams. Let me quote from "The Federation of Europe," by Mr. William Alison Phillips, who is not an American but an Englishman, and free from all prejudice as to American statesmen or American parties. He says:

In the end it was his (John Quincy Adams's) masterful will that prevailed over the irresolu-

tion of President Monroe and the famous message to Congress of December 2, 1823, in which the Monroe Doctrine was defined, was essentially his work.

Mr. W. P. Cresson, in "The European Background of the Monroe Doctrine," says:

It was Mr. Adams's temperate views that prevailed in the Cabinet and the final presidential message of December reflected his desires. . . . In affirming their detachment from European affairs Monroe and Adams also placed themselves in direct opposition to the system of world congresses which Alexander had sought to establish under the auspices of his League of Peace.

When the Monroe Doctrine was thus formulated and came before the world in the President's message, Canning was by no means satisfied. The country which he had angered, the country which had then only an aggregate population of less than ten millions, had suddenly taken the bit in its teeth and announced some policies which Canning had never contemplated. Especially was he opposed to Mr. Adams's pet proposition that the American continents were not open to any further colonization from Europe, which none the less was ended by the Monroe declaration. In justice to Canning, however, it must be said that he took it all in good part in his public utterances. Great Britain recognized Colombia and Mexico in December, 1824, and Canning on December 16, 1826, made his famous declaration, which is usually referred to as though it preceded the Monroe Doctrine instead of coming three years after it. What Canning said was this, and it is a sentence which may well be remembered, for whether uttered before or after the publication of the doctrine, the words were very memorable:

Contemplating Spain, such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain *with the Indies*. I called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old.

If Canning could have lived for a century longer he would have marvelled indeed at the extent to which his celebrated declaration had expanded.

At the moment the full effect of Mr. Monroe's declaration was not comprehended, and it is hardly to be expected

that it should have been. The message and its declarations, however, were very popular even at the earliest date, and there was another man of vision, not in England, but in the United States, who said in the Senate, on April 24, 1826, the same year which later was to hear the famous statement of Canning:

Sir, I look on the message of December 23d as forming a bright page in our history. I will help neither to erase it nor tear it out; nor shall it be, by any act of mine, blurred or blotted. It did honor to the sagacity of the government, and I will not diminish that honor. It lifted the hopes and gratified the patriotism of the people. Over those hopes I will not bring a mildew; nor will I put that gratified patriotism to shame.

The far-reaching significance of the Monroe Doctrine, if perceptible to no one else, was at least clearly seen by Daniel Webster.

Having now shown the circumstances of the origin and birth of the Monroe Doctrine, I will try very briefly to give the principal events in its subsequent history. I will begin by quoting the doctrine exactly as Monroe stated it. He said:

In the discussions to which this interest has given rise and in the arrangements by which they may terminate the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. . . . Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly rela-

tions with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to those continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference.

Such was the doctrine. I cannot undertake to trace all its adventures through a century crowded with events and with vast economic and political changes in the relation of the United States both to the American continents and to Europe. It is sufficient to say here that the people numbering in 1820 less than ten millions had grown in 1920 to one hundred and ten millions, and that when the result of the great conflict with Germany was trembling in the balance in 1918, the United States sent to Europe two million men and had two million more soldiers ready to go. The New World came in at the crucial moment "to redress the balance of the old." Throughout all these changes the underlying principles of the Monroe Doctrine have remained the same. In the administration of President Polk, who strongly asserted the Monroe Doctrine, it was also declared that the doctrine applied to the American continents in war as well as in peace and did not interfere with any extensions of territory made by the United States or by any other of the American States in Central or South America. There was nothing in the Monroe Doctrine to contradict this proposition, although it was not specifically declared, but its necessity was obvious, and the fact that the United States extended its territory—for example, by the annexation of Texas by popular vote or by the cessions from Mexico after the war with that country—no more violated the Monroe Doctrine than did the war in which Chile, also by conquest, acquired certain territory previously belonging to Peru.

A few years later the question of the Isthmian Canal brought the Monroe Doctrine forward again in a very marked way in connection with the question of the Canal route. The result was the

Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, designed to settle our differences with Great Britain on that point. That treaty was a derogation from the Monroe Doctrine by making an agreement with Great Britain in regard to the building of an Isthmian Canal. We ought never to have recognized the right of any power or powers outside the American continents to have part or lot in that great undertaking. I do not mean by this to exclude a corporation composed of foreigners, in the nature of a private enterprise, from undertaking to construct an Isthmian Canal, but no foreign government should ever have been permitted to share with the United States in this direction upon an equal footing. Very fortunately the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was never put into practical operation. The years passed and it was not until the close of the century, when the Isthmian Canal once more became a practical question, that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty again assumed importance and was superseded by the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Then, the improvident provision of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty having perished, the Canal was built by the United States alone, following the cession by Panama of the Canal Zone, accompanied by a grant of the necessary authority for the construction of the Canal.

In 1861 England, Spain, and France had various grievances against Mexico—England, on account of aggressions upon her subjects and representatives; Spain, because the government of Juarez had refused to recognize a treaty made by the Spanish Government with the rival faction; and France, for alleged indignities inflicted upon her subjects and for the refusal of Juarez to recognize the Jecker bonds which his rival, Miramon, had issued to the amount of fifteen millions. These three powers agreed on October 31, 1861, not to seek for themselves in the employment of the coercive measures contemplated “by the present convention any acquisition of territory or any special advantage.” This pledge was kept by Spain and England, who joined with France in landing troops at Vera Cruz. Juarez made terms with the first two and they withdrew, but the Emperor Napoleon had determined to seize the country,

which he then proceeded to do. The French captured the City of Mexico in 1863, after much fighting, and called an assembly which elected Maximilian of Austria to be Emperor of Mexico. He arrived in 1864 and set up a government, which was generally recognized by European powers. The United States refused to join in the intervention and called attention to their traditional policy, but, torn as they were by the Civil War, was in no position to take any strong measures for the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. The tone of Seward’s despatches, however, which was weak, perhaps necessarily so, began to strengthen, especially after the battles of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and finally the House of Representatives, in 1864, voted unanimously that

the Congress of the United States are unwilling by silence to have the nations of the world under the impression that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in the Republic of Mexico, and that they, therefore, think fit to declare that it does not accord with the policy of the United States to recognize any monarchical government erected on the ruins of any republican government in Mexico under the auspices of any European power.

Even then Seward informed the country and foreign governments that this resolution would not alter the policy of the executive in Mexico. Meantime, Spain had made an effort to reconquer San Domingo, which failed. In 1865, after the conclusion of the Civil War, one hundred thousand American troops were sent to the Texas frontier, and in November of that year our minister in Paris was instructed to say to the French Government that the “presence and operations of a French army in Mexico and its maintenance of an authority there, which rested upon force and not the free will of the people of Mexico, is a cause of serious concern to the United States—they still regard the effort to establish permanently a foreign imperial government in Mexico as disallowable and impracticable.”

In February, 1866, Mr. Seward demanded that the French set a time when they would withdraw. The French troops were reluctantly and unwillingly withdrawn, but the United States, strong and victorious, was very different from the United States fighting a civil war, and

the French Government was quite conscious of the fact. The empire which had been set up collapsed and the unhappy Maximilian was executed. The advantage which France had attempted to take of the weakness of the United States owing to the Civil War came thus to a miserable end and the Monroe Doctrine was fully vindicated.

On May 31, 1870, in relation to his policy regarding San Domingo, President Grant declared:

The doctrine formulated by President Monroe has been adhered to by all political parties and I now deem it important to assert an equally important principle, that hereafter no territory on this continent shall be regarded as subject to transfer to European powers.

Grant's declaration was not specifically made in the original Monroe Doctrine, but it was an obvious and indeed a necessary inference.

The next case where the Monroe Doctrine played a principal part and was once more put to a test occurred in 1895. There had been a protracted controversy between Venezuela and Great Britain as to the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. To state the case as briefly as possible, Great Britain had been steadily pushing her boundary westward and taking in more and more territory which she claimed was in dispute. She declined arbitration, which Venezuela had asked. For a European power to make slow but steady encroachments upon the territory of a South American state under cover of a disputed claim and to refuse arbitration was in essence as clear a violation of the Monroe Doctrine as if it had been done with troops and by taking possession of American territory as a right of conquest. On July 20, 1895, Mr. Olney, then secretary of state, sent a despatch to Mr. Bayard, our ambassador in London, pressing for a settlement of the Venezuelan question because, while the United States had no objection to any decision fairly rendered by an arbitral tribunal, the seizure of disputed territory in South America by a European power, unless the title to that territory was first determined by a judicial tribunal, was something not to be tolerated. In the course of this despatch Mr. Olney said:

To-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition.

All the advantages of this superiority are at once imperilled if the principle be admitted that European powers may convert American States into colonies or provinces of their own. The principle would be eagerly availed of, and every power doing so would immediately acquire a base of military operations against us.

The despatch, which was a long and very able statement, had no result, and President Cleveland thereupon, on December 17, sent in a message to Congress, laying before them the situation in Venezuela and pointing out that there must be a settlement. After proposing an American commission to settle the boundary dispute, he closed his message with the following language:

In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred, and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow.

I am, nevertheless, firm in my conviction that while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization, and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness.

The assertion of the Monroe Doctrine in this message in the language employed by President Cleveland created much excitement at the time. The result of the message, however, was an arbitration, and the settlement by the arbitral tribunal (on which the United States was represented by two arbitrators) of the disputed boundary. It is not necessary to go into the merits of that decision. The important fact was that the boundary controversy was settled by arbitration. The title was put beyond dispute. The encroachments of Great Britain ceased and Mr. Cleveland's policy prevailed. The President was criticised especially for his language, but the time had come for plain speaking. Mr. Cleveland, who was both a strong and a fearless man, spoke very plainly, and once and for all it was determined that the United States would not permit the seizure of South American territory by any foreign country under the

guise of a boundary dispute, any more than she would permit it by an armed invasion. Again the Monroe Doctrine was vindicated.

In 1902 Germany, England, and Italy made a joint demand on Venezuela for the payment of their debts, which were large in amount and upon which Venezuela had postponed action. Germany and England then sent war-ships and established a pacific blockade. Mr. Hay, our secretary of state, urged arbitration. Great Britain and Italy were willing to come to an understanding, but Germany refused. She would not agree that after she took possession of territory in order to compel payment of her debts, such possession should be guaranteed to be only temporary. On November 18, 1902, an innocent-looking order was issued to Admiral Dewey, then serving on the General Board of the Navy, to proceed to Culebra, Porto Rico, and assume command of the fleet, "engaging it in such manœuvres and exercises as in your judgment would best advance the interests of the service." The order went on to give directions about "gun-pointers" and various other technical questions, and Dewey went to the fleet at Culebra, which was the important fact. Then as Germany refused to arbitrate and merely stated that her occupation would be temporary, a very uncertain statement, President Roosevelt proceeded to act. The story is told in Mr. Thayer's "Life and Letters of John Hay," and I quote it because it is not possible to improve upon it. The story also has the merit of being perfectly and exactly true. Mr. Thayer says:

President Roosevelt did not shirk the test. Although his action has never been officially described, there is no reason now for not describing it.

One day, when the crisis was at its height, he summoned to the White House Doctor Holleben, the German Ambassador, and told him that unless Germany consented to arbitrate, the American squadron under Admiral Dewey would be given orders, by noon ten days later, to proceed to the Venezuelan coast and prevent any taking possession of Venezuelan territory. Doctor Holleben began to protest that his Imperial master, having once refused to arbitrate, could not change his mind. The President said that he was not arguing the question, because arguments had already been gone over until no useful purpose would be served by repeating them; he was simply giving information which the Ambassador

might think it important to transmit to Berlin. A week passed in silence. Then Doctor Holleben again called on the President, but said nothing of the Venezuelan matter. When he rose to go, the President asked him about it, and when he stated that he had received nothing from his Government, the President informed him in substance that, in view of this fact, Admiral Dewey would be instructed to sail a day earlier than the day he, the President, had originally mentioned. Much perturbed, the Ambassador protested; the President informed him that not a stroke of a pen had been put on paper; that if the Emperor would agree to arbitrate, he, the President, would heartily praise him for such action, and would treat it as taken on German initiative; but that within forty-eight hours there must be an offer to arbitrate or Dewey would sail with the orders indicated. Within thirty-six hours Doctor Holleben returned to the White House and announced to President Roosevelt that a despatch had just come from Berlin, saying that the Kaiser would arbitrate. Neither Admiral Dewey (who with an American fleet was then manœuvring in the West Indies) nor any one else knew of the step that was to be taken; the naval authorities were merely required to be in readiness, but were not told for what.

On the announcement that Germany had consented to arbitrate, the President publicly complimented the Kaiser on being so stanch an advocate of arbitration.

If all this had been generally known at the time, Mr. Roosevelt might have come in for some of the criticisms which had been levelled at Mr. Cleveland, but it was not known at the time and nothing could have been more effective or more efficient than Mr. Roosevelt's action.

Once more the Monroe Doctrine was vindicated. It seemed, indeed, to have acquired a certain educational value. People in Europe were beginning to learn more and more about it.

A few years later there were rumors, which gradually assumed concrete form, that a Japanese company was organized and preparing to take possession of Magdalena Bay on the west coast of Southern California. The Senate asked for information in regard to it and then a resolution, which Senator Root and I drafted, was reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations. This resolution was much discussed both in open session and behind closed doors, and on the 12th of August, 1912, it passed the Senate with a slight amendment. The resolution is as follows:

Resolved, That when any harbor or other place in the American Continents is so situated that the occupation thereof, for naval or military

purposes, might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see, without grave concern, the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has such a relation to another government, not American, as to give that government practical power of control for naval or military purposes.

This resolution was spoken of in the press as an extension of the Monroe Doctrine, which was not quite accurate because the resolution rested on the much older doctrine of self-preservation, which is held by all nations. In the days of the Monroe Doctrine, great commercial companies and corporations, so plentiful now, did not exist and, therefore, the plans attributed to a Japanese corporation did not come within the scope of the Doctrine; but under modern conditions the same result could be obtained by a corporation taking possession of a harbor or port or other place fitted for military or naval establishments and thus, although the government did not act directly, the same result would be reached. The Magdalena Bay resolution was framed to guard against operations of this character carried on through a corporation or company. It may be said that this was nothing but a resolution of the Senate, but a resolution of the Senate adopted by an overwhelming majority was a notice which other nations could not overlook and which, as a matter of fact, they did not overlook. By this addition the Monroe Doctrine was fortified and strengthened.

In the first draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations there was no provision pertaining to the Monroe Doctrine, which excited so much criticism that Mr. Wilson had the following article inserted:

Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.

When the President explained the second draft of the covenant to the Peace Conference in Paris he said, "Article 21 is new," and that was all he said. The statement is both truthful and exact but not particularly illuminating. An explanation was made, however, although not by Mr. Wilson. The British Delegation took it upon themselves to explain Article

21 at some length, reviewing its history and meaning. I quote the last paragraph which contains the essential point:

In its essence it is consistent with the spirit of the covenant, and, indeed, the principles of the league, as expressed in Article 10, represent the extension to the whole world of the principles of the doctrine, while, should any dispute as to the meaning of the latter ever rise between the American and European powers, the league is there to settle it.

The explanation of Great Britain apparently received the assent of France by a statement made at the time in *Le Matin* by Mr. Lausanne. The British declaration was never withdrawn or modified, and as it stands is the official interpretation by Great Britain of the provision which has just been quoted. Such being the understanding of Great Britain, accepted by the other signatories of the treaty and not denied by Mr. Wilson, who presented the League covenant to the Paris Conference, it would have left us, if it had not been dealt with by the Senate, in a reservation, committed to the British interpretation. On March 22, 1920, by a vote of 58 to 22, the Senate adopted the following reservation, which is substantially the same as the one adopted in the previous November:

The United States will not submit to arbitration or to inquiry by the assembly or by the council of the League of Nations, provided for in said Treaty of Peace, any questions which in the judgment of the United States depend upon or relate to its long-established policy, commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine; said doctrine is to be interpreted by the United States alone and is hereby declared to be wholly outside the jurisdiction of said League of Nations and entirely unaffected by any provision contained in the said Treaty of Peace with Germany.

This is the last official declaration made in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, and with marked brevity declares the attitude of the United States in regard to it.

Having thus sketched in the barest outline the origin and history of the Monroe Doctrine and its subsequent adventures during its hundred years of existence, it is only necessary to say a few words in regard to it by way of conclusion. In the first place, it is to be remembered that although the insurrection and independence of the Spanish-American colonies were

one of the proximate causes of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823 and that the "Holy Alliance" was another proximate cause, neither of them carries the principle or explains the character of Monroe's declaration. We call it a "doctrine," but it is a great declaration of the policy of the United States. The Holy Alliance died, long ago, and more than a century has passed since the independence of the Spanish-American colonies was recognized, but the Monroe Doctrine remains in full force and with the same character and meaning which it had when announced. In fact, any one who follows the history of the doctrine during the last hundred years cannot fail to be struck by its steady advance in effect, in importance, and in recognition by the world. It is now known to be the settled policy of the United States designed to protect its own safety. Through the century that has elapsed, it has been, on many occasions, a shield and a defense to the states of South America, but that is merely incidental.

The central, dominating fact of the Monroe Doctrine is its declaration of a policy designed to secure for all time the independence of the American continents and, thereby, the safety of the United

States. It is inextricably interwoven with our history. It has promoted the peace of the world, saved us from having dangerous neighbors, and thereby prevented the necessity of becoming and always being a great military power armed to the teeth by land and sea. It has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the United States. It is now and always has been just as strong as the United States, and to-day it has all the force given by the power of a great nation which stands behind it. It is not international law, and is no more to be disturbed or questioned or interpreted by other nations than are the independence of the United States, the Constitution which gave it its form of government, or the powers inherent in its sovereignty.

The application of the doctrine rests with the United States, and for the security, the peace, and the well-being of the American continents and of the people of the United States it is just as vital, just as essential now as when Monroe and Adams formulated it and gave it to the world in the presidential message of December 2, 1823, thus completing and perfecting the policy laid down by Washington in the Farewell Address.

Nostalgia

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

HE brought the record home with sheepish pride
And wound the old machine. The crystal notes
Swirled through the little room like gleaming motes
In jeweled light. He listened open-eyed;
But when she wept he tiptoed from her side,
His own eyes dim for cherry blooms and tears,
The crimson rapture, the unspoken fears,
The lyric sorrow of the wistful bride.

He could not know her grief was not for pain
Of love forsaken, but that far away
Were scented beauty piled in galleries,
Wealth, color, silver voices, proud display—
While here stretched out the long and dusty plain
With great buttes shouldering the windy skies.

The Blue in the Labradorite

BY JULIA WINIFRED JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



QUESTS at Old Mission that summer were curious about Barbara Ripley. She wore clothes that made the women stare, those simple things with a cut that cannot be copied; and she had a trick of twisting the most delicious looking scarfs—sea-green and mauve—about her throat with a sinuosity that didn't belong exactly to the North Woods. The women were not envious; there was a wistfulness which drew them. She was so helpless about tramping or sailing or swimming; and she seemed so determined to cram into one short month all she could learn of woodlore, fishing-bottoms, and lighthouses. It was as if she had set out to understand the intrigue which brought people back to the island year after year.

Her days went fairly well, but the evenings were difficult. When they threw balsam into the big fireplace she'd slip out and wander up and down the pier—a wraith in the half light. It made the circle about the fire uneasy; they pretended not to see, but they were all watching her. At last one of the group, upon some pretext, would go out after her.

She scarcely ever slept through the night; from two o'clock on she ground over in her mind the change one year had brought. Upon this July night a high wind awakened her; her eyes came back from the lighthouse light to the rough knots in the pine wood. A moon lighted the bare room. She laughed discreetly (the partitions were thin), remembering Oak Knoll and her bath with its perfect frieze of water-lilies, real enough to make her admit disappointment once when poling with Heman and a friend for lotuses.

"I'd rather look at the lilies in my own bath-room," she had blurted out as her husband twisted a particularly fine lotus

from its rubbery root. Heman had worn that queer look, the look of wishing she hadn't. Why did those memories torment her?

Her thoughts ran on to her husband's first law office over the hardware store in the little Illinois town, to the sagging floor and the old coal stove. There was always a group around that stove; she could smell the tobacco now, and see the dust on those books. The new office in the brick building overlooking the river was always dusted and well kept. She spanned Heman's quick rise to first criminal lawyer of the State. To her his progress was like an Arabian Nights tale. She loved to dwell upon those offices in the Mayfair Building in Chicago; the waxed floors, the soft napped rugs; and Miss Babcock, in shell rims, taking dictation in the inner office.

Most often Oak Knoll, their country place, came back to her with its winding barberry hedges turning red, its close lawn a bit brown as it sloped to the quiet river. It troubled her that she was not able always to recall Heman's face distinctly; but to-night she saw him standing against a big white porch pillar, his bag of clubs in his hand, waiting for the car. The sob in her throat almost stifled her. What was there in the face that held men? Was it the deep-set eyes with dreams in their depths, dreams which the firm mouth made true? She shivered in the lonely room.

Heman was always making a train or coming back to pack a bag after the big house was built. For her there was tea or bridge or week-ends with people who bored her. She never saw Heman alone. If he asked her to go with him she had an excuse; she loathed golf, fishing was an abomination; one got wretchedly burned and missed a lot of good things in town. Besides, he never asked her to go to New York.



To-night she saw him standing against a porch pillar, his bag of clubs in his hand.—Page 424.

When they were together, once in a blue moon, they were two lonely, dissatisfied people in a big, childless house, forever seeking distraction; forever living a lie, the lie that there was no discontent. One day the pretense ended upon Barbara's part. The invisible barrier that had been as delicate as a Japanese screen became suddenly an obstruction formidable as an old cathedral door.

Barbara had been in town to a Saturday *matinée* and had missed her train out. Heman was off for a week-end; it didn't matter. She decided to wait in the station for the next train. Crowds fascinated her; she liked to watch faces. All at once she found her gaze resting upon a woman of about her own age. Often since she had tried to describe her. She was like—like the misty white wisteria one finds climbing up old Southern galleries; she was like clear, white crystal, she was like mountain fragrances borne to one at dawn—the fragrances one never, never identifies.

She seemed uneasy; once she walked to the marble stairs and looked down, returned and dropped again into her seat. A moment later Barbara saw her face change. A man was coming up the stairs, two at a time; he was coming toward her, impatience in every inch of him. Except for his youth and haste it might have been Heman. Now he was taking the woman's hands, looking into her face, possessing himself of her wrap. The two faced Barbara. It was almost a year since, but queer little shoots of pain ran up into the back of her head whenever she recalled it. The man was Heman, her husband.

Before she could make up her mind how to act, Heman was at home with a nervous breakdown. The doctor had ordered a Western trip, a complete change, with cheer and the things he liked to do.

"Above all, Mrs. Ripley, don't give him a moment to brood. Something has upset him, horribly. He's had a close shave."

With all her will Barbara put the nightmare chapter into the background. The West improved Heman. In a fortnight he was playing golf, tramping, motoring; but underneath it all Barbara detected a restlessness. While waiting for him at

the Country Club one afternoon they brought her the news. He had gone suddenly, dropped on the green, almost at the end of his game. A black wall rose to meet her that day and didn't recede for many months.

She had rioted through many states since then: through jealousy, through humbled pride, through bitter loneliness. Now she believed she was coming out on the other side. Studying the pine knots in the gray of the morning she knew what she wanted. She, who had failed to get close to the spirit of her husband in life, was obsessed to understand him now. To know his friends, to read his books, to visit the places he loved, became her single purpose. Somehow this programme comforted her.

One day a friend of Heman's, John Davis, showed her an uncut stone, a labradorite. "It makes me think of Heman," he said, twisting it in his long artist's fingers. "Gray, cool gray, until the sun catches it and you find that wonderful blue fleck in it."

Until she found a match for that stone Barbara never rested; she wore it night and day, caught about her throat with a silver ribbon. In agony she saw that, to her and her friends, Heman was gray, the labradorite out of the sun.

The friend confessed, afterward: "Men are lonely creatures; your husband was like the rest. A man needs at least one who understands; and when he finds the one—he will pay—oh—almost any price." Like a sky-sign those words were pricked into her mind.

A smoothed-out lake and the air with the tang of the North gave to Barbara the day she wished for her Big Bay trip. A Ford truck took her out to George's (the king fisherman of the island); one of his men escorted her through the wood-road to the bay. She found Mack, the Big Bay fisherman, at the lagoon with a boat and the fishing things.

The eeriness of the lagoon frightened her; its beauty held her in a spell. Tiny islands of a spring-green dotted the water; tall rushes and cat-tails—their stems hugged by water-lilies—swayed in the breeze. A loon's cry made her shudder.

She had been warned of the quicksand depths everywhere. She thought: what a simple way to end everything, just to sink down, down! There was a rush of wings from the cat-tails and a silver-blue heron raised its awkward legs in flight.

Mack was trolling while she rowed; at last his line began to tug. Barbara knew how to follow directions—in the early married days she had gone fishing with Heman. Mack had a strike; he hoped it was a big one. It was almost as if Heman were there; she seemed to hear his voice, tense—low. "Forward, now easy—a little finesse and we'll save him." Her eyes were on the line, bending the rod almost double; three, four minutes it lasted, and a four-pounder lay in the bottom of the boat.

Afterward she rested in Mack's cabin; Maria brought her a blueberry pie fresh from the oven. A lad with a face like a kewpie's ran in from play to show his mother a shell. This was the boy, Maria explained, Mr. Ripley had saved. Barbara looked dazed.

"Didn't Mr. Heman (Barbara found they all called him that) tell you about Roddie?" With the corner of her blue-checked apron she pecked at her eyes. "No? Well, ma'am, the boy was never without a cold the whole year long. Not learning one of his lessons, just moping around all the time."

Barbara drew her chair closer to Roddie.

"Your husband, ma'am, as soon as he seen him, said, 'It's his tonsils. Cut them out and you'll have a new boy.' Mack took him to Washburn on the next boat—to the big doctor there. The sum he named, ma'am, for them operations—adenoids and tonsils—was fierce. And Mack with no regular job since he was fireman in the steel-mills in New Duluth. I always said it was wrong—him leaving and coming to this island. Picking up a bit of fishing here and there—for a living." She waved contemptuously at the lake.

Barbara nodded understandingly.

"I'd planned to work nights, ma'am, in a restaurant at Washburn—and very willing. I was cookee—in a lumber-camp, ma'am, before I married Mack. Yes, ma'am, I can cook."

Mrs. Ripley remarked the pie was excellent.

"But how far, ma'am, would that go towards paying for them operations? Your husband, dear, good man, steps up and says, 'Maria, count on me for help.'" The corner of the apron found the round eyes again. "And he didn't forget as soon as it was said—the check came promptly. That was the kind of a man he was."

The note of the white-throat piping in the woods tugged at Barbara's heart as she went back alone by the wood-road. She had been nagging Heman for some local charities about the time he had been helping Maria; she remembered he wore his three-year-old blue suit and the overcoat that was almost threadbare; he gave up his favorite cigars, too. She understood now.

Perhaps the long-haired, lame fellow who rowed fifteen miles to the mainland each week with his chickens and his eggs was another of Heman's charities. The fellow had tears in his eyes when he came to see her. "Mr. Heman was my friend, ya-yessir," he had said. Queer little house he lived in, perched at the top of a rock, overlooking Superior—like a bit of Norway. She hadn't known the world contained so many strange people.

For a long time she had believed happiness lay in getting things, mere possessions, houses, motors, laces, and jewels. Heman had known better. Perhaps he had found out here, while fishing in the lagoon, or tramping to the skidway, or lying on those rocks. There was something soothing about this island; one left struggle behind and relied. Relied upon what? Was it the blue of the lake or the whiteness of the clouds, or the tender green of the trees that gave strength?

Barbara put her hand to her cheek as she came out on the open road; the hand was wet. In front of her lay the blue lake; yonder the giant Norway pine that marked the steps running down to George's dock. Gulls wheeled over the reels where George's men worked at the nets. At the cabin door, the old Finnish mother stood, waving her a welcome. Barbara went slowly up the path.

She looked curiously about the best front room; Heman had spent hours with

the stuffed birds on the wall and the silver watches suspended by their chains. The floor was oiled like the bobbars on George's nets; and strewn upon the table were maps showing the fishing bottoms of Lake Superior. In the corner rested an accordion; the lilt of an old song with its vagabond words came back to Barbara.

"Ola the hobo from Norway—"; the tramp song had delighted Heman.

A vague shuffling sound cut through her thoughts. She turned to see a woman of perhaps twenty-five years, hands and feet crippled, making a slow way into the room.

"I am George's sister, Sara." She said, "I had to come in to see you. Your husband was so good and kind to me."

"I—I didn't know," Barbara began. "You see, this is my first trip to the island."

"Yes, Mr. Heman said you were never used to roughing it." Barbara had seen awe creep into faces before—perhaps it was the knickers she wore. "But now—now that you are here—it isn't so bad, is it?" the patient voice pleaded.

"No—no, indeed." Barbara had not expected to find an islander talking so well. "Have you been sick long?"

"Four years. Mr. Heman got me to go to the Mayos'." The face brightened, died to gray again. "I hoped so much from that trip. But, you see, it was too late."

"Oh, don't say that," urged Barbara.

"That sounded like him. He was always telling me to keep up my courage. It's not so easy—now—now that he'll not be coming back again." The face turned away.

Something impelled Barbara to cross the room, to take those crippled hands in her own white, artist-modelled ones. "You mustn't give up, my dear. He loved the island so—I believe"—the words came slowly—"He's not—not far off to-day."

"Oh, do you? How wonderful to think that." The hands were pointing to a bookcase inside the alcove. "He sent them all to me; some I have almost worn out." The smile hurt Barbara. "I used to wonder—he was such a busy man—how he had time to bother about

just me up here in the woods." She shuffled over to the case and brought out a worn book. "This one's about an Englishwoman and her garden—it never fails at night, when I can't sleep."

It was a new book to Barbara; she resolved to get it at once. She asked to see the books. They had been selected with care: a "Life of Lincoln," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Country of the Pointed Firs," "Roosevelt's Letters." Heman had undertaken to educate her as well as to divert.

"When I get back to town I shall send you a book regularly, just as my husband did. I want to be your friend. May I?"

The girl followed Mrs. Ripley to the door. "I'll never forget—your promise—to be my friend." She said. The old mother stood behind her, nodding good-bye.

George, with wind-red face and hair like pulled molasses candy, was straightening a kink in the silky net. Again Barbara was surprised at the dignity which matched her own. Three shaggy dogs sniffled at her heels; at a word from George they skulked away.

"I'm just beginning to understand your island." Barbara ventured after she had shaken hands.

"You like it, you mean?" He drove to the heart of the matter.

"I wish I understood it as my husband did."

The fisherman looked grave. "It don't seem right without him. Fifteen years since he begun coming up here. I was fishing with a sail-boat in them days. The new launch, with the gasoline lifter—" jerking a thumb in the direction of the dock—"didn't interest him, 'cept for me getting a bigger haul with lighter work. He'd ruther go out in the old sail-boat any day." He burst into a merry laugh.

"He loved sailing." Barbara picked up her basket. "I'm going to wait on your steps. I like your rocks—especially 'The Arch.' They call it 'The Urn' on the post-cards."

His face lighted. "There's an artist down there now—been painting since morning. I tol' her mebbe you'd take her back in the truck. She's going to the Mission."

Barbara had a minute of revolt; but



She turned to see a woman—hands and feet crippled—making a slow way into the room.—Page 428.

she answered. "Of course, delighted. I'll speak to her down there."

Below on the rocks the artist, in a blue smock and a wide sun hat, worked. "Some of them are frumps," thought Barbara, "but this one looks attractive. I hope she won't talk every minute of the way back."

Barbara selected a spot with a good view; perhaps on this very step Heman had rested, smoked a pipe, and delighted

in those deepening blue hills. He had had a fine trip over there and brought back a string of rainbow trout; his description had stayed with Barbara. Save for the noise of the gulls nesting in the rocks it was very still. A long black ore-boat was coming into view. At last the rumble of a machine broke the quiet; the artist heard it too; Barbara watched her put on some rapid strokes, stand off, survey her work.

She forced herself down the stairs to meet her. The next moment she was looking into the face that had haunted her for months; in spite of the horror that sent again those queer little shoots of pain into the back of her head, she recognized the strange fascination of that face; the something that set it apart, marked it—romance.

"I am Mrs. Ripley, of Chicago." She heard herself say in a dull voice. "I think you knew my husband?"

The woman was so still, for a second, Barbara wondered if she had heard. When she spoke, her voice matched the personality. "I am Mrs. Goddard. I have seen pictures of you—but hats change one so." She followed up the steps with the sketch in her hand.

Neither spoke until they reached the top; Barbara resented the quietness which threw the burden upon her. She could scarcely wait to study the face again.

At the top the artist seemed unconscious of her, wrapped in a back-flung glance at sky and water. Mrs. Ripley looked at her watch.

"We'll just have time to make dinner. Oh, how wonderful! You've been doing 'The Arch.'"

"Oh, do you think so? I'm taking myself rather seriously to-day; we architects don't often have a chance at this impressionistic stuff."

"It's her eyes," thought Barbara. "They're like blue pansies rimmed with black—or is it the mouth? It's the saddest—how can she make conversation with me?" Aloud: "It's nice to go back together. George said you were stopping at the Mission."

Mrs. Goddard smiled. "Just long enough to sign my name this morning and leave a bag. I was off for here within an hour."

They were on the road now, travelling toward a patch of primrose sky; Barbara clung to the seat as they rode the bumps. The boy driver was in a hurry. Occasional clearings flashed by with deserted shacks upon them; now and then the lake opened out. Deep woods lined the road on each side, sometimes a cow-bell sounded from within, or a crow's impatient "Caw! Caw!" came from a tall fir-top. Directly in front of the school-house the

Ford began to choke and sputter; suddenly it stopped.

The hulking boy dropped down, opened the hood, and began to poke an oil-can into various places. After a few minutes he added, "I dunno what ails the blamed thing. I'll go and fetch one of George's men."

"What a beautiful chance to explore." Mrs. Goddard was on her feet almost as soon as the boy started.

"Oh, dear," wailed Barbara. "It's these things about roughing it that always spoil it for me."

The artist came back. "You've been in the broiling sun all day—you're tired. We'll make a comfortable seat out of my top-coat, on these school-house steps."

Barbara yielded. Did one study in dramatic schools to acquire such a voice; or did certain experiences in life give it to one? "Thank you," she managed to say and watched the other swing down the road toward a clump of mauve mallow. She does her exercises night and morning, I know; if only I could! Eighteen might be envious of that figure! These Peter Pan people! She's full of surprises; one could never diagram her. Heman adored that type."

Presently Rhoda Goddard came back, her hands full of flowers; she dropped down Turkish fashion on the grass to arrange them.

"When I'm back in the office I shall shut my eyes and see them on this road."

"How does one go about making the flowers and trees mean something to one?"

"I don't know—one must have an interest first of all. Gratiot—I studied with him in Paris—would have gone mad over this island. I wish he could see the rocks and this road."

"I've been interested in plain things always, like running a home, canning, keeping out the moths, dressmaking. Somehow, I never learned to care for the out-of-doors. I wish—I might——"

"It's you who have done the worthwhile thing."

"My job—was an utter failure."

The artist looked up. "Why do you say that?"

"Because—I was in the station—that



Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

Barbara watched her put on some rapid strokes, stand off, survey her work.—Page 429.



"My job—was an utter failure."—Page 430.

day in November—when you met my husband."

The flowers dropped from Mrs. Goddard's hands; they looked to Barbara suddenly limp. "That dreadful day! I shall never forget it." At length she remembered Barbara. "It was my boy. He was lost in a snow-storm in the Adirondacks. I was frantic—frantic."

Barbara strained forward. "But—what—what could Heman, my husband, do?"

Each stared at the other.

"You've never had a son, or you wouldn't ask. He was going to help me find my boy—find Sydney."

Had interest in the boy chained Heman to this woman? A wave of relief swept Barbara; but it left her comfortless as the vision of her husband bending over the woman in the station rose between them.

"Wasn't it a strange and unconven-

tional thing?" Barbara asked in an acid voice.

The rimmed eyes were compassionate. "If—at the golf grounds—some woman had offered to get Heman back to you alive, would you have stopped to consider—anything?"

Barbara was escaping the top-coat. "It doesn't seem a parallel case. Ever since that day in the station, I've writhed and fumed—over—over—what I've imagined. I think I can endure anything if only I can know the truth."

Almost as if she had not heard, the voice from the grass came quietly. "When we reached Lake Placid my boy was safe. An old Adirondack guide found them. They had escaped from the storm into one of his abandoned shacks."

Mrs. Ripley was free of the top-coat now. "My husband went—all the way

East—then? You're too attractive a woman not to know your power. How did you dare?"

Again Barbara was confronted by that stillness. "There have been times, my dear, when I've known my power. But not then. Your husband existed, then, simply as a means."

"You were wrong." Barbara turned Pharaoh-like upon her. "From the first you should have repeated over and over to yourself: 'He is a married man. He has a wife and a home. Take care. Put yourself in that wife's place.'"

"I was selfish. Your husband was my lawyer; I was absorbed in straightening out my husband's estate; in getting together enough money to keep my boy in school."

"I suppose." Barbara's hardness yielded a little. "I know very little about that practical side."

Rhoda Goddard jumped up from the grass. Up and down the school-house path she paced; it seemed eons to Barbara before she came and stood in front of her.

"I loathe excuses for anything. But it isn't always easy for a woman alone to rear a boy. There are problems. It was an older woman—a teacher—of whom Sydney was too fond. I didn't know what to do. I knew his nature—all fire—and I knew I mustn't make a false step if I wanted to save him. Your husband helped me—oh—so wonderfully. It was then—then—I knew how much I had grown to care."

"Go on, please."

"Living through the decision of that week will make every problem I ever have easy. Three times I packed my bag, with the tiny volume of Keats he loved on top." She turned away from Barbara. "Three times I went to the very platform of the train that was to take me to him. And then—it was my boy who held me back. His mother—couldn't set her son such an example." She laughed a little harshly. "It's like reading the chronicle of another woman's life; a romantic woman who loved flowers—not a money-grubbing woman living in a sky-scraper. We'll be getting started back soon now." She started toward the road.

Barbara caught her. "You're a brave woman." She looked deep into the dark eyes. "You've told me the truth. I hated—hated you at first. I haven't any real incentive to live. Won't you give me one? Let me help your son—Sydney—through college, just—just as Heman might have done."

Rhoda Goddard's eyes were like wet pansies; and her hands shook as she detached the platinum locket from its chain. "Here's the boy—here's Sydney." She said. "If you really mean it—it would be beautiful—to help him. I don't deserve it."

Voices came from the road; George's men were coming. Barbara felt a new, sudden, warm sense of kinship with Heman.

Kinship

BY ALICE LEIGH

I AM akin to lonely things:
 The hidden path, the night wind's cry,
 The shivering elm that, heedless, flings
 Its silver hoard before the blast;
 And yet so near does Beauty lie
 Her shadow touched me as she passed,
 Companioned by such dear delight;
 So near—and yet I only hear
 Like distant bells at twilight,
 High and thin,
 The call of futile, lonely things
 To which I am akin.

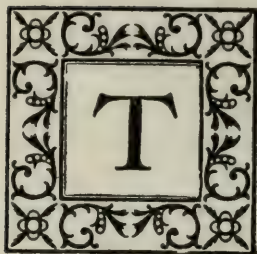
Great Personages in the New Italy

THE KING, MUSSOLINI, THE POPE, AND CARDINAL GASPARRI

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

Author of "Have We a Far Eastern Policy?" "French Memories of Eighteenth Century America," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AUTOGRAPH PORTRAITS PRESENTED TO GENERAL SHERRILL



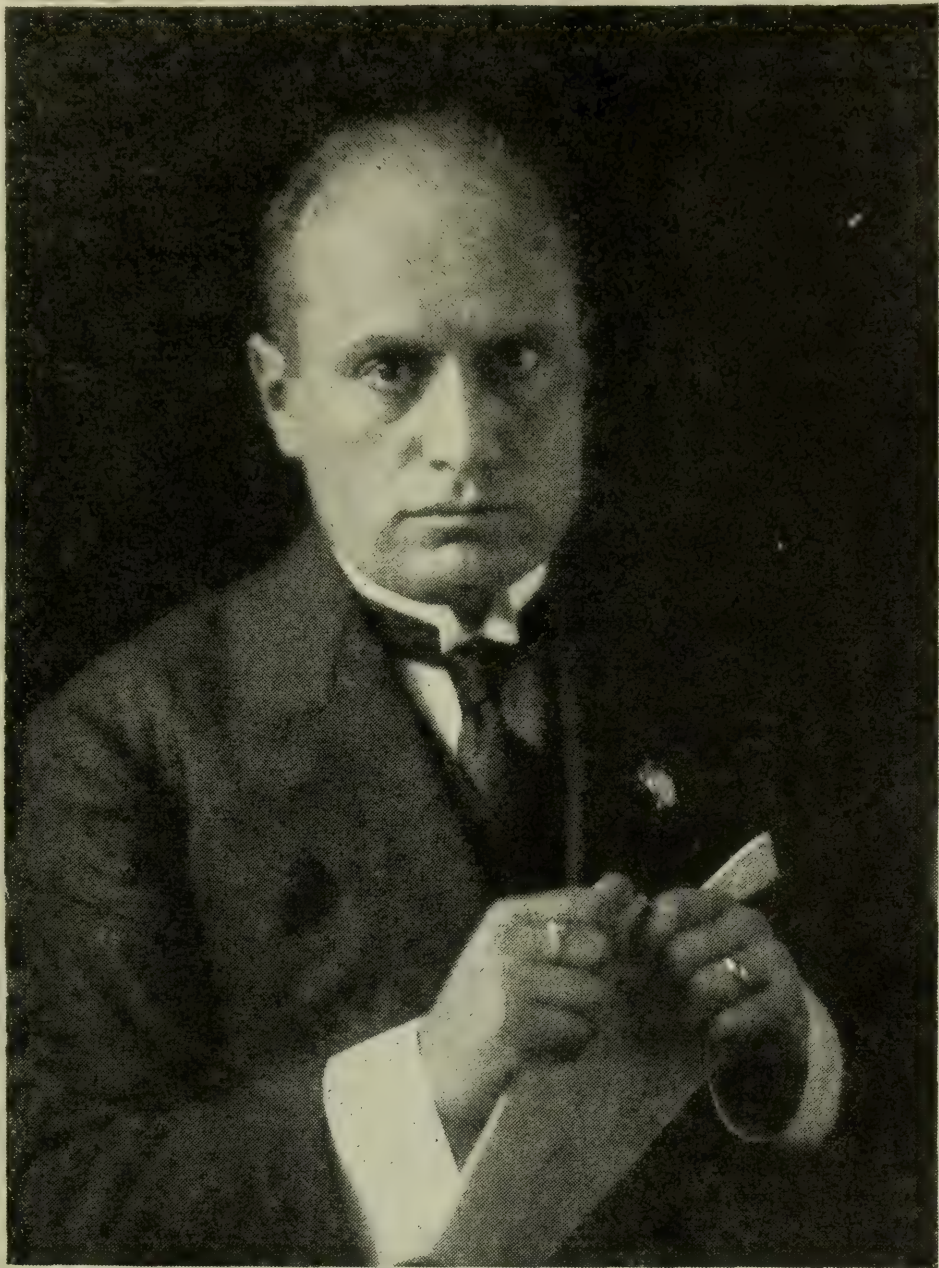
THE ancient Greek dramatists loved to work up to a tragic moment in their story when nothing short of a *deus ex machina* could unravel the twisting threads of the tale. The world hardly realizes that such a moment arrived not long ago in the world drama of Civilization versus Bolshevism. The time has come to stand back and appraise it. Fate appropriately laid the scene in Rome, so long and so often the centre of the world. We shall see how the practical common sense of a modern king turned a revolution into an orderly government. "But," you object, "this sounds entirely local"; not so, for this revolution was the Fascisti rising against Red Socialism—the world's first practical retort to Bolshevism.

It is the morning of October 28, 1922. A strange hush has come over Rome, Rome that has always loved talking, and hearing itself talk. Armed soldiery hurry by to the gates, shut and defended by cannon to protect the city threatened by Fascisti armies outside at Monte Rotondo, at Tivoli, and at Santa Marinella. Government placards have blossomed out on house walls announcing martial law—that the city is in a "state of siege." All this means, can only mean, that civil war is officially recognized as imminent. Civil war means wide-spread killing, and when killing begins in Italy it is loath to stop. But something happens. The King looks out of his palace window and sees these placards: their appearance has a special meaning for him, since such a declaration requires his signature to a Royal Decree, and he has signed no such decree! Al-

ways this King had scrupulously regarded the limitations imposed upon the crown by the Italian constitution. But now at last had come a rich reward for years of conscientious deference to those limitations, for, by asserting his rights under that constitution, he can avert the armed clash of Italian against Italian and bring order out of imminent chaos. He sends for Prime Minister Facta, orders that there be instantly revoked this "state of siege" so unconstitutionally proclaimed, and accepts the resignation of the entire cabinet, whose continued vacillation in face of Red excesses had provoked the Fascist rising.

A plain man of the people, an editor of Milan, his father a blacksmith, Mussolini by name, commands the 60,000 black-shirted avengers of public order outside Rome. He received the Royal summons to come into the city for a face-to-face, man-to-man talk with this King of common sense, who recognizes in the blunt, straightforward patriot the exact type of leader needed at this national crisis, and appoints him Prime Minister to form a cabinet and take over the Constitutional Government. The revolution becomes an evolution, and civil war disappears from Italy. Not only is it a great moment in Italian political history, but what is much more significant, a dam against Bolshevism is thus erected in Europe.

Here is a fact which posterity will rank higher in political value than we are able to do—we are so close to the trees that we cannot see the forest! No matter how long or short a time this King may reign or when Mussolini may lose political control or be assassinated (for he breathes an atmosphere of threats) one outstanding fact will always remain—that just when a



Al Generale Shervell
con viva cordata —
Benito Mussolini
Roma, aprile...

Benito Mussolini, Prime Minister of Italy.

gloriously patriotic movement was confronted by the hideous necessity of civil war precipitated by the panic of a feeble government, a king of good, hard, common sense interposed, like the *deus ex machina* of a Greek drama, and saved the situation.

In passing, one wonders if all would have gone so well had this Fascist rising against Red excesses occurred in a republic headed by a president. When the revolutionary leader—another Mussolini—gained control of the republic's capital, must not that have meant the overthrow of the President? It would seem inevitable, for even a president with so little real power as a French president could not exist beside a Mussolini—a president is too little a symbol and too much a political factor. And what then? The President overthrown, this other Mussolini would become an acknowledged dictator—and the Napoleonic era begun all over again! Out of date for this century. No, Fascism, fortunately for all who yearn to see Bolshevism mastered in manful fashion, blossomed in a country where a king does the reigning, while the governing can be constitutionally conducted by the leader of such patriots as the Fascisti.

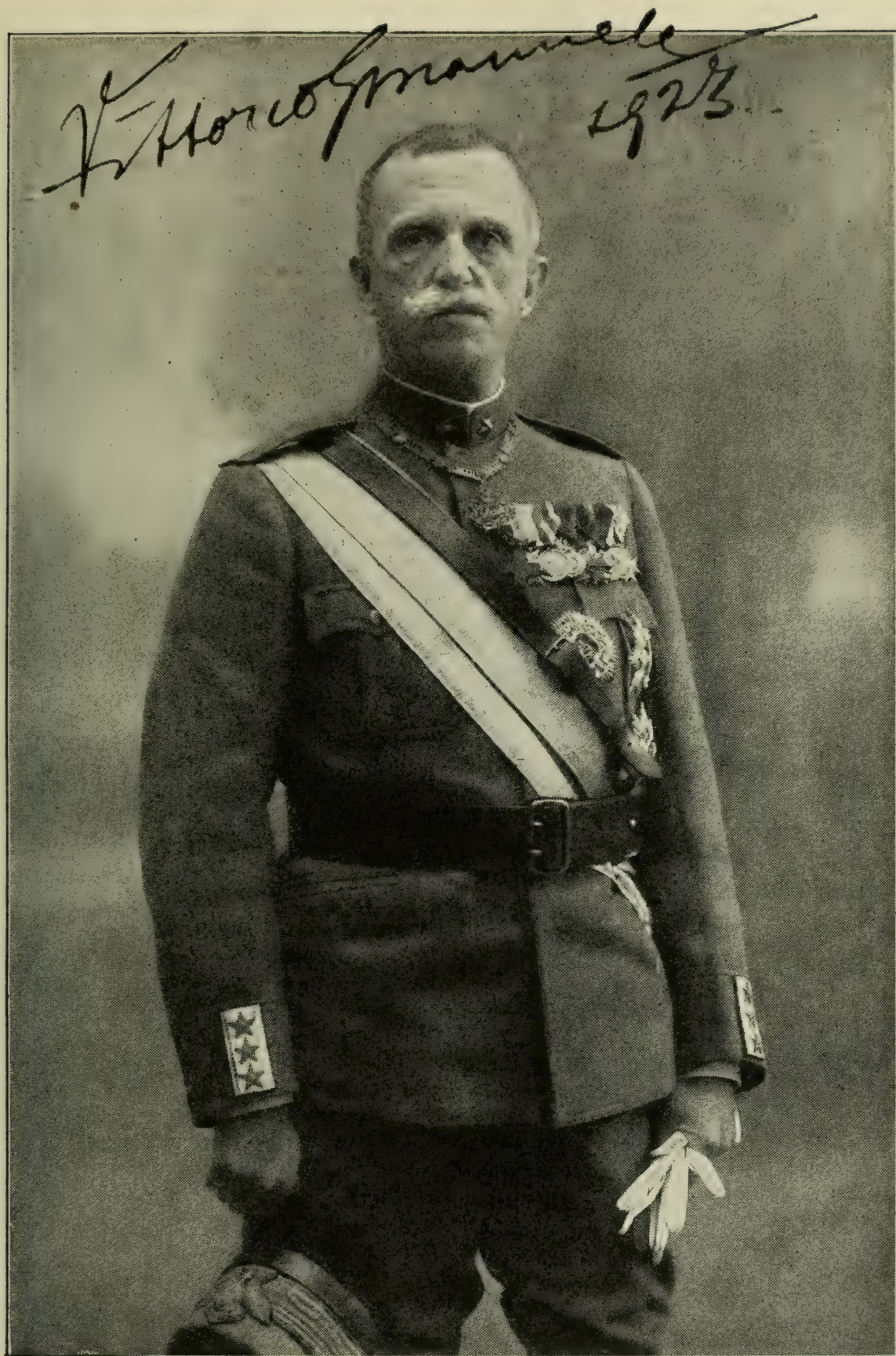
And we who look on and rejoice from the outside at the success of this anti-Bolshevich movement in Italy, let us not forget that the Black Shirts of the Fascisti have done as much for modern civilization the world over as the Red Shirts of Garibaldi did for the Italian problem of national unity. And signs multiply that in Mussolini there has developed a combination of Garibaldi and Cavour—an able steady-headed administrator following a deeply purposed leader of armed revolution. For months he has possessed greater power than has any other Italian Prime Minister, but no mistakes as yet—extraordinary!

There could hardly be a stranger contrast—physical as well as mental—than that between the two chief actors in this dramatic scene of which the world has talked so little, but will talk so much—King Victor Emmanuel III and Mussolini. When first seeing the King of Italy an American is apt to wonder why President Roosevelt ranked him so high among

the Kings of Europe after meeting so many. He is not of imposing proportions, nor does he strike the passing stranger as possessing those kingly attributes that history books teach republicans to expect in royalty. Not at all. But whoever meets him in private audience soon remarks his fund of common sense, his integrity of thought, his sense of duty, but above all his sterling simplicity. All this Roosevelt saw, and it won the great American. The King was at the front during most of Italy's participation in the war, mingling constantly with the soldiers in the trenches, and allowing himself such leaves of absence as the other officers received. Such is his modesty that he refused to take the High Command, leaving that to professional soldiers. It is not generally known that he was wounded in the hand by the bursting of an enemy shell—because he forbade its publication!

When one reflects upon the results of this King espying the unauthorized proclamation of martial law, and his sternly prompt action—practical patriotism in the broadest sense—there comes to one a feeling that all the preceding life of this modest sovereign had been but preparation for this psychological moment of great opportunity. He instantly did the right thing at the right time—did something that no one else had the right to do, and averted civil war. It was a moment in the history of a nation when steadiness and clearness of vision outvalued all showier traits. Italy, fruitful in that greatest of products, men, proved once more to have produced the man needed in a tragic crisis. The King acted, and Italy's advance, so rudely checked by Red Communism, again fell into orderly step. And who shall say that to-day she is not leading all the rest of us in the world struggle against Bolshevich propaganda!

And what shall we say of the loudly acclaimed hero of this drama, Mussolini the Great?—for a great man he certainly is. Did he create Fascismo, or only seize the leadership of a widely existing reaction against Red disorder encouraged by the truckling of a flabby government? Perhaps the best answer for American readers is that his relation to Fascismo resembles that of Roosevelt to Progressiv-



His Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel III.

ism—they both co-ordinated and provided central leadership for a leaven already existing, but needing leadership to become effective. Mussolini endowed with unlimited power wrung from a politically hostile parliament after a speech denouncing them to their faces—and yet he makes none of the expected mistakes of a dictator! His oratory is frankly, even rudely, anti-sentiment, anti-pussyfoot, anti-demagogic—indeed, when addressing a parliament that loves impassioned oratory, he hardly takes the trouble to make himself heard. Stern as he outwardly seems and clearly wishes to appear (it is silly to “look pleasant” at Red Bolshevism!) he certainly has another side. At least that is the impression left on the writer after two interviews with him. He is far from lacking a shrewd sense of humor. It is said that a distant cousin called at his ministry and asked permission to salute Mussolini, whom she had not seen for twenty years. He sent out word: “Tell her I am busy, but will be glad to see her if she will call back in another twenty years.” A saving sense of humor, even a grim one, is essential for overworked statesmen.

Perhaps the most striking thing about his Napoleonic head and face (stronger than Napoleon’s in the jaw) is that flashing glance of his that comes and goes and comes again, like light from a revolving lighthouse. It sticks in your memory.

My two conversations with him showed two entirely different men, externally as well as mentally—one turned toward the public on a public occasion, the other in the seclusion of his office—the political leader dressed for a palace appearance, and the administrator at his desk careless of attire. The first man was on view at the Quirinal Palace reception in honor of Princess Yolanda and her fiancé, Count Calvi di Bergolo, the evening before the wedding. The setting of the picture was regal in the extreme—the great courtyard crowded with arriving automobiles, inside the portal a giant guard of cuirassiers (the finest set of men I ever saw in uniform!), who came smartly to the salute whenever a uniformed guest entered, the superb apartments with their gorgeous tapestries and pictures, and—Mussolini standing in the first of a long series of

salons, in simple evening dress with only the green ribbon of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, a decoration hardly noticed, since all the other men wore so many more. Besides, do not forget that when the King offered him the one unassigned Collar of the Annunziata, greatest of all Italian honors, he waived it aside in favor of Tittoni, veteran statesman and ambassador, now President of the Senate. How long has it been since an Italian made so unselfishly graceful a *beau geste*! Notwithstanding the simplicity of Mussolini’s attire amid the brilliantly uniformed men and bejewelled ladies of the court, there was no mistaking his outstanding importance, for around him always crowded seekers for an introduction.

When next we met he was an entirely different person in looks, in speech, and in garb. It was in a large room in the Chigi Palace, now used as the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and therefore his office. It was only lately that the Foreign Office had been moved down from the Palazzo della Consulta (opposite the Quirinal), now about to lodge the Heir Apparent, the Prince of Piedmont. There sat Mussolini, deep in thought, behind a desk at the far end of the room, where he could “size up” each newcomer as he entered and advanced across the room. Plainly dressed in a far from new business suit, here in his seat of power (one had almost said—his lair!) one sensed the mental strength of the man and his power far more than when at the palace the great world fawned upon him. There he had borne himself haughtily, as befitted the leader of bold uprising in face of great national danger. Here he was the thoughtful administrator, care-worn, almost glowering. At the Quirinal he had talked freely of the United States and intelligently too: “No, you do not yet need Fascismo against your Reds—your great problem is the assimilation of newly arrived citizens for which New York City is a melting-pot, a cocktail of foreign elements. As one goes west in your country it becomes more truly American, until on the Pacific slope it is entirely so.” This and more in the same vein, but all of America, and that which all around might hear. At the Chigi Palace the talk was different. There he seemed always think-

ing of Italy. When the talk turned on things foreign, such as the great Preparedness Parades of 1916 in America, it was because of the usefulness of public demonstrations in meeting Italy's problems. He knows that his life is in constant danger, and glories in the fact. Of course a man takes his life in his hands when he discharges 60,000 superfluous railway employees and another 60,000 in other government offices. Are these 120,000 and their families feeling pleasant about losing an easy living? And Mussolini has not yet finished purging the rolls of office-holders! He has come out strongly against government ownership of such public utilities as railways, telephones, etc. In Italy they have always been run at a loss, and he is for amputating this chronic deficit. He is a strong believer in private initiative, and insists that private enterprise be encouraged, so that competition under proper supervision may afford incentive to increase national production. Production, and still more production! that is his constant appeal and demand.

He has recently pointed out that though Italy lacks raw products she is rich in laborers, and he believes that Italian labor should be helped to reach its best market. Mussolini insists that Italy can profitably export labor for the Argentine harvests and again in the same year for those of North America, possible because South American seasons are the opposite of ours. Thus Italian manpower could benefit its own pocket-book, and at the same time increase the wealth of two foreign countries. Rather a practical bit of applied economics this, exporting labor to the labor market where and when the demand is greatest, and therefore the price highest. Because this export of Italian labor is so profitable, one hears much criticism there of our recent laws restricting the number of emigrants we will admit. Italy says we admit raw products from other lands, so why not her product of raw labor!

But why had Mussolini swung over from extreme socialism to decided conservatism? Like many another European Socialist he has found that radical policies read well, but do not work out in practice. It must be admitted that nowadays,

when all are applauding Mussolini, bald logic demands that we revise our opinion of Henry IV of France, Henry of Navarre—whom readers of historical novels have long abused as flippant for saying "Paris vaut une messe," when changing from the Huguenot to the Catholic religion to gain a crown and a capital. Mussolini began as a Socialist, anti-church, anti-monarchy, anti-private property. Now he is pro-church, pro-King, and against government ownership of public utilities. So advanced was his radicalism that he was expelled from Switzerland by a governmental decree, which same decree had to be annulled before he, as Italian Prime Minister, could attend the International Conference this winter at Lausanne. Here was a change of noteworthy proportions.

It will greatly benefit certain smug folk the world over if they will only investigate why Mussolini made this great swing in his politics, for thus will they learn the hideous conditions that Red Communism had brought to Italy in 1919. Perhaps they will then begin to look about them at home! In many a land, even in the United States, are sinister outcroppings traceable to Soviet propaganda paid for by Red money—Red in more than one sense of the word. Already one English Labor newspaper has been proved to be Soviet-financed. How much Soviet is there in Britain's Labor party to-day? It certainly has made no such splendid anti-Soviet pronouncement as the American Federation of Labor.

Perhaps American and English readers will have forgotten the hideous state of affairs just before the Black Shirts struck. The Red Socialists, finding the government unwilling or unable to repress them, advanced from one excess to another. They seized factories, placarded them "Fabbrica internazionale socialista" and hoisted the Red flag. Nor did they stop at attacking property. At Turin a Red Tribunal, composed partly of women, caused men to be thrown alive into the blast-furnaces. Seizure of private property spread from the towns out into the country, and peasants everywhere laid hold of their masters' stores of grain, oil, etc. Especially incensed were the Socialists against officers or men in uniform,

who were everywhere set upon, men beating them and women spitting in their faces. They were thrown out of railroad trains, for the Socialists had seized the railways, and no train was allowed to start if there was a uniform on board. The absurd government at Rome met this by instructing the military to travel in mufti! Some sailors discharged from a man-of-war at Leghorn, forbidden the trains, hired two motor lorries to carry them to their homes in Florence. They were ambushed half-way by a band of Socialists, men and women, and literally torn to pieces, every last one of them, with all the excesses of the French revolution—the women ripping off ears with their teeth, etc. Above many a town-hall the Red flag was waving undisturbed by the futile government. Later the Fascisti forced over 500 Communist mayors to resign. Everywhere respectable folk were being shot down in the street, and attempted reprisals only increased the disorder. In Milan, Turin, Florence cannon and machine-guns began to be used in the streets.

Walls everywhere were placarded with "Abasso il Re—Evviva Lenin" (Down with the King—Long live Lenin). Why did the Reds thus contrast Lenin, brutal boss of organized murder and plunder, with a king against whom as a man no one had ever voiced a reproach? Because they selected the King as the best symbol of stable enlightened government, and Lenin, head of the Russian Terror, as symbol of the unpractical and ruinous Communism that has devastated Russia. Is it any wonder that Mussolini and his men took up this challenge and made their choice? Very well, said they; as against Red Communism we swing round to the King as a symbol of stable government. The Reds abolished religion, most of all in the schools. Very well again, said the Fascisti—we turn back to religion and replace the crucifix as symbolizing decency versus indecency.

It was just because those very Reds taught Italy to recognize the King as a symbol of government and the church as a figurehead for decency that the Fascisti turned to espouse these causes trampled on by the Reds. "Men are perhaps tired of liberty, they have had an

orgy of it" said Mussolini, "if necessary we will march calmly over the partly decomposed corpse of liberty. Take force away from government, and it will be at the mercy of any organization bent on its destruction. Liberty is not an end, it is a means." For such talk as this, there is need everywhere to-day. It is no wonder that Lenin has said that there is not room in the world for Bolshevism and Fascism at the same time!

When Alexander II was assassinated in Petrograd, three of the guilty were executed. When the Soviet Commissar of Moscow was shot a year ago, the Soviet Cheka executed 23,000! Terror or stable government—that is the choice offered the world to-day, and the choice was swiftly made by the youth of Italy with Mussolini at their head. How young and how few made up this gallant Giovinezza was truly amazing. A decided majority were under twenty-one, while many were only fifteen or sixteen. It takes but a few of the right sort to leaven a nation, a vastly valuable lesson taught by these handfuls of Black Shirts. Thirty-two of them armed with revolvers marched into Ancona, and took the government of the city away from the Red usurpers. Even after many such successes there were only about 50,000 Fascisti that made their triumphal march into Rome. They took less than seven hours to pass the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier. For drilled troops marching sixteen files front to regulation time, seven hours means 60,000, and photographs prove this splendid defile to be less than that total. A few indeed, but what a select and gallant company of patriots, marching in advance of civilization's greater legions that must rally to defeat Bolshevism wherever it raises its hideous head.

The greatest change of all in Mussolini is one presenting great significance to Americans to-day. He was born and bred an Internationalist. He has become an ardent Nationalist. "Italy gives nothing for nothing," declares this intensely Italian Prime Minister. And when one speaks of the League of Nations, he smiles!

The fact that Fascismo has replaced in the schools crucifixes, emblems of that re-



His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

ligion which the Reds abolished, brings us to consider two other personages of world distinction who reside in Rome, first His Holiness Pope Pius XI, head of that tremendous organization the Roman Catholic Church, and then after him, Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State. What is their part in the anti-Bolshevic crusade?

Professor Boni, who has done so much during his long life to bring to light the Forum in its ancient condition, and now in his sunset years inhabits a small villa overlooking it, told me this pleasant story: One day there came to this villa a great churchman of Milan, a deep student and learned writer. They fell to discussing the benefit to the mind of reasonable bodily exercise, and the professor urged the prelate to write out what classical study had taught him that the dance as practised devotionally by the ancients might do to help the mind. The promised writing was never done, and why not? The prelate, made Cardinal of Milan, was shut up in the Vatican to help elect the new Pope, and it was upon himself that the choice fell!

The benignant countenance of Pope Pius XI is so well known that comment thereon is superfluous. The writer had the great honor of being received twice in audience, and the chief impression he carried away was the personal interest the Pope seemed to feel in each individual rather than in the group in the throne-room before which he slowly moved, extending his hand to each. Especially do I remember his interest in two little Chinese girls and the message of personal greeting he bade them carry back to their distant home. The kindliness of the man is at once apparent to every one, and from such a character all untoward incidents glance off. Sometimes there are odd happenings at these audiences, attended as they are by representatives of all nations. We ourselves saw one; the Pope extended his hand for an Englishman to kiss his ring, but instead the hand was cordially shaken! Needless to say, this did not ruffle the Papal benignity.

There is a distinct difference between the impression one receives from a Papal audience and one with any other sovereign. During the former, one cannot but

sense the long succession represented by the Pope, while with the latter the impression is individualistic and personal, no matter how impressive—or the reverse!

Mussolini as Minister for Foreign Affairs heads the Italian Government Foreign Office, but we must not forget (any more than he forgets!) that there is just as well trained and active a foreign office lodged in the Vatican as that in the Chigi Palace. There are residing in Rome accredited to the Vatican almost as many ambassadors and ministers as are sent to the Quirinal. In a few cases the former are of lower rank than the latter. For example, there is a British ambassador to the Quirinal and a British minister to the Vatican, and so it was with Russia before the war. France, who, like the United States to-day, used to have no Vatican representative, two years ago, during the Prime Ministership of Briand, sent thither an ambassador, in addition to their veteran Ambassador to the Italian Government, Camille Barrère, who has served his country so admirably there for over twenty years.

Cardinal Gasparri, charged with the Foreign Affairs of the Papacy as its Secretary of State, is indeed a striking personality. His apartments in the Vatican, one flight up from the Cortile di San Damaso, are just beneath those occupied by the Pope, so every one going to an audience with His Holiness passes the Cardinal's door as he mounts the ample stairway guarded by Swiss retainers garbed in their ancient yellow-red-and-blue uniform designed by Michael Angelo. The Cardinal generally receives visitors in audience between six and seven-thirty P. M. One waits in the council room or consistory, where eleven large silver inkwells marking the places at table of the Papal cabinet officers are less impressive than the framed prayer to the left of the presiding officer, its Latin bespeaking Divine guidance for all deliberations there held. From this spacious apartment with charming aspect across the Piazza di San Pietro and out over Rome, one is ushered into a small room alongside, the Cardinal's reception-room. It contains a desk on one side, a sofa and a couple of chairs on the other. After the greeting, the



Al Signor Generale Carlo Bernini
 Onagro di Piazza St. Pietro
 Pietro Card. Gasparri
 Roma 2. 11.

G. Filippi
 Roma

Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State.

Cardinal seats himself on the sofa, with the visitor facing him on a chair. Here is a powerful personality, but wearing easily his power. Heavily built and of an agreeable countenance, but in it one sees all that a Scotch Presbyterian means by the word Papacy. Indeed, if it be not indiscreet of a Protestant, Cardinal Gasparri seems to us outsiders to be the Papacy incarnate. Perhaps the most striking feature of his face is the natural upward and outward tilt of the heavy eyebrows—almost Mephisto-like! This great churchman likes simplicity. It is told that when he was first elevated to this high office there promptly called a certain Count Gasparri, who expressed vast pride in the honor come to their select name. "But I come of a large family of sheep raisers" objected the Cardinal. "Numerous almost as our large herds—indeed it has long been a problem with us as to whether the good Lord made the numerous sheep for the Gasparris, or the numerous Gasparris to tend the sheep."

Our talk fell upon the International Chamber of Commerce Congress recently held in Rome, and from his sound and shrewd comments it was easy to see that he was essentially practical, and believes in the wisdom that produces results. Lost motion does not interest such a mind as his. There is an element of repose in

his countenance that one is not accustomed to see in the faces of those distinguished men who conduct the Foreign Affairs of their respective countries.

Rumor has it not only in Rome, but also elsewhere in Europe, that the leaders of Bolshevism are seeking to buy an alliance with the Papacy by delivering lock, stock, and barrel the machinery of the Greek Orthodox Church. Of course one hears that certain conditions are attached, some possible, others seemingly impossible (reading of the mass in the vernacular instead of Latin, abolishing the celibacy of the clergy, etc.); especially in Prague and Belgrade does one hear of this movement. This Bolshevistic scheme for the lion to lie down with the lamb will meet careful analysis from the Papal Secretary of State, for the Gasparris, as we have seen, have long training in the care of sheep! Indeed, one would fancy Bolshevism's chances with Cardinal Gasparri no better than they are with Mussolini and the Fascisti.

No matter what be one's religious affiliation, it seems clear that in Italy the church stands side by side with the present state in a common crusade against Bolshevism. In the lead are the Fascisti, those gallant Black Shirts whom modern civilization applauds and will, if need be, follow.

Song of Youth

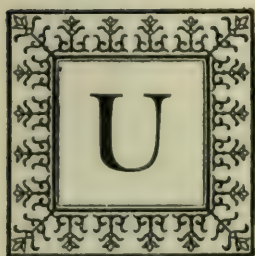
BY EDITH BURR

THE streets of Florence changed beneath the sun
 When Giovinezza set her mystic seal
 Of melody upon the air — I feel
 The youthful voices have their guerdon won;
 Of glowing threads their fiery theme is spun.
 That daring cry of joy that would reveal
 The onward path of truth with love's appeal;
 That cry of youth, a renaissance begun.
 A chord is struck alive and quivering
 Against my soul; which soon will thunder past
 The outward verge of every land; will cry
 The glory of Italia; will sing
 The flowering of her hope; in song forecast
 A golden day of beauty drawing nigh!

Seeing the Invisible

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

Director Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics; Chairman Administrative Council,
California Institute of Technology



UNTIL very recent times most of our information about our own world and the whole of our knowledge of the myriads of other worlds, in comparison with which ours occupies a place of utter insignificance, has been gained by the sense of sight. Only within a few years has man learned to detect, and in a measure to read, the ether messages which are coming in to him from all sides, but to which his senses are not attuned—to which his eyes are stone-blind, and his ears stone-deaf. Poets have sung about the music of the spheres, but only very recently has man, whether poet or ploughman, learned that it actually exists, and that any man may hear it as soon as his deaf, earthly ears are touched by the magic wand of science. It is the story of this recent dropping of the scales from man's eyes and the un-stopping of his ears that I am going to try to tell.

Did you ever stop to think what an amazingly limited sense is that upon which in the past we have had to depend entirely for our ether messages—namely the sense of sight? What is it to which our optic nerves respond in the act of seeing? This is perhaps the most fundamental and the most universally interesting query of physical science. It is the first question which forces itself upon the awakening mind of the child as he receives the glorious warmth and the brilliant light of the sun. It is due—so men have said—to a swarm of swiftly flying corpuscles, or other material emanations, which are shot from luminous bodies and stimulate the sensation of sight when they strike the retina. This is the simplest possible theory. Why not adopt it? It is what the Greeks thought, and what even the great Newton held. Indeed, it

was quite orthodox physics up to the year 1802 A. D. But beginning with that year the corpuscular theory has been repeatedly and conclusively disproved, so we moderns think. If it were correct, the velocity of light coming from a star which is moving rapidly toward the earth would be greater than the velocity of light from a star which is moving rapidly away from it. For in the first case the corpuscle would fly through space with the speed of its own ejection *plus* the speed of the star ejecting it, while in the second case it would clearly move toward the earth with the speed of ejection *minus* the speed of the star. Whether there is in fact such a difference between the speed of light coming from a body which is moving toward the observer and one moving away from him has been tested with every possible refinement of modern measurement, both when the light comes from double stars, one of which is moving toward and the other away from us, and when it comes from rapidly moving terrestrial sources—artificial double stars rotating on the rim of a wheel. But in all these experiments the light has always been found to travel with a speed of exactly 299,860 kilometres per second (186,350 miles) even though the change in the speed of the source in the case of some double stars has been as much as 300 kilometres per second, which is much more than sufficient to render the difference observable if it existed.

We know therefore from these, as well as from other experiments, that the speed of light, like the speed of sound, is altogether independent of whether the source which emits it is at rest or in motion. This is a fact of the greatest significance for the solution of the problem as to what it means to see an object. For it shows that light has some properties which are quite like those of sound. When we look further we find that light is like sound in an extraordinary number of respects.

Thus sound travels through air with a speed of 1,100 feet per second, through water with four times, and through steel with fifteen times this speed; *in a word—through any medium with a speed which is determined solely by the physical characteristics of the medium itself*, and is quite independent of the condition of rest or motion, or of any other characteristics of the emitting body. *Precisely the same is found to be true of light*, but with this notable difference, that, while sound cannot travel at all through a vacuum, light travels with the greatest ease, as everybody knows, not only through the best vacuum which we can produce artificially, but from sun to earth and from star to star, that is, through interstellar space, which is a void so perfect that the planets and stars are not retarded at all, so far as we can find, in their motions through it. This fact alone makes it necessary to assign to *space* one at least of the characteristic properties of a material medium, namely, the property of transmitting light with a speed which is independent of everything except the properties of the medium. But to be thus forced to talk continually about the properties of that which *by definition* has no properties at all except that of extension, namely empty space, is a sort of hibernianism which was thoroughly distasteful to our hard-headed British and Dutch scientific ancestors. Hence they introduced the idea of an all-pervading ether, the sole property of which was to transmit light with its constant and characteristic speed of 186,350 miles per second. The ether, when so defined, is then scarcely a theory at all; it is merely a word to describe the experimental fact of the independence of the velocity of light upon the velocity of the source, and this fact is much more certainly established to-day, in spite of the appearance of the famous doctrine of relativity and of all the sins that have been committed in its name by both scientists and laymen, than it was a hundred years ago. For, though the experimental discoveries which go under the names of the Michelson and Morley experiment, the Trouton and Noble experiment, etc., which called forth the theory of relativity, had not been predicted by the ether theory, and were in fact difficult

to reconcile with a certain particular form of it, yet every relativist is to-day obliged to *attribute to space every property which the early physicists, and most later physicists, have attributed to the ether*, and no one has ever suggested any logical way to avoid doing so. We may, of course, drop the word ether, if we wish, and assign all its established properties to all-pervading space, but most physicists have as yet found no particular satisfaction in playing ostrich in this fashion.

I shall make no apologies then for writing about ether-waves and their properties precisely as I should have done if relativity had never been heard of. Indeed, the analogy between sound-waves and light-waves, and, therefore, the necessity for thinking in terms of some kind of an undulatory, light-carrying medium goes much farther than is brought out by the consideration of speeds of propagation alone. Strike middle *C* on a piano and the string begins to vibrate and to push the air adjoining it back and forth 261 times per second. Each of these pulses travels away through the air at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, so that at the end of a second there are 261 of them crowded into a sphere the centre of which is at the vibrating string, and which extends 1,100 feet in all directions from it. The distance between two adjacent pulses or wave-fronts is then $\frac{1100}{261}$, or about 4 feet, which is called the wave-length of middle *C*. If we had no other way of knowing that middle *C* has a frequency of 261 vibrations per second, we could at once determine it by finding how far from a reflecting wall the ear would need to be placed to find the point at which the incident and the reflected waves would interfere with and destroy one another. This distance is obviously one-half a wave-length, since at the instant that one pulse strikes the wall the one just behind it is one wave-length away from it, and must be met by the returning pulse at one-half this distance from the wall; so that we could at once compute the frequency of middle *C* by dividing the velocity of sound by twice this distance. Now it was in 1802, that Thomas Young first showed with complete conclusiveness that light-waves interfere with one another in this way precisely as do sound-waves.

The distance, however, from a reflecting wall at which the first point of interference occurs was found to be extraordinarily minute, namely only about three ten-thousandths of a millimetre (a millimetre is one twenty-fifth of an inch) in the case of yellow light. This means that the wave-length of yellow light is .0006 millimetre, and hence that the vibrating source which gives rise to yellow light has a frequency which is obtained by dividing the velocity of light, measured in millimetres, namely 299,860,000,000 by .0006, which gives the stupendous number, 500,000,000,000, for the number of vibrations per second executed by the source of the ether-waves which, when they beat against the nerves of the eye, are translated by it into the sensation of yellow light. The immensity of this number reveals at once the extreme minuteness of the bodies whose motions send out the ether-waves which enable us to see, for only a body of well-nigh infinitesimal mass could possibly send out such a number of vibrations per second. The radiating bodies are indeed electrons, the smallest entities which, so far as we now know, exist at all.

The lowest note upon a piano vibrates about thirty times per second, while the highest vibrates but about seventy times as fast or 2,100 times per second. This seems to us a note of very high pitch. But the pitch of yellow light, measured by vibration frequency, is more than 200,000,000,000 times as high as this. In order to deal with numbers which are small enough to be intelligible, it is better, however, to consider not the number of vibrations per second, which in the case of ether-waves is equivalent to the number of waves (crests and troughs) which are found in a length of 300,000 kilometres (186,000 miles), but rather the number of waves in one millimetre (one twenty-fifth of an inch). This is clearly the reciprocal of the wave-length expressed in millimetres, *i. e.*, $1/.0006$ or about 1,700. A train of ether-waves then, which, when it strikes the human eye produces the sensation of yellow, has 1,700 crests or troughs to the millimetre.

Now the narrowness of the sense of sight is clearly brought out by the fact that the human eye cannot respond at all

to less than 1,350 waves per millimetre, nor to more than 2,500. The corresponding wave-lengths are .00074 millimetre and .0004 millimetre, which are usually written 7,400 angstroms and 4,000 angstroms, the angstrom being the name which we give, in honor of an outstanding Swedish physicist, to a new light-wave yardstick which, as will be seen from the foregoing figures, is one ten-millionth of the length of a millimetre. Seven thousand four hundred angstroms correspond, then, to the deepest red color which can be seen at all, and 4,000 angstroms to the most extreme violet. While, then, the ear can respond to frequencies from about 16 to 16,000, or has a frequency range *a thousand* times that of the lowest frequency which it can recognize as a definite tone, the eye has a frequency range of less than *two times* the lowest frequency to which it can respond. In other words, while even a piano has a range of more than six octaves, the human eye has a frequency range of slightly less than one single octave. All of our knowledge of what is going on in other worlds, and most of our knowledge of what is going on in this, has in the past been gained from waves which chanced to fall upon our eyes within this exceedingly narrow range of frequencies. Have unperceived messages been coming to us in waves outside this range? A hundred years ago no one knew.

Then came two developments which, though they have not been responsible for the extraordinary extension of the range of our perceptions which has recently taken place, were, nevertheless, the tools without which but little of this progress would have been possible. The one has been the indispensable servant of the physicists who have pushed out into the region of the ultra-violet, the other of those who have explored the mysteries of the infra-red. The first is the photographic plate, which responds in general only to frequencies or pitches higher than those of the visible, the other is the thermopile, which is capable of seeing only in the dark regions of the infra-red. In 1881 Langley, director of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, first explored systematically the low-frequency ether-waves—the so-called heat-waves—which

come to us from the sun, and found what he called a "new spectrum." Up to 1881, no one had ever found waves of lower frequency than 600 per millimetre, but Langley found that the sun's radiations extended all the way down to 190 waves per millimetre. And ten years ago Rubens, late professor of experimental physics in the University of Berlin, found that a quartz-mercury lamp, such as that made by the Cooper Hewitt Company in Hoboken, emitted waves having a frequency as low as 3 per millimetre. So that the whole frequency region of ether-waves from 3 vibrations per millimetre to 1,350 per millimetre has now been quite fully explored. It will be seen that this region, though it is two hundred times as big in terms of the frequency ratios of its limits as the visible region, has, nevertheless, only about half the frequency range of the human ear.

Only five years after Langley's famous voyage into the infra-red, another theretofore unknown field of ether-waves was also brought to light and began to be explored. It was in 1886 that Heinrich Hertz first proved that it was possible to produce artificially, by means of electric discharges between plates or spheres, ether-waves which travel with exactly the velocity of light and are in every respect identical with light-waves except that their wave-length is very much longer. These are the waves which every young wireless enthusiast now picks up on his receiving set as he reads his wireless messages from Arlington or Panama, from Paris or from Nauen, and the waves with the aid of which the bedtime story is being broadcasted at seven o'clock each evening from Pittsburgh, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other centres of population for the delight of both childhood and age. These waves are produced by the oscillation of electrical charges back and forth between the condenser plates in a period which can be controlled by changing the size (*i. e.*, the capacity) of the plates, or by varying the dimensions of the pipe which connects them (the resistance and self-induction of the circuit). By making the oscillating electrical system just as minute as possible, mere pin-points with electrical sparks passing between them, ether-waves of this kind have very re-

cently been produced and measured which have a wave-length as small as .6 millimetre—in other words, there is a gap represented by a frequency factor of but about 2 between the longest infra-red waves given off by a quartz-mercury lamp of wave-length .3 millimetre or frequency 3 per millimetre, and the shortest wireless waves which we have thus far been able to produce artificially of wave-length about .6 millimetre.* Among wireless waves themselves it is, of course, possible to produce a perfectly continuous series of wave-lengths from 3 millimetres up to infinity, those most commonly used in amateur wireless telegraphy having wave-lengths of between 50 to 350 metres; those used in long-distance telegraphy having wave-lengths of more than 3,000 metres.

This practically continuous passage from light-waves to the longest wireless waves requires that the same theory explain wireless waves and *static electrical fields* as well as light, since static fields are nothing more than wireless waves of infinite wave-length. But no one, so far as I know, has ever thought of regarding static electrical fields as corpuscular—another very good reason why the corpuscular theory of light is now completely in the discard. Indeed, no theory of radiation need hope, henceforth, to receive attention from scientific men which does not first reconcile itself with the three following fully established, experimental facts: (1) The independence of the speed of light upon the speed of the source; (2) the shortening of the wave-length or increase in the pitch of a note which is emitted by a source moving toward the observer (Doppler effect), and that in precisely the amount predicted by the wave theory; and (3) the practically continuous passage of explored ether-waves from the frequencies of light up to static electrical fields. It appears to be a practical necessity, not only for the purposes of the exposition of the facts of wireless, but for their understanding and correlation into a self-consistent scheme, to retain the terminology of ether-waves.

Since our lack of success thus far in completely closing up this gap between wireless waves and heat-waves is due

* This accomplishment is due to E. F. Nichols and J. D. Tear of the Nela Research Laboratory at Cleveland.

simply to the purely mechanical difficulty of making and working with more minute electrical oscillators than the pin-points previously mentioned, it is not improper to say that *the limits of perception of the human eye have been extended on the long wave-length side by the march of physical science during the past half century, so as to make it possible for us to acquire any knowledge which might come to us in practically any wave-length whatever, greater than that of the longest visible waves.* But despite the much-advertised attempts of Tesla and others to pick up wireless waves from Mars, there has been thus far no indication whatever that the music of the spheres, or of the hypothetical inhabitants of other spheres, is travelling through space in waves of the wireless type. No one, so far as is now known, has ever picked up any wireless waves save those generated by thunder-storms or by man himself. Man's knowledge at a given instant of what is going on in his own world has been marvellously advanced through the wireless art; for by means of it we can know here in the United States what is happening in every capital of Europe or Asia within a second or two of the time it happens, if we wish; but man's knowledge of other worlds than ours has not yet been enhanced by this development. So far as we have thus far been able to discover, the only waves of wireless lengths of any sort which are picked up on the earth are produced by standard artificial apparatus somewhere on the earth. So that, though the wireless is one of the most useful of all inventions in that it promotes international understanding and good-will through facilitating communications, and though it has been of great theoretical value in demonstrating the wave theory of light, it has not opened up new worlds to our perception.

Only less disappointing, too, have been the messages which have come to us in the infra-red. It is, indeed, stimulating and suggestive to know that there exist in nature not only in quartz-mercury lamps, but presumably also in the sun and stars, bodies which are continually sending forth through space notes of such low frequency as 3 waves per millimetre, and others of well-nigh all frequencies up to 1,350 per millimetre (the deepest red); but what

these bodies are we are not yet able to say with certainty—presumably heavy, charged molecules, or groups of molecules, which act like electrical doublets, rotating or vibrating under the influence of the violent impacts which they make with one another in the random motions which constitute heat.

But, turning now to the ultra-violet, voyagers who have explored this unknown region have come back with far different tales. Up to 1912, it is true, they had made but little progress. With the aid of the photographic plate and the fluorescent screen, made from some substance like uranium nitrate which, when struck with invisible ultra-violet rays, is stimulated to give off frequencies or notes which are in the visible, they easily pushed up as much as fifty years ago an octave beyond the visible, *i. e.*, from 3,700 angstroms or 2,700 waves per millimetre, which is just beyond the visible, up to 1,850 angstroms or 5,400 waves per millimetre. This region was explored with the use of quartz prisms for producing the spectra, glass prisms becoming in general opaque at about 3,000 angstroms or 3,300 waves per millimetre. But, in the opening up of this region, man found nothing of great interest. The mercury vapor lamp and other incandescent vapors were, indeed, found to emit great numbers of monochromatic radiations, *i. e.*, notes of perfectly definite pitches scattered throughout this region, but the Rosetta stone which was to unlock the meaning of these writings of nature was yet undiscovered. Further advance seemed blocked by the absorption of both air and quartz, which simultaneously become opaque to radiations at a wave-length of about 1,800 angstroms. In 1896, a wonderfully skilful German technician, Schumann, pushed on still farther by working partially in a vacuum. He produced his spectra with a grating—an instrument which does its work, not as does a prism, by the aid of the transmission of light through it, but rather by the aid of the reflection of light from a series of very fine lines ruled 15,000 to the inch by a diamond point on speculum metal. His source of light shone through a fluorite window into this vacuum where it fell upon the grating which formed a spectrum on a photographic

plate, also inside the vacuum. He thus pushed the limits of explored ether-waves from 1,800 angstroms down to 1,200 angstroms, the last of which corresponds to 8,500 waves per millimetre. But still the interpretation of the multitudinous notes which he heard way up in this region of very high pitch was a mystery. The music of the spheres was thus far a jumble

Schumann, heard the atoms of hydrogen and helium piping in shrill tones, but no light as yet as to the meaning of it all.

Then came the great discovery of Moseley—one of the very greatest in history in the insight it gives into the heart of nature. By shooting electrons with very high speeds produced in X-ray tubes with the aid of high electrical

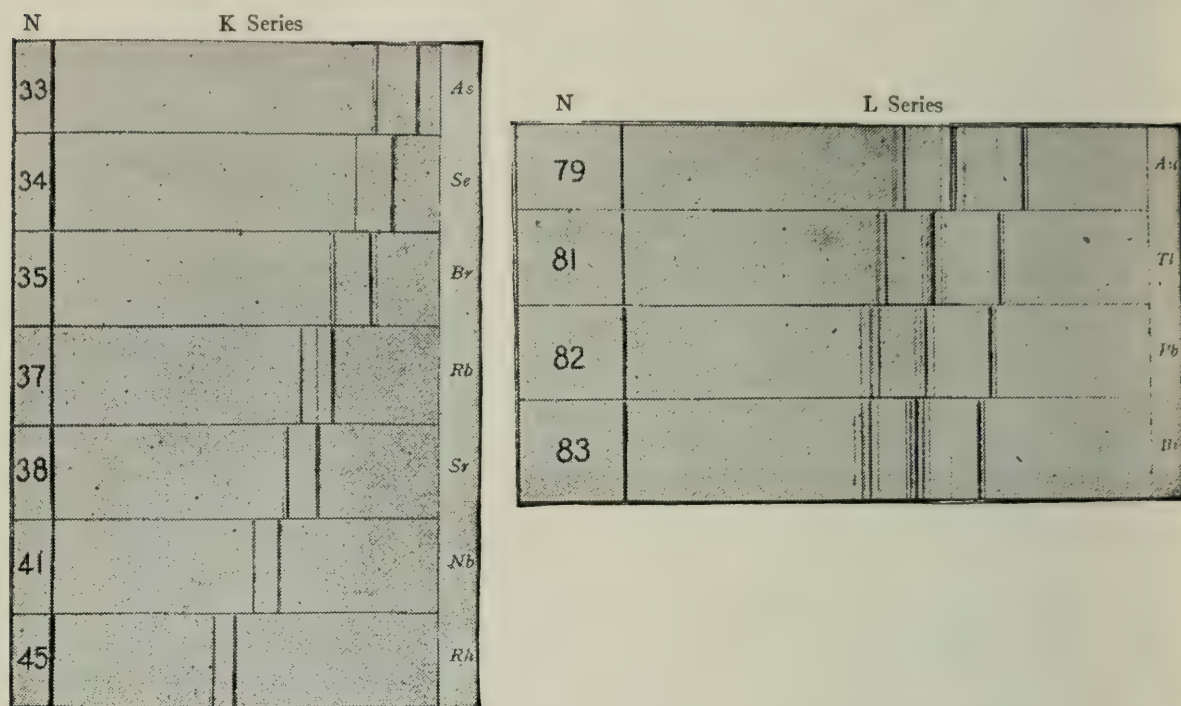


Fig. 1.—Photographs of the spectra of the characteristic X-rays from certain substances.

The remarkable element in these photographs is the exact similarity of the spectra produced by the different elements and the step-by-step shortening of the wave-length (which is proportional to the distance from the line on the left to the spectral lines) as the atomic number N (which is roughly proportional to atomic weights) increases. This is shown both in the K series, which is produced by the inmost pair of electrons in each atom, and the L series, which is produced by the group of eight electrons in the second ring or shell from the centre. The coincident lines in strontium and rubidium show that Sr is present as an impurity in Rb .

of noises, quite devoid of harmony. Then Lyman of Harvard improved upon Schumann's technique, and sailed still farther into the ultra-violet. He got rid of the fluorite window, the absorption in which had limited Schumann's progress and exhausted his vacuum-grating spectrometer to about the pressure usually existing in a geissler-tube—about one seven-hundredth of an atmosphere, and thus got the spectra due to glowing hydrogen and helium without any absorption other than that due to the millimetre or so of gas left in his spectrometer. In this way he pushed on just about an octave farther into the ultra-violet than Schumann had gone, but still the secret to the reading of the spectra was unrevealed. He too, like

potentials into different kinds of matter so that they could penetrate into the inmost regions of atoms, he stimulated the electrons in these inner regions to make their presence known by giving off each its characteristic note. These notes he analyzed with the aid of a photographic plate and a new instrument invented by the German physicist, Laue—a so-called crystal-grating spectrometer. The highest note that he could thus produce was not only unbelievably high, 10,000 times higher than the highest ultra-violet frequency which had up to that time been obtained, but more wonderful still, Moseley found all the different kinds of atoms singing, so to speak, the same chord, *i. e.*, emitting the same group

of notes, save that the pitches or frequencies of the whole group decreased in extraordinarily systematic fashion as he went from element to element. This wonderfully orderly progression of the elements, when arranged in the order of decreasing wave-length, can be seen and

1,000,000 waves per millimetre—to a wave-length of one-tenth angstrom, a frequency of a billion waves per centimetre, and throughout this whole region wonderful simplicity and order. To this day it seems almost too simple and unambiguous to be true. For nature is in gen-

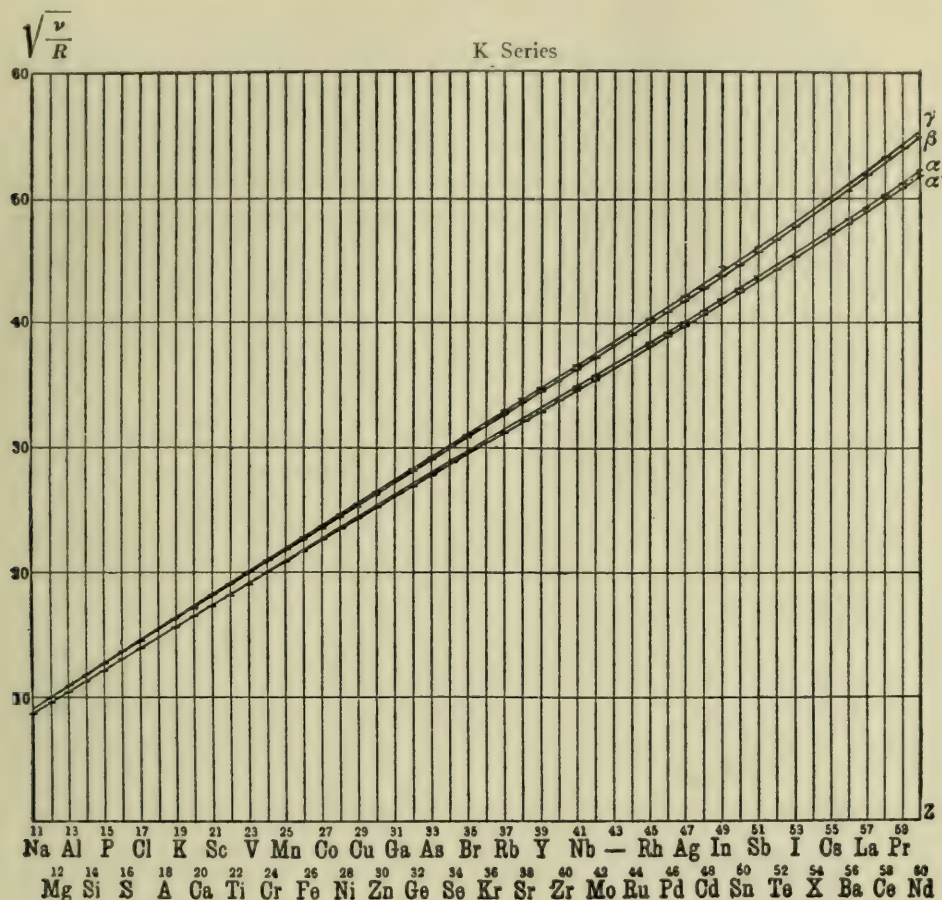


Fig. 2.—Atomic numbers and square roots.

This diagram shows the almost exact linear progression with the atomic numbers of the square roots of frequencies obtained from spectra like those shown in Fig. 1, starting with sodium, atomic number 11, up to neodymium, atomic number 60. Within this whole range there was only one step which does not correspond to an element which has been discovered and its characteristic spectra actually measured, namely, that corresponding to atomic number 43. Similar linear relations are found between any one of the characteristic lines of the L series, but these have been obtained by X-ray methods, only from atomic number 29 up.

admired by any one, in the diagrams shown in Figs. 1 and 2, in which the elements yielding higher and higher frequencies are arranged lower and lower down upon the page. Here was ethereal music of a frequency range far, far up above the visible, the existence of which had never been known before, and in which there was not noise or discord, but wonderful harmony which all could hear and understand. Far up above the ultra-violet, a region of X-ray frequencies had been opened up and explored from a wave-length of 10 angstroms—a frequency of

eral the most extraordinary coquette. She reveals just enough of herself to her lover to make him sure that he has got her, that he sees and understands her beauty, and then, as though she were afraid of becoming dull and monotonous to him, she is off on some utterly unintelligible caprice. Thus she draws us on in an intensely interesting, never-ending quest by just enough revelation to prevent despair, just enough concealment to prevent ennui. Never had she so nearly given herself up as when Moseley extended our senses so that we could see,

or hear, whichever figure one prefers, the ethereal vibrations set up by the electrons in the inmost regions of the atoms, and thus become familiar with their family

met progression in frequencies, in turn, must mean that the positive charge on the nucleus of these 92 atoms increases by the successive addition of a unit charge

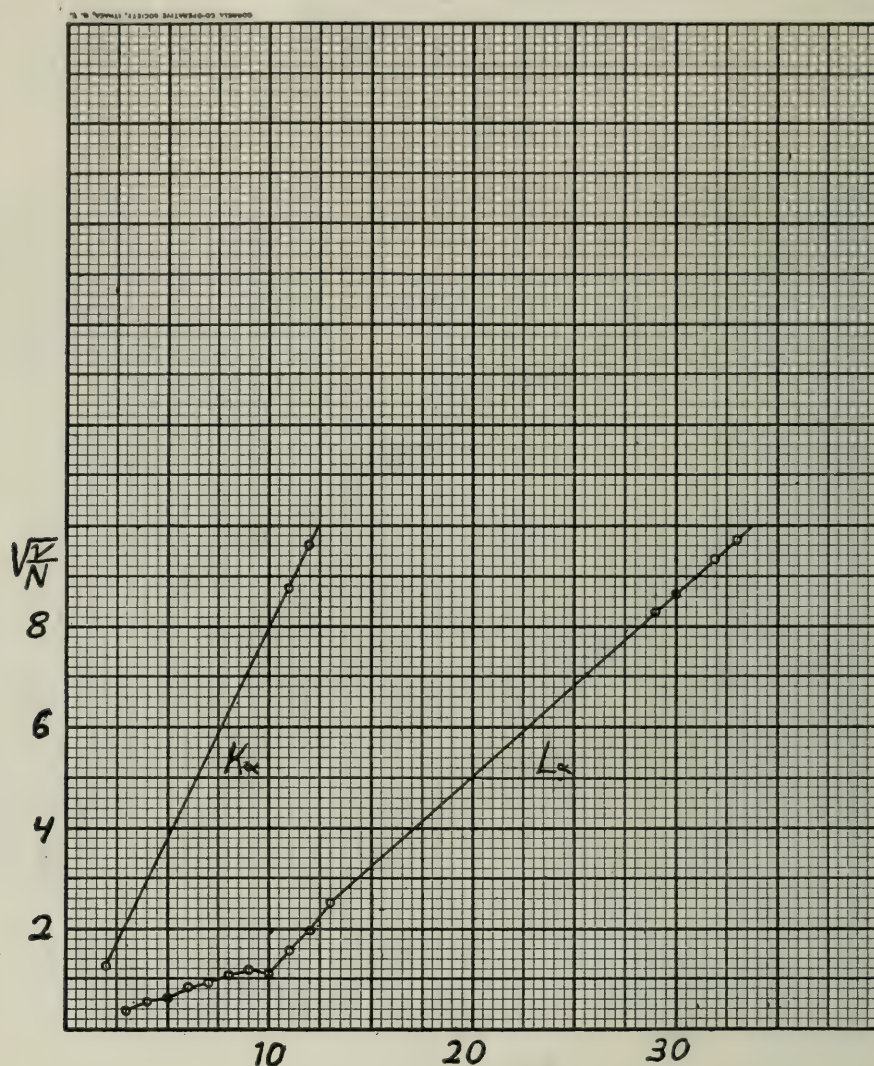


Fig. 3.—The atomic number N .

This diagram completes the Moseley diagram of Fig. 2 and, together with it, fixes the atomic number N of every element in nature from hydrogen (No. 1) to uranium (No. 92) by *spectroscopic evidence alone*, altogether without the aid of chemical properties. Atomic number is defined as the position of a given element in the evolutionary progression of the elements from hydrogen up as determined by the vibration frequencies of its constituent electrons, which constitute the only infallible criterion for this progression, though chemical properties have often been of great aid.

life. Here we found the simple, scarcely mistakable, evidence that there are just 92 elements in nature in the discovery that the frequencies (more accurately the square-root frequencies) of the inmost electrons in the different atoms move up by just 92 equal steps from hydrogen to uranium with only 4 or 5 steps of double width which correspond, no doubt, to as yet undiscovered elements.* This arith-

*The step from the lightest element, hydrogen, to the second lightest, helium, is not of exactly the same size as all the rest, but there is a reason for this simple divergence which is now well understood.

(one positive electron) from 1 up to 92, and this, in turn, means that the inmost electrons in the successive atoms send out their vibrations of higher and higher frequencies because they are in the stronger and stronger fields of force, due to these stronger and stronger nuclei, the arithmetic progression of positive charges on the nuclei being mirrored in the arithmetic progression of frequencies mentioned above. Again the fact that the highest frequency given off by the helium atom is exactly on the Moseley line connecting

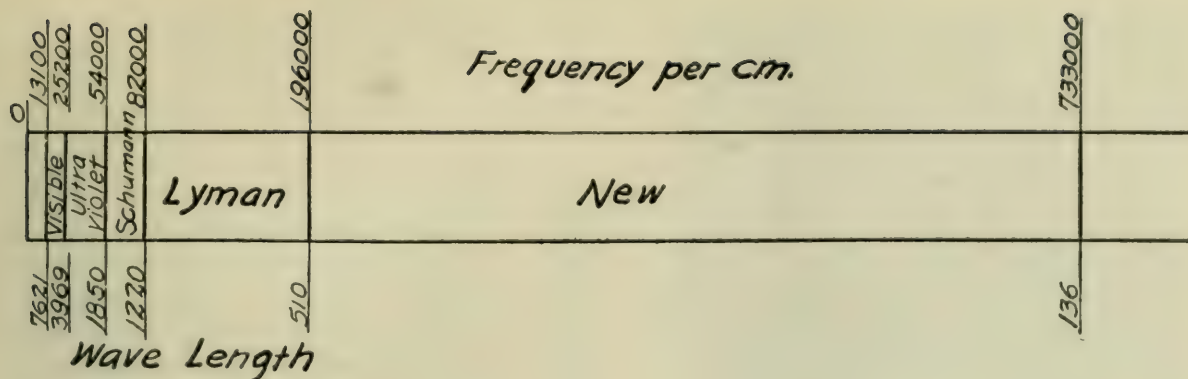


Fig. 4.—Distances from left to right are, in this diagram, proportional to the frequencies.

square-root frequency and atomic number—this line is shown in Fig. 3 (see line labelled *K α*)—is justification for the view that the electronic structure in the helium atom repeats itself in the inmost electronic ring, or shell of all atoms. But we know that helium contains just two electrons, for we can knock them both off and have left only the nucleus which is the alpha particle of radium.

Hence we infer that the inmost shell of all atoms contains two electrons. This is enough to show what an amazing fund of knowledge about the physical world has come to us within the past nine years because we have learned to hear the notes which the denizens of the subatomic world, the electrons, send out into the ether when they are stimulated to emit their characteristic pitches. Are waves of these high frequencies coming to our earth from the stars? Is this the very nature of the music of the spheres, or are these very high frequencies only stimulated artificially in our man-made X-ray tubes and the like? As yet we do not

know, though when some experiments which are now under way are completed we shall hope to have more light upon this point.

But those who opened up this intensely interesting field of X-ray frequencies, namely Laue and Moseley, using as their tools photographic plate and the so-called crystal grating, had not so much extended the region of explored frequencies, as jumped across by a great bound into a new region of ether frequencies. It remained to bridge the gap between the two domains, and in doing so to study the emitting properties of atoms whose natural frequencies were too low to be accessible to the Laue-Moseley method, too high to have been thus far accessible to the methods of ultra-violet spectroscopy. The attempt to bridge this gap was begun in 1916. By the use of high-potential sparks in practically a perfect vacuum between electrodes very close together, it was found possible to excite vibrations in the unexplored region and to analyze them and measure their wave-

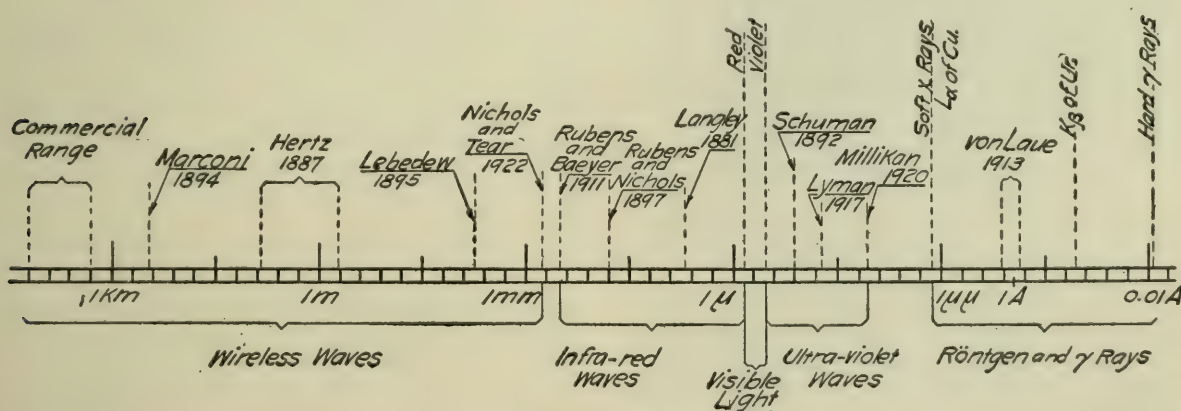


Fig. 5.—Range of frequencies.

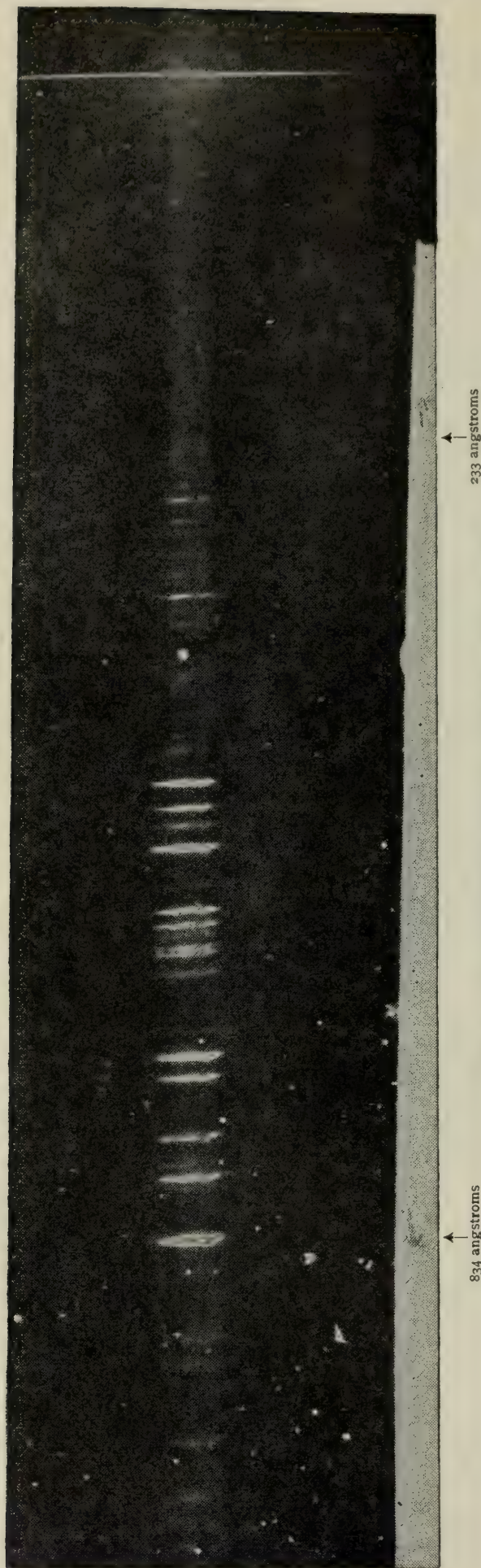


Fig. 6.—The characteristic spectrum due to the atom of oxygen.

This starts about 230 angstroms on the short wave-length side and reaches a maximum of intensity in the very powerful line above the arrow at the left, which has a wave-length of 834 angstroms. This is the first time this spectrum has ever been seen on the printed page. Indeed, I think no lines which could be reproduced have ever before been obtained at shorter wave-length than about 700 angstroms.

length or frequencies with a modified diffraction grating with the results shown in Fig. 4. These results have all been obtained within the past two and a half years, two of my pupils, Mr. Ralph Sawyer and Mr. I. S. Bowen, ably assisting me in obtaining them. In this diagram, distance from left to right represents the number of waves (crests and troughs) per centimetre. Two years ago the "farthest north" in the ultra-violet lay at wave-length 510 angstroms, or frequency 19,600 waves per millimetre; now it is at 136 angstroms, or 73,300 waves per millimetre, or very nearly four times as far up in the ultra-violet as it was two years ago.

The result to date of all this work upon the extension of the range of man's perception may be stated thus: The whole range of possible vibration frequencies which can be transmitted by the ether has been explored from the zero frequencies, infinitely long wave-length, of the slowest possible electrical disturbances of the type used in wireless telegraphy, up to frequencies of the highest-pitch X-rays, which reach the stupendous value of 1,000,000,000 per centimetre, with only two little narrow gaps, the first between wireless waves, which now stop at a wave-length of .6 millimetre, and heat-waves, which now begin, so far as our measurement are concerned, at .3 millimetre, two times as far up, and the second between ultra-violet waves, which now stop at 136 angstroms and the longest X-rays measurable by the method of crystal spectroscopy, which start at 13 angstroms, ten times as far up, and extend up to frequencies about a hundred times as high as this. Fig. 5 shows a diagrammatic illustration of this whole range of frequencies prepared by Doctor Paul S. Epstein, who has been forced to use a logarithmic scale in order to get it

upon the page. Each of the smallest divisions upon this scale represents an octave of frequencies, that is, the frequency at the end of each of these small divisions of the scale is just double what it is at the beginning of this division.

In other words, so stupendous has been our advance in physical methods during the past forty years, and especially during the last ten years, that instead of being now limited to the extraordinary narrow range of perception with which nature endowed us when she made our eyes, and which was about all that we had as late as forty years ago, we have improved continually upon nature, until we are now in a position to read any ether messages that may come in to us in practically any frequency whatever from the limit 0 on one side to the limit 1,000,000,000 per centimetre, or 30 billion billions per second, which is the rate at which the electrons which are closest to the nucleus of the heaviest of all known atoms, the uranium atom, are sending out their inconceivably shrill notes.

It is this advance which has been responsible for most of the extraordinary increase in our knowledge of the physical foundations of this universe in which we live. It is chiefly by listening to the notes which the electrons within atoms emit that we have learned not only how many electrons are in the different kinds of atoms—that was Moseley's discovery—but also where the different electrons are. I have already given the evidence which we have that, in every atom from the second lightest, helium, up to the heaviest, uranium, atomic number 92, the inmost group of electrons consists of *a pair*. This pair is, of course, pulled closer and closer into the nucleus as the charge on that nucleus increases from 2 to 92 in the progress through the elements from helium to uranium; indeed, we think that the distance is inversely proportional to the charge. But other notes besides those emitted by the inmost pair can also be discerned. In all the heavier elements it is found possible to excite another group of frequencies about one-seventh as high as those due to the inmost pair. This means that in all these atoms, at distances from the nucleus which are presumably on the average four or five times farther

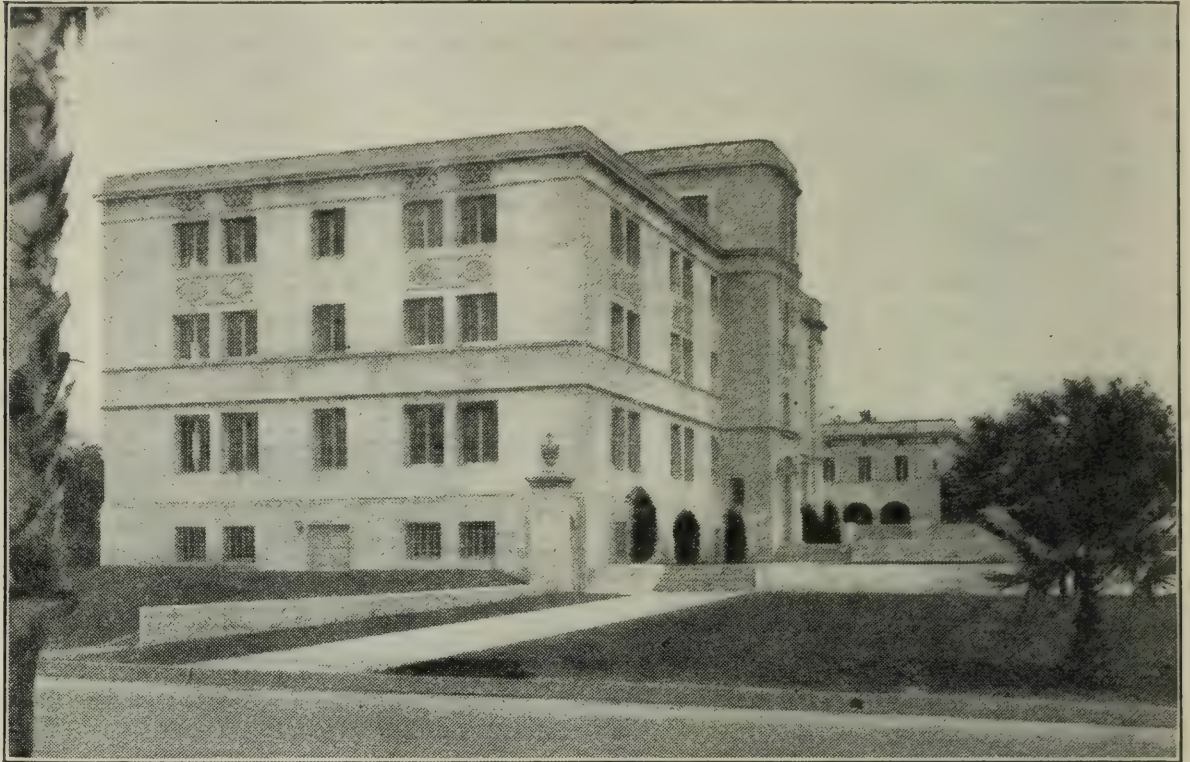
out than those of the inmost pair, there is another group or shell of electrons. Altogether convincing evidence that there are eight electrons in this second group, or shell, in the cases of all elements from uranium down to neon, is furnished by the foregoing studies in the ultra-violet as well as in other ways. For Moseley found this lower series of frequencies given off by the different elements to progress from element to element just as did the higher series, but he could only follow it from uranium down to zinc, atomic number 30, because here the ever-increasing wave-length becomes too large to be handled by the method of crystal spectroscopy. But in our recent extension of the ultra-violet, we have been able to pick up the notes emitted by the electrons in the second shell of the atoms of aluminum, magnesium, and sodium, never before observed, and these are found, as Fig. 3 shows, practically on the Moseley line of the *La* series. (See lowest three circles on the straight part of the line labelled *La*, Fig. 3.) But at the element neon there comes a break, see Fig. 3, which shows quite independently of other evidence, of which there is a good deal, that the second shell of electrons repeats itself in all elements from uranium down to neon. Again, since there are but 10 negative electrons all told outside the nucleus of neon, and since 2 of these are near the nucleus, there must be just 8 electrons on the second ring or shell of all the elements from neon up to uranium. Below neon the second shell of 8 electrons is no longer complete, and this is nicely shown by the sudden break of the *La* line of the figure which occurs at atomic number 10 (neon).

One of the chief purposes of these new studies in the ultra-violet was to find, if possible, the characteristic notes which are emitted when the electrons in the incomplete outer shell of the atoms just below neon are stimulated to make their presence known. *The results revealed the same orderly progression of spectra among these elements of low atomic number, even in this region of frequencies which extends clear up into the visible, as Moseley had found in his studies in the region of X-ray frequencies. So that their electronic frequencies alone, without assistance*

from any other properties, chemical or physical, have now revealed with certainty the place of every element in the orderly, step-by-step progression from the primordial element hydrogen to the heaviest element formed from it, uranium.

The way the group of lines characteristic of each element were disentangled in this most recent work from those of

grow weaker and weaker, as the metal became less and less oxidizable until they disappeared altogether in silver, it became certain that oxygen was their cause and that thenceforth we could identify all the notes given off under our form of stimulus by the 6 electrons in the outer shell of the oxygen atom. They were found to start on the short wave-length



Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, of which Professor Millikan is Director, and where the work described in his article is now being carried on.

other elements which were mixed with them as impurities is in itself an interesting story. The key to the solution was found in the fact which at first sight seemed very extraordinary that "chemically pure" aluminum and magnesium yielded spectra which were identical in every line between the wave-lengths 235 angstroms and 1,000 angstroms, while from 1,500 up to 4,000 angstroms they each showed their altogether distinct, characteristic spectra. This could only mean that these elements had no lines at all between 230 angstroms and 1,000 angstroms, and that the rich spectrum found in that region was due to some common impurity. When all oxidizable metals were found to give these same lines, and when these lines were found to

end at about 230 angstroms with a few weak lines, and to crescendo up to a very powerful note at 834 angstroms. (See Fig. 6.) We were then in position to identify all the notes given off by the 4 electrons in the outer shell of the carbon atom, since we could get carbon which was free from all impurities except oxygen and aluminum, whose lines were now known. This spectrum of the carbon atom was thus found to consist of a definite group of lines, which began feebly at about 360 angstroms and crescendoed, quite like the oxygen spectrum, up to a powerful maximum at 1,335 angstroms. From this pushing of both the starting-point and the end point, or point of maximum strength, toward higher wave-length as the charge on the nucleus passed from

8 (oxygen) to 6 (carbon), I predicted that the spectrum of the nitrogen atom, which had never been obtained at all up to that time, must be one whose lines occupied an intermediate position between oxygen and carbon, and which therefore had its line of maximum strength between 834 angstroms and 1,335 angstroms. Twenty-four hours later we found it with a beautiful strong maximum line at 1085.3 angstroms, just as predicted. We then sought the notes given out by the 7 electrons in the outer ring of the fluorine atom and found them, too, where they belonged, with their maximum at 657.2 angstroms. This progression of the strongest notes given off by all the atoms from the element lithium, which has but 1 electron in its outer shell up to neon, which has 8, is shown in the *La* line of the diagram 3 below the discontinuity which begins at atomic number 10.

The vision which man has seen through a study of all these electronic radiations is a very wonderful one, for the exact number of different kinds of atoms in this universe, the exact number of electrons within each of these 92 different kinds of atoms, the approximate position of each of these electrons within its atom—in a word, a roughly correct picture of the whole constitution of this marvellous subatomic world has burst within a very few years upon our sight, because the physicist has developed a technique with the aid of which he has learned to hear the characteristic notes which the electronic inhabitants of the subatomic world give out when they are induced to sing; or, shifting the picture from sound to sight, because man has learned to *see* the invisible radiations which the electrons within the atoms send forth into the ether.

Ghosts

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

You have familiar faces and warm hands,
You kindly women and you friendly men,
Who speak to me from long-remembered lands
That I have known and shall not know again.

You do not know that you are ghosts of dreams
Who once were flesh and blood,—you do not know
That you have no more being than bright gleams
Of winter sunlight on deep-drifted snow.

You cannot see what valleys and what hills,
You cannot see what sounding oceans lie
Between us in this room that laughter fills,
The while we greet and talk and say good-bye.

When you have buried what remains of me
In the brown earth below the wind-swept grass,
Cold carven marble will your witness be
That you were with me then, and saw me pass.

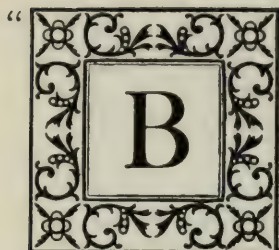
One year from now perhaps, or twenty more,
You will attend me on that last gray ride
And never know you did not close the door
And never know how long ago I died.

The Blue Hen's Chicken

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "Eneas Africanus," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY PITZ



RACE up, Dad! Just one more day of this, and we'll shake the dust of the city!"

The inner office door swinging to and fro behind the speaker, after the manner of

double-hinged doors, came to rest abruptly. On it the governor's eyes lingered a moment and his mouth twitched. His last glimpse of the boyish figure had caught the limp. Now they shifted to an open window and the Blue Ridge in the far distance. 'Wonderful heights! The restful hills!

"Governor sometimes, poet often, son of the mountains always," an editor had written of him. He smiled over the memory. The peace of the mountains flowed in upon him. Beyond their serrated sky-line was a valley and tucked away in that valley an ancient village where little torrents cascaded over mossy cliffs, foaming, flashing, swirling, and widening out here and there for the rainbow trout. Home!

"I am looking for the governor!" The voice behind him was a soft drawl and carried the flavor of apology. His swivel chair whirled and he found himself face to face with a young man of splendid physique and martial bearing clad in the khaki and wearing on his sleeve the insignia of the All-American Division. At the first glance he recognized the mountaineer in whom neither military training nor education had annulled the pattern of the centuries.

"I am the governor," he said with a smile. Mountain folks were very dear to him. The visitor's hand went up and poised in the salute. Then suddenly another hand, a little to the right and rear, went up also, in perfect mimicry, and a girl glided to the soldier's side.

Astonishment and admiration held the governor for a long moment. She seemed to have stepped out of his day-dream. On her cheeks was the crimson of mountain sunsets; in the superb poise of her head, freedom and alertness. But in the dark eyes there was a wavy flame like moonlight on marching bayonets; and in the upturned, tolerant smile of perfect lips was the challenge that delights every man of red blood.

Deliberately the governor arose, drew up his six feet one inch of responsive manhood and gave the military salute. The hands of the others dropped instantly and the girl's smile ripened into a soft laugh as she relaxed and calmly seated herself in a big armchair.

The governor's gaze rested on her for the briefest of moments, but in that glance he saw, or thought that he saw, the fashion girl of 1917 swept off her feet by virile manhood in uniform and the glamour of war. This type was familiar, too, and commanded a sort of admiration for the poise that nothing could disturb. From hat bow to shoe point, from arched instep to arched eyebrow, everywhere was written boulevard. But her radiant face was toward the window.

"Oh, those dear mountains!" she whispered. And then aloud: "You seem to belong out there, not here." Her rounded eyes and parted lips conveyed the idea of original discovery. He laughed softly.

"But for the view, I might have thrown up my job long ago. I unloaded care on those mountains hourly. They ought to be some inches taller by now, and I am sure their blue is much bluer." He turned to the soldier, whose grave countenance had not responded to the byplay; "and now, sir, how can I serve you?"

"I have a confession for you, sir. I am glad the mountains are out there, it will come easier to tell, easier to understand."

His gaze returned from the window and for a moment was downcast. Then slowly his head went up and his level gaze met the governor's. Again the soft drawl:

"Two years ago the State held me as a convict under a ten-year sentence for murder. I escaped, enlisted, and went over with the 82d. We were at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne. Now I am back and discharged, and I reckon it's your move next." The liberty of a man in the full strength of youth passed with the statement.

The eyes of the two men locked and held. The silence was absolute. The girl, now upright in her chair, unnoticed, every vestige of color gone from her face, was rigid as marble. Her whole consciousness was focussed on the governor's profile. That leonine head, poised above massive shoulders, was the sovereign State.

Under the broad, lofty brow, swept by a single lock of mingled snow and shadow, were the wisdom, dignity, and justice of the law; and—conscience. But the immemorial woman sought the immemorial man.

Presently she saw the stern mouth relax, the eyes crinkle to gentleness and fall away from the tense face confronting him. She drew back slowly into her chair and her disarming smile returned.

"What is your name?" The governor was speaking without emotion.

"My name does not enter into this. I was tried, convicted, and served a year as James Denton. But neither I nor Denton killed anybody."

"You were innocent?"

"No, under the law I was guilty. I recognize that. But it is not a good law."

"Well, son," said the governor, waiting a moment for the other to resume, "suppose you tell me all about it."

"It is quite a story, sir."

"Necessarily. There's always a story when a man of your age and environment reaches crime. I should advise you to tell the whole story or none of it."

"I'll tell you all, then, and try to be fair. To begin with, I made a bum start. With a college education and a year at the Tech I should have done better, but I got in with the wrong crowd. Don't misunderstand; I am not trying to shift the

blame! this is only explanation. My father, who is the salt of the earth——"

"I have known men who got to be the salt of the earth to begin as the pepper. Was he wild at any time in early life?"

"I have heard that he was, sir. It was in the days of the feud, though."

"So! And afterward the good Lord reached out and plucked him as a brand from the burning." Was it irony? The soldier's eyes questioned.

"You have a perfectly lovely scar in your forehead," said the girl, "why do you wear the lock of hair over it? It would be very becoming." The governor flashed her a look of understanding. The young man continued:

"My father tried every means he could think of to check me up, except sympathy. He is a preacher, and a mountain preacher forgives everything but weakness, and, believe me, I was a weak brother!"

"I know them all and the code of their church people; God bless them! We fathers, how we forget! We never really hate our own errors until we see them repeated in our children."

"I blame no one but myself, sir!"

"The manly course. But this is a subject I have thought on a great deal. Two things I am sure of; one, that a boy is always as old as himself and father; the other, that many a young chap who falls down simply stumbles under the weight of the ancestor he is carrying."

"My father is a preacher, living the life."

"You are not, though the son of the preacher. Human life travels on a level line. You may be a preacher some day, but you had first to be your father's son. Pardon me, you may proceed."

"After a while I had not a friend in the world; none worth the count except a girl. She did not shake me. I shook her." The serene being in the best chair lowered her eyes demurely and touched her bosom with a finger. Little lines of care appeared on her forehead.

"Exhibit A," she said resignedly. The governor managed to keep a straight face by turning back quickly to the tragedy being unfolded.

"I thought, sir, with her help I could go straight, but she turned me down cold and I quit. I don't blame her now."

"Pardon me, here's where I enter," said the girl, sitting up. "You see, governor, it was this way"; and the confidential air was perfect. "He wanted me to marry him and take the chance of reforming him and I wouldn't. I had seen that kind of reform movement at close quarters, twice in my own family—two brothers-in-law. What spectacles they were; and are, for God still spares them to us. Why, their very souls have to have crutches! And we are the crutches. The man who depends on a woman to reform him is some weak brother. If he hasn't got it in him to play square for the love of squareness, well, believe me, he belongs in the scrap heap. Big Boy over there actually got mad because I told him that. No real woman wants a husband she can control," she continued with an air of finality, "she wants one to control her. There's nothing in the man who is afraid to break his wife's neck, but is just brave enough to break her heart. I should say not!" She did little things to her apparel and settled back. There was about her an odd suggestion of ruffled feathers subsiding. The governor was laughing at her through swimming eyes. As a *l'envoi* to the subject, she added: "There was a big fellow in the hospital at Bordeaux, and I hurt his leg changing the dressing. He kicked me clear across the room. I went back and almost brained him with his crutch. Now, there was a man! He called me 'the blue hen's chicken,' and wanted to marry me—to wring my neck, of course. He was normal!" This time the governor laughed outright. The blue hen's chicken! The game hen's chicken! Remembering, he turned to the soldier:

"I beg your pardon——"

"She was right, of course," continued the soldier gravely, "but I did not know it then. I took to the road. A year of that and I was back in the mountains fifty miles from home, ragged, dirty, and a whiskey soak. My own mother wouldn't have known me. Thank God, she was dead!"

"Then the tragedy occurred. The people who had taken me into their cabin were feudists and moonshiners. The State tried to serve a warrant on the old man for something growing out of the feud, and we thought the revenue officers

were after us. The fight lasted two days. They killed the old man and then we surrendered. We did not know that one of their men was dead. But I did not kill him—he wasn't on my side of the house, and I had to fight. I was eating their bread, their roof sheltered me and they had nursed me when I was sick."

"Yes, you had to fight their battle; I should, had I been there under the same circumstances. But we mustn't forget that you oughtn't to have been there."

"I know. You see, though, the fix I was in; I was no good in general and regarded as a lost soul in my home town, but I had brought no great disgrace on my father's name up to then. And I was determined that I would not. Nobody knew me where I was, so I gave my name as Jim Denton, and concluded to take my chance in the dark. Well, they got me, and I went to prison." He shook his head sadly over the memory of it all.

"Twelve months did lots for me, though. They cured me of whiskey and my soul began to heal. And I began to get glimpses of myself—in the night time. I would have liked for my father to know of the change, but he might have thought I was crawfishing. I had made a bad bargain; and if I couldn't fight, I wouldn't beg my way out.

"I suppose you don't know that a light burns in every prisoner's cell, a very little light, usually, but still a flame. No man outside ever sees it. Hope of escape or release in some way is that light, and no prisoner could live without it long. Those who die there usually die because their lights go out. Mine was almost a torch. It did not seem possible for anybody to hold me ten years against my will, big as the odds were.

"But at least one friend on the outside or inside is necessary to every escape, and I cast about for mine. Suddenly I realized that among all my old associates there was no one to whom I could turn for help or intrust my secret. My kind of trouble narrows a circle of friends pretty quick. I knew down in my heart that the girl I had insulted and spurned had stuck; that she was the one friend in the world I had left to me. She was the girl I had loved at the Tech. The Lord always leaves you one friend he can talk to you

through, they say. Sometimes it's just a dog. With me it was just one frail girl."

"Exhibit B," said his companion, touching her bosom again, and her smile was as dawn on the mountain crest. Only the governor saw her other hand desperately clenched over her crumpled-up glove.

"I finally wrote her the whole truth and she came at once. But now comes the unbelievable. You will never understand until you know her as I do: she refused to help in any way in my escape. She said it would be a violation of her creed, which was that every man should pay his debts. I owed the State a debt and it must be paid in service. It would take six years more, deducting for good behavior. She would wait for me clear through, but my escape would end everything between us. She would never marry a man who welched."

"Yes!" said the girl, breaking the silence that followed and stirring under the sudden tense gaze of the governor. "Behold the 'frail girl'!" There was just one defiant flash from her wide eyes before her straightened lips relaxed into the ironical smile. He started to rise but paused with his hands on the chair arms. The face with its little smile was lifted for his inspection, but her eyes held her secret behind the veil of half-closed lids. The secret was that she knew, in the way of women and quite beyond masculine comprehension, that from her entrance she had appealed powerfully to the imagination of this big, chivalric man.

"You haven't told me your name, have you?"

"Haven't I? But now that I remember, you haven't asked it. I was just a part of the scenery, I supposed. However, my name is now Jenny."

"And the rest of it?—"

"Why spoil a little romance? Oh! you men! I believe the best of you would ask a bride the cost of her veil! My other name is 'The Blue Hen's Chicken.' The French soldiers called me 'La Poulet de la Poule Bleue.'"

"Well," he said, after a moment's exchange of confidences, her eyes and his, and turning to the soldier, "you were saying—"

"I could not grasp the bigness of it,

then, sir. I was desperate and rough. We parted and I cursed the whole race of women since Adam, but in time this passed and I wrote asking her forgiveness. It took a struggle to get me that far and say 'you were right,' but I owed it to both of us. My debt-paying began right there. I felt better at once. It was manhood reasserting itself. Things took on their true proportions. I began to discharge every duty because it was a duty, and not because I was a prisoner. And books began to appeal to me, especially the poets, Milton, Holmes, Lanier, Hayne, and Timrod. I could always sing at home, and on Sundays I took to singing for the other prisoners in the chapel. Sometimes I preached a little, like they do back in the mountains, giving in their experience." He paused to steady his voice. Memory had flashed one of her pictures.

To the governor all was as an open book. How familiar that slow musical drawl, reflex of the mountain man's cautious tread, echo of the winds in the pines. How natural this reversion under the strain of suffering and solitude to ancestral emotion. No man so perfectly echoes his environment as the dweller in mountain wilds. Ignorant, in a way, yes; but with a depth of nature and a spiritual response not often found among any other people. This man was a perfect type. Memory multiplied him into the thousands. He himself was bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. Their God was his God. And where they were he would make his home, God willing. Son of the mountains!—*of the mountains*: Did that editor realize what that meant?—that his age was not to be measured in years but in centuries? That in life's battles he would have to stand with his feet on the unruven rocks and bare his head unterrified to the lightning and the storm?

Well, here before him, meshed in the nets of heredity, torn by the primeval forces of environment, was another son of the same mountains; but this one a boy carrying a Sindbad burden. He had become his brother's keeper. But he was also the keeper of his country's honor and dignity. Would he keep them? He was a son of the mountains!

The voice broke in again:

"The letter I wrote to Jenny changed

my whole life. On it everything had hinged. For after I had squared myself with her, I filled it with another little friend of mine, a wren. The morning after Jenny left the little bird came into my cell, which was an outer one at the end of the new annex. She came between the bars and stopped on the sill chock-full of questions. You could see that, sir; the second-hand of a watch. Such airs! She agreed at last that everything was proper, and began to explore the nooks and corners, paying no more attention to me. I watched from my cot pretty happy that my breathing didn't frighten her away. She was a regular prison visitor, as I found out later, and all the men down the line knew her. But in all that small army of toughs, she was safe. Outside they might have thrown things at her, but not inside. Can you explain it, sir? I guess she meant for most of us childhood, the old home porch and sunset songs, all back for a few minutes.

"Well, I was flattered when she gave me her confidence and accepted a few bread-crumbs, making believe she enjoyed them—which she didn't. It broke me all up when she passed out through the bars again and flew away. I was so excited I ran to watch her, a little brown spot against the green. She crossed the outer wall beneath me and went straight to a big water-oak that stood alone, a hundred yards away, with branches spreading out and down to the ground.

"But the next morning she was back again to pay a visit and look for insects and eggs. And then again she was off to the oak. I soon realized that she had a regular route along the line of prison windows, and that mine was the last station before she visited the shade tree.

"It takes very little, sir, to divert a prisoner. Anything to get him out of himself! The name 'Jenny Wren' from some old child story had come back to me. Jenny! I am not more superstitious than most mountain folks, but I could not ever quite forget this Jenny came the morning after the other had left me; and her last words: 'I'll begin every day thinking of you and sometime you will understand and forgive.'" The speaker's eyes turned to his companion, but she did not look up.

"In this letter I told, too, how one of the wardens, a mountain man himself, had brought me, at my request, a little box for Jenny. He cut a hole in the end of it and I tied it over the window. We named it 'Squeeze Inn' and printed the name on it with a pencil. The next day Jenny found it, evidently much to her delight. Of all the airs! And later in the day she came back with another wren, who was almost but not quite as sure of me as Jenny was. I guess she must have indorsed me pretty strong, for he soon forgot me in the excitement of that house Jenny had found. Of course he was Jenny's sweetheart. Evidently everything looked good to him, for after a visit to the tree together they came back and began to do things to that box. I knew then that they were going to live with me, keep house and raise a family." For the first time since he began his story the soldier's face wore a smile.

"Well," he resumed, "the warden shared my tremendous secret and my happiness too. Me? Think of having a couple to come and keep house in your cell! And one of them named Jenny! Can you beat it? I'll tell the world no!

"I wasn't lonely any more, after that, and I got to lying silent in the mornings watching the two little fellows help each other and getting some pretty strong hints from their devotion and tremendous industry. I guess team-work is the best safeguard of the home after all.

"Then one day as I lay there, thinking, something unfolded in my mind—you know we grow that way, new blooms, higher up—like the morning-glories. The wonder of it! All that happiness overhead was within a prison cell!

"'Well,' said a voice to me, 'what is man but a prison for his soul? And shall his soul shrivel there alone behind the bars, or shall it go forth and come at will and bring back its mate and build him a home?' I jumped up and walked the floor when the meaning of the message swept into me. You see God had stretched out his hand and touched my eyes and they were seeing straight at last: My cell held the whole wide world. And so we built us a home—my mate who came in through the bars and my soul waiting there for her. We built it beyond

the mountains in a valley where the little streams tumble down the steeps and the rainbow trout leap in the whirling pools—a valley where the colors of the sunrise and the sunset are the wings of the days passing over. I guess that's the land we have been hearing about—the land where all our dreams come true. But"—and the speaker hesitated—"I am forgetting—"

"Go on," said the governor gently, his voice falling into the mountaineer's musical drawl, "I know the place—I live there—I'm going back there to-morrow!"

"My dear little mate had come," his eyes shifting to the silent girl in the other chair drew the governor's. Caught thus unawares, she sat with the back of her hand pressed across her mouth, her features swollen, her eyes blinded with tears. She forced the ghost of a smile and again touched her bosom:

But the word would not come.

"And then," said the soldier hurriedly, "I seemed to be living in another world. I reckon you remember Lanier's lines about the marsh-hen building her home in the greatness of God; and the new mansions for his soul that Holmes built after the nautilus showed him—well, we built like that. It was all in the letter I wrote to Jenny.

"And it was in this letter I told her, too, about the little lady bird coming in with a thread to weave into her nest, and getting it hitched on a splinter; and how I freed it and handed it up inch by inch as she wove away on the inside of her home. I called myself the subcontractor in that home-building.

"That letter brought Jenny back again and with a gift for me. Gifts are always closely studied in any prison, but no one could object to the little 'housewife' she had made for me. It contained a few spools of thread, some needles, pins, and a pair of scissors. With the spool was a little reel of silk; reel like the city fishermen use. Nobody could have guessed that it ran on bearings so delicate it would spin for a full minute, once started. It was made by a jeweller for Jenny—and fifty dollars. They took out the scissors, placed there for them to take. They always have to withhold something, these wise jailers, and but for the scissors it

might have been the reel. And then Jenny told me that the time had come for me to leave the prison and she had thought out a way. War, she said, had changed everything for me but the obligation to pay. I was to render service on the battle-field, with nobler aims, in place of labor with safety in prison. And I must give her a certain promise. I gave it."

"There was more, Governor," began the clear, unshaken voice of Jenny; "he is ashamed to tell it, but I am not. I said to him 'a child will sit on your knee some day and ask what you did in the great war all your kinsmen and neighbors fought in. You cannot tell that child you were hiding in prison while they fought for France and Belgium.' I told him just that. And I'll tell the world the State has no right to break the heart of an unborn child. And there's mine, too. We haven't wronged anybody!"

"There's a great deal in that," said the governor gravely—"in what you mean."

"I should say so! And yet some women don't want the ballot! Well some of us do—and you watch us!"

"Her plan for my escape was simple but dangerously delicate. Success would hang literally on a thread—a strand of silk. The idea came to her while reading my long letter, and she had worked out every detail. The wren had brought in a thread; she could carry a thread back. And this one could be used to pull in another, larger. And so on, the size increasing to a rope which would bring the tools needed—saws, she imagined. The unvarying flight of the bird to the tree was the keystone of this rainbow arch.

"Nothing, sir, as perhaps you don't know, seems impossible to a prisoner seeking to escape, usually; but I confess that this plan at first staggered me. I reckon the prison was robbing me of something. I didn't react. Then it was Jenny stood over me and in hot whispers preached fight to my soul—the coming of the wren was not chance, but destiny! Bringing in the thread was destiny! My letter to her was destiny! Destiny is God by another name, an alias! Why always demand to see the nail scars? None but a fool will seek to break the sequence God has arranged! Then she went back and poured

salt into my wounds: 'The birds must sing and all the bands play and the world clap hands when that child comes. That's my dream! Do you prefer the rogue's march and the lock-step to it?'

"Pretty raw, sir, but it got in deep, as she wanted it to. The hitch was, I couldn't see why the Lord should all of a sudden take such an interest in me, but she had her answer—the average man thinks only to God and back to himself, forgetting the people beyond him. Perhaps God didn't have me so strong in mind as he did some nobler man or woman he wanted to bless. My part in the great war might be to inspire the souls of weak men. And maybe God would let me in return pluck a human life from the brink to balance the one I had helped push over. I was not escaping, I was only changing the form of service. Going, maybe, to the mouth of hell. The cell and three meals a day with wrens building around would some day, maybe, look like a lost paradise. Men would try to break in where I had broken out. That was about it, wasn't it, Jenny? The thought of saving a life caught me."

"That was all of *that*. Now tell the governor what happened, and if he wants to punish a girl for helping God, he can start on me, though I'd advise him to keep hands off. It's a dangerous thing to 'set the bars across the progress of the stars.'" Jenny was clearly herself again. She gazed impudently into the governor's eyes, smiled genially, and added: "However, no danger there. No four-inch trout for his bag!" He did not accept the challenge. There was a light in his eyes few men but many a soldier's wife and soldier's mother had seen when the cables told that the 82d had reached the Kriemhilde-Stellung line and held it unsupported—wives and mothers who stood waiting for the verdict of fate. He leaned toward her, the low musical drawl carrying his answer:

"You quoted just now my friend Will Thompson's 'High Tide at Gettysburg.' Do you remember an old poem called, 'Noli Me Tangere'?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And the last line? It seems to have been waiting for you all these years."

"Noli me tangere. I am the King's."

"You have said it: '*Touch me not. I am the king's!*'" The instant radiance and quick indrawn breath were her response to this, the finest tribute ever paid to woman by a man's lips, in the land of woman-worship. Already he had turned again to the soldier:

"And then——"

"It was destiny after all, sir. The wren went out of the prison one morning carrying a gray silk thread straight toward the oak only to fall short, wearied and dragged down by the unaccustomed weight, among the weeds. For me the world stood still. Despair? I had never before known the meaning of the word. And yet my first thought was of Jenny out there alone crushed and heart-broken. I should have known her better. For presently I saw her come slowly around the tree, her hat swinging on her arm by the ribbons. She passed along, just a girl gathering wild flowers. After what seemed an age, I saw a little bird flutter up. Jenny turned back slowly and the little reel in my hand began to whirl again.

"All that day the thread lay from the window across the prison wall, gossamer swaying in the breeze. To me it looked like a cable that any guard must notice. But none did.

"Then, after long hours came night. I crept to the window and drew gently on the thread, a little, and soon I felt a faint answer. Jenny was still there! For two hours I stood in the dark waiting for the warden's last round, but I was not lonely. The stars came nearer and I seemed to hear her voice calling, calling across the night. You know, sir, we mountain people have strange fancies sometimes, more than we ever talk about. After a while it seemed again that the wind was using that string across the night—from prison to freedom—as a harp, and there was an old cradle song my mother used to sing.

"Of course it was a song out of my own memory, but I love to think it was her touch on the string awoke it again." The speaker paused, swept a glance about the room and took up his narrative:

"The lights went out at nine and I began to draw in the thread inch by inch. The slightest fouling would have been fatal. And besides the weeds there was



Presently I saw her come slowly around the tree, her hat swinging on her arm by the ribbons.—Page 464.

the rough edge of the wall. After what seemed hours, I felt a larger diameter between my fingers. There was a silk fishing-line, the smallest made, but guaranteed to stand a strain of twenty-two pounds. I could hurry then and I drew on this rapidly until it brought in a larger. Then came the stout rope and the tools wrapped in wide strips of black waterproof cloth. When I felt the resistance of the tree, knowing Jenny's hand was on that rope, I gave the agreed-on signal, three jerks.

"The tools wrapped in the cloth were just two little tanks of oxygen and acetylene, tanks made and charged for the occasion, with the usual attachments and some matches. Saws would not cut the bars of that prison. I knew others had tried and failed, but the oxyaceto flame is another thing, as we learned at Tech. The bundle had to be opened outside the bars and the tanks left there, a delicate job. I was tremendously excited, but keeping my mind on Jenny steadied me. I worked in this way; hooking my legs through the grating and half sitting on the sill I tied two sections of cloth, both outside and in, in such a way as prevented a single ray of the fierce white light escaping. This done, I connected my tanks and cut through in less than two minutes. It was a wonderful sensation when I saw that great black hole leading into the night—and freedom! Then, carrying everything I had used with me I descended to the ground, scaled the wall, cut the rope, covered myself with the black cloth and crawled to the tree. The next instant I was a prisoner again—in Jenny's arms!"

"Hurrah!" said Jenny, holding them up for inspection.

"Her big car was in the shadow of a grove a short distance away, on a grassy bypath leading down to the highway. We packed our things in it, pushed it over a little, climbed in and coasted silently out. At five o'clock next morning we were more than a hundred miles away, in another State and at a little railroad town. All incriminating articles were in a distant river and I was in a business suit. To all who might seek to know, I was a husband off for the war and telling his wife good-by.

"That is the story, sir. I was selfish enough to try and take Jenny with me. We could have been married in Atlanta and she could have boarded near me while I was training in Camp Gordon, but she was game to the last. She was not thinking of herself, but of another. When my debt was paid, she would come to me. 'And you will come back,' she said. God had promised her."

His eyes rested for a moment on the girl, then with an odd gesture of renunciation, he turned to the silent executive:

"The rest is not important, sir, except as to one matter. There were months of training at Gordon and we crossed over. And more at Toul. Then came the 12th of September at St. Mihiel. And that place called the Argonne, which in peace times is like some of the wild places back in our mountains, but with war and the Germans and what they brought in there, was like hell itself. No need to tell you that, though. I had been offered promotion over and over, from which I knew I was doing my part well, but I could not accept any position that carried authority over others. Imagine an escaped convict punishing a man for infraction of discipline! It wasn't in me. And, well—you know there is always the honor of one's regiment. I stuck along with the doughboys.

"But there was one thing I could do different. I did it in the Argonne. I went out into 'no man's land' for some wounded of a division on our flank. I went for the one life that would balance my account—and because Jenny was staking herself on me. I went alone, my only preparation a letter to her in Apremont, where she was making history for the American girl with a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. The letter was to go to her only in case I didn't come back. It was just to let her know I played the game out.

"I went out on hands and knees except for short runs to cover, with a machine-gun and the snipers trying for me, and plunged at last into a shell-hole almost on top of a boy lying there bleeding to death. He was desperately wounded and almost unconscious. It was certain death for him if we stayed until night, for he could not possibly survive the loss of blood; and

with all my efforts the flow would not cease. So I got him in my arms—that way to shield him a little—and we started. They got me, half-way in, through a lung. From there on, it was my job to swallow air faster than it could escape through the hole. They got me again and again till I lost count; but no bones. The boys dragged us over the top. That's about all. The wounds and the fever held me up a month or two. When I woke up I was down in Bordeaux and Jenny was there fanning me. The tragedy of it all was they heard I hadn't pulled through and sent the letter with one from the captain. It hurt her pretty bad for a while, but then she remembered the promise, and, with everybody's help, ran me down. We came home together. And there's the whole story."

In the long silence that followed the story's ending, the governor made no motion, nor did he look on the speaker. He seemed not to know he had finished. Nor had the girl moved by so much as an eyelash. The soldier took out his pipe, looked at it, but restored it to his pocket. The slight movement aroused the governor at last. Rising, he walked wearily to the window and stood looking into the far distance. Presently he came and rested his hand lightly on Jenny's head:

"I know the rest seems simple, to you, my dear, but it is really difficult. There is a legal sentence hanging over your friend and the majesty and dignity of the law have been flouted. The board, the legislature may, but I—how can I pardon an escaped prisoner under any circumstances? I do not say that I won't, after a while——"

"Pardon!" and now in the eyes turned quickly up to him was the sunlight on marching bayonets: "How hard it is for men to understand! Pardon? Never! I could never marry a pardoned man! There has been lots doing in my family for two hundred years, but I've never heard of one of them acquiring a pardon, and I would have, if he had, for a pardon is more indelible than a crime. You can live a crime down, but not a pardon. No sir! my big boy is not here to be pardoned; he is here to surrender and resume payment. It is up to you, only to estimate the value of his services measured in time

and give him credit for them." She arose and placed her hand on his shoulder, older, graver, and with a tone in her voice that thrilled him: "We of the mountains must be, in righteousness, before God, as immovable as our mountains! And that includes us all!" A cry escaped him. The astounding girl-woman! Her transfigured face held him fascinated.

"You—you a mountain girl?"

"I was born in the pure air, the free air," she said quietly, "the city is just a bad habit we floated into—oil and gas did it. I can wait for my boy, God bless him, we are both young. But, you understand, there must be no fear of footsteps in the night, no memory of duty avoided, no broken promise. *He promised before I helped him out of that cell to come here with me at the end.* There he is! My children must be able to look God in the face without a blush for their father!"

The governor's lips parted, but no word issued. He turned away again and stood by the window. When he came back, his face was all smiles.

"How would you figure that credit?" he asked gently.

"Six years was the shortest term he could have hoped for. Over yonder he served two; but those two were of days twenty-four hours long and of danger and wounds and suffering. Surely they should count for four!"

"They shall count for four. I promise you that!"

"Then he has only two years to serve here."

"As you figure it, yes." He seated himself and wrote rapidly on official paper, attached a seal and inclosed the sheet in a stamped envelope that carried a printed address:

"This paper," he said, coming again to stand by her, "recites that service due to the State by James Denton has been cancelled by distinguished service with the American Expeditionary Forces and directs that after his name, on the records, be inscribed, 'Voluntarily surrendered after escape, and now honorably discharged with all civil rights restored, by order of the governor.' It is not a pardon: it is a receipt in full."

"But the two years! I cannot——"

"You have forgotten the year you gave

out of your own beautiful youth to those sick and wounded boys over there. I have doubled that also and have given Jim Denton credit for it."

"You mean—you mean—he has paid—in—in full? Then he is—is——"

"As free as any eagle above his mountains. He and you have paid, blood for blood; a life saved for a life lost. Take him, my dear—to the land where all our dreams come true."

Steadied by his strong hand reaching out quickly as she swayed, she lifted her eyes. Something passed from them to his deepest consciousness. Her soul was speaking to him and pledging an eternity of love and gratitude. Then, as the end of a perfect day, in the western sky, the light faded from eyes and face and she was lying in his arms. How light! how little! Very gently he placed her in his chair and saw her face sink into the curve of her arm on the desk. He stretched out a hand to the soldier.

"Of such are the mothers of our heroes made! Come," he said huskily, "let's go—look at those mountains—some more!"

And to them there, after some minutes, as they stood by the window in low converse, came Jenny, quiet and composed. In her hand was a war cross:

"They laid it above his heart in France when they thought it was about to stop beating. I have never let him wear it. You may pin it on now." Her hand was extended to the governor. But with a cry the soldier seized and crushed her against his breast.

"Nobody can give me that, but Jenny! You understand, sir, don't you!"

"Nobody but Jenny! And only Jenny shall mail this letter. Take it, my dear!" He placed the official document in her hand.

Jenny pinned on the medal, kissed her soldier, pressing her cheek to his while she

whispered, and her little hand patted his shoulder. Then she lifted her lips to the governor's.

"Come, my friend," she said, taking her sweetheart's hand, "we've a long way to go." But at the door she turned again, her figure drawn up, her hand lifted to the salute. By a swift transition she was the vibrant, resilient girl that had entered there an hour before. There was the same radiant face, the same impudent, uptilted smile. "Home-builders, Governor!" The governor waited by the window until they crossed the street below and she had dropped the letter in a mail-box. He saw them pause by a big car whose wheels were caked with mud and the girl turn and look up to his window. He waved his hand. She pointed toward the mountains. Then the car door closed behind her, a handkerchief fluttered and she was gone. He turned back smiling to his desk.

But on that desk was a blood-stained, knotted handkerchief, across which lay a scrap of paper carrying these words:

"The boy in the shell-hole thought he was dying and sent this to his mother."

Pulling apart the knots, he found a watch of antique design. He sprung the lid. The face of his girl-wife smiled up to him from within. Holding it against his heart, he stood with closed eyes and moving lips. The door to the inner office opened and a young man, limping a little, came forward:

"What is it, Dad?"

"The man who carried you off the field that day has sent your watch back! His sweetheart brought it."

"Dad! Who was he?"

"Well, now, that is funny! She never told me!"

"Did you find out who she was?"

"Yes. She was The Blue Hen's Chicken!"



Charles Lamb's Album

BY HARRY B. SMITH

Author of "Books and Autograph Letters of Shelley"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FACSIMILES

WHEN Charles Lamb moved to Enfield, in 1827, he had as his next-door neighbor that Thomas Westwood beloved of Elians as the man who "retired on forty pounds a year and one anecdote." The habitual recital of his own special "Grouse in the gun-room" story doubtless contributed liberally to the gayety of his acquaintance; for this worthy haberdasher's appearance seems to have been that of an unconscious comedian. The odd personality of his neighbor inspired Lamb to try his hand at portrait-painting, an unusual essay of Elia, and the result is to be found in a letter to Wordsworth enriched by this precious illustration.

"How weak," admits the artist, "is



Portrait of Thomas Westwood, by Charles Lamb, in a letter to Wordsworth.

painting to describe the man! Say that he stands four feet and a nail high by his own yard measure; still you have no adequate idea; nor when I tell you that his dear hump, which I have favored in the picture, seems to me of the buffalo—indicative and respository of mild qualities, a budget of kindnesses, still you have not the man."

It is pleasant to imagine Gaffer Westwood, the subject of Lamb's portrait, of buffalo hump and benignity all compact, in his orchard on an autumn morning, gathering a windfall, not of apples, but of the recent publications of the popular authors of the day. In none of the letters

or biographies have I found evidence that Lamb ever bought a new book. His literary interests were of no profit to publishers. The battered veterans on his shelves welcomed no dapper young recruits; but he received numerous presentation copies from authors, and such volumes, too modern to please his fancy, he was wont to throw over the wall into Westwood's garden. In this manner was formed the library of the younger Thomas Westwood, then a boy of thirteen. "A Leigh Hunt," he wrote forty years afterward, "would come skimming to my feet through the branches of the apple-trees; or a Bernard Barton would be rolled down stairs after me, from the library door. 'Marcian Colonna' I remember finding on my window sill, damp with the night's fog; and 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' I picked out of the strawberry bed." The writer possesses one of these outcast volumes, absolutely identified by Westwood's book-plate and Hunt's inscription to Lamb. The covers are damp-stained; like the lost heiress of old drama, it is identified by a strawberry-mark.

In 1830 there lived, at their father's rectory, Somersby, in Lincolnshire, three brothers, young men who wrote poetry and had published a small volume, "Poems by Two Brothers," the contributions of one of the three being considered negligible. A year after this first effort, one of the brothers published a volume of his own, which the critics found rather puerile and insipid. This young Mr. Tennyson, or perhaps his publisher, Moxon, sent a copy of his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" to Lamb, who, before wafting it over the wall to Westwood, submitted the little book to unusual humiliation. Apparently the only value that he discovered in Tennyson's volume was that it answered Sheridan's description: "A small rivulet of text running through a wide

meadow of margin." Lamb used these extensive margins for memoranda, tore out the pages and pasted them in his scrap-book, and then, one may imagine, tossed the wrecked remnant of the future laureate's first book over the garden wall.

Nothing could be more characteristic of Lamb's taste in literature than the use that he made of these ravaged pages of a then minor poet. His predilections for authors were like his preferences in book bindings, the older the better. Little favor in his eyes was found by the first poem in Tennyson's book:

"Where Claribel low lieth
The breezes pause and die."

The pathos of Claribel was nothing to Lamb, but the white paper surrounding her threnody served for the recording of matter far more to his taste; an anecdote of a dull clergyman whom Doctor Barnard, of Eton, considered a nuisance, frequently telling him that "so dull a man ought not to appear at Coffee Houses or at all in public, 'for you know how stupid you are.' This he said to him in public without reserve. He bore this, B. added, with a coward's patience, but one day remonstrated: 'You are always,' he told him, 'running your rig upon me, and calling me stupid, for you don't consider that a broad wheel wagon went over my head when I was ten years of age.'"

The age of ten years seems to have reminded Lamb of another story, which he has written out, also on the Tennysonian margin; an illustration of innate depravity in the case of a person who "was wicked from a boy. You will be shocked. You will not believe it," says the narrator: "He wrote God with a little g when he was only ten years old."

The combination of scrap-book and commonplace book, in which were inserted the pages of Tennyson's poems utilized as writing-paper, is a portly quarto of a thousand pages. In it, during a period of thirty years, Lamb transcribed anything encountered in his reading or experience which he considered worthy of preservation, "anything," as he says, "quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy." This was one of the volumes that he moved from Islington to Enfield, acting as "dray horse for my

books," as he wrote to Thomas Hood, adding his only known disparaging reference to his "midnight darlings," being out of humor with them for once and calling them "indigested dirty lumber." That Lamb's books formed a "ragged regiment" as disreputable in appearance as Falstaff's own, there is abundant testimony. His shelves were a hospital for superannuated tomes in the last stages of shabbiness and decrepitude, and the wrecks and remnants too far gone to be handled without falling apart were sent, not to a bookbinder for repairs, but to "a wizened old cobbler hard by." No doubt this scrap-book had a peculiar and distinguished dilapidation of its own. For many years it had been in constant service, and we know by numerous references to it that it was a book popular in the Elia circle. Tobacco and the drippings of many a cheerful glass have left their still visible traces. It has been thumbed by Martin Burney, who would have held such hands, had dirt been trumps. Lamb bequeathed the book to Edward Moxon, who provided the present stout and durable binding, lettered "Charles Lamb's Album." To all who admire Lamb as a writer, or are attracted by the charm of his personality, it is a volume of unsurpassed interest, inspiring envy in the book lover whose income and desires are out of harmony. A copy of the "Essays of Elia," published just a hundred years ago, containing Lamb's autograph, is literally worth its weight in gold, while this book has many pages in his handwriting and is a record of his thoughts and gleanings from authors, old or contemporary, during half his lifetime, an *omnium gatherum* resulting from the reading which he confesses was "lamentably desultory and unmethodical."

The volume has been variously described as a scrap-book, an album, and a commonplace book, and in the use that Lamb made of it it is a combination of all three; but it was born into the world of books an ambitious work by a hopeful author whose wandering ghost would be mortified to find that not its text, but its margins and fly-leaves, had saved it from oblivion. In "the palmy days of the drama," a phrase which has always meant any period but the immediate present,

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"And North's letter desired his assent to be made
out of town of the same nature as his life?"

disclaim of youth at Courts "The
necessity of a good deal of ill they say he is made,
with no grace: so ungraciously in
some graceless men, misuse the fair
"widely used Grace."

SONG. "and some Tom. W. s. take
the same things going, some are moving with the mouth.
some are about with the shoulder, some have power, some
just now with that is not stable, but with our round in the
mouth, some are disguised garments, or desperate hats
I run glooming light

Mr Herbert left to Mr Nichols - to borrow
L220. "I swear I know not what may happen
to me unless you help me, since my friends &
relations have turned out like ¹²⁴ those of many others.
I hold that my opening my heart to you thus is
a proof of my being your sincere friend -
- being asked to return a loan said that the
very demands cancelled all obligations between them

SONNET.

THE LAD.

The Triumph of Temper is an incomparable
poem, & yet for the life of me I cannot bring
myself to be fond of reading it. J. J. Lamb.

Implacable Junon! et vous dieux infernaux!

Peuples du Styx, qui voyez tous mes maux,

Que ma voix défaillante,

Pénètre aux sombres lieux!

Puissent les Grecs, de rivage en rivage,

Errants, persécutés par les vents furieux,

Avoir pour ennemis les hommes et les dieux!

Pour prix de tant de rage,

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A page of Tennyson's poems used by Lamb for notes and pasted in his scrap-book.

but in this instance refers to the time
of the Kembles, Mrs. Jordan, Elliston,
Munden, and their contemporaries, one
Thomas Holcroft wrote plays now widely
forgotten. His memory has a nebulous
survival as an acquaintance of Lamb's,

and as the author of "The Road to Ruin,"
a drama of some importance in its day.

Holcroft was a man of humble origin.
At one time he wandered from village to
village with his father and mother, the
parents peddling small wares, and young

Thomas, when business was bad, begging food at farmhouses. His varied career included, among other vocations, those of stable-boy, jockey, strolling actor, novelist, playwright, and political pamphleteer. In 1794 he affiliated with a group of socialists and was imprisoned for high treason. Hazlitt, who thought highly of him, edited his memoirs in three volumes, and a curious chronicle they are. Moreover, Hazlitt praises Holcroft's "Travels in France and Italy" as one of the most interesting books of its kind. This work was published in 1804, and the proof sheets of the two quarto volumes Lamb converted into his scrap-book. By this judicious economy he saved the few shillings that would go toward the payment for Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," or Browne's "Urn Burial" in a copy ill-conditioned but readable.

The sentimental literary hero-worshipper who now curiously turns the pages of "Charles Lamb's Album" may casually read bits of Holcroft and very likely find himself agreeing with Hazlitt as to the interest of the work. A notable feature is its description of France under the Consulate. Holcroft seems to have taken a dislike to Napoleon; but the unhappy playwright had a violent prejudice against any one who achieved eminence over his fellow men. In his socialistic theories, apparently, no one could be a man and a brother who had not qualified by failure. Some of his incidental sketches of Napoleon are worth preserving. Holcroft was in Paris at the time of the festival of the Eighteenth Brumaire, of which he says:

There are men who ought to adore accident as their deity, and one of them is the Citizen-General First Consul Bonaparte. About two in the afternoon, contrary to all expectation, the clouds began slowly to rise; toward three, spots of azure were seen; and at four the sun shone forth on Bonaparte. . . . I have several times been close to his person. His stature is diminutive; his complexion sallow, and his physiognomy bears those marks that denote the labors of his mind; it is care-worn, but it is also susceptible of great variety. From his bilious complexion, cholera might be certainly predicted; but from the sedateness of his eyes, not of that sudden and impetuous kind to which he is so very subject.

Lamb probably cared nothing whatever about Holcroft's political creed and so-

cialistic theories; but found with him a common bond of sympathy in their interest in the theatre. The playwright required some one to assist him in seeing the "Travels" through the press, and Lamb read the proof sheets. There are numerous corrections in his hand, together with such notes as "I request you not to insert commas before such particles unless in the manuscript," and "This is very careless and strange. Surely the proof and MS. were not read." When the complete page proofs finally came into his possession, he had the two volumes bound in one—possibly by the "wizened old cobbler hard by"; for on one page, in Lamb's hand, is the instruction: "Half-bound. Lettered 'Holcroft's Travels.'"

Owing to its many blank pages and its very wide margins, it fell from its high estate as an ambitious literary work, to rise in greater glory as an "association book" of unique interest. It entered Lamb's service in 1804 as a commonplace book, a phrase which seems to mean a volume in which is recorded anything considered the reverse of commonplace. The articles transcribed and the dates of magazine excerpts pasted in show that the book was in constant use for the purpose to which it was converted; and only a few months before Lamb's death, his friend, Henry Crabb Robinson, refers to it in his memoirs. Robinson records a visit to Charles and Mary Lamb, in April, 1833: "I spent the evening playing whist; and after Lamb and his sister went to bed, I read in his album ('Holcroft's Travels') pasted with extracts in MS. and clippings out of newspapers, &c." This may have been the same occasion of which Mary Lamb writes: "Robinson spent a long evening by our fireside, and there was much gin and water drunk. H. R. professed himself highly indebted to Charles for useful information . . . even after Charles could not speak plain for tipsiness."

In utilizing the book Lamb seems to have been guided by Captain Cuttle's principle: "When found make a note of." A good story told by a friend, a poem that particularly pleased him, an anecdote encountered in reading were entered here as worthy of preservation, and the contents of the thousand pages are of wide variety,

ranging from the Elizabethans to the writings of his contemporaries. The volume also supplied copy paper, as there are no fewer than thirteen original poems in Lamb's autograph. Some of these are acrostics written on the names of friends, Sarah Lachlan, Esther Field, Sarah Thomas, Jane Field, Joseph Vale Asbury, and others, including the verses "To Louisa Martin, Whom I Used to Call Monkey." Here, too, is the poem of twelve stanzas, "The Ape," also addressed to Miss Martin, together with Lamb's note:

Mr. Editor: The riddling lines which I send you were written upon a young lady, who, from her diverting sportiveness in childhood, was named "the ape." When the verses were written, L. M. had outgrown the title, but not the memory of it, being in her teens, and consequently past child tricks. They are an endeavour to express that perplexity which one feels at any alteration, even supposed for the better, in a beloved object; with a little oblique grudging at time, who cannot bestow new graces without taking away some portion of the older ones, which we can ill miss.

Time dealt much more harshly than this with the lively Louisa Martin; for in Lamb's last letter to Wordsworth he appeals for aid for her in establishing a school, saying: "She is as good a human creature—next to my sister, perhaps the most exemplary female I ever knew." Alas, that the saddening years should change "my gamesome ape" to an "exemplary female"!

When Moxon began business as a publisher, he applied to Lamb for material for his first book and received most of these versified trifles dedicated to friends, which were issued under the title of "Album Verses." In obliging his friend, the author became the victim of his own good nature. The amiable and harmless little book was savagely attacked by hostile critics, among them the ruthless Jerdan. His review in the *Literary Gazette* inspired Southey's retaliatory poem, published in the *Times*, which Lamb has preserved in the scrap-book. To an attractive pen-portrait of his friend, the militant laureate added the lines:

"When witling critics to the world proclaim,
In lead, their own dolt incapacity,
Matter it is for mirthful memory
To think, when thou wert early in the field,
How doughtily small Jeffrey ran at thee

A'tilt, and broke a bulrush on thy shield.
And now, a veteran in the ranks of fame,
I ween, old friend, thou art not worse bestead
When with a maudlin eye and drunken aim
Dulness hath thrown a *jerdan* at thy head."

Lamb was antipathetic to Shelley and had no admiration for his poetry (though he is said to have made a curious exception in favor of "Rosalind and Helen"); so it was, perhaps, apropos of the critical onslaught on the "Album Verses," the breaking of a small butterfly on a large wheel, that Lamb copied in this book Shelley's sonnet, "Lines to a Reviewer," beginning:

"Alas! good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?"

More to Lamb's liking than any poem of Shelley's was his favorite modern sonnet, Lord Thurlow's "To a Bird, that Haunted the Waters of Lacken, in Winter." This also has a place in the album, and Lamb wrote of it that it "has scarcely a parallel in our language." On his appearance as an author, Thurlow was ridiculed by the reviewers, much as Byron was; but, not having the latter's power to retaliate in satire, abandoned the parlous vocation of poet, and did not long survive the appearance of his first book. In "London Reminiscences," De Quincey mentions Lamb's reading of this sonnet from this album, "in which he had gathered together a number of gems, either his own, or picked up at random from any quarter, no matter how little in the sunshine of the world, that happened to strike his fancy," and he adds that Lamb delighted in this sonnet "as well on account of its real beauty as because it came from one who had been unworthily treated, and so far resembled himself." The poem has a place in some anthologies; but may be worth including here as a favorite of Lamb's:

"O melancholy bird, a Winter's day,
Thou standest by the margin of the pool;
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay.
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.

There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart;
He, who has not enough for these to spare,
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,

And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part."

De Quincey himself is represented in the album by his famous essay, "On the Knocking at the Gate, in 'Macbeth'," of which and its author Lamb once said, indicating De Quincey: "Do you see that little man? Well, though he is so little, he has written a thing about 'Macbeth' better than anything I could write; no—not better than anything I could write, but I could not write anything better." The De Quincey article is signed "XYZ"; but Lamb has added the identification, "Opium Eater."

No essay on the English humorists could be considered complete if it excluded the name of Charles Lamb, though a few of his graver contemporaries viewed his whimsicalities with wondering disapproval. Carlyle grimly denies to Elia the saving grace of humor, finding his comedy "ghastly make-believe of wit." Doubtless the dyspeptic sage was what actors call "a tough audience"; but he has described Lamb in another phrase which is vivid enough, "sportfully much-enduring." Lamb seems to have been one of the determined laughing philosophers whose first interest in any subject is to find its comic aspect. His existence was not so joyous that he could spare a laugh, and if it could be found incidentally in a serious and dignified book, it was unexpected treasure-trove. Josephus's "History of the Jews" is not, I believe, a work to be prized for its humor; but Lamb read it, in Doctor Maynard's translation, and copied in his album not priceless pearls of wisdom, but by-products in the way of comedy. When he finds that the giant Goliath is described as "six *Cupids* and a span high," the misprint delights him. On other "giants in those days," Lamb comments:

The Rabbins make the giant Gog—or Magog—contemporary with Noah and convinced by his preaching; so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the Ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in stormy weather, he was more than half-boots-over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely when the Ark landed on Mount Ararat.

Lamb follows this picturesque bit of diluvian history by his own version of an in-

cident in the story of Joseph of the many-colored coat:

Joseph interprets the baker's dream, which, from the experience of the butler, the latter hopeth favorable. This said (that is his dream) he expected a presage favorable as the former. But Joseph, having attended to the particulars, and premised that he could wish to have been the harbinger of more welcome news, ingenuously assured him that he had only two days to live, for that on the third day he would be hanged.

In this connection it is curious to note that in his catalogue of "Books which are no books—*biblia-a-biblia*," Lamb brackets the "Histories of Josephus" with "draught-boards bound and lettered at the back," and says that with these and some other exceptions, he "can read almost anything." That this was no idle boast is indicated by the variety of sources from which quotations are copied in the album, including such neglected works as the "Letters" of Warburton and of James Barry, the painter, "Poems," by John Walters of Ruthven, the "Letters" of Joseph Highmore, Ascham's "Toxophilus," and Thompson's tragedies. From the Highmore "Correspondence" he has preserved an extraordinary bit of evidence that the commercializing of art is no new thing; a description of the methods of work by which a painter named Vanderstraaten, living in Wyld Street, about 1770, completed landscapes at the rate of thirty a day.

He had large pots or pans of colour around him, on the ground; one or two of blue, of different degrees, mixed for the sky; others of what he called cloud colours; others of greens, &c. When all was prepared, he calls to his lad: "Here, poy, bring a claut" (cloth). Then he talks on as he works, and dipping a large brush in the blue pot, spreads over the top of the cloth, and again in the lighter blue &c., continuing it down as low as the horizon, and cries "Dare is de sky." Then dipping another brush in the pot prepared for clouds, and dabbing here and there, cries out again: "Dare is de clouds." Then again, in a kind of azure colour for the greatest distance, and spreading it along under the horizon: "Dare is the fore-street;" which is a Dutch term, but I am not sure of the orthography, though I am of the sound of the word. Then again for a nearer part another colour: "dare is de second cround"; and once more, for the nearest or forward part: "Dare is de first cround"; and lastly, with a small pencil, a man fishing: "Dare is de man a' fishing. Poy, pring anoder claut." And so on for the thirty. It is also said of him that he hired a long garret where he painted cloths as long as they were woven, many yards in length, and painted the whole at once, continuing the

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The Death Bed

by
T. Hood

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Not breathing soft and low,
In her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
So silently ~~we~~ seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about;
As we had lent her half our powers
To ~~take~~ ^{her} being out.
Our very hope believ'd our fears,
Our fears our hopes believ'd —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
For when the morn came dawn'd, and,
And chill'd with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.

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them to be such: yet no man has sufficiently turned his attention
to the subject; and, as I have on other occasion, I suggest it to

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"The Death Bed."

Thomas Hood's poem in Lamb's autograph.

sky in the manner above described from one end to the other, and then the several grounds till the whole was one long landscape, after which he would here and there put in a figure, and this he cut and sold by parcels as demanded, to fit chimneys &c., and those who dealt in this way used to go to his house to buy three or four, or any number of feet, of landscape as wanted.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the story is the statement that the nar-

rator had seen examples of this wholesale painting, and that they were "not devoid of merit." From the "Letters" of another painter, Barry, Lamb transcribed an extract which—omitting the reference to art studies—might have been an aspiration of his own:

Oh, I could be happy going home to find some corner where I could sit down in the middle of

my studies, books, and casts after the antique, to paint this work and others, where I might have models of nature when necessary, and a coat to cover me. I should not care what became of my work when it was done; but I reflect with horror upon such a fellow as I am, and with such kind of art in London, with house rent to pay, duns to follow me, and employers to look for. Had I studied art in another manner, more accommodated to the nation, there would be no dread of this.

Lamb filled two pages of the album with other quotations from Barry, criticisms of Leonardo da Vinci and Veronese, and a letter to Lord and Lady Inchiquin, thanking them for the gift of Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting-chair. Another artist whose writings are found in the volume is the American, Washington Allston, five of whose sonnets for pictures Lamb transcribed on a fly-leaf. On another page are three sonnets by John Hamilton Reynolds, Keats's friend. Keats, however, is not represented in the album, probably because Lamb possessed the three small volumes which are the poet's legacy to the world. Of the poems of his friend Coleridge, Lamb has included in his collection "Youth and Age," "The Old Man's Sigh," and "Kubla Khan," the last in its original form as it appeared in a magazine, with a note by Coleridge explaining the circumstances in which it was written.

Westwood, the younger, mentions Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" as one of the books that Lamb threw over the wall to his neighbor; but a poem of Hood's is found in the album, the "Death Bed," one of the humorist's little group of masterpieces, in which he proved himself a true poet. Barry Cornwall is represented by his lyric "Sing; Who Sings," and FitzGerald by his charming "Meadows in Spring," a poem of which Lamb said that he envied the writer. One wonders, by the way, if the translator of Omar Khayyam was one of the friends who, left alone in Lamb's sitting-room, like Henry Crabb Robinson, passed the time in looking over this album and found this carefully copied "Speech of a Courtier to King Edwine":

Man's life, O king, is like unto a little sparrow, which while your Majesty is feasting at the fire in your parlour, with your royal retinue, flies in at one window, and out at another. Indeed we see it that short time it remaineth in the house,

and then it is well sheltered from wind and weather; but presently it passeth from cold to cold, and whence it comes and whither it goes, we are altogether ignorant.

It is well known that many of the most admired verses of the "Rubaiyat" as we have it, are FitzGerald's own, both in ideas and expression, and it is curious to find in one paragraph the suggestions that might have been developed into two famous stanzas of the poem. On a blank half page Lamb transcribed the only poem of Blake's in the book, "The Chimney Sweeper," from "Songs of Innocence," of which it may be said, paraphrasing Lincoln, that those who like that sort of thing will find it just the sort of thing they like. Lamb copied this because, as he wrote to Bernard Barton, in 1824, Blake's "poems have been sold hitherto only in manuscript. I have never read them; but a friend at my desire procured the 'Sweep Song.' There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning:

'Tiger, tiger, burning bright
Thro' the deserts of the night'

which is glorious; but, alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad House." In 1824 Lamb was asked to contribute to "The Chimney-Sweeper's Friend and Climbing-Boy's Album," and he sent this "Sweep Song," which was published as "communicated by Mr. Charles Lamb from a very rare and curious little work." In the same year Lamb wrote to Bernard Barton, giving his impressions of Blake, half-admiring, half-quizzical: "He paints in water colours marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain, which he asserts that he has seen. He has *seen* the old Welsh bards on Snowdon—he has seen the Beautifullest, the Strongest, and the Ugliest Man, left alone from the Massacre of the Britons by the Romans, and has painted them from memory." Perhaps it was under the influence of Blake that Lamb filled a page in this album with portraits of the devil, some twenty different conceptions, the drawing of the crudest kind; but in each figure an idea struggling for expression.

Southey, Talfourd, and Hazlitt are other contemporaries of Lamb whose writings have been transcribed or pasted

into the volume; and, in addition to the acrostics and verses to friends, there are several poems of his own. One of these of considerable length, entitled "Hercules Pacificatus," appeared in the *London Magazine* and does not seem to have been reprinted. Two others, "The Parting Speech of the Celestial Messenger" and "Existence Considered No Blessing," are alleged to be "translated from the Latin of Palingenius." In the title of the latter, Lamb has inserted "In Itself" following the word "Existence," and has prefaced a note: "The poet, after a seeming approval of suicide, from a consideration of the cares and crimes of life, discusses the negative importance of existence contemplated in itself, without reference to good or evil." The concluding lines, one ventures to think, are not "translated from Palingenius," but are the reflections of Charles Lamb at a time when jesting failed to drive away the blues.

"Merely to be
Is not a boon to seek, nor ill to flee,
Seeing that every vilest little thing
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone,
And tumbling bark from trees. Unless *to be*
And *to be blest* be one, I do not see
In bare existence, as existence, aught
That's worthy to be loved or to be sought."

Lamb's life-long interest in plays and players is shown by the theatrical ana contained in the album, engravings, and bits of criticism. There is a portrait of Fanny Kelly, the "Barbara S" of the "Essays," whom Lamb would have married, if the lady had only said yes instead of no. The portrait is a stipple engraving published at about the time that Lamb made his proposal. His own criticism of Miss Kelly's acting is appended. "What a lass that were," he had once written, "to go a' gypsying through the world with." Another theatrical portrait is that of Miss Burrell, an actress in his esteem second only to Fanny Kelly of the "divine plain face." His criticism of Miss Burrell, in the *Examiner*, is also preserved here. Lamb saw her in a burlesque of "Don Giovanni," and was greatly impressed, writing of her: "We have seen Mrs. Jordan in male characters, and more ladies besides than we would wish to recollect, but never any that so

completely answered the purpose for which they were so transmuted as the lady who enacts the mock Giovanni." There are several old copperplate engravings of scenes from plays of the Garrick period, as well as mezzotint portraits of two of Lamb's favorite comedians, Wroughton and Dodd. For Dodd he had a particular admiration, and his praise in the essay "On Some of the Old Actors" vividly recalls the methods and mannerisms by which the comedian moved his audience to mirth. "The balloon takes less time in filling than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face with expression." Lamb writes reminiscently of a chance meeting with the actor in age, grown sedate and philosophical: "Could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety?" Perhaps the fact that the comedian "left at his death a choice collection of old English literature" was an added merit in Lamb's eyes. On a margin is written the title, "On the Acting of Munden," a memorandum of the subject which was afterward developed into one of the most famous of classic theatrical criticisms. The satirical essay on "Shakespeare's Improvers" also has a place in the volume and is followed by the epitaph on Shakespeare's daughter, copied in Lamb's "most clerky hand," the inscription beginning:

"Witty above her sex; but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall."

Those who believe that Lord Verulam wrote the plays may learn from this inscription that Bacon fooled even Shakespeare's family and neighbors by his sportive masquerade as a dramatist. Lamb has added the note:

The English verses (preserved by Dugdale) were many years since purposely obliterated to make room for another inscription carved on the same stone, for Richard Watts, a person of no relation to the Shakespeare family.

Here, too, is the epitaph written in all solemnity by Thomas Clio Rickman, that summary of a well-spent life, which filled Lamb with irreverent glee:

"He played the husband's, father's, brother's
part;
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

In a different spirit, admiration for the old and quaint, Lamb transcribed an epitaph of his beloved Elizabethan period, copying from a tomb in Stone Church, Kent, the post-mortem eulogy on Sir Thomas Smith, knight, who, according to Lamb's note, is described on his monument as "late Governor of the East Indian, Muscovia, French and Sommer (sic) Island Companies, Treasurer for the Virginia Plantations, Prime Undertaker in the year 1612, for that noble design the North West Passage, Principal Commissioner for the London Expedition against the Pirates, Ambassador to the Emperor and Grand Duke of Russia and Muscovia," and much more in the way of titles and honors.

"From those large kingdoms where the sun doth rise,
From that rich new-found world that Westward lies,
From Volga to the flood of Amazons,
From under both the poles and all the zones,
From all the famous rivers, lands, and seas
Between this place and our antipodes,
He got intelligence that might be found
To give contentment through the massy round;
But finding earthly things did rather tire
His longing soul than answer its desire,
To this obscured village he withdrew;
From hence his heavenly voyage did pursue;
Here sum'd up all, and when his gale of breath
Had left becalmed in the port of death
The soul's frail bark, and safe had landed her
Where faith his factor and his harbinger
Made place before, he did, no doubt, obtain
That wealth which here on earth we seek in vain."

Another epitaph recalls a time when poppies grew in Flanders fields more than a century ago. It is in Lamb's autograph, and may have been written by him for some friend who had lost a brother in Napoleon's last battle:

"FOR A TABLET IN WAVENDON CHURCH
"Picton and Ponsonby! a grateful land
In her proud annals now records her grief
On arch, urn, obelisk, with trembling hand
Your praise indenting. Thine no high relief
Shall tell, my brother! but memorial brief
This humble tribute from affection due.
Whilst England holds the dust of each proud chief,
Mine is the reminiscence ever new
That one small spot is thine in grave-starred Waterloo."

In contrast to the literature of cenotaphs is a real-estate advertisement which

amused Lamb by its "height of fine language." George Robins, an auctioneer, offers:

A Freehold Estate, which upon analysis, will be found to include advantages greatly preponderating over any of its compeers in this favoured county. The Estate and its venerable mansion are familiar with the history of England. It was erected in the time of Elizabeth, and hath encountered many a long year and wintry night without suffering the devastation usually the accompaniment of many centuries. . . . The gloom and necessary languor that too frequently prevail in many of our ancient structures hath been entirely discarded here. There is not a room in which cheerfulness is not a constant inmate. The bedstead in one of the principal bed-chambers, tradition reports to have been the occasional repose of Henry VIII. The humble individual who has so moderately pourtrayed a few only of its very many qualifications, will be disappointed if ocular demonstration doth not materially enhance its beauties.

This is merely a selection from Mr. Robins's eloquent description, of which Lamb writes: "A capital advertisement; but O, that I had preserved one in which the advertiser engages to pen letters for people of all sorts, but especially for illiterate lovers, ending (literally) 'the advertiser flatters himself he could use a strain,' etc."

One of the most interesting features in the album, for the reason that it strikingly illustrates a century's changes in the laws of civilized nations, is a pamphlet preserved by Lamb, containing the speech of Sir William Meredith against the penal code of Great Britain, "by far the most sanguinary of any in Europe, and a reproach to her civilization." The laws of England made it treason to counterfeit a silver coin. In his speech in Parliament, Meredith denounced this iniquity, saying:

By this nickname of treason, there lies at this moment in Newgate, under sentence to be burned alive, a girl just turned of fourteen. At her master's bidding, she hid some whitewashed farthings beneath her stays, on which the jury found her guilty as an accomplice of her master in the "treason." The master was hanged last Wednesday; and the faggots all lay ready—no reprieve came till just as the cart was setting out, and the girl would have been burnt alive on the same day, had it not been for the humane but casual interference of Lord Weymouth.

Sir William stated in his speech that "no less than three hundred and thirty-seven hanging laws were passed in the last

reign." Meredith made his appeal for more humane laws in 1777; but in 1830 the laws had not been materially changed, though their enforcement was less rigorous. A few years before Meredith's effort to obtain some mitigation of the criminal laws, Sir Christopher Bunbury endeavored to effect the repeal of some of the most cruel statutes. Will it be believed that in the days of Washington and Franklin, of Pitt and Burke, the House of Lords rejected the proposal on the ground that it was "an innovation"? According to Meredith, whenever a member of Parliament thought of any injury that could be done to *property*, he brought in a proposal for a new hanging law. Shop-lifting, no matter how petty the larceny, was a capital offense. One of the speaker's illustrative examples of the atrocities of the code was the story of a young woman of nineteen, whose husband had been seized by the press gang, with the full warrant and sanction of the law. After several months of begging in the streets with her two children, this girl committed a petty theft. Deprived of her husband, by legal authority, in order that the waves might continue to be ruled by those who "never, never, never shall be slaves," it was shown that the young mother had become insane because of the suffering she had undergone. Nevertheless, says Meredith, "she was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of the shopkeepers in Ludgate Street and the honor of the British nation. Her youngest infant was nursing at her breast when she was taken to Tyburn gallows."

The pamphlet containing Meredith's speech was one of a series issued by the London Committee for the Diffusion of Information on the Subject of Capital Punishments. Others contained speeches by Earl Grey and Lord Grenville. In April, 1813, a bill was introduced in Parliament to abolish the death penalty for stealing sums less than five shillings. The bill was brought in by Sir Samuel Romilly, and *lost*. Such infamies in the name of law and justice were of every-day occurrence, and naturally aroused the indignation of Lamb, most humane and kind-hearted of men, though he protested in vigorous language against being described as "the gentle Elia." He was

greatly interested in the society that was working for the abolition of the death penalty for misdemeanors, though he did not live to see new laws fixing a greater value on human life than on five shillings' worth of property. Another article preserved in the album is of a nature similar to the Meredith speech, Lamb's brother John's vigorous attack on the Corn Laws of 1815, by which it was proposed to make gleaning in the fields a form of robbery, presumably to be punished by death. John Lamb argues that the logical inference from such a law is that Boaz, instead of marrying Ruth, should have prosecuted her for larceny and seen to it that she was duly hanged.

The early efforts to form a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals also interested Lamb, and he probably inspired or suggested the pamphlet written on the subject by his brother. The only copy of this work that has survived—Charles Lamb's own—is described in my "Sentimental Library." The Right Honorable William Windham, having opposed a parliamentary bill to prevent cruelty to animals (perhaps on the ground that kindness to animals would be "an innovation"), John Lamb wrote his pamphlet in protest. There are references to this subject in the album; among them Lamb has written:

Mr. Cooke, son of the late member from Middlesex, some little time ago, near Uxbridge, shot a very large bird, which, as soon as it fell, rose on its legs, and pointing to its shattered wing, reared an enormous crest, and opened its mouth, as much as to say "See what you have done." It was too much disabled to be kept alive. . . .

Of puns, epigrams, and anecdotes the volume contains a great variety, the contents being fairly well described in Lamb's verses "What is an Album?" which appear here in his own hand:

"A medley of scraps, half verse and half prose,
And some things not very like either, God knows,
Where wise folk and simple alike do combine,
And you write *your* nonsense that I may write
mine."

Of the briefer entries, a few may be quoted at random. From a popular non-conformist hymn, Lamb selects the gem:

"Come, needy; come, guilty; come, loathsome and
bare.
You can't come too filthy—come just as you are."

The Beef Eaters (of the Tower) whose broad faces bespeak such repletion of body and inanition of mind as perfectly fright away those two enemies of man, famine and thought.

Browne Willis, in a rambling religious book written by his wife: "All the connection in this book is owing to the book-binder!"

"ON A LADY WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND

"Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here.

What think you, my love? Don't it strike you?"

'Can't say it does just at present, my dear;
But I think it soon will; it's so like you."

Edwards, book collector, desired his coffin to be made out of some of the strong shelves of his library.

Dr. Sneyd Davis, after a visit, being importuned by a lady, for a seat in his carriage as far as her own door, reluctantly took her in, and when they approached the village, to elude gossiping reports, drew up his blinds.

"PORSON'S GERUNDIAL PUN

"When Dido found Æneas would not come
She mourned in silence, and was *Di do dum*."

The traveler in Ireland who says that "he never knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes, till he saw the Dublin ones."

"COLERIDGE'S INSCRIPTION ON A TIME-PIECE

"*Now!* It is gone. Our moments travel post,
Each with its deed or thought; its what? and how?

But know each parting hour gives up a ghost
May live within thee, an eternal *Now*."

Lamb did so much scrivening in his day's work that one may feel sure that he used his more leisured pen to copy only the things that impressed him as really worth while. Therefore it is interesting to find his regard for America expressed in a quotation from Cowper's "Letters":

I consider England and America as once one country. They were so in respect of interest, intercourse and affinity. A great earthquake has made a partition, and now the Atlantic Ocean flows between them.

There is also a quotation from one of Cobbett's letters, regarding the qualities that Americans and Englishmen have in common:

The loud voice; the hard squeeze of the hand; the instant assent or dissent; the clamorous joy; the ardent friendship; the deadly enmity. . . . All these belong to Englishmen.

It is likely that Lamb would be gratified, as well as astonished, to know that this book, which he used for many years and which has been in the hands of most of his friends, Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and many others, has found its home in America, in a Western city, in Lamb's own day an Indian village, which in 1829 was granted by the government to a half-breed Indian woman. On the dispersal of the library of Edward Moxon, the scrap-book became a part of the Morrison collection of autographs. When that extraordinary collection was sold at auction, the volume came to America, and Mr. E. Arthur Ball, of Muncie, Indiana, is now the possessor of this unique memento of the best beloved and most friendly of writers.

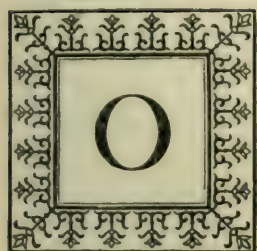
Reference has been made to Lamb's thumb-nail sketch of one of his famous contemporaries, De Quincey. The latter made a full-length pen portrait of Lamb, the original manuscript of which is in my collection. A part of this is an incisive character study:

Lamb would make merry with his own grandiloquence at the moment; and in after moments he would continually ridicule that class of words by others carried to an extreme of pedantry. From intense sincerity and truth of character, Lamb would allow himself to say things that shocked the feelings of the company, shocked sometimes in the sense of startling or electrifying, as by something that was odd; but also sometimes shocked by the sense of what was revolting, as by a Swiftian laying bare of natural shivering human nature. Such exposures of masquerading vanity! Such surgical probings and borings of the secret feelings.

If we make a composite of this sketch and Hazlitt's "Venetian Senator" portrait of Lamb, thoughtful and sedate, but with a twinkle in the eyes as if on the alert for a jest, we have the man in his habit as he lived, "sportfully much-enduring."

The Genus Ball Player

BY CHARLES E. CHAPMAN



ONCE a ball player always a "ball player"—not a "fan." There is a difference. One may like the game, be wildly enthusiastic over it, even make a living as a baseball reporter, but if he has not played it at least a few years in organized leagues, he is at most a "fan," and not of the inner circle.

The writer of this article is a professor of Hispanic American history in an American university. For seventeen years he has had little or no intimate acquaintance with present-day professional ball players. Before that, however, he played the game nine years, four of them in organized ball and the other five on fast "semi-pro" teams. He was never anything but the common run of ball player, and did not "make" the Big Leagues. But he was *in* baseball long enough to be *of* it. And he will belong to the fraternity, or at least hover on the edge of it, to the end of his days.

The writer can *feel* what it is to be a ball player. But can the feeling be explained? It has its roots, perhaps, in the knowledge of the player on the field that the game is far more perfect than the spectator understands. And there are unique human angles that the public never gets. The player is therefore in a select group of society. He has a certain superior knowledge which even the most intelligent are unable to grasp, unless they, too, have played the game. To be sure, it concerns only baseball, but baseball for a few years has been the biggest thing in his life, and the grip of the game is lasting.

Many sporting writers have published articles on so-called "inside ball." Some of these have a great deal of truth in them; others are merely ridiculous. Ball players themselves have written articles, but they are too near the game to have perspective and are usually incoherent. A member of the fraternity can detect

what they are trying to say, but they rarely bring it out into the clear. The writer does not flatter himself that he will be more successful than they, but believes that some clew to what it means to be a ball player may be provided if he relates a few experiences of players, past and present.

The great human drama of baseball finds its richest setting in the professional leagues of medium grade, those styled now "Class A" or "B," such, for example, as the Eastern, Southern, and Western leagues. Here one finds pretty good baseball, and every type of professional player in the game. On the one hand is the young star, working his way toward eventual success in the "Big Time." With him are other young players, who will already have reached their limit or may progress at most to a grade above, in the "AA" leagues. On the other hand, there are the old players, back from a great career in "the Majors" or taking the lesser drop from "AA." In the spring there are always "rookies," young players receiving a try-out, most of whom will never get anywhere in the game. The play is fast enough in "A" or "B" for the science of the game to show, and it is always sufficiently imperfect to give that science a greater than usual opportunity for expression, since the defense against brains is not so strong as in the higher leagues.

In "AA" and the Majors the same elements do indeed exist, but the distinction is less sharp. Improving or "going back," the players in these leagues are still the élite of the game, stars as compared with the rank and file in the leagues below them. The lesser leagues, on the other hand, those called "C" and "D," are merely on the border line of baseball. One must advance beyond them to call himself a "ball player." Amateur play, whether as between schools and colleges or rival towns, is splendid sport, but it isn't baseball; it is a "good time," plus

the glory of service to *alma mater* or native heath. "Semi-pro" games, those played for money outside the pale of organized ball, are only a little better from the standpoint of real baseball.

What are some of these underlying currents of the game? The "fan" sees base-hits, put-outs, assists, and errors. If a little better informed, he notices what the pitcher is using, and recognizes a hit-and-run play when he sees it. He repeats in the stands the phrasings of the reporters. He may know little or much, but his knowledge is always *after the fact*. One phase of intelligent baseball on the field is the anticipation of a play or even the forcing of it.

"Al Rogers" could hit a high fast ball hard. He chopped too much on a low curve. He was therefore awake to anything that would tip off the pitch, though preferring no tip at all to an uncertainty. Many uninformed pitchers give away in advance what they are going to throw—as by some movement of the hand or leg or even by the position they take. The star recollection on this score in "Al Rogers's" experience concerned a pitcher named "Jake" Wells and a player named "Stick" Aldrich. "Jake" Wells had great speed and a phenomenal drop. The team on which "Al Rogers" played was helpless against him. It was lucky to get six hits to a game or a single run. One day for four innings but a single hit had been made. And then "Stick" Aldrich came back from the coaching line to the bench.

"I've got him," he said. "Every time he pitches his speed ball, he grits his teeth and screws up his face, and for an instant shows a little of the white of his teeth. When he throws his curve he doesn't do that."

We watched him a while. It was certain. Before the day was done "Jake" Wells had been batted for fourteen hits. Never again was he able to stop this club, and presently he was released. "Jake" Wells did not fail for lack of "stuff"—decidedly not! The game of baseball must be perfect. It admits of no defect. "Jake" Wells failed because of a white tooth!

There are scores of other ways to get the "signs" for what the pitcher is going

to throw. But is this legitimate? The writer has played football. He would have scorned to use an opposing team's code for calling plays. He knows, and believes he observes, the niceties in the game of tennis. But baseball must be perfect! It is legitimate to take advantage of a defect, for there should be no defects. It is ruthless—it is war!—but it is splendid, none the less.

Low-grade catchers often give the signal away. The writer knows one catcher, rated a star in the Pacific Coast League, whose "signs" he is able to get from the stands. Many catchers who successfully hide the signal for the pitch will nevertheless take a receiving position that shows what they expect. It is said that the Cleveland Club won the World's Series of 1920 by observing an opposing catcher's stand. The writer saw two Major League catchers last year who almost invariably gave the pitch away; on one of them, for a test, he guessed every straight ball pitched during two successive innings. This type of signal-getting is dangerous, however, for there may be a slip; there *will be*, if the catcher realizes he is being watched and knows what for; and one slip ruins the system, for it leaves behind an element of doubt.

In talking over matters of this sort with a certain National League player last year, the latter told something about "Phil" Douglass, then a Giant pitcher, but since banished from the game.

"I'll give you a problem," he said. "We know when Douglass is going to throw his spit-ball. See if you can get it."

The writer saw Douglass pitch several games after that, but for the life of him he couldn't make it out. Then one day he arrived late, and was obliged to take a seat beyond third base. Suddenly, without his looking for it—for he had given the matter up—the thing forced itself upon him. When Douglass threw the spit-ball he bent his wrist—no doubt to keep the ball from slipping in his hand; when he did not bend his wrist he might throw speed or a natural curve, but not a "spitter." Evidently Douglass didn't know of this mannerism of his, or now and then he would have bent his wrist on the fast ball—and the game would have been up!

Sometimes the pitcher gives the "signs." The writer once saw a game pitched by Theile of Stanford University. The catcher got down as if to give the signal, but Theile was watching a runner on first, and never once looked at the catcher. The catcher did not get down again, but Theile pitched. Two more pitches, and the writer knew the "signs"—according as Theile held his glove.

Other players on the team, especially the short-stop or second baseman, may give the play away. They are in a position to see what is being called for, and sometimes move about accordingly. A curve reaches a batter a little later than a fast ball. Consequently the batter is more apt to "pull" a curve, and less likely to do so with a straight one. But if a batter has his eyes open, it isn't safe to move before the pitch.

Against players smart enough to notice things, it is often possible to force a play that would not work against less intelligent opponents. "Al Rogers," who caught during much of his career, knew that a good catcher sees everything about a batter's style and realizes almost better than the batter himself what the latter can or cannot hit. "Al Rogers" liked high speed. Therefore, he would often take a defensive crouch at the bat, as if expecting a curve. As the pitch was made, he would straighten up and lunge for the high fast one, which in such cases was almost invariably served to him. This bit of strategy would never work but once against a given smart catcher, for good catchers have a memory like an elephant.

It is not alone in the battle of batter and battery that skill in "calling the turn" is employed. It is everywhere in the game, and it is too skilful to be observed—necessarily so, for it must deceive a skilful opposition. Indeed, brainy plays are made every day that nobody on earth but the player who made them is aware of. Last year Max Carey of Pittsburgh, a veteran of the National League, made one of the most remarkable records in the history of the game. The public has been fed columns of "stuff" about "Babe" Ruth's home runs, his wood-chopping, influenza, the blackmail case against him, etc., but hardly anything

about this infinitely more remarkable happening. In fifty-three attempts at stealing a base in 1922, Carey was successful *fifty-one times!* In comparison it would be nothing to hit even a hundred home runs, with the modern lively ball and modern handbox park. It is a sad commentary on baseball writers or the public they serve that the one thing should get so much notice and the other little more than nothing at all. Carey is fast, but a score of men in the Majors are as fast or faster. Charley Paddock, the "fastest human," would probably not steal twenty bases in fifty-three tries, and meantime would very likely be picked off base before he started, more often than he stole. Carey stole bases with his baseball brains. As a super star in base-stealing he sees and takes advantage of little defects in the opposition too slight to be observed or utilized by the average star.

Even "Al Rogers," garden variety of ball player and slow on his feet, experienced two years of success as a base-runner. He learned that he could read a pitcher's mind through movements of his knees and feet easier than by watching his eyes. A certain pitcher he played against would invariably pose four seconds before making his pitch, but if he were going to throw to first he would let go on three seconds or earlier. Knowledge of little matters like that, coupled with a quick, jumping start and a slide, made the crowd think "Al Rogers" fast, but the crowd was wrong, as it usually is. Later he lost the start, or played under "safety first" managers, and his base-running stopped.

A moment ago the writer said that great plays are made, known only to the player who made them. Such plays often involve a rapidity of thought that the reader may think impossible, but every ball player knows it to be true. Here is one by Fred Tenney, one of the greatest first basemen of all time. Some years ago, when Boston and Baltimore were battling for a pennant, the two teams met in a "crucial series." With Boston last at bat, the score was 1 to 1 in the ninth, Hamilton of Boston on second, one out, and one strike and no balls on Tenney. In that situation Tenney was prepared to

hit the next one, if it should be over the plate. Just as the pitcher was delivering the ball, however, he saw that Hamilton, who was a great base-runner, had a long lead off second for a steal of third. In the fraction of a second it takes a ball to travel from a pitcher to the plate, here is what passed through Tenney's mind:

"Hamilton has such a long lead that he is sure to make third. If I hit the ball, I may line it and retire the side on a double play, or else put up a fly and make him go back to second. But if I let it go, Hamilton will be on third, and then a long fly to the outfield will score him. So I am going to take this pitch."

The ball cut the plate for two strikes, but there was a roar from the crowd. For Tenney? By no means. Hamilton had stolen third! The story would be perfect if presently Tenney had driven out the anticipated long fly, but in point of fact he made a hit that would have scored Hamilton from second. Nevertheless, it was a great play, and the writer knows it only because Tenney told it to him. Tenney himself was the only man on the field that for a certainty knew why he took that second strike.

Things like that happen daily even in the lesser leagues. And to show that "everybody's doing it," the writer will relate an experience of "Al Rogers." He was playing first base for Manchester in a game at New Bedford in the old New England League. The thing came up in course of a triple play, which, as the sporting writers put it, was "one for the book." In this triple play every member of the Manchester team handled the ball, but it would have stopped short at two men out if "Al Rogers" had followed instinct rather than fraction-of-a-second thinking.

New Bedford had men on second and third, with nobody out. The batter hit to short-stop, who threw home. There was a run-up between third and home, the catcher, third baseman, pitcher, and left-fielder participating. Meanwhile the man on second had moved up to third, and the batter had reached second. Just as the man in the run-up was being caught near third, the other runner at that bag foolishly started back for second. There was another run-up, in which, among

others, the second baseman, centre-fielder, and "Al Rogers" handled the ball; "Rogers" had left first, since the play had passed his base. By this time every man on the team but the right-fielder had taken part in the play. But just as the runner from second was being caught near that base, the man who had hit the ball made a foolish break back toward first. "Al Rogers" had meanwhile returned to first, so as not to clutter the run-up between second and third. He was standing inside the diamond, about fifteen feet from the bag, in a line with the short-stop. The return of the base-runner from second was a stupid play, and therefore a complete surprise. The short-stop let drive a throw for first. While it was on the way, the following went through "Al Rogers's" head:

"The throw is high, but I can get it if I jump. But I won't be in time to get the runner at first, as I am out of position. The right-fielder ought to be on first base or thereabouts, if he is doing his duty. But 'Deacon' Morrissey, a pitcher, is playing right-field to-day, and he may not think to come in. If I let the throw go, and the 'Deacon' isn't there, the runner will reach third, or perhaps score, and my team mates will give me ——! But he ought to be there, the throw is going there, and if he *is* there the runner will be out, and it's 'great' to make a triple play, and if I knock it down and he's *there* I'll catch ——! I haven't time to look and see if he is there, but I think I'll take a chance."

The throw went through, the "Deacon" *was* there, the third man was out—and "Al Rogers" didn't even "catch a cold!" Every particle of the above had flashed through his brain in perhaps a fifth of a second. Not one of his team mates knew he had made the play, and he never told them. Why should he have told it? These things happen every day.

The greatness of the game, which he alone knows, sets the ball player off from the rest of the world. Within his sphere, however, he has his problems, his differences, and his adjustments, just as in any social group. In membership the society is ultrademocratic. On the same club there may be not only veteran and rookie, but also rich (though rarely) and poor, the

college graduate and the illiterate mountaineer, a variety of religious faiths—in a word, all the graces and awkwardnesses of American society. This *pot-pourri* of membership not infrequently makes for serious team problems. Strange as it may seem, the writer has known more than one club to be divided into two camps, according to religion. Speaking generally, however, ball players belong to one or other of two types: those who recognize they are in the game for the time being, on the way to something else; and those who are not sufficiently far-sighted to look ahead to the inevitably early day when their career on the diamond will end. In the writer's opinion the former profit by the game, though this is not the place to argue the matter. They go on and up in the scale of good citizenship.

But the others? Where do *they* go? Their fate is hard enough when one finds them on the way *down*, in the medium minors, after a span of years at the top in stardom. But many go lower yet. Little more than children in the ways of business, their savings fall away from them through unwise investment. It is not at all that they are roustabouts; few professions have as high an average of right-living men as baseball. But they are untrained. They perish more often from misapplied virtue than through reprehensible fault.

A great deal might be said about the social side of the inner circle of baseball. There was a time when the foot on the rail and the "steering of schooners across the bar" was an all-too-prominent part of relaxations from the play. But, long before Volstead was ever heard of, that day had gone. It survived in lesser baseball, and perhaps most of all in the summer-resort clubs, where the athletes, mostly college men, mixed baseball, beer, and sweethearts in their treble pursuit of a "good time." Professional baseball in the better leagues is much too serious, however, to admit of these practices. Here and there a black sheep may appear, but less often than among other men on a similar social plane.

To a certain extent, ball players spend their hours away from the game much as other men might who possessed an equal amount of leisure. Ordinarily they are

late risers. If at home, they may have to go to the park for morning practice at ten or half-past for an hour. Away from home they spend hours reading papers and magazines and writing letters. Evenings and days when there is no game, they may go to the "movies." Some play golf, or go fishing, whenever there is a chance. Much more likely, however, they gather in groups in the hotel, and talk—what? They talk *baseball*! The ball player talks, dreams, and eats his game as well as plays it. If he is free for an afternoon, and there is another game in the vicinity, he gravitates toward the park.

Men in the better leagues get good enough salaries to make trial of the old adage that "two can live cheaper than one," and perhaps a majority of the seasoned players are married. Naturally, the baseball husband is less often seen at the hotel than the bachelor, when the club is at home. Indeed, he is rather a domestic creature, not infrequently an expert dish-washer and baby-tender. The ball player and his wife enjoy more real comradeship than falls to the lot of the average couple outside the game. He stays at home during most of the numerous leisure hours, and she goes out to the park in the afternoon. Your habitué at the games will soon pick out the players' wives. The wives know one another, and not infrequently sit in the same part of the stand. They know more about baseball than the average "fan," and enjoy the play, if the team *and* "hub'n" are doing well. At other times it is torture for them to see the game. As a rule these pretty young brides—and they are pretty, for the ball player is as good a picker of feminine charm as he is of balls and strikes—these girlish wives *hate* the crowd. Some few, perhaps, not bred to conceal their feelings, reply to the taunts which the rooters nearest them are hurling at the players. Others keep silence, but with difficulty. The more sensitive end by staying away from the games altogether. The battle is harder for them than for the men on the field.

And what, indeed, is the attitude of the player toward the "fan"? Your seasoned professional will tell you that he pays no attention to the crowd, whether

it cheers him or gives him the gnawing "razz." He will tell you this, but in his secret heart will know it isn't so. Reputation is part of the game, and reputation is what the crowd thinks. Nevertheless, it is true that the player rather despises the crowd. He knows it is ignorant, "baseballically" speaking. The crowd cheers or hoots, according to the *result*, no matter whether the play is good or bad. Also, the crowd has certain ineradicable misconceptions about the game. Any base-running disaster, the crowd thinks, is always due to the coacher, more particularly if that coacher is the manager or some temporarily unpopular member of the team. Ball players know that where the runner has the play entirely before him it is the runner's fault, nine times out of ten, if the thing goes wrong. The crowd hoots the coach—while the erstwhile base-runner gets a "panning" on the bench.

Years of watching the game from the stands have led the writer to believe that the players overdo their condemnation of the crowd. Usually the more uninformed make the most noise. Furthermore—something "Al Rogers" never knew, but the writer has since discovered—much of the booing and cutting wit is in a rather cruel spirit of fun, and not vindictive at all.

But how do former players watch a game? If they are like the writer, they do it almost in silence, *never* jeering, applauding only out of a desire to give encouragement, but intently observing the

play, figuring it out beforehand as in the old days on the field. Indeed, it is a little bit like work, though a fascinating task. Because it *is* work, the old player will often sit back and take it like a "fan," according to the result, though better understanding why results are produced. If there is a particularly attractive player on the field—a great pitcher, a promising rookie, etc.—he will put on his thinking cap and observe what the man is really doing.

And how about the old player in the presence of the active members of the fraternity? If he was formerly a Big League star, no doubt his prestige will carry him. But if he is a "never was," like "Al Rogers," he may be diffident. The writer has dined with South American presidents, and, in fine, met his share of notables; whatever it all amounted to, it never made him bat an eyelash. But one year when he was invited to accompany a Big League club on its swing around the circuit and mingle with the players, he "started, but never finished." Why? Boiled down to essentials, it was perhaps due to this: he was afraid he might be taken for a "fan"! The players would have treated him like anybody else; they are human beings, and esteem a person, ball player or not, according to the way he strikes them. But if one has ever been in the thick of the game, it is hard to be crowded out. Perhaps, after all, that is the greatest tragedy of baseball: one becomes an *emeritus* at thirty-five; it doesn't last a lifetime.



Dead Man's Hand

BY RICHARD NYGREN

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY LON MEGARGEE



THE storm was over. For more than thirty continuous hours the wind had swept the Red Valley desert. Howling and screeching, it had driven relentlessly on, filling the air with burning sand, drifting the hollows and sweeping the levels, until it had obscured from view every sign of trail and water-hole. Then suddenly it had ceased with the same abruptness which had characterized its start, leaving the air overhead a murky red and the desert a sea of rolling sand, strewn with strips of torn cactus and mesquite bush.

Not a sign of life was visible on that vast expanse of sand. Even the lizards and horned toads had sought refuge from the wrath of the storm.

Then, as though they had risen from the earth, two men suddenly appeared from behind a dune. Covered with sand, their hands were torn and bleeding, and their bloodshot eyes showed like balls of fire through their dust-covered faces, bearing evidence of the fight they had put up to keep from being buried alive.

They were an odd pair and presented a strange contrast.

One was tall and young. He was lithe and straight, with wiry, steel-like muscles. His well-shaped head was covered with a shock of wavy golden hair, and his dust-covered, bleeding hands were long and slender. The rawhide strap of his hat hung under his chin, and his face wore an expression of sullen rebellion and suppressed indignation. He did not even so much as favor the other man with one of his scowling glances.

"The Gamblin' Kid," as he was familiarly known in the Southwest, had good reason for his sullen attitude. He had shot a man, and in consequence he had fallen into the hands of the law, which in

this particular case were the hands of no less a personage than ex-Sheriff Gabe of Rawson County. He was a little old wizened man of seventy years. To look at him no one would ever credit him with the job he had in hand. He resembled nothing so little as he did a man-hunter whose reputation had, on more than one occasion, been the cause of shady characters and gunmen leaving the desert trail and giving Rawson County a wide berth.

Gabe was not at all like your Western magazine sheriff, who is always depicted as a big man with a long, drooping mustache and cold, steely eyes. No, Gabe was the farthest possible from that picture, almost to the extent of being weak in his demeanor. Even his high-heeled boots could not elevate him above five feet six inches, and his yellow-white mustache never grew long enough to droop. His pale-blue eyes under normal conditions were almost wistful and sympathetic, but surely the man who wrote the poem "The Colt Equalizer," telling how all men are the same size behind a Colt .45, must have known old man Gabe.

No one had as yet proven himself a bigger man with a gun than Gabe, and quite a number had been curious. If Gabe had been of the type of man who must notch the butt of his gun in order to refresh his memory, it is doubtful if one gun would have been sufficient to hold his decorations.

He had retired some years before from the office of sheriff of Rawson County. After thirty odd years of man-hunting he had felt in need of a rest, and realized that he was no longer in a fit condition to cope with the requirements of his office in the desert country. But since his retirement he had on several occasions, in the absence of the new sheriff, been called back to serve as sheriff, which accounted for his being out on the desert with the Kid in tow.

Gabe's face was thin and haggard, and his lips quivered as he stood gazing where the rays of the sun were starting to filter through the red sky.

"Reckon it's over?" he said weakly, without looking at the Kid. It was more of a statement than a question.

The Kid made no reply, and old Gabe did not act as though he had expected him to. He had become accustomed to the Kid's sullen, silent mood. Even their common peril throughout the storm had not changed that. The Kid had spoken no word since Gabe had crept up on him two nights before and disarmed him, and the scowl on his boy face never softened.

The Kid felt deeply chagrined at being held a captive by a weak-mannered individual like Sheriff Gabe, and he cursed him blackly under his breath and hoped for a break that would give him his chance to be off again.

Gabe had ceased gazing at the sky and was looking in a friendly way at the hole behind the sand-dune which had sheltered them from the burning sands.

Then he spoke again in the same soft tone.

"We sure played in big luck to find this place. Yeh, we sure did," he continued. "Not another place showin' that would have done the trick."

The only effect his words had on the Kid was to make him scowl deeper and turn away. If the expression on his face was his answer, he certainly did not appear grateful for his deliverance.

Gabe did not know that he blamed him much for that. He had seen other men who had been indifferent to their welfare when realizing what was in store for them at the end of the journey. So he refrained from expressing himself further and started saddling his pony. He had finished before he noticed that the Kid stood motionless and had made no move to do likewise.

"Well," began Gabe, "ain't yuh goin'—" He paused as his eyes dropped to the position of the Kid's hands held in front of him, and he did not finish what he had started to say.

He walked over and commenced fumbling with the Kid's wrists, saying in an apologetic tone: "I plum forgot."

Gabe seldom resorted to the use of

handcuffs, and most of the time they stayed in his saddle-bag, but after the Kid had tried to sneak away right in the teeth of the storm, when it was at its worst, he realized that the Kid was not going to come of his own accord, so he had been forced to tie him up.

When they finished saddling their ponies, they mounted and rode away in silence.

It was still some three hours of being sundown, and Gabe was anxious to find a water-hole before dark. They had filled their water-bags shortly before the storm hit them, so they had not suffered greatly from thirst, but all that remained of that now was less than a quart, and their horses were in great need of water and feed.

Gabe took his bearing from the fast descending sun and was back-tracking, hoping to find again their lost water-hole. But darkness found them camped by some cactus-trees without having found any sign of water or their old track.

There remained but four hardtack biscuits in Gabe's saddle-bags. He divided these with the Kid and set about building a fire out of greasewood. While he was hunting wood, the Kid rose and walked over to the horses, where, unobserved, he gave up the last of his supper to his pony.

Long after dark the two men sat smoking and gazing into the fire. The puffing of their pipes and the sizzling of the greasewood were the only sounds audible.

When Gabe finished his smoke he rose, and speaking to the Kid in a friendly tone he said:

"I hate for to tie yuh up, Kid, and if you'd only give me your word that you'd keep me company till mornin' I'd not do it. You'd sleep a heap easier," he continued, his voice almost pleading, "and I'd feel some easier myself."

The Kid's lips moved but he made no reply. Instead he reached over and pulled his saddle onto the blanket for a pillow and raised his hands for the bracelets.

When the sheriff finished tying him, he rolled up in his own blanket and lay there musing on the peculiarities of human nature as he knew it.

The boy he had just tied up would shoot to kill, and had done so. He would make

a break for freedom if given the smallest chance; yes, even if he had to kill again in doing so. Yet, when asked to give his word that he would not attempt to get away, he had refused to take that means of getting loose.

"That's what I've heard said of him," murmured the sheriff to himself. "Mighty queer world," he reasoned. "Some men are killers, others are thieves, and some are liars, but very few have a full hand of meanness. Mighty queer," he mumbled, and dropped off to sleep.

The next morning they were in their saddles before sun-up, and Gabe set a brisk pace. He knew very well what the going would be when the sun commenced beating down on them.

By ten o'clock the sun was unmerciful and the heat rose from the desert in blinding waves. They rode with their hats pulled low and their neckerchiefs tied over their mouths to keep out the hot, dry air. The horses were beginning to play out, and staggered along with drooping heads and lolling tongues. The wind had swept out all trace of any track that might lead them to water. Finally the ponies stopped altogether, unable to drag their tired, burning feet through the sand.

Gabe dismounted and turned to the Kid. His eyes were wild and glassy. He did not seem to comprehend the Kid's being along. With shaking hands he unhooked the canteen from his saddle and raised it to his lips. The water was hot enough to boil an egg, but it was wet. He handed the canteen to the Kid, who treated it in the same way, merely taking enough to wet his lips.

Without waiting to rest the tired horses, the sheriff hooked the canteen back on his saddle and started walking and leading his horse. The Kid followed, cursing him inwardly for an old fool without sense enough to rest the ponies.

They walked for the next hour leading their horses.

The sand burned through their leather boots and blistered their feet until they must needs mount or stop.

When next they came to a stop, the Kid made a move to unsaddle his pony and rest. Old Gabe halted him by climbing heavily into his saddle and motioning the

Kid to do likewise. He did not seem to comprehend the condition of the horses or himself.

By noon the sun was straight up, and the sheriff was swaying drunkenly in his saddle. He rode with one hand on the horn to steady himself, and for the past hour he had taken to rubbing his hand over the left side of his chest as though he were in pain.

The Kid had ceased to scowl and his lips formed a swollen, cracked smile as his eyes followed the swaying body of the sheriff. Malignity was marked in his demeanor and in his physiognomy as he muttered through his swollen lips:

"Damn him, it won't be long now."

A spasm of pain racked the sheriff and he lost his hold on the saddle-horn and slipped to the ground.

The Kid pulled his right foot out of the stirrup, but before he could dismount, the sheriff was on his feet facing him with his gun drawn and a wild look in his eyes.

What he anticipated from the Kid's move to dismount was very clear as he stood there grasping the stirrup to steady his sagging body, and his eyes fastened on the Kid.

Then his lips parted and he spoke to the Kid in a wheezing hiss. "I'll let you know when I need you," he said, "and until I do," he continued, "I'd not make any more moves if I was you. Especially"—he broke off with a sneer—"since I'm liable to mistake your well-meaning intentions."

The Kid did not offer to reply to this. He knew that the sheriff was weakening, and he had no intention of losing out now by words or actions. So he sat cool and straight in his saddle and regarded the sheriff with an insolent look on his face.

"He's plum loco," he said as they rode on. "It won't be long now," he muttered as the sheriff almost bent double in his saddle.

Old Gabe could feel the Kid's eyes boring into the back of his head, and whenever he turned he met his leering smile.

He cursed him madly; he cursed himself for having tied the Kid up the previous night; he could have bluffed sleep, he reasoned in his semidelirious mind, and

when the Kid had made a break to get away he could have plugged him. The thought of losing his man affected him strangely, and he cursed the sand-storm and the sheriff of Rawson County for having been away, thereby throwing the job on him.

Riding and stumbling alongside of their horses, they kept going until late in the afternoon.

Finally Gabe's horse, too tired to take another step, reeled and sank slowly to the ground. Gabe started applying his quirt to the pony's head, and trying to pull the tired animal up on his feet. In his frenzy he took to shaking the pony's head, wheezing out oaths as he swung his loaded quirt time and again.

The Kid sat silent in his saddle, watching this spectacle. The muscles stood out hard on his face, and his jaw quivered as the sheriff's pony made a weak attempt to rise, and sank back again. Gabe fell across his pony's neck, his mouth open, and his breath came in racking gasps. He had exhausted his waning strength in his maddened frenzy. For long he lay there watching the Kid before he recovered sufficiently to rise. He seemed to be in a daze as he staggered around, and uncertain as to his next move. Then, seeming to realize that further travel was impossible, he unbuckled the cinch and pulled his saddle off, and motioned the Kid to do likewise. This done, he took his blanket and started walking painfully toward some cactus-trees down in a hollow and lay down. He lay there, his face twitching with pain, and his eyes fixed on the Kid.

When the sun had gone down he got up and, not seeming to be aware of the Kid's presence, started walking slowly over the knoll. A short time after he disappeared the stillness of the desert was broken by the loud report of a gun.

"He's done it," exclaimed the Kid, his face turning pale.

But even as he started to rise, the sheriff appeared over the knoll with a smoking gun in his hand. He staggered up to the Kid, and drawing the gun he had taken from him three days before he handed it to him *barrel first*, saying as he did so, in a biting voice: "Your horse needs lookin' to."

The Kid made no move to take the gun, and his lips formed a protest, but seeing the gun in the sheriff's right hand tilt upward and his lips drawn back in a sneer, he checked his words and took the gun.

The sheriff watched him with bulging eyes and kept his gun trained on his back.

When the Kid had disappeared from view, the sheriff started crawling after him, pushing his gun before him.

When he came to the ridge, he pulled his hat off and peered cautiously over, lest the Kid get the first shot. The first glimpse he got made him duck his head. Then he heard the Kid speaking in a tremulous tone of voice. They were the first words the sheriff had heard him utter since he met him.

"Now, now, you mustn't look thataway," he was saying to his pony, who was looking at him with pleading eyes.

"Yuh ain't a-thinkin' I'd be holdin' out on you, are yuh?" he asked, as the pony nuzzled his pocket. "I'm sorry, old girl," he continued sadly, as he rubbed her nose, "I ain't got a crumb for you. I gave you the last bit I had last night."

But the pony did not seem to understand why there was no morsel of food for her, and she pawed the sand beseechingly and squeezed her nose farther into his pocket.

So the Kid stood silent with his arms around her drooping neck, his eyes closed in misery.

Long he stood there before he could steel himself for the task he had in hand.

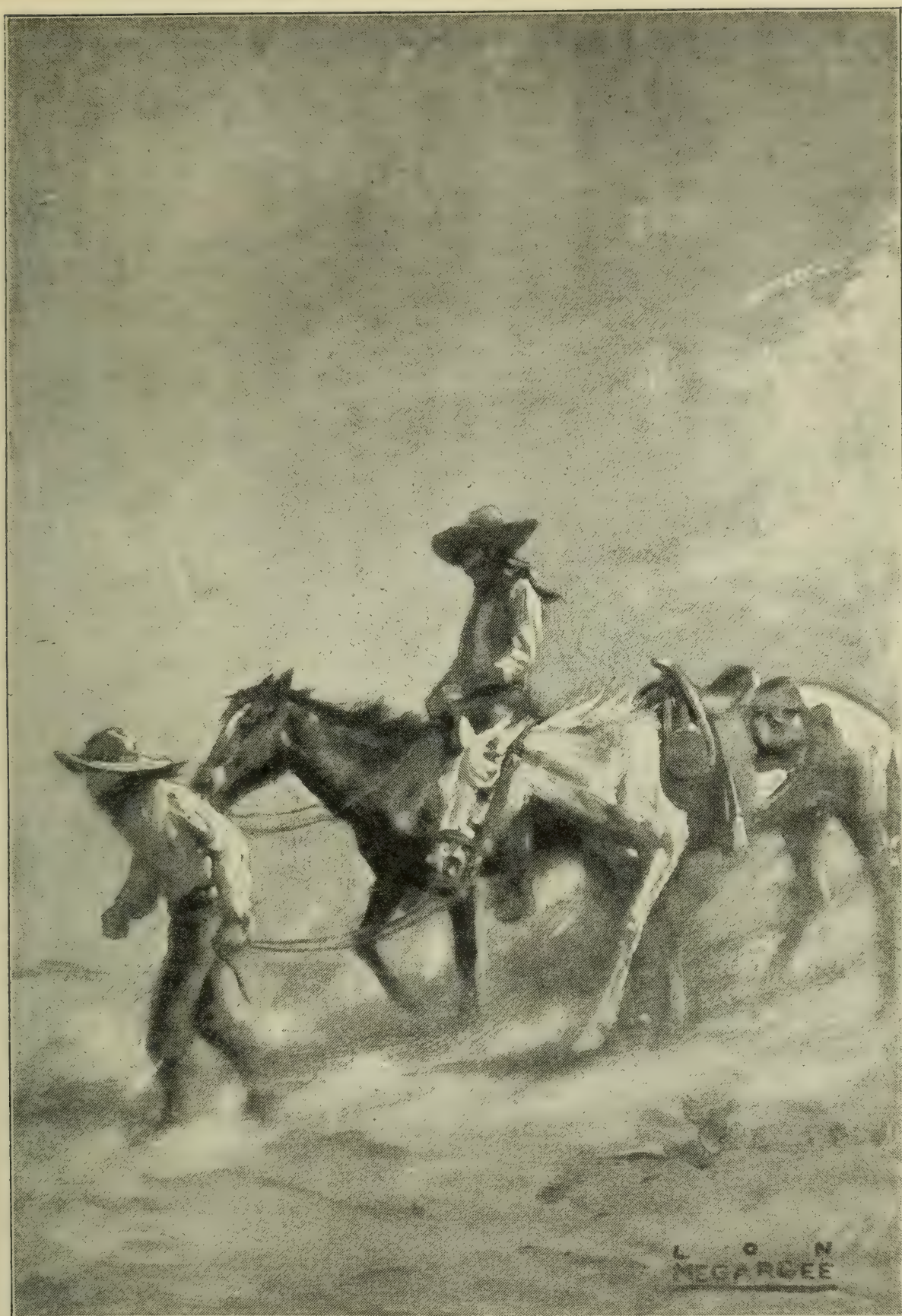
Then his hand slid slowly to his holster. He scarcely could close his fingers around the butt, they had become so numb, and the pistol seemed to be made of lead.

"It ain't goin' to hurt you much, girl," he said in a husky voice. "I wouldn't hurt you if I could help it."

The pony had ceased nuzzling his pocket and was looking at him, her big eyes seeming to sense her master's distress.

"Keep a-lookin' now. I never hurt you and I don't want you to know I done this."

There was a flash and a report, and the pony sank slowly down while the Kid held her head in his arms. He stayed in that position a long time, and his shoulders shook with convulsive sobs.



The sheriff hooked the canteen back on his saddle and started walking and leading his horse.—Page 489.

Old man Gabe, peering over the knoll of sand, let his gun slip slowly into his holster, and his face softened as he crept quietly back.

Long after, he heard the Kid's footsteps come crunching slowly back through the sand, but he forbore to turn around, and sat gazing absently at the ground before him. He heard the footsteps come to a halt, and his face took on an expectant look, but he did not turn. He knew what was going on behind his back almost as well as though he could see. Then, as the footsteps resumed their crunching, his lips formed a weak smile.

"That's what I figured," he said. "That's what I figured."

"You keep that," said the sheriff without raising his eyes, as the Kid tried to hand him his gun.

The Kid did not seem to understand, and he stood there ill at ease, holding the gun. Seeing the puzzled expression on his face, Gabe explained: "Coyotes will be around to-night; you may have to use it."

The Kid slipped the gun into his holster and sat down, still at sea as to what kind of a game old Gabe was up to now. The scowl was gone from the Kid's swollen face, and a streak that he had failed to rub off with his sleeve ran down from his eye on the left side of his face.

Old Gabe's face, drawn with pain and suffering, had taken on a wistful expression. He had played his last card and he had failed in what he had played for, namely, in trying to shoot it out with the Kid. He knew, as his breathing became more and more difficult, that he had run his last race. As darkness fell on them, the desert atmosphere became chilly, and Gabe started to rise, saying as he did so: "I reckon we'd better have a little fire." His face twitched with pain, and he clutched his side and slipped weakly back. The Kid leaned forward quickly and eased him down, his face full of concern.

"Thanks," murmured old Gabe. "Seems to be my chest."

"You stay here," said the Kid in a husky voice. "I'll rustle a fire."

They were the first words he had spoken to the sheriff.

Old Gabe lay watching him as he busied himself with the fire. "He's only a kid,"

he murmured, as the fire showed up the Kid's boyish face. "It's too bad," continued the sheriff to himself. "I wonder how he come to do it. Reckon it was his temper. I've heard it said he's got a right fiery one. Don't guess he'd care to talk about it. If I only knowed, why, I'd—" and there Gabe paused in his thinking.

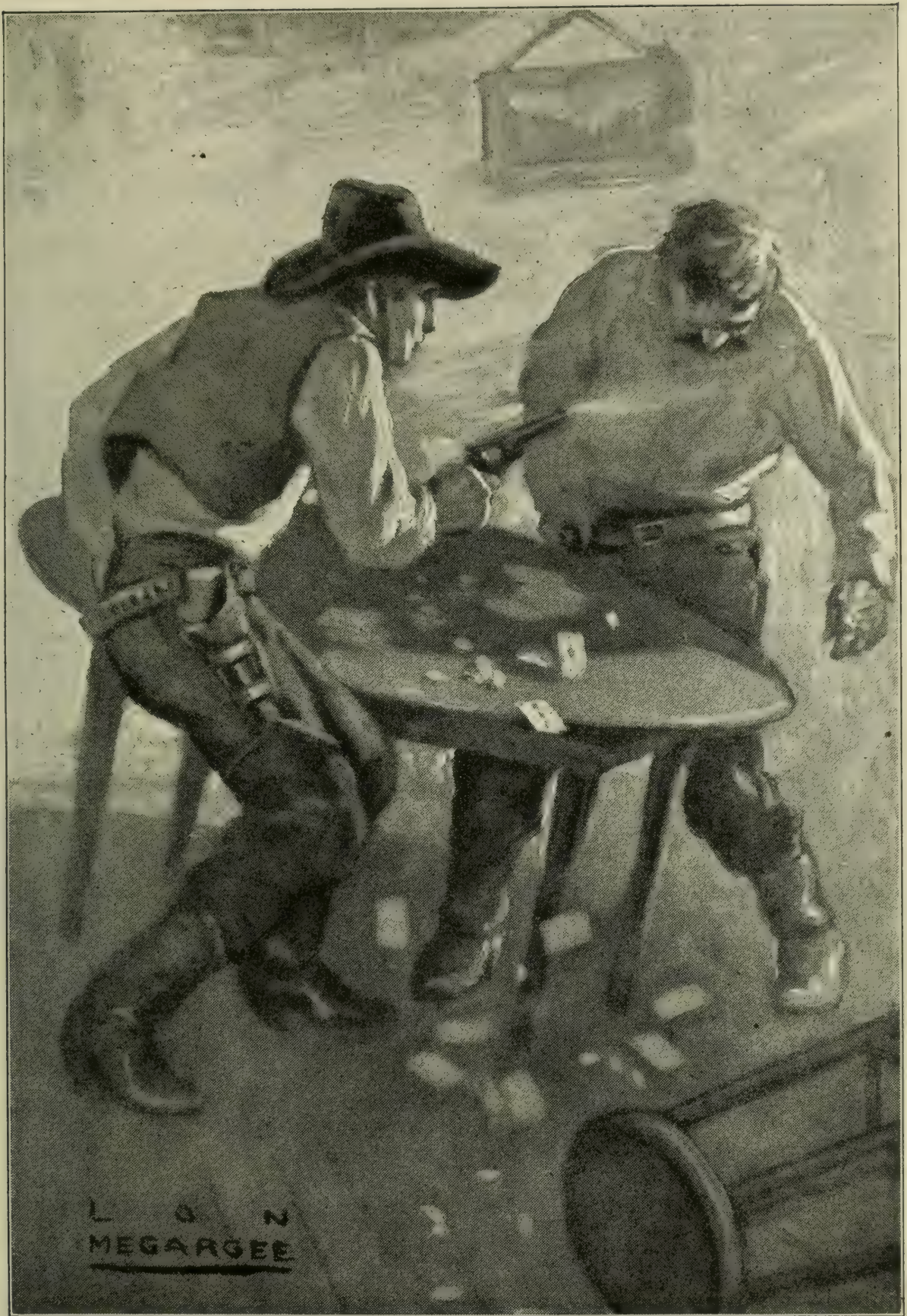
"Kid," he commenced, when the Kid had seated himself on the opposite side of the fire, "I reckon as how you and me has acted plum foolish for the past days." He paused to see what effect his words had on the Kid, but not reading anything in his face, he continued: "Yeh, plumb foolish. We're growed-up men, and should act as such. Now, my job is to bring you in. The law wants you, and I'm hired by the law. I've always made it a rule in my business never to ask questions or to try to pry anything out of my man. There's men back in town who the law hires for that job, and I've always left that part of the game to them. Now, Kid, I'm a-going to break that rule for reasons I can't explain, only this, if you choose to tell me, why, it will make things a heap easier for—" Another spasm of pain racked his body and he gasped for air.

The Kid snatched up the canteen and held it to Gabe's lips while he supported his head in the crook of his arm.

"It ain't water, Kid," said the sheriff, and tried to smile as the Kid lowered his head. When the pain ceased, he spoke again; his voice sounded hollow and far away. "Yeh, it would be a heap easier for me," he said; "and I'll tell you this, Kid, what you tell me you won't be tellin' any one else, not even me when you're through."

The Kid sat staring into the fire. His dry lips moved, but the words seemed to stick, so old Gabe asked in a voice almost pleading: "Why did you do it, Kid?"

"It was him or me," commenced the Kid in a husky voice. "We was in Freeman's back room," he continued, "playin' stud. They was six of us in the game when it started, then it dwindled down to just Slim Gaskins and me. No one else was in the room at the time. We was bettin' real money," said the Kid, and his voice had become hard,



"It was him or me."—Page 492.

"when the skunk sneaked an ace under his hole card. He knowed I'd seed him, and when I reached for to spread his cards there was six showin', *one extra*. He went for his gun at the same time, but it must have stuck. He never got it out. You know the rest," the Kid broke off.

The sheriff lay silently regarding the Kid's head lowered in his hands.

"Why didn't yuh stay and explain, Kid?" he asked.

"What chance had I?" answered the Kid dejectedly. "His gun was in his holster, and the cards were strewn on the floor."

"It's always the absent what's termed guilty, Kid," said the sheriff. "We all knowed Gaskins for what he was, and if you'd only stayed——"

"I became afeared," the Kid interrupted, his voice shaking. "I never had done *that* before."

Old Gabe's heart went out to the Kid as he regarded his boyish jaw quivering with emotion, so he refrained from further discussion of the happening. He knew the Kid had come clean with his story, and he believed him.

Even men grown old and calloused in crime, when they come to play their last hand, will, as a rule, deal their last cards from the top of the deck.

Gabe turned over on his back and lay counting the stars; and his brow was wrinkled in thought. He knew that to-morrow the buzzards, which had been flying overhead all day, would come to earth, and he shuddered as the thought struck him.

He lay thinking a long time, and then his wrinkled brow relaxed and he murmured softly to himself, as an idea occurred to him: "Yeh, I'll give him an even chance. If he wins," he continued, "I reckon it won't be back in town that I'll stand trial for my action. No, it surely won't be back in town," he said as he rose weakly and staggered over to his saddle-bag and took out a pack of playing-cards.

"Ever play poker show-down, Kid?" he asked, trying to bluff an air of cheerfulness.

"Some," replied the Kid.

"Now, there ain't a little bit of use of

you and me tryin' to fool each other, Kid," he said. "Not a bit. To-morrow will call our bluff if we do. There ain't but a little water left; one man might go till to-morrow noon if he had it all. Now, I've been thinkin' as how that might be arranged. Here's my game. You can leave it or take it. Either way will suit me. We'll play one hand of show-down poker."

The Kid bent forward, his face white and his lips trembling.

"The winning hand," continued the sheriff, "takes the water and quits camp to-night *alone*."

They looked at each other in silence for a good half-minute. They both realized fully what the stakes were and what was in store for the man who lost.

Then the boy's lips ceased trembling and his face became immobile, and he was once more "The Gamblin' Kid."

"All right," he said, so low it was almost a whisper. "First Jack deals."

The sheriff nodded his approval and commenced turning the cards for the deal.

"Jack," spoke up the Kid after a half-dozen turns, and old Gabe passed him the deck to shuffle.

The Kid split the pack and sent the cards shimmering in a continuous ripple through his fingers.

Gabe watched those long, slender hands as they manipulated the flying cards and he knew they had the power to deal him a hand of death, and as he raised his eyes to the Kid's face he read the fight that was taking place there.

Finally the Kid's will broke, and he threw down the cards, and in a voice that shook with despair said:

"You shuffle them, sheriff; I can't make my fingers obey my mind; they keep a-settin' the cards in spite of myself."

Gabe picked up the cards slowly and commenced shuffling them. He did not speak. He could find no words that would express his thoughts.

As he passed the cards for a cut, he noticed how the Kid's hand shook, and he knew what it had cost him to give up the deal.

The Kid picked up his cards and moved to the fire to see them. A slight twitching at the corners of his mouth was all

that his poker face registered as he laid the cards down face up.

His hand showed one pair of queens.

Gabe let his eyes fall on the Kid's cards, and his face wore a pleased expression as he opened his cards to lay them down.

The Kid's face was tense as his eyes followed the downward movement of the sheriff's hand, but before Gabe could lay his cards down, a violent pain in his chest stayed his hand, and he clutched the cards and fell face forward into the Kid's arms.

He raised the sheriff to a sitting position and held the canteen to his lips. As the Kid eased him gently down, old Gabe murmured softly to himself, "This is it. *This is it,*" and closed his eyes.

When again he opened his pain-ridden eyes, the light of hope was gone from his face.

"Yuh got a pair of queens, ain't yuh, Kid?" he asked in a voice weak with despair.

The Kid's eyes dropped as he nodded his head "yes."

"That—that beats me, Kid," said Gabe, closing his eyes. "The water is yours."

Long after, they sat gazing into the fire, full of thoughts and short of words. In each man's heart there was an unspeakable emotion at the dissolution of their companionship.

"You don't mind stayin' around for a spell, do you, Kid?" asked Gabe sadly, as he rolled himself up in his blanket. "Just long enough for me to fall asleep," he continued. "It won't be so lonesome if I'm not awake when you go."

"No, no, certainly not," the Kid hastened to reply. "I'll stay longer if——"

"Just until I'm asleep will be long enough, thank you," said Gabe with a smile.

Long after the sheriff had fallen asleep the Kid sat staring into the fire. He was anything but elated over the unexpected turn of events, and his heart went out to the man who had lost.

As he sat there, heavy of heart and trying to keep down a lump that kept rising in his throat, he played idly with the cards, running them back and forth through his long fingers.

Finally, with an effort, he roused himself

to go. Picking up the sheriff's cards to place them in the pack he unconsciously opened them.

His eyes widened as they fell on the cards, and the look of sadness vanished from his face. Cold perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his jaw sagged as his lips parted and he mumbled incoherently: "Aces and eights. The dead man's hand!"

Aces and eights were the cards that the dead man back in town had held in his crooked deal of six cards. It was as though the dead man's hand was reaching out across the desert as a grim reminder of his tragic affair in town.

It numbed the Kid's senses, and a shiver shook his body as the cool desert air penetrated his dampened clothing.

It slowly dawned on him as he reached for the canteen to moisten his parched lips that he had no right to the water.

"It ain't mine; I ain't a right to it," he murmured in a hushed voice, as he stayed his hand. Then he began to wonder "why," and sought the answer in the sheriff's sleeping face.

"I don't guess he could have saw them," he muttered again and again.

Then he remembered vaguely, as his brain began to clear, that the sheriff had been seized with a violent pain in his chest as he had been about to show up his hand, and had not done so.

"It was the pain," reasoned the Kid aloud. "Must have addled his brain so he plum forgot what cards he had in his hand."

He stood running his fingers through his wavy hair, his brow wrinkled in thought. He knew the sheriff had held the winning hand and had won the water.

"I must wake him and tell him," he said to himself. But glancing at Gabe's face, relaxed from pain in deep sleep, he deferred.

"I'll just let him sleep," he murmured softly, "and mosey away myself. He'll find the water when he wakes up."

For fear Gabe might not think to look for it, he took an old envelope from his pocket and wrote with a shaking hand on the back of it:

"Aces and eights always beats a pair of queens, in a *square deal*," he emphasized. "I don't savvy why you done it. I

expect your head is like mine, a little crazy, and you've not seen things clear, and maybe you done it—" He paused here. A lump had risen in his throat, and he could not write his thoughts.

"I can't take the water," he continued. "I ain't *that*, whatever else. I hope you get through," he wound up.

He placed the note under the canteen and stumbled off in the lonely night.

The next morning a searching party headed by Bill Steadman, a ranger, were pushing their horses hard in the direction of a flock of buzzards flying low over a hollow in the desert.

When they found Gabe he was in the same position in which the Kid had left him. He had just dozed off into the longest of slumbers.

They closed his eyes and pulled the blanket over his face.

"Just played out on himself," said the ranger softly as he stood reading the note the Kid had written. "Wasn't the water so much," he continued. "He could have had that. Yeh, I reckon he knowed his job was finished, and also who he was turnin' loose."

"Yuh'r right, he did," spoke up another member of the party.

"Old Gabe ain't the kind to turn a man loose just because he tired of his company," said another.

They followed the Kid's stumbling footsteps until midday. They could see where he had fallen and risen, and stumbled on. Now and then they came to a hole where he had scooped out the sand hoping, in his delirious mind, to find water.

The last mile he had been unable to keep his feet, and had crawled.

They came on him face down, within twenty rods of a water-hole. His mouth was open, and his tongue, swollen and black, hung out at the side.

Bill Steadman applied a wet cloth to his lips, and the other men cut his boots off from his swollen and blistered feet.

When he opened his delirious eyes and saw Bill bending over him, he mistook him for Gabe, and mumbled, "All right, sheriff, I'll go with you now," and sank back.

When they revived him enough to travel, and started slowly back, a man who was a newcomer in the desert country and who knew nothing about desert laws or codes rode along beside Bill Steadman and asked in a hushed voice what he thought the Kid's chances were.

"Oh, he'll make it," replied Bill. "He's got youth and——"

"I don't mean that kind of a chance," interrupted the other man. "I mean back in town—his trial."

"Trial, hell!" said Bill. "He's done been tried."

Hymn to Lucifer

BY JOHN FARRAR

O Lucifer, Bright Prince of Sin
Teach me what ways to wander in
That I may know the grim desire
That stretches man across Hell's fire.

Teach me thy mandates to rehearse,
Teach me the sabbath witches' curse,
Show me the cloaks thy slaves have worn
To stand before God's throne in scorn.

Teach me the mastery of hate,
Of wickedness most intricate,
Of passions blacker than black flames,
Of darker crimes that bear no names.

I would know you throughout all time,
I'd earn a Doctorate of Crime
Until, with sin quite understood
My heart might entertain the good.



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

MY remarks in the July issue on librarians drew a considerable number of letters from men and women practising that admirable profession. A gentleman from Pennsylvania writes: "I agree with you. . . . But there are not enough of them in this world. Many are qualified for the profession, but few indulge in it. Why is this? I think the main reason . . . is due to the fact that it does not offer high enough financial return. 'The starving bookseller' is a common expression and disheartens those interested in books and their circulation."

I am sure that a world with more librarians in it would be a better world than this; and I am sure that their services do not receive sufficient financial compensation. I inquired about this matter of Andrew Keogh, one of the most distinguished librarians in America, and he replied: "There is no doubt that there is a dearth of librarians, at least of librarians of the proper kind, and I feel quite sure that the low salaries have a good deal to do with this. The salaries paid to teachers in the public schools are higher than those paid in public libraries to people of the same education and length of experience, and the salaries of teachers are really higher because they work only nine months in the year. In some cases teachers are entitled to a pension, while public librarians have nothing of this sort to look forward to, as a rule. In the college and university library the same thing is true. The library staff has to work eleven months of the year, which means that they have no opportunity to write or study or travel, and they do not, as a rule, get the same salary as those on the teaching side. It is true that many assistants in college and university libraries have not the education required of teachers, but those who have are still in many places employed at a lower salary than if they had gone into teaching."

Well, this should be reformed altogether. I did not know that there was any educated group, always excepting ministers of the gospel, who received lower salaries than teachers in the public schools. The men and women who teach in primary, secondary, and high schools, and who are perhaps more responsible for the future citizenship of the country than any other class, have always been inadequately paid; this kind of preparedness has never appealed to those who distribute public funds. If librarians are still worse off, I am sorry for them, and sorer for the cities and villages in which they work. Both teachers and librarians are yet in a better position than ministers, for, no matter how small the salary may be, they actually receive it; whereas with Christian ministers, the smaller the salary, the less likely they are to get it. A pastor of a big city church receives his cheque regularly; a pastor in a small village, who often has several churches to manage, has to beg for his income like a trained dog asking for food. So true is this that a little while ago, when a committee called on the pastor of a small church and informed him they were going to raise his salary, he exclaimed: "Don't you do that; it takes all my time to go out and collect what I have now."

It is amusing to see the constant attacks made on churches as "bulwarks of wealth and privilege," when the majority of them are composed of members who are poor, the poorest frequently being the preacher.

A short time ago I saw in New York an interesting play by Tom Cushing and Winchell Smith, called "Thank You," alluding to the fact that the average minister has to live on tips. The driving idea of this comedy was that ministers should be so well paid that their status would be more than respectable—their position should be so dignified as to be at least on a level with that of the squire. The minister should be so far above sordid cares

that he would be able to devote his entire time to the spiritual needs of the community, and receive from his neighbors the respect always given in this funniest of all possible worlds to any one who lives in luxury. Now the Catholic Church takes care of its clergy; a priest is the leader of his flock, and is seldom regarded by outsiders as contemptible. You remember in that brilliant novel by Harold Frederic, "The Damnation of Theron Ware," the dramatic contrast between the powerful Father Forbes and the miserable Methodist minister? Well, then, read it. It is as striking a comparison as that between Bishop Blougram and Gigadibs, in Browning's poem.

To see a play in the theatre advocating the raising of ministers' salaries has an oddity all its own.

There is no doubt that those whose time is mainly given to public service are conspicuously underpaid, and while it is essential that librarians, teachers, and preachers should receive more money—because able men and women must be attracted to these callings, and because no man can do his work efficiently if he lives in chronic financial worry—still I think it is well that these three professions should never be on a cash level with the law, engineering, and business. The element of personal sacrifice is more necessary to success than the possibility of any material gain. When I hear people say indignantly, "The successful librarian, teacher, or preacher should be paid exactly as much as the successful lawyer, manufacturer, or engineer," I smell a fallacy. It is essential that he who enters one of those three public service professions should be actuated chiefly by a never-dying zeal to help mankind. Give, and not get, is the eternal distinction between service and personal ambition.

Not for a moment do I mean to imply that business men are morally inferior. It is the man and not the job that counts the most. Public servants could never live at all were it not for the generosity of men of affairs. Librarians do not build libraries; doctors do not build hospitals; professors do not build colleges; ministers do not build churches. These institutions are erected by devoted, unselfish, and successful business men. But the

impelling motive driving any man or woman into a profession of service should never be security, ease, social standing, or luxury. There is no particular danger that it ever will be.

The danger is all the other way. I remember a statement in a book by the late Professor Albert E. Hancock, of Haverford, whose tragic death was a public misfortune. A young assistant professor, who was vainly endeavoring to support a wife and child on an inadequate salary, was asked what particular original work he had in hand. He answered: "I have only one ambition. That is to pay my bills. I have ceased to take the slightest interest in any form of scholarship. My time and energy are devoted to meeting living expenses. That is my original work." This is neither an imaginary nor an isolated tragedy.

To return to librarians. I received a witty letter from a young Boston librarian, who playfully objects to my calling her and her colleagues *harmless*. I admit that the word has an unfortunate connotation, but I meant it only as a compliment. Every one secretly likes to be regarded as formidable, and *harmless* sounds tame. But when I think of the large amount of damage wrought by individuals who are not technically guilty of crime, I think that to say librarians are the most harmless of all people is to praise them. I mean they are positively, aggressively harmless.

Every one secretly likes to be regarded as formidable; and if it is any comfort to librarians, let me confess that, so far as I can remember, no man, woman, or child has ever been afraid of me. This is, as the world goes, a humiliating admission; for many believe that not to inspire fear is a sign of incurable weakness. *En revanche*, I find that with advancing years I progressively lose fear of others; I grow less and less afraid of human beings. There are some things, however, I will not do; I never open letters in the evening, and I will not answer the telephone after I have gone to bed. President Eliot once told me that every night at nine o'clock he "killed" the telephone, and restored it to activity at seven the next morning. This explains why he has lived to be eighty-nine years old.

The librarian of the United States Veterans' Bureau Hospital 80, Fort Lyon, Colorado, neatly catches me in an egregious and unpardonable error, and all I can do is to cry *Peccavi!* She writes: "It is heartening indeed, and highly stimulating, to have the dignity and usefulness of our calling so recognized. If permitted a paraphrase, I'd say, 'For this belief much thanks.' . . . Of course it's a busy life this being mousy, abstaining from profanity and lynchings, keeping out of jail generally. However, some of us in this harmless profession have found time to read enough to know our Keats from our breakfast food. Hence we are led to wonder, on reading to the end of your article, in what edition of the 'Grecian Urn' you find 'Heard *songs* are sweet,' etc. True, Keats might have sacrificed rhythm to alliteration—but did he? He might have said 'Heard *songs*' instead of 'Heard *melodies*'—but did he? Has your harmless librarian a special edition or are you putting it, as John Weaver would, 'in American'? We may be wrong, but we think we have the cards. As our boys say, 'We call your Keats—what you got?'"

What have I got? I am nine-spot high. Only I did not intend to bluff, and I am sorry I came in. The accursed propensity to alliteration was what made me misquote. The worst of it is that this is not my only offense. In recent years I have repeatedly quoted that phrase from memory and have invariably said *songs* instead of *melodies*. It makes one perfectly rhythmical pentameter line, but my correspondent is wrong in saying Keats might have said *songs*. He could not; for in that poem he would never have used anything but the perfect word.

I am almost glad of my humiliation because it drew so jolly a letter, and because it saved me from continuing in sin. I therefore glory in my shame. Let me say now that any corrections of errors in these articles will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged. This does not refer to indiscriminate abuse. Faithful are the wounds of an enemy, for the victim recognizes the sincerity of the intention; but they require no acknowledgment.

Alliteration led me into that crime

against Keats. When Professor Scripture was teaching psychology at Yale, he made tests on a large number of individuals, with the result that he proved that the average man, both in writing and in speaking, falls instinctively into alliteration. The problem of the poet is not to alliterate, but to avoid it. Alliteration precedes rhyme.

Swinburne's

"With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain"

is undoubtedly deliberate, but I think the following line from Browning was unstudied.

"Do not the dead wear flowers when dressed for God?"

A correspondent from Pasadena suggests that my sentence, "The reason why the supremacy in this game has passed, etc.," would be better without the word *why*. I agree with him. Yet my sentence is not incorrect. *Why* is there a relative adverb, and the clause with which it begins is not an adverb clause, but an adjective clause, modifying the noun *reason*. See that excellent work "Constructive English," by Francis K. Ball.

A musician from Asheville, North Carolina, gives me some interesting reflections on the word *accompanist*. "I am repeatedly subjected to the hearing of break-neck attempts at its pronunciation. Why on earth people try to make it a hard word to pronounce is beyond my ken. Simply because the verb 'accompany' has a y at the end, they insist on saying 'accompanyist'—and I've heard many a gallant attempt to pronounce it with casual speed end disastrously. The noun does not boast a y. Therefore, 'y' will some people insist on its inclusion? The word *accompanist* is simple and easy."

She is undoubtedly right; and I hope this advertisement will bring relief to many. Still, the word *accompanyist* occurs in Grove's "Dictionary of Music"; but it is obsolescent and the sooner it dies the better. I like the story of the alcoholic musician who was accosted by the policeman with the remark, "See here, you'll have to accompany me." "All right, old man; what's the key?"

My Asheville correspondent is dis-

tressed to see the words *farther* and *further* used indifferently. As an illustration of accuracy she writes, "Seated on a fallen log, they discussed the matter further before walking farther." She condemns Edith Wharton for not observing the distinction. As a matter of fact, the distinction has become outlawed, and it is not incorrect to use either word for the other. But it would be well if we could observe the finest shades. Finally she condemns Brander Matthews—she is out for big game—for using *as . . . as*, when he should say *so . . . as*, in negative sentences: "he is not as active at 70 as he was at 40." She adds, "I am right, am't I?" Personally I agree with her, though it is a matter of taste rather than of grammar or syntax.

It is well to indicate a change in the meaning of a word by a change in the spelling. I follow the English usage in writing *tyre* for an automobile, *cheque* for a bank, and *storey* for an edifice. It is pleasant to note that the abominable American spelling *segar*, once very common, is moribund; and along with it has vanished the comic accent on the first syllable.

A lady from Springfield, Mass. (pronounced Massachusetts), writes, "As a contraction of 'am I not?' what is the objection to 'amn't I?' All my life I have heard and used it, not once questioning the propriety of doing so." This is interesting. I have never heard it except in jest, but I hope to. Is it really common in Springfield? I am more than ever determined to use it, now emboldened by my correspondent, but I shall spell it "am't" I.

A press despatch from London states that Doctor J. A. Fleming, inventor of the wireless valve—whatever that is—in a lecture to electrical engineers, said that the phrase "the rough-coated, dough-faced ploughman went coughing and hic-coughing through the streets of Scarborough," was used by Americans to find a method of reproducing by telephone all the variations of vowels. He added that the number of waves set up by speech could be counted and weighed. Even a lecturer emitted only twenty-five foot-

pounds of power per hour. Dear me! I had thought it was more than that. But this explains why, at the expiration of the average lecture, the audience is more exhausted than either the speaker or the subject.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the English novelist, writes me an interesting letter about the present state of the English novel. Her husband was the famous mathematician and philosopher, and the conversations in their house were so brilliant that they literally became the talk of London. Years ago I read her admirable novel, "The Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman," and it will be remembered that she recently scored a success with "Miss Fingal." With her present letter she enclosed clippings from the London newspapers, giving an account of a public debate between Rebecca West and Sheila Kaye-Smith. The subject was the Sex Novel. Mr. J. C. Squire, poet, critic, parodist, and editor of that excellent periodical, the London *Mercury*, was in the chair, and there was a large audience. Miss Kaye-Smith asserted that there was no alternative to the sex novel, and that we did not want one, which remark was greeted with cheers. She also said that sex was one of the few abiding emotions we had left; we were different from our forefathers in most things, but not in this. Therefore if the novelist wished to make a universal appeal, he should write a sex novel. Miss West said there was no such thing as a sex novel among works of art; such books were written by people who were unable to make their writings interesting without this motive. She then proclaimed a stiff doctrine, saying that novels were much too easy; they should contain more thought, and be more difficult to read. "When you get hold of a good novel you ought to be prepared to spend not two days, but two months, over it. You ought to do that ten times if it is a good-enough novel." In summing up, Mr. Squire said he should take away with him a picture of Miss Kaye-Smith hugging to her bosom the last slight element of crudity that remained in our civilization, and he would long remember the spectacle of Miss West standing on that platform advising them to take two

months to read a novel and to read it ten times, taking two months each time. That might possibly be good for the reader, but it would certainly knock the bottom out of the fiction market. Mr. Squire's remarks pleased the audience, but I wonder if they increased his popularity with the speakers.

Miss West's advice would have to be followed with certain books. I remember reading of a conversation where A said, "I love the novels of Henry James; I read them over and over again." B: "You have to."

Another of Mrs. Clifford's cuttings shows that the quarrel between the old and the young in London is in an acute stage. Some curious specimen of youth published an anonymous and hysterical protest against old people, heading it "The Secret Cry of the Young." The article expressed the fervent wish that all people over sixty would die, for they are a "ghastly nuisance to young people." The editor of the paper declared that this murderous wish had elicited "hundreds of letters of protest," which seems to me to prove that there are as many idiots in London as in New York. But the crazy child who wrote it had the satisfaction of drawing a contemptuous reply from Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who wrote, "The aspirations which have been seething for so long in your youthful breast without means of expression have at last found noble utterance. And it all amounts to this: *It's our money you want!*"

Well, let me quote once more from a worldly philosopher who had a knack of summarizing human thought, I mean the prize-fighter John L. Sullivan. "Various candidates for the championship say they want this and they want that. But what they all really want is the good old dough."

The recent death of Maurice Hewlett brought out the following anecdote in the London press. In 1896 Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett lived across the street from Mrs. Clifford. One day he called upon her with a huge parcel, informed her that it contained a novel he had written, and asked her to read it. It lay on her table for days, but one night she tackled it in desperation, and read it straight through

with steadily increasing enthusiasm. She sent it to Macmillans, and heard nothing. Meeting the head of the firm at a party, he said, "Your friend's book won't do. Our reader says—" "Your reader is an idiot," said Mrs. Clifford. "Go home and read it yourself." The book was "The Forest Lovers" and Macmillans published it. For some weeks there was silence, then came universal acclaim, and Hewlett received fame and fortune. He quite properly dedicated the novel to Mrs. Clifford.

A London author writes me that young people over there do not now read good books, with the exception of Kipling and Stevenson. The boys still like "Robinson Crusoe," but they are not familiar with "Gulliver's Travels" or "Pilgrim's Progress." In my boyhood I unaccountably missed four works of universal fame—"The Wide Wide World," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Scottish Chiefs," and "The Swiss Family Robinson." The last three I shall never read, but some day I am going to examine "The Wide Wide World," to discover what gave it such sensational success in both English and American households. The popularity of some books is more interesting than either the books or their authors.

Of new American novels, I have most enjoyed "Mr. Podd," by Freeman Tilden. Henry Ford is the only begetter of the story, but Mr. Podd is by no means a mere copy of the automobile-manufacturer. This is a sprightly and winsome tale, full of toothless satire and wise tolerance. The reformer and the reactionary afford to the reader much diversion, and over all the fun is the fragrance of romance.

I am glad that the publishers have decided to reissue Nesta Webster's memoirs of the Chevalier de Boufflers. It should have a wide circulation. It is a contribution—from the aristocratic point of view—to the history of the French Revolution; but mainly it is an account of one of the most interesting love-stories in the world, biography and not fiction. One obtains an intimate view of the brilliant conversationalists of the eighteenth century. Their wit defied both life and

death. King Stanislas, who had received from his daughter, the Queen of France, the present of a wadded dressing-gown, got his death from it, for it caught fire. An old woman who endeavored to help him was severely burned, and in the midst of his agony the king said, "How strange that at our ages you and I should both burn with the same flame!" He was 88. After a fortnight of suffering he died, and in his last hours he dictated a letter to his daughter about the gown. "You gave it to me to keep me warm; but it has kept me too warm."

Wit certainly has a preservative quality. Many women of the salons lived to be octogenarians, and age seemed to act on their wits like a whetstone. They practised the art of conversation with such skill that they feared not the loss of youth and beauty; the older they grew, the more in demand they seemed to be. Perhaps the older generation to-day might learn something from them. A well-furnished mind and the ability to talk brightly on many subjects form a good insurance against life. Those wonderful men and women of the *ancien régime* had their faults, but they bored nobody; hence they were beloved by their contemporaries and envied by the young. There is never much trouble in any family where the children secretly hope some day to resemble their parents.

Another book which I recommend to students of human nature is "English Diaries," by Arthur Ponsonby. This is a review of English diaries from the sixteenth to the twentieth century; and let me add that the author's introduction, of some forty pages, on Diary Writing, is as good as anything he subsequently quotes. This is the kind of book I have been waiting for, and I wonder that it has not appeared before. Mr. Ponsonby divides the population of the earth into two classes—those who do and those who do not write diaries, and he wisely says that to the second class the first is "absolutely and entirely incomprehensible." The objective and the subjective method are discussed, together with the matter most commonly found in private journals. He makes a candid examination of the oft-discussed question, Is it possible to write a diary without imagining some one at

some future time reading it? He goes into this with thoroughness; but I think one point may be added. Many believe no diary to be wholly frank, because of the thought of a remote future examination; but is there not another reason? It is difficult to write a diary without the thought that it may *very soon* be read by some one else. Who can be certain while writing that he can always and every day successfully lock up the book? He may be suddenly interrupted by an accident, by a calamity, by an unexpected visitor, by any one of a thousand things; the diary might therefore be for a moment forgotten, or one might be compelled in an emergency to leave it at the mercy of others in the household. This is one reason diaries are not a precise report of thought.

This book is a revelation of human nature; and after one has read Mr. Ponsonby's introduction, one feels complete confidence in the author's taste and judgment as exercised in the 400 pages of extracts.

Hermann Sudermann's "Book of My Youth" is practically a diary of the years from his earliest recollections of childhood in East Prussia to the beginning of his journalistic days in Berlin. I hope that he will continue the story, at least far enough to cover the period of his first successes in writing novels and plays. Judging by the English translation, the narrative is carelessly written. The author is more interested in telling us of his thoughts and experiences than in the manner of it. Possibly for this reason it seems more sincere and trustworthy. He cannot keep self-pity out of his pages, for he suffered so terribly from extreme poverty, from lack of food and lack of sleep, from ridicule at the school and at the university, that it would be a painful book did we not know that these hardships ended in success. The sentimentality so evident in the German temperament gushes from nearly every page; but it is not repellent, and the same art that makes Sudermann's novels and plays so interesting is equally triumphant here. It seems a miracle that he did not succumb, and I think few ambitious young men, no matter how rugged in constitution, would be either able or willing to

endure like Sudermann. He frequently alludes to the famous Sudermann beard, which he says was for twenty years the joke but also the envy of his contemporaries. He certainly had phenomenal whiskers, so copious that Bryant or Whitman would have turned peevish at the sight. Even his famous character, Graf Trast, did not have such luxuriant foliage as his creator.

The character of his mother, as drawn by her son, is especially appealing, and it is pleasant to remember that she is still living, at the age of 97. No writer seems more attached to his native soil and to his family; a fine trait, when we remember both. The peasant element is as strong in Sudermann as it was in Carlyle.

Although he has had amazing successes on the international stage, I believe that his early novel, "Frau Sorge," will outlast everything else he has written. That has already become a classic. It is one of the very few first-rate novels written in German. It contains among other features the most thorough study of boyish *bashfulness* that I know. The agony caused by this characteristic of adolescence receives no more sympathy than seasickness; but it has been the cause of many suicides.

I deeply regret to record the death of the famous actor Louis Calvert, who died in New York on July 18. He was a remarkably intelligent and thoroughly competent artist. An Englishman by birth, he had become a citizen of the United States. He had been on the stage forty-five years. Every one who remembers the New Theatre in New York will remember Mr. Calvert's superb interpretation of old Anthony in John Galsworthy's "Strife." He was a friend of Shaw, and created the rôles of the waiter in "You Never Can Tell" and of Andrew Undershaft in "Major Barbara." It was he who directed the production of "A Winter's Tale" by the New Theatre company, and he was later associated with John Corbin in the presentation of "The Tempest." I have a copy of his edition of "Hamlet," called "An Actor's Hamlet," with his manuscript notes, which are of high value. His book, "Problems of the Actor," I recommend to all who love the theatre.

In late years he was a member of the New York Theatre Guild, appearing in "He Who Gets Slapped," "R. U. R.," and other plays. I wish I knew of some one who could take his place.

America may well be proud of an important addition to Shakespearian scholarship. This is a new "Life of Shakespeare," by Professor Joseph Quincy Adams, of Cornell. Doctor Adams is one of the ablest Elizabethan scholars in the world, and has spent years of study and investigation in the preparation of this work. Let me add that it is as interesting as it is valuable.

A new member of the Fano Club is John Henry Wigmore, dean of the law faculty at Northwestern University. He showed his originality at an early period by being born in San Francisco. He was graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty, was professor of law at Keio University, Tokio, and has now reached the climax of his career as a citizen of the world by receiving an election to the Fano Club. He writes from that delectable place, "The town is now becoming a most popular bathing resort, with scores of new villini on the shore." When Professor Tinker and Father McCune joined, they sent me a picture postcard showing a bathing pavilion, to which work of art they appended this thrilling lyric:

"To be in Italy and not see Fano?
McCune and Tinker both cried, Ah, no!
For not to go, and here's the rub,
Means missing Phelps's Fano Club.
In Fano on Sunday shops close, all and each,
Save this poor place on the bathing beach:
But even this, we think, by Jiminy,
Is better than a card from Rimini."

Browning was not the only poet inspired by Fano.

Other new members of 1923 are W. D. Crockett and Sarah G. Crockett, of State College, Pennsylvania, who were led to see Fano and the Guardian Angel by my remarks in SCRIBNER'S and the comments thereupon in the *Outlook*. Mr. Crockett adds: "Please notify me as to the date of the annual dinner." The annual dinner of the Fano Club will be held at New Haven some time between the first of November and the first of May, and I

advise all members to save every evening between those dates, and to renew their subscriptions to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, wherein will soon appear exclusive and precise information. Suffice it now to say that the dinner will be held, and members of the Fano Club will receive personal invitations.

The distinguished surgeon Doctor W. W. Keen writes me from London that, having just read my remarks on the over-licking of envelopes, with which he is in hearty agreement, he is moved to add, "More frequent and quite as irritating is the custom of many people to apply the edges of the paper when folding the letter with meticulous care exactly edge to edge."

I believe in saving time in every possible way. Not that I mind a little frivolity and idling and loafing, for such things are no more a waste of time than rest and sleep. But to have letters badly folded and sealed—that is the cause of an absolute waste of time plus unnecessary friction. For the same reason, parents should not give their children long names. If a child is named Epaphroditus Bartholomew Holcombe-Smith, Junior, and if he survives such an appellation, he will probably lose what will amount to three years of his life in writing his full name on those frequent occasions when it becomes necessary. Furthermore, parents should give a daughter only one name; then when she marries, she can preserve the family name between her Christian and her husband's last name. When I was a boy, I knew a girl named May Day. Such a name closely approaches perfection; think of the time saved in writing cheques and on other occasions! It is also hard on a child to give it a name that few can either pronounce or spell; the victim has to spend a large slice of his life answering questions and making explanations. A name is an individual's only label; the only thing standing between him and absolute oblivion. Children are at the mercy of their parents in this as in so many other ways.

Doctor Keen writes that my reference to Bernard Shaw reminds him of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma." "Twenty or more years ago I bought and read with

deep interest Sarah Smith's novel with exactly the same title. . . . Either Shaw was ignorant of the literature of his own country or he deliberately plagiarized the title." I regret to say that I never heard of this Sarah Smith—though that was the name of a particularly admirable teacher I had at the West Middle School in Hartford; Doctor Keen says that in fertility she rivals Trollope.

If one is named Smith, it should be an incentive to the attainment of distinction; think of what Holmes said of the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and think also of the immortality of the friend of Pocahontas.

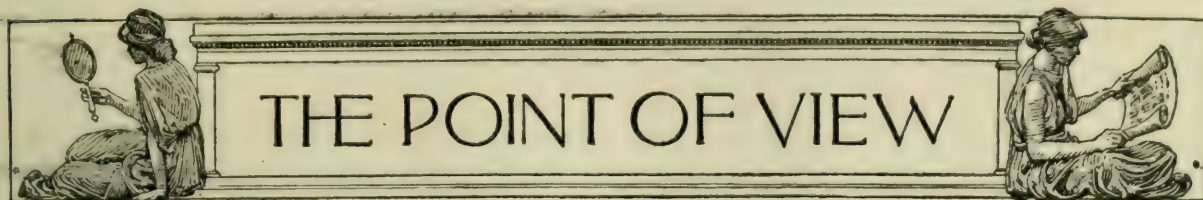
Holmes thought that Smith's national hymn was rubbish, but that it would outlast all the better work of his contemporaries. It contains something that will make it live forever. Browning is a greater poet than Smith, but he could not have written a national song. National songs must be sentimental, and Browning was too passionate to be sentimental.

Although I have never heard of Sarah's "Doctor's Dilemma," I deplore the custom of repeating names for novels. It is quite unnecessary. A short time ago I saw widely advertised a book called "The Fruit of the Tree"; I failed to see any review of it that commented on the fact that Edith Wharton had already used that title. Thomas Hardy's original name for "Jude the Obscure" was much better than the one he finally gave it; but he rejected "Hearts Insurgent" because he found it had been used by somebody else.

Doctor Keen is a model and an inspiration. He is eighty-six years old, and went to England this summer to fight the anti-vaccinationists. He tells me there is great danger in that country of an epidemic. Instead of 85 per cent of the babies being vaccinated, only 38 per cent are thus protected. The *Times* advocates compulsory vaccination, and Doctor Keen has come in as a valuable ally, for he is as well known abroad as in America. But isn't it a fine spectacle to see this magnificent octogenarian traveling across the ocean to fight for progress? In his recent book, "I Believe in God and in Evolution," he combines science and

faith in a characteristically reasonable way. Every one should read that booklet and follow it up by reading one even more recently published, called "Evolution and Religion," written by the distin-

guished scientist Henry Fairfield Osborn. There is nothing antiquated about true Christianity, for its Founder was so modern that it will take the world many centuries to reach His ideas.



FROM remotest ages men's eyes have searched the heavens, and the object there which has attracted most attention, because of its commanding size and intriguing changes, is the moon. Yet, though it hangs in the sky for all the world to see, to many writers the moon's affairs are a deep mystery; and this, not only in the learned whys and wherefores of its phases, but even in its every-day behavior.

The Inconstant Moon

Going back a hundred years or so, there is Coleridge; with one of the richest minds of his time, acquainted with philosophy and all manner of other things, he never got acquainted with the moon. After the Ancient Mariner saw the spectre bark disappear, he watched:

"Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon with one bright star
Within the nether tip."

Here are two astronomical bulls in three lines; the Mariner not only saw the new moon rise in the east, he also saw a star within the embrace of its points, as if it were a crescent moon cut out of pasteboard. Moreover, Coleridge seems as befogged about star ways as about moon ways:

"The moving moon went up the sky"

(only seven days old, it still moves *up*)

"And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside,"

as if moon and stars moved across the firmament together, keeping pace with each other.

Dickens takes an opposite position; instead of hurrying the stars along with the moon, he has a star stand idly in one spot for a week. Stephen Blackpool, the unhappy

weaver in "Hard Times," falls down a disused mine-shaft; seven days he lay, sorely hurt, at the bottom. When he was rescued he gazed at a bright star overhead, and said:

"It ha' shined upon me in my pain. . . . Often as I coom to myseln and found it shin-in' on me down there in my trouble, I thowt it were the star as guided to Our Saviour's home."

It was kind of the star to stand by in his suffering, but how its stopping must have dislocated the celestial harmony!

One of Captain Marryat's stories tells of a crescent moon waning in the early evening, while Rider Haggard has a full moon rising in the west. But one does not need to go back to the Victorians and the pre-Victorians to find these *lapsus lunæ*; to many present-day novelists the night sky seems to be undiscovered country—at least, beyond the fact that the moon belongs up there and varies in its shape and location.

Sheila Kaye-Smith illumines "Tamarisk Town" with "a big red moon which rose out beyond Ausdore, lifting her burning horns above the fogs that lay smoky in the east." She follows Coleridge's astronomy, and so does Zane Grey, with his new moon rising in the east at sunset, though neither of them adds the insult to lunar habits of caging a star within the moon's tips.

And Galsworthy, subtly as he turns the human soul inside out, has not penetrated the mind of the moon. As the wife of the "Man of Property" sits at dusk in Richmond Park with Dartie crowding her against Bosinny on the too-short bench, "suddenly the moon appeared, young and tender, floating up on her back from behind a tree." Truly, it takes the eye of a novelist to see the young moon moving up, either on her back or any other way.

Another fashion in lunar eccentricity finds favor with Hall Caine; his moon plays bo-peep with the earth—comes and goes in a most irresponsible way. When the Governor of Man made his little cruise around the island with his daughter and her lover, "Stowell and Fenella sat on deck under the moon and stars." The very next night they are on deck again; but the moon has business elsewhere, for "the gray twilight came down from the northern heavens, and then night fell—a dark night without moon, but with a world of stars." As the lovers were not keeping curfew hours, it was not their fault that they saw no moon; they gave her time enough to come, but she did not keep the appointment.

It is a long time since people believed that the moon is made of green cheese; it is time to take another forward step and learn something of her ways. May an admirer drop a word of kindly admonition in the ear of dear writer-friends? The moon is coy, retiring, and ignores every effort to make her change her habits; so why not let her pursue her nightly path according to her own wilful way?

SOME days ago I went out to our country home, after a long city winter, to rediscover, with Hector the collie, all our favorite places in the deep woods by the river. Each year we do this, and each year we find more of the alder-swamp impenetrable and the curtains of cat-briar set against us. This part of the country is indeed being reclaimed by the wild. It bears few remaining signs of its occupation by men. Once it was as neat and settled and lived-in as any New England community. The queer old town three miles up the river used to have a great landing-dock for coal and farm produce, and beamy deep-laden schooners had passage up-stream. Now, with difficulty and at high tide only, fair-sized motor-boats may dodge the bogs and shallows, and reach the old dilapidated wharf. And what a pleasure to think that, though commercialism is ruining many of the wildest and loveliest of places, this place is being made ready for a second existence as wilderness!

Hector and I, fur and clothes full of last year's dried burrs, waded as far as we could into our alder-swamp, to look for white violets and jack-in-the-pulpits, and at length came out upon a little clearing—Old Whit-

ney's clearing—arched over with swamp-grapes and tangled woodbine. Here a bent and broken crab-apple tree was pointed, at the tip of every branch, with red buds about to burst into flower. No wind stirred. The river appeared far beyond, toward the north, through a haze of green leaves folded and pale like luna moth wings. A drift of cherry petals shook from a branch swayed by a bird. There was silence for moments at a time, interrupted by a wood-thrush that we knew—his song unvaried since last year.

And then we turned and looked south, up a slope where passage should have been easy through the underbrush, toward the old fallen homestead grown up with vines. Amazing! Everything was silver-white riot and ruin. Beside Old Whitney's fallen house an enormous cherry-tree had been swept over by one of last autumn's storms. Its towering head, bent over the unused road at the side, smothered the world in a foam of white blossoms. Beyond it an oak with a trunk three feet in diameter had toppled over, and its roots had borne out of the earth a delicate hemlock thirty feet high—the only hemlock within a radius of two miles. No one would ever recognize Old Whitney's dooryard. He himself, having been once a Long Island farmer, is probably taking the change philosophically, if he is conscious of it at all in whatever heaven he inhabits. He and his neighbors took all things philosophically fifty or more years ago. His house to-day is a sunken ruin, with little but foundation and heaps of refuse left. His orchard on the hill to the south is grown up with locust and cedar, against which the old apple trees still flower out bravely and beautifully as ever at this season, regardless of what gnarled fruit they bear for the consumption of wasps, chipmunks, and squirrels later on. And here the dooryard is a wreck, the currant bushes broken, the quince barren, and the berries gone wild. Long ago a lack of light choked out the lilacs and the syringa.

Well, there we sat, Hector and I, surveying the site of an ancient homestead, and wondering at how things change. I suppose, by Hector's expression, that he may have been regretting the passage into earth of his favorite piles of rubbish and chalky masonry. And I may have been lamenting the gradual dissolution of man-made things—but scarcely regretting it, for nothing is more beautiful than a blooming ruin in early

spring, set in the solitude of a glade. And, anyhow, I am of the younger generation, and don't believe in regrets. Then, too, this place had given birth to many of my plans, none of which had quite gone to nothing. Sitting here I had cast my hopes three ways: I would be author, opera-singer, and actress. From the age of nine on, I had designated my ambitions by four secret initials, here explained for the first time. To consider to-day the first ambition: Well, I have just had a book published, so authorship was not so unattainable after all. As to the second, I suppose I must count Hector's appreciation of my singing voice. That is something, though all the rest of the world remove itself at my first few notes. And my histrionic achievements may be but slight fulfilment of the third ambition; yet they do not lack vividness. This old ruin provided the proper solitude in which I gained the necessary daring to draw up a few great plans, now executed in small part.

During our reflections on ambitions and change, the air grew chilly, and Hector restless, making it necessary for us to return home, a quarter of a mile cross-country, due east. Upon our arrival at the house, and after seeing me settled by a log fire, my brother opened conversation.

"You know you aren't the only author in this village," he began.

"Is that so——?"

"Not by any means the only author. Maybe you think you are, but I was in the drug store uptown this afternoon, and, do you know, Jim Hampton has written a book, and it's on sale there! The story of his life. The old fellow's got a stack of copies, selling them at three plunks apiece for the church. The whole town's buying them. Book's full of local history, they say, and it has a picture in it of this house, and one of Old Whitney's."

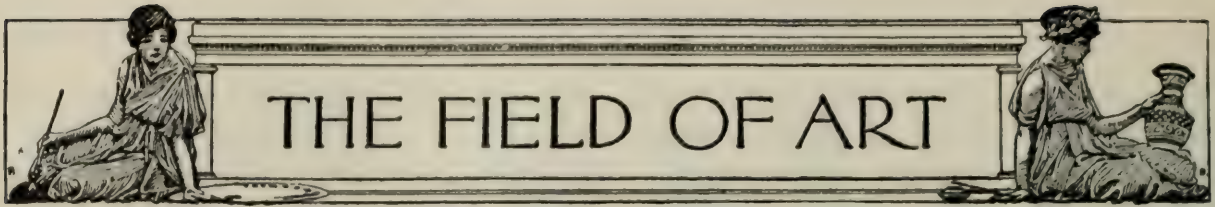
"Humph," I muttered, seeing my new-made reputation as the town's only native author falling with a sound like thunder. "Better get a copy, and let's see if it really is a book."

Now, in much cooler mood, and after perusal of the enchanting pages, I am more than willing and glad to admit that I am by no means the town's only author. He has done more, this Jim Hampton, than he ever planned to do. Ingenuously, without the grace of flawless grammar or the ornaments of studied style, he has written a book

which strikes me, at least, as infinitely better and more important than all the popular novels-of-place of the present day. And he was born, the book tells us, in Old Whitney's house!

I doubt if, in boyhood days, he ever sat at that doorstep and planned to write a book. He probably spent more time planning the planting and harvesting of the little farm—caring for the now neglected fruit trees—doing anything he could to earn a few cents to help his mother, widowed in the Civil War, and with several small children to support. He used to husk corn at three and a half cents a shock, for one thing. And he left home bravely at the age of twelve, to live with childless neighbors and relieve his mother of some of her burden.

From the first break, he seems to have grown in mind rather faster than most members of the community. The country school interested him; his neighbors, in fact any people, always engrossed him. He regarded them all kindly. When in his mature years he built up a business with an office in New York, and travelled throughout Europe, meeting men of the world, his homely straightforwardness caused him to prosper; but his success never made him forget the simple folk of his boyhood, or the trivial doings of their full lives. He is living among them to-day up in town, and he has surprised them all with his book for and about them, written secretly during the past year. He will soon be seventy years old—a ripe age and honored among these country people. They will appreciate the pictures from his life in the larger world, gathered into his book for them—his office in New York—his family climbing the Alps. There is also a recent picture of his grandchild. He shows our own house because its site was that of the home of those friendly neighbors who took him in when he was a boy of twelve. Old Whitney's house appears, almost as it is to-day, a ruin among tangled weeds and vines; but in the photograph the cherry tree is still standing, and the oak, and the little hemlock now upturned. Yet if Jim Hampton should revisit his birthplace, I wish he might see it as Hector and I saw it the other day—a beautiful spring ruin, covered by a mist of blue-white cherry blossoms—a desirable birthplace, not laid waste for anyone's material gain, but claimed by the forest, and made ready and renewed for another cycle of life.



Art and the Skyscraper

BY DEWITT CLINTON POND

EUROPEAN comment on American architecture has not always been of a favorable nature. Our tall buildings are acknowledged to be noteworthy examples of engineering enterprise and initiative, but as works of art they are simply skyscrapers, a term expressed in tones of good-humored patronage. These towering buildings seem to be all that we have, and to the observer the engineering phase of our undertakings has been considerably more important than the art which is involved.

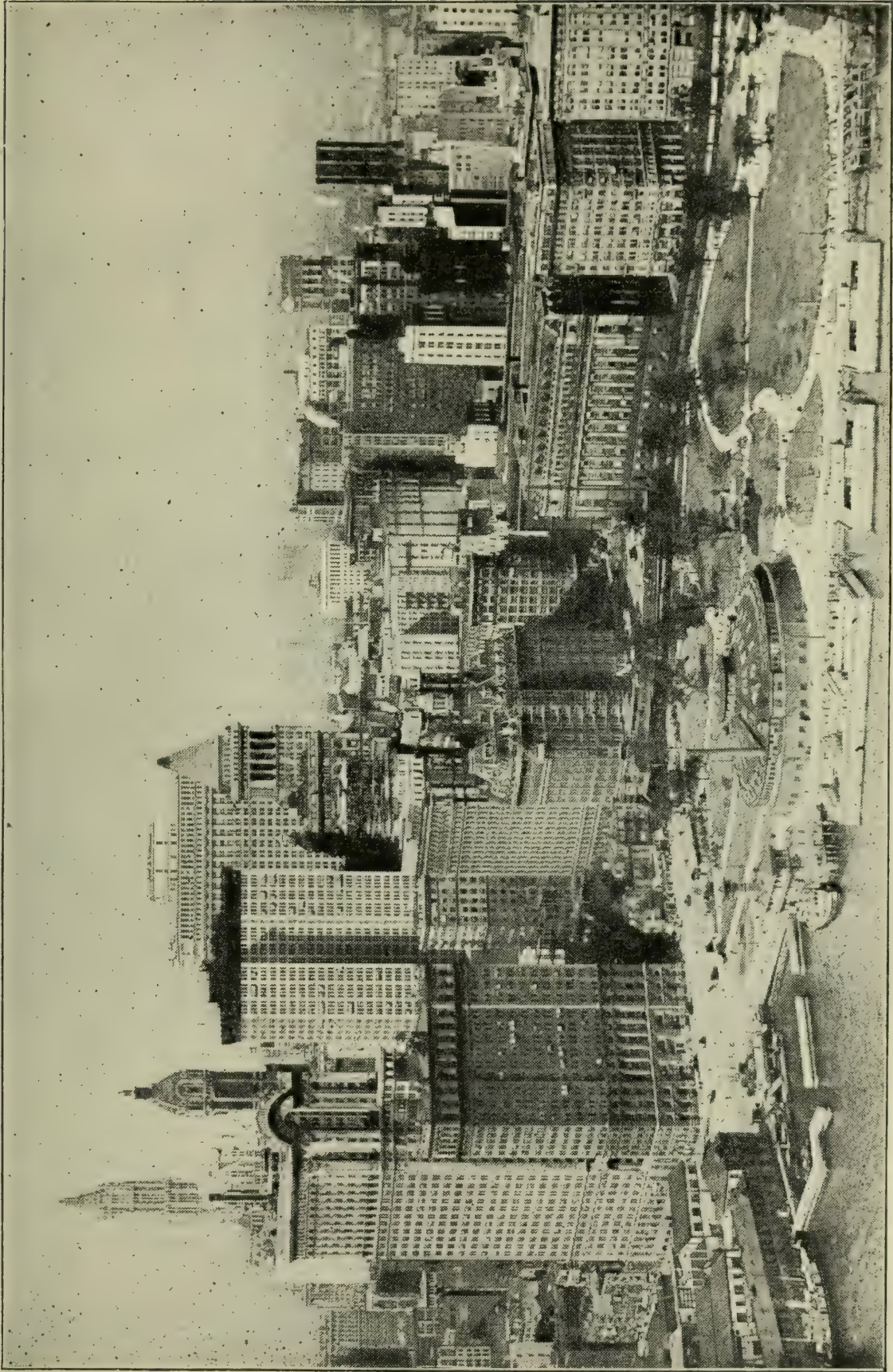
The word skyscraper makes a vivid appeal to the imagination, and for this reason it has been given undue attention when American architecture is under consideration. Although buildings in the more congested parts of our larger cities are almost universally higher than those found in European cities, the truly tall buildings, in the construction of which unusual engineering skill is involved, are exceptional. Even in New York, where the development of tall buildings is the most impressive, in proportion to the total amount of construction in the city, there are actually few buildings which can properly be called skyscrapers. An airplane view of Manhattan shows this graphically. The upper part of the island is covered with six-story apartment-houses. Farther south, around Seventy-second Street, there is an outcropping of taller structures, and at Columbus Circle and the Plaza there are some of gigantic proportions. At this point, however, these buildings are exceptional, rising as they do far above their surroundings. It is not until the uptown banking and commercial district and downtown financial district are reached that the towering buildings are the rule. In the uptown section the Bush and Times buildings are probably the most prominent. In the Wall Street area are the Woolworth, Equitable, Singer, Bankers Trust, and Cunard

buildings, the like of which have never before been seen in the world.

As Manhattan is only one of the five boroughs which form the greater city, the proportion of tall buildings in this metropolis is actually small. In view of these facts it is evident that although the development of the skyscraper is significant and appeals to the imagination, certainly it is not characteristic of the architecture of the country as a whole.

This is also true of buildings which require unusual engineering design. They are exceptional. The science of engineering has become so standardized that for the average building, once loads are found, the sizes of supporting members, such as beams, girders, or columns, can be determined from tables in which the properties of the various members are listed.

The European observers are not the only ones who are prone to believe that our building achievements are more a matter of engineering than art. I believe that in any treatise on architecture one fact should be emphasized strongly. This fact is that architecture should properly be regarded as an art. However, although this is the only sane manner in which this branch of the fine arts should be viewed, one wonders if the various persons in the swirling throngs around the base of the Woolworth Building in New York or that pass in and out of the Pan-American Building at Washington mentally file these masterpieces under this heading. Architecture is so intimately associated with various branches of engineering work that the observer is apt to believe our modern design is entirely a matter of construction. Structural conditions undoubtedly impose certain restrictions, but I believe it is safe to say that such restrictions are less burdensome to the architect to-day than at any other period in the history of the world.



Part of New York City's Skyscrapers.
The Battery, showing the Aquarium in the centre foreground.

When a large fireproof building is under construction we are made aware of the progress of the work by the erection of an enormous steel skeleton—a network of columns, girders, and beams swung into place by giant derricks, to the deafening sound of pneumatic riveters. The framework is alive with men—structural steel workers—some of them bolting beams into place, others standing over portable forges heating rivets, which they throw to their fellow workers, who first catch them in metal pails, and then force them through concentric holes in the angles and plates or beams, in order to rivet the various structural members securely together. The whole is a picturesque sight, one of the most striking encountered in our modern industrial civilization.

While the steel skeleton is being erected higher and higher, the concrete mixers are grinding and whirring below, and material hoists, laden with mixtures of cement, sand, and rock, speed to the floors where forms are already built and reinforcing steel placed.

When the steel frame has reached a proper height, the exterior walls of stone or brick are erected, and, although the masons may start to build them at the grade level, there have been cases where the walls were started at floors many stories above grade. A builder of the Middle Ages would have stood aghast at a procedure which would call for the construction of floors before the outside walls were erected. In olden days the walls acted as support for the floors.

To the observer that which is meant by architecture is this veneer of brick, stone, terra-cotta, concrete, or plaster, which is simply applied to the sturdy steel frame, and, because to most of us that which is human and adventurous is more interesting than that which is motionless and æsthetic, our attention is caught more by the fabrication of the skeleton than by the static proportions of the finished structure. The building seems to be more a product of engineering skill than the output of an artist's atelier. Little attention is paid to the brain work which must conceive the design of the structure before a single steel beam can be rolled, cut, punched, and delivered, or a single cubic yard of earth can be removed from the site.

The genius of the architect, however,

dominates the erection of a modern building, if it is to be considered as something more than merely a huge box divided horizontally by floors and vertically by partitions. There are buildings like this, of course—mainly factories and warehouses—but these no more resemble architecture than a packing-crate is like a beautifully carved sixteenth-century chest. Granting that most of us desire something more inspiring than the packing-crate type of building, then we must call upon the genius of the architect to supply it. He it is who develops the plan, locates the columns, determines the floor height, and designs the exterior of the building. He must rely upon the engineer to calculate the loads to be carried by the various structural members, and decide upon the sizes of beams, girders, columns, and footings which will be required. It is due to the co-ordination of these two types of work that the erection of a large modern building is made possible. Both types are important, but that which makes the building a convenient place to work in and an inspiring mass to behold is the work of the architect.

There have been times when the man who determined where the structural supports were to be placed, as well as their decorative value, might have acted as his own engineer and passed upon the strength of his supporting columns. The plan of an Egyptian temple was a comparatively simple one. Not many of the modern requirements which complicate a plan, such as the location of stair wells and elevators, numerous offices or rooms, as well as the need of providing mechanical equipment, and erecting tier upon tier of floors, existed in the time of the Pharaohs. Ground space did not seem to have the importance then that it has now. In those less strenuous days it was quite possible for the artist, who carved the massive stone piers to resemble huge bundles of papyrus stalks, to solve the structural problem of how far apart his supports should be, for this distance was the length of the stone lintel, which spanned from pier to pier.

It was impossible for the designers of buildings in those days to develop a plan in which large, unobstructed spaces existed, as there was no method of providing a roof over any such space. Structural conditions imposed their limitations then most decid-

edly, and the problem of providing a covering over wide areas was not solved for many years after the Egyptians first built their huge temples, the interiors of which resembled forests of huge stone piers. It is probable that the Greeks solved the problem of roofing their temples by means of wood beams. We have no direct evidence of this, as the roofs over the temples vanished centuries ago. The limits within which Ictinos and other Greek designers had to work were fairly rigid. Wood beams can only be of a certain length. Within the limits set by structural conditions, the Greek artists wrought marvels. Nothing has been erected since the Parthenon which can be said to be more beautiful.

The Romans liberated their designers from the need of planning buildings to cover restricted areas, for they were the first to use on a large scale the arch, vault, and dome to span over large spaces. They built their vaults of concrete, and these had no more thrust than inverted teacups once the material had set. Huge vaulted temples were erected, and enormous baths, the grandeur of which has probably never been surpassed.

There are those who assert that the Romans should be given little credit for architectural achievements. It is true that most of the motives used to ornament their large buildings were inspired by Greek models, and that much of the decoration was simply applied to their structures. The Greeks used columns as supports. They were forced to do this. The Romans used columns simply as ornamental motives, for their domes and vaults were self-supporting. However, these critics of the builders of Rome lose sight of the difficulties encountered by architectural designers of the Roman or any other period. These are the difficulties of planning and erecting beautifully proportioned buildings, which have a pleasing relation of parts, an interesting composition of masses, and a simple, direct plan. The Romans, probably with the help of Greek artisans, overcame this difficulty triumphantly. In their more imposing buildings their work was characterized by a splendid understanding of scale or proportion. Liberated from the need of working within restricted areas, they designed their vaults with a fine regard for the space to be covered, and ornamented their walls with

motives which well fitted the architectural scheme.

It is interesting to speculate upon the relationship which existed between the men of Rome who determined what structural supports were required, and those who dictated the proportions which the various supports and arches should have. Possibly approximately the same relation existed then as one now finds between the modern architect and engineer. One set of men planned for beauty and the other for strength, but the fact that the buildings were truly magnificent bears witness that each set of men must have understood the requirements of the other, and that there may have been only one type of designer after all—one who knew what was required both for artistic and structural design.

The use of concrete seems to have gone out of existence about the time of the fall of imperial Rome, but the use of the vault for the purpose of spanning over large openings was not forgotten. The builders of the Romanesque and Gothic periods made use of the vault, but attempted to build with stone. Now, a stone arch or vault develops a thrust which must be resisted in some manner. The early Romanesque builders in Europe or Norman builders in England at first made use of huge, thick walls to counteract the force of thrust from the vault. Later it was found that pointed arches and vaults exerted less thrust; that thrust could be counterbalanced by counterthrust; that loads could be concentrated at piers, and buttresses could be used to withstand such horizontal forces as were caused by the arches.

Engineering as we know it to-day was unknown in the Middle Ages. It is probable that such rules as were used were formulated as a direct result of experience. That such rules were not always reliable is shown by the fact that certain of the vaults fell in after construction. In other cases additional stone work was added to buttresses to withstand thrusts from vaults which evidently started to spread.

The guilds of masons who built the superb cathedrals were highly organized, and it is quite possible that there was a certain amount of specialization, but there is such harmonious blending of art and structure in the work of the builders of mediæval Europe that there can be little doubt about the ap-

preciation of artistic values possessed by the men who specialized with regard to construction.

The designers of the Middle Ages gloried in the freedom they gained through a knowledge of the possibilities of stone vaulting. Their piers became much more slender, their vaults higher. Their stone ornaments became almost lacelike in their fineness.

The vault or dome, however, still remained the only method devised for roofing large spaces in a permanent and fireproof manner, from the time of the Romans until very recently. Within the memory of most of us a new material has been introduced on a large scale into building construction. This material is steel, a modern product. With it almost any distance can be spanned, any height attained. A building can now have an open, unobstructed space within it of almost any dimensions desired. Given such a foundation as can be found on the rocky bed of Manhattan Island, it is possible to erect a building much higher even than those which form the inspiring group to be seen from New York harbor. Such limits as are now imposed are not those fixed by materials but by man-made laws. We have found that city streets, as they now exist, are not wide enough to accommodate the throngs which would pour out of such towering structures as could be constructed, that avenues lined with these colossal edifices would be mere chasms—in shadow except when the sun was in the meridian. So man has prohibited the erection of such towers as we might construct, with the result that the architecture of such a city as New York is assuming a new character.

Freed from the limits imposed throughout the ages by outworn structural conditions,

architects at first had difficulty in handling the design of the great modern structures, but of late years they have done surprisingly beautiful things. They have designed with a freedom and feeling of scale which the architects in other parts of the world will have difficulty in equalling.

The patronizing attitude of those who claim that buildings in which the use of steel makes possible new forms cannot be good expressions of the art of architecture, shows a lack of understanding of what this art really is. A building must be useful, so its plan must be simple and direct. A building must also be beautiful, and so its parts must be well proportioned and designed to form an interesting composition. To accentuate and define the various parts, various ornamental motives are used, and because these motives are inspired by Old World patterns, the critics have been disposed to belittle the achievements of American designers. It is a cheap kind of criticism, for architecture is very much more than the derivation of ornamental motives. It is the same type of criticism that is voiced against the Romans, who planned with masterly skill, but who used Greek models as inspiration for their applied ornament.

Great credit must be given to the men who have placed at the hands of architects the modern materials of construction. From the skilful men who design the members for strength to the fearless workers on the lofty steel frames, their work is characterized by enthusiastic initiative and daring. Granting, however, all the credit due to these men, the building as a final product is the work of the architect. He it is who determines how the materials are to be used to produce a well-planned and beautiful structure.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 9.





The Test of the Autumn Markets

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Unfulfilled Predictions of 1923 ONE reason why this autumn season has begun with a spirit of something like suspended judgment in the financial markets is that, up to the present time, 1923 may fairly be described as a year of unfulfilled financial prediction. At the very beginning of the year the prevalent forecast was for a halt during several months in the intense trade activity with which last year ended in this country, to be followed by rapidly expanding trade in the late spring season. Instead of that, volume of business and speculation increased uninterruptedly in mid-winter, reaching its climax just at the opening of spring and thereafter slowly waning. When the early movement of expansion had become emphatic, Wall Street's prediction was of an "inflation market," based on our huge mass of unused gold—a rise which would proceed at a constantly accelerated pace to its possible climax in the autumn. Serious economists accepted this speculators' view and warned Wall Street of the consequences. But the upward movement, both in industry and on the Stock Exchange, came to a halt at the moment when, in early springtime, the warnings were most urgent.

When the markets turned and trade activity abated, predictions of the immediate future were reversed. Prophecy of acute and severe reaction, due to the labor situation at home and the political situation abroad, was the order of the day. Wall Street oracles suddenly began to advise the selling of securities with a view to a sweeping fall in values. But the decline on the Stock Exchange was only gradual; during the summer months it went no farther than the midsummer reaction in some of our most prosperous re-

cent years, and before Labor Day one-third of the average fifteen-point decline from the high point of the year had been recovered.

PREDICTION of special movements in the financial markets fared as badly as these general prophecies. High economic authority emphasized the probability that, early in 1923, the United States would become a gold-exporter on balance, in very large amounts, thereby beginning the long-discussed "re-distribution" of the superfluous treasure heaped up in the Federal Reserve Banks as a result of the uninterrupted import movement since the middle of 1920. This forecast seemed especially reasonable in view of our reversed trade balance, which in March, April, and May produced \$134,000,000 surplus of imports over exports, the largest monthly excess in our history, and comparing with a \$232,000,000 export surplus in the same months of 1922. But the course of events was wholly different; the year's excess of gold imports over exports, up to the end of summer, was \$150,000,000, and the importations during the later summer month were above the year's monthly average.

The Forecasts of Last Spring

When the year began, the belief was strongly prevalent that the pound sterling would rise to something like the par of exchange in 1923. It did, in fact, reach \$4.72 in February, which was well on the way to the \$4.86 $\frac{5}{8}$ parity; but from that price a slow and continuous descent brought it to \$4.50 early in September. Along with this decline and in spite of our merchandise import surplus, other foreign-exchange rates fell, the Italian lira going to the lowest in a year and the French franc to the lowest since the armistice.

Even commodity prices have run counter to early expectations. The 8 per cent average rise in this country during the first four months led to very general belief in a further upward movement; but in August the general level was lower than in January.

THERE are several ways of explaining this series of misjudgments. For one thing, the financial imagination allowed itself to be influenced too strongly by its remembrance of the spectacular upward

swing and subsequent reaction of 1919 and 1920. That certain phenomena, such as the huge American gold reserve, existed in 1923 as it did

in those years was taken to foreshadow similar results, without giving adequate weight to other influences which were at work in the earlier period but not in 1923—the immediate post-war scarcity of goods, for instance, the unprecedented international export trade, and the illusions regarding limitations of home and foreign credit. But it is also possible that judgment has been confused on this occasion for the reason that it has equally been confused in other periods of tentative preliminary revival after a great economic setback. The story of practically all such periods has been a story of false starts, premature expansion, overrating of the world's consuming power so soon after a season of forced liquidation and economic loss, and, therefore, of constantly confused and bewildered economic inference.

This autumn, then, has begun with a singularly obscure position on the financial markets; with so many conflicting influences, so many guide-posts of finance and industry pointing in opposite directions, that prediction in business conferences and on the Stock Exchange has been altogether hesitant. The remark most often heard was that the markets would have to wait for the test of autumn trade.

THAT is not an unfamiliar attitude. The business community knows by long experience that the really dominating influences on the situation, the actual trend of things which will make the financial history of a coming twelvemonth, will often be completely invisible until the

light of active autumn trade is thrown upon them. The autumn season has brought surprises in each of the four past years. There was evidence of overdone speculation at this time in 1919, but not many people, least of all in Wall Street, looked for the violent tightening of money rates which came in October and November.

There was much uneasiness over the business situation at this time in 1920; but the opinion was somewhat widely entertained that the sudden shrinkage in orders during the spring and early summer would result in a rush of belated purchases later in the year, and no one predicted or expected the extremely severe reaction of trade, collapse of prices, and tightening of credit that reached the proportions of a panic before the year was over. The public's insatiable appetite for new securities, home and foreign, was a discovery of the autumn of 1921. The rapid expansion of home trade, which led Wall Street at the end of 1922 to prophesy an "inflation boom" of unparalleled magnitude, did not come in sight until the autumn and followed several months of uncertainty and hesitation.

One of the traditions of the autumn financial movement is that the governing influence of the season will often be something which had not had any place in previous predictions, and that the influence which had been expected to shape the season's markets turned out to have no effect upon them. The Presidential election was to supersede all other considerations in the autumn of 1920; Europe's economic troubles were to do so in 1922. Neither was a factor of any importance in the American situation.

WE can now see in retrospect the reason why, in those other years, economic influences should have operated as they did. We had arrived in the autumn of 1919 and the spring of 1920 at the point in the much-discussed "cycle of prosperity" at which the rising tide of trade activity and speculative enthusiasm had gone beyond the capacity of available capital to finance the move-

**Summer
Markets
and
Autumn
Markets**

**Why the
Outlook
Was
Misjudged**

**Where We
Are in the
"Industrial
Cycle"**



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GIRL WITH LUTE.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

--"An American Artist Canonized in the Freer Gallery."—Page 539.

An Intimate Portrait of R L S by His Stepson, Lloyd Osbourne

[A NEW and personal portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson is presented by his stepson, and collaborator on several novels, Lloyd Osbourne, who shared his life from 1876 until its end in 1894, and who for the first time gives his impressions and recollections. Osbourne has grouped his impressions round what might be called the pivotal years of Stevenson's life, and, in a series of vivid little vignettes of the great author at different ages, traces the developments and changes of his character. The chapters begin with "Stevenson at Twenty-six," and end with "The Death of Stevenson," at forty-four. They will be published in four numbers of the Magazine.]

STEVENSON AT TWENTY-SIX

IT was at the old inn at Grèz-sur-Loing that I first saw Robert Louis Stevenson. I was eight years old, a tousled-haired, barefooted child who was known to that company of artists as "Pettifish." Though I sat at the long *table d'hôte* I was much too insignificant a person to be noticed by this wonderful new arrival, whose coming had caused such a stir.

But after the meal when we all trooped down to the riverside to see the *Cigarette* and the *Arethusa*—the two canoes that had just finished the "Inland Voyage"—the stranger allowed me to sit in his, and even went to the trouble of setting up the little masts and sails for my amusement. I was very flattered to be treated so seriously—R L S always paid children the compliment of being serious, no matter what mocking light might dance in his brilliant brown eyes—and I instantly elected him to a high place in my esteem.

While the others talked I appraised him silently. He was tall and slight, with light brown hair, a small golden mustache, and a beautiful ruddy complexion; and was so gay and buoyant that he kept every one in fits of laughter. He wore a funny-looking little round cap, such as

schoolboys used to have in England; a white flannel shirt, dark trousers, and very neat shoes. Stevenson had very shapely feet; they were long and narrow with a high arch and instep, and he was proud of them. However shabbily he might be dressed he was always smartly shod. I remember being much impressed by his costume, which was in such contrast to that of his cousin, "Bob," who had preceded him to Grèz, and whom I already knew quite well. Bob was attired in a tattered blue jersey such as fishermen wore, trousers that needed no Sherlock Holmes to decide that he was a landscape-painter, and wooden *sabots* of the slightly superior order.

All these lads—for they were scarcely more—were gloriously under the spell of the *Vie de Bohème*; they wanted to be poor, improvident, and reckless; they were eager to assert that they were outcasts and rebels. One of the Americans, who had an ample allowance, found enjoyment in wearing an old frock-coat and fez; another, equally well provided for, always wore expensive rings so as to have the extreme enjoyment of pawning them; but to some poverty was no masquerade,

and was bitter enough. I doubt if poor little Bloomer had more than a spare shirt to his name, or ever enough buttons for his one shabby suit. Once he had been refused admission to the Luxembourg Gallery as "indecently clothed." It was supposed to be a wonderful joke, but Bloomer's fine, sensitive face always winced when it was repeated in his presence.

It was the custom of them all to rail at the respectable and well-to-do; R L S's favorite expression was "a common banker," used as one might refer to a common laborer. "Why, even a common banker would renig at a thing like that"—"renig" being another favorite word. I got the impression that people with good clothes, and money in their pockets, and pleasant, big houses were somehow odious, and should be heartily despised. They belonged to a strange race called Philistines, and were sternly to be kept in their place. If any had dared install themselves in the Hotel Cheillon they would have found it a nest of hornets.

R L S always said he hoped to die in a ditch. He must have dwelt on it at great length, and with all his matchless humor, for while I have forgotten the details, the picture of him as a white-haired and expiring wanderer is ineffaceably fixed in my mind. It cost me many a

pang that such was to be his end while common bankers jingled by in shining equipages, oblivious and scornful. But the tragedy that hung over Bob was even worse. Bob had divided his modest patrimony into ten equal parts, and after spending one of these every year was to commit suicide at the end. I never saw him lay out a few coppers for tobacco without a quivery feeling that he had shortened his life.

Young as I was I could not help noticing that R L S and my mother were greatly attracted to each other; or rather how they would sit and talk interminably on either side of the dining-room stove while everybody else was out and busy. I grew to associate them as always together, and in a queer, childish way I think it made me very happy. I had grown to love Luly Stevenson, as I called him; he used to read the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Tales of a Grandfather" to me, and tell me stories "out of his head"; he gave me a sense of protection and warmth, and though I was far too shy ever to have said it aloud, he seemed so much like *Greatheart* in the book that this was my secret name for him.

When autumn merged into early winter and it was time for us to return to Paris, I was overjoyed when my mother said to me: "Luly is coming, too."

STEVENSON AT TWENTY-EIGHT

I WAS ten when my mother left Paris and came to London, to spend several months before sailing for New York on the way to California. R L S was away somewhere, and it was his cousin "Bob" who met us at Dover, and took us to our lodgings at 7 Radnor Street, Chelsea.

It was a mean little house in a mean little street, and was as dingy and depressing as cheap London lodgings usually are. But the Turners, who kept the place, were extremely pleasant people. Mrs. Turner was a big, jolly matronly woman who used to call me "little Frenchie," and give me tremendous hugs. Mr. Turner, who was the original of William Dent Pitman in the "Wrong Box," contributed nothing to the family exchequer except the shavings from his wood-carving, and many moralizations

about "h'Art" as a career. He was really a very odd and charming person, with possibly more ability than we gave him credit for. Later on at least he became comparatively affluent and achieved a modest fame.

When R L S finally came I was conscious of a subtle change in him; even to childish eyes he was more assured, more mature and responsible. I was quite awed by his beautiful blue suit with its double-breasted coat, and the new stiff felt hat he threw on one side; and there was much in his eager talk about "going to press," and "closing the forms," and Henley "wanting a middle" about such and such a subject. He was now connected with a new weekly, called *London*, and evidently found the work very congenial and amusing. He was con-

stantly dashing up in cabs, and dashing away again with the impressive prodigality that apparently journalism required. Indeed, he seemed extraordinarily happy in his new occupation, and was full of zest and high spirits.

I was greatly fascinated by the cane he carried. In appearance it was just an ordinary and rather slender walking-stick, but on lifting it one discovered that it was a steel bludgeon of considerable weight. R L S said it was the finest weapon a man could carry, for it could not go off of itself like a pistol, nor was it so hard to get into action as a sword-cane. He said that in a tight place there was nothing to equal it, and somehow the impression was conveyed that journalism often took a man into very dangerous places. When he forgot it, as he often did, I was always worried until he returned.

One evening, with a kind of shyness he never outgrew, he produced a manuscript from his pocket, and read aloud "Will o' the Mill." Though I understood very little of it, its melodious cadence affected me profoundly, and I remember being so pleased with my mother's enthusiasm. R L S beamed with pleasure; he loved to have his work praised; and he put several questions, as he was always wont to do, for the sheer delight of prolonging such precious moments. Unlike most authors he read aloud incomparably well, endowing words and phrases with a haunting quality that lingered in one's ears afterward. I have never heard any one to equal him: the glamour he could give, the stir of romance, the indescribable emotion from which one awoke as though from a dream.

At Grèz a young Irish painter had once presented a new arrival to the assembled company after dinner, and in doing so had mockingly labelled the various *habitués*. R L S he had described as "Louis Stevenson—Scotch literary mediocrity." The phrase had stung R L S to the quick; it was one of the very few slights he kept alive in his memory. I remember that after he had finished "Will o' the Mill" and was still in the glow of my mother's praise, he murmured something about its not being so bad for "Scotch literary mediocrity."

Later he brought a story that was the germ of the "Suicide Club," and was about a stranger who had taken a train for some commonplace destination, and who, falling into conversation with his talkative and very queer fellow passengers, suddenly discovered that they were a band of would-be suicides. The train in an hour or more was to fly at full speed over a precipice. The point of the tale was less its sensationalism than the startling conversation of men suddenly freed from all reticences.

My principal recollection of it was the unquenchable laughter it provoked; it was unheard of at that epoch to take such liberties with fiction; everybody was convulsed except my rather wondering little self, who was in a shiver about the unfortunate man who thought he was going to Canterbury or some such place, and who was being persuaded, very much against his will—but with incontrovertible logic—that life was a failure, and that he was very lucky to be on such a train.

From this sprang the "Suicide Club" series which R L S wrote shortly afterward, and which he read aloud to us in our cheerless sitting-room. Although Stevenson enjoyed them hugely he attached no importance to them; it was enough that they filled a few empty columns of *London*, and brought in a few pounds. They attracted no notice whatever, and in the bottom of his heart I believe R L S was just a little ashamed of them. I know at least that when it was suggested a few years later to publish them in book form he emphatically demurred on the ground that it might hurt his reputation.

Meanwhile the hour of parting was drawing near. I had not the slightest perception of the quandary my mother and R L S were in, nor what agonies of mind their approaching separation was bringing; and doubtless I prattled endlessly about "going home," and enjoyed all our preparations, while to them that imminent August spelled the knell of everything that made life worth living. But when the time came I had my own tragedy of parting, and the picture lives with me as clearly as though it were yesterday. We were standing in front of our compart-

ment, and the moment to say good-bye had come. It was terribly short and sudden and final, and before I could realize it R L S was walking away down the long length of the platform, a diminishing figure in a brown ulster. My eyes fol-

lowed him, hoping that he would look back. But he never turned, and finally disappeared in the crowd. Words cannot express the sense of bereavement, of desolation that suddenly struck at my heart. I knew I would never see him again.

STEVENSON AT TWENTY-NINE

MONTEREY in 1879 was a sleepy old Mexican town, with most of its buildings of sun-dried bricks, called *adobe*. Fashionable people could be told by the amount of silver embellishments on their saddles, bridles, and spurs, and how richly they jingled as they passed. The principal street—Alvarado Street—named after Cortez's redoubtable, golden-haired lieutenant, and down which it was always a point of honor to gallop at breakneck speed, no matter how trifling your business, was decorated at the corners by half-buried old Spanish cannon, which with the breeches uppermost, served as hitching-posts for horses.

A whale's jaw, in the shape of a gigantic wish-bone—or an inverted V—often enframed a garden-gate; and the vertebræ were the favorite paving of those who took pride in their houses or shops. It was Mexico's last stronghold in the *irredenta* of California; and as its only industries were the catching of an occasional whale by Genoese with silver earrings, and the export of dried fish to China by Chinese with pigtailed and the ability to withstand the smell, it offered no inducements to young Americans coming West to seek their fortune.

Our home was a small, two-storied, rose-embowered *adobe* cottage fronting on Alvarado Street; my mother rented it from two old Spanish ladies named Bonifacio, who lived in an upper part of it in a seclusion comparable to that of the Man with the Iron Mask. The only time they ever betrayed their existence was when the elder would scream at me in Spanish from an upper window to leave the calf alone. Our back yard pastured this promising young animal, and it was an inspiriting pastime to lasso it, especially from the back of my pony when my mother and grown-up sister were absent. But Señora Bonifacio was never absent, though always slow in coming into ac-

tion. Perhaps it was to dress herself in the funeral-black dress and *mantilla* that I grew to associate as an inseparable part of playing with the calf.

It was here one morning in our sitting-room that my mother looked down at me rather oddly, and, with a curious brightness in her eyes, said: "I have news for you. Luly's coming."

I think R L S must have arrived the next day. I remember his walking into the room, and the outcry of delight that greeted him; the incoherence, the laughter, the tears; the heart-welling joy of reunion. Until that moment I had never thought of him as being in ill health. On the contrary, in vigor and vitality he had always seemed among the foremost of those young men at Grèz; and though he did not excel in any of the sports he had shared in them exuberantly. Now he looked ill, even to my childish gaze; the brilliancy of his eyes emphasized the thinness and pallor of his face. His clothes, no longer picturesque but merely shabby, hung loosely on his shrunken body; and there was about him an indescribable lessening of his alertness and self-confidence.

This fleeting impression passed away as I grew more familiar with him in our new surroundings. Certainly he had never seemed gayer nor more light-hearted, and he radiated laughter and good spirits. His talk was all about the people he was meeting, and he gave me my first understanding of the interest to be derived from human nature. The Genoese, for instance, whom I had always regarded as dangerous monsters, and whose only English phrase was in reference to cutting little boys' livers out, were revealed as the kindest sort of people, who were always helping any one in distress. That he should visit one of this despised race in hospital, and read aloud to him a newspaper in his own gibberish, at first horri-

fied me; and that he should be seen walking confidentially along the street with the town drunkard, even were it in one of Bob Hammil's rare moments of sobriety, was another shock; and when one night, in all stealth and secrecy he helped to print and paste up everywhere a small broadside denouncing the Spanish priest, "Father Two-Bits," for his heartlessness and rapacity, I was a good deal more overcome, I imagine, than the scoundrelly old victim himself. Young as I was I knew how men could be waylaid and stabbed in those unlit streets at night, and I trembled for Luly, and wished he had more sense.

His concluding enormity was to set the woods on fire, and though he was very conscience-stricken about it he had no realization of the summary punishment that might be meted out to him. There was a tradition in Monterey of a man having been lynched for this offense, and my hair nearly stood on end. I shall never forget my relief when he promised my mother, with appropriate solemnity, though with a twinkle in his eyes, that never, never, never so-help-him-God, would he ever let as much as a whisper of this crime pass his lips.

I was old enough to appreciate how poor he was, and it tore at my boyish heart that he should take his meals at a grubby little restaurant with men in their shirt-sleeves, and have so bare and miserable a room in the old *adobe* house on the hill. Conceive my joy, therefore, when one day he burst in with the news of a splendid job, and prolonged the suspense by making us all try to guess what it was; and my crushing disappointment when it turned out to be as a special reporter on the local paper at two dollars a week.

It was supposed to be a great joke, and I laughed with the rest; but on my part it was a sad and wondering pretence. Two dollars meant eight meals at the fishermen's restaurant. What was to become of poor Luly, who daily looked thinner and shabbier? But afterward my mother reassured me, and I was thrilled to hear of what "experience" meant to a writer, and how in reality Monterey was a kind of gold mine in which Luly was prospering extraordinarily, little though he looked it. Then

my father came down for a short stay, his handsome, smiling face just a little clouded, and with a curious new intonation in his voice during his long closeted talks with my mother. He was a tall, very fine-looking man, with a pointed golden beard, and a most winning and lovable nature; I loved him dearly, and was proud of his universal popularity. But he had two eccentricities of which I was much ashamed—he took a cold tub every morning, and invariably slept in pajamas.

The only other person I had ever known to wear pajamas was our Chinese cook, and I regarded my father's preference for them as a dreadful sort of aberration. In comparison the daily cold bath shrank into merely a minor breach of the conventions.

I had looked forward eagerly to his visit, and it was disconcerting to find him so preoccupied, and with so little time to devote to me. He seemed forever to be talking with my mother in a seclusion I was not allowed to disturb. Once as I was studying my lessons in an adjoining room and felt that strangely disturbing quality in their subdued voices—reproaches on her side and a most affecting explanation on his of his financial straits at the time of my little brother's death—I suddenly overheard my mother say, with an intensity that went through me like a knife: "Oh, Sam, forgive me!"

I knew nothing of what all this meant until shortly afterward as I was taking a walk with Stevenson. He was silent and absorbed; I might not have been there at all for any attention he paid me. Ordinarily a walk with him was a great treat, and a richly imaginative affair, for at a moment's notice I might find myself a pirate, or a redskin, and a young naval officer with secret despatches for a famous spy, or some other similar and tingling masquerade. But this walk had been thoroughly dull; we had remained ourselves, and not a breath of romance had touched us; and Luly's pace had been so fast besides, that my little legs were tired.

All at once he spoke, and here again was this strange, new intonation, so colorless and yet so troubling, that had recently affected the speech of all my elders.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "You may not like it, but I hope you will. I am going to marry your mother."

I could not have uttered a word to save my life. I was stricken dumb. The question of whether I were pleased or not did not enter my mind at all. I walked on in a kind of stupefaction, with an uncontrollable impulse to cry—yet I did not cry—and was possessed of an agonizing

feeling that I ought to speak, but I did not know how, nor what.

But all I know is that at last my hand crept into Luly's, and in that mutual pressure a rapturous sense of tenderness and contentment came flooding over me. It was thus we returned, still silent, still hand in hand, still giving each other little squeezes, and passed under the roses into the house.

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-ONE

DAVOS in 1881 consisted of a small straggling town where nearly all the shops were kept by consumptives. It possessed a charity sanitarium, and three large hotels, widely separated from one another, in which one could die quite comfortably. It was then the "new Alpine cure" for tuberculosis; and its altitude, its pine woods, and its glorious winter sunshine were supposed to work wonders. For five months of the year—"the season"—it was buried in snow, and rimmed about with dazzling white peaks. Snow, snow, snow; icicled trees; a frozen little river; a sense of glinting and sparkling desolation—such was the place we had come to.

The visitors at the hotels were nearly all English, and though a considerable proportion of them died, it was amazing what a gay and animated life they led. The uncertain tenure of life engendered recklessness even in the staidest. There were wild love affairs, tempestuous jealousies, cliques and coteries of the most belligerent description, and an endless amount of gossip and backbiting. In our hotel besides, were eleven English clergymen of every shade of orthodoxy, who made a really remarkable amount of commotion out of their differences.

The dead were whisked away very unobtrusively. You might meet Miss Smith coming out of room 46, say—and then suddenly realize that this had been Mrs. Robinson's room, and that you had not seen her for some time. People you had not seen for some time could usually be found in the cemetery, though their intervening travels had been marvellously screened from notice. The only note of tragedy that was ever apparent was at the weekly weighing of patients. This was

done in public, and one had but to look at the faces to read the verdict of the scales—consternation in those who were losing; anxiety in the stationary; an elation that was almost childish amongst the gainers, who would shout out "two pounds," or whatever it was, with offensive triumph in their voices, and oblivious of the baleful glances cast at them.

Fortunately R L S stood the weekly ordeal very creditably. Davos agreed with him; he steadily gained weight, and was unquestionably better. My mother and he kept themselves somewhat aloof from the others, and though friendly and approachable were never drawn into the passionate enmities and intimacies of the place. Stevenson was never much at ease with ordinary, commonplace English people, possibly because they always regarded him with suspicion. He had untidy hair, untidy clothes, unconventional convictions, no settled place—at that time—in the scheme of things; and was moreover married to a *divorcée*. The Hotel Belvidere thought very little of him, one way or the other, and his only real friend was Christian, the head waiter, who like many Swiss of mediocre position was an extremely intellectual man, with an understanding and outlook far above the average. Together they would pace the empty dining-room for an hour at a time in profound and interminable discussions while the tables were being spread for the next meal.

This was a thoroughly boring and unprofitable winter for Stevenson. His small bedroom was not conducive to work, and he was terribly lacking besides in any incentive. In a sort of desperation he began a novel for my amusement, called "The Squaw Man," but it never

got beyond three chapters. This was the only time in his life when I remember his having anything like mental inertia. It is true he wrote; he was always writing; but fruitlessly, laboriously, and without any sustaining satisfaction. He often had an air of not knowing what to do with himself, and it was in this humor that he often came to my room to join me at play with my tin soldiers, or to interest himself in my mimic enterprises. I had a small printing-press, and used to earn a little money by printing the weekly concert programmes and other trifling commissions; and growing ambitious I became a publisher. My first venture was "Black Canyon, or Life in the Far West," a tiny booklet of eight pages, and both the spelling and the matter were entirely original; my second was "Not I, and Other Poems by R L Stevenson," price sixpence. How thunderstruck we should have been to know that forty years afterward these were to figure in imposing catalogues as: STEVENSONIANA, EXCESSIVELY RARE, DAVOS PRESS, and be priced at sixty or seventy guineas apiece.

Once we were caught in the act of playing with our soldiers on the floor by a visitor who had come to see me "on business." He was a robust, red-faced, John Bull sort of person, and I shall never forget his standing there in the doorway and shaking with tremendous guffaws at finding R L S thus employed. Stevenson crimsoned to the ears, and though he pretended to laugh too, our play was spoiled for the morning.

One of the inmates of the hotel was a gaunt, ill-dressed, sallow young woman, the wife of a dying clergyman, who used to waylay me and ask in the most frightening way whether I loved Jesus; and by degrees this embarrassing inquiry was enlarged to include Stevenson, with an urgent desire for information about his spiritual welfare. I tried my best to

elude her, but I couldn't. She was always pouncing out of the unlikeliest places to grab my arm before I could escape. Later she made a point of descending to the dining-room at the very early and unfrequented hour that Stevenson breakfasted, and started the habit of passing him little notes—all about his soul, and the sleepless nights his spiritual danger was causing her.

Stevenson was as polite and considerate as he was to every one; too polite and considerate, for one morning another breakfast—a young man who habitually sat near us—detected the transfer of one of these little notes, and that night, swelling with self-righteousness, pointedly ignored Stevenson, and made a stage-play of speaking only to my mother.

This led to an explanation in our bedroom. The young man was sent for, the notes were shown him in the presence of my mother, I gave my childish evidence, and R L S was exonerated. But my principal recollection was his zest in the whole little drama—the unjust accusation, the conspicuous public affront borne in silence, the thumping vindication with its resultant apologies and expressions of regret, and finally the stinging little sermon on scandal and scandal-mongers.

For a month afterward he never went down to breakfast without me; and I was told—vastly to my pride and self-importance—to interpose myself between him and the sallow young lady, and make it impossible for her to slip any more notes into his hand. But she did not give up easily. Though she wrote no more notes, and soon afterward went away at her husband's death, she sent me post-cards for nearly a year—post-cards quite palpably intended for my stepfather. She was still sleepless, and in a greater torment than ever; and the word "love"—always in reference to Jesus—was invariably underscored.

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-TWO

OUR second winter at Davos was infinitely pleasanter than the first. We were now installed in a *châlet* of our own, with a cook, and plenty of room for all of us. R L S had brought back the half-finished manuscript of "Treasure Island,"

begun that summer at Braemar, and with it a revived ardor for work. The *châlet* was bathed in sunshine, and had a delightful outlook over the whole valley; and its seclusion was the more welcome after the crowded hotel, and the enforced

intimacy with uncongenial people. R L S seemed to expand in this homelike atmosphere, and his contentment and satisfaction were most apparent.

Before leaving Scotland he had applied for the vacant and highly paid professorship of English literature at Edinburgh University; and full of this new ambition—which had he achieved it would have quickly ended his life in that harsh climate—he gave me a course of trial lectures to see how well he could acquit himself. No wonder that my mother used to smile! He would walk up and down sonorously addressing the class—which was I, very self-conscious and uncomfortable—and roll out with daunting solemnity such phrases as: "Gentlemen, before we proceed further I must beg your special attention to one of the most significant phases . . ." "Gentlemen, before we can review the condition of England in the year 1337, we should first envisage the general culture of Europe as a whole." "Gentlemen, I hope none of you will make the fatal mistake of undervaluing the great share, the gigantic share that the Church, in spite of its defects . . ."

I was overwhelmed by his commendation.

"I have no fear now," he said to my mother. "Lloyd has shown me that I have the ability to hold a class's attention and interest; some of it has been over his head, of course, but I can feel that he has grasped my essential points, and has followed me with quite a remarkable understanding."

In spite of my pride I felt a dreadful little hypocrite. Except for the word "gentlemen," and some sanguinary details of mediæval life, the lectures had slid off me like water off a duck's back.

It was about this time I noticed how much darker R L S's hair was becoming. It had turned to a dark brown, and was so lank that at a little distance it appeared almost black. The hair has a curious way of reflecting one's physical condition; and judging by this criterion R L S must have been very ill. He no longer tobogganed with me, and seldom walked as far as the town—about a mile distant. Usually he contented himself with pacing up and down his veranda, or descending

to the foot of our hill to drop in on John Addington Symonds.

I remember Symonds very clearly; of medium height, trimly bearded; in his later thirties; he wore well-cut clothes, and had an aristocratic air that was reserved without being disdainful. His evident respect and affection for Stevenson, as well as the cordial way he always included me in his greeting, quite won my heart. His friendship seemed to confer distinction, and I was conscious that we were the only people in Davos to be similarly honored. He always came primed for a talk—the carry-over of a previous conversation—and one could almost see the opening paragraph forming itself on his lips.

But the influence of such men—academic, and steeped in the classics—was always subtly harmful to Stevenson, who had what we would call now an "inferiority complex" when in contact with them. Their familiarity with the ancient Greeks and Romans seemed to emphasize his own sense of shortcoming; made him feel uneducated, and engaged in unimportant tasks; put him out of conceit with himself and his work. Even as a boy I could feel the veiled condescension Symonds had for him; and Stevenson's acquiescent humility at his own lack of a university training. If Symonds had read the early part of "Treasure Island"—now conceded to be one of the great masterpieces of English—I doubt if he would have found anything to admire in it; but rather a renewed concern that so brilliant and unschooled a mind should waste itself. In his ardor to academize Stevenson, and make him classically respectable, he even ferreted out a scarcely known Greek author, and suggested that R L S should collate all the scraps of information about him and write a "Life."

All Stevenson's creative work was done in the morning, though in those days before typewriters an author had an interminable amount of writing to do that was merely copying, and involved no mental effort. The writers of to-day never have "scrivener's cramp," which pursued R L S all his life, and which caused him often to hold his pen between his second and third fingers when the index-finger was useless. His preference

was for white, ruled foolscap paper, chosen because it approximated in his writing to a "*Cornhill* page" of five hundred words. His first essays had been taken by the *Cornhill Magazine*, and its page established for him a measure of computation. He calculated the length of all his work in "*Cornhill* pages" long after he had ceased all connection with the magazine itself, and indeed as long as he lived.

I think he found rewriting a very soothing pastime, and would not have thanked anybody for a mechanical short-cut; it was an equivalent and a much pleasanter one for the knitting and bead-stringing that doctors nowadays so often enforce on their patients; and it had the agreeable quality that he could pause as long as he liked over a word or a phrase that was not quite to his liking, and polish endlessly. Those who criticise R L S for his excessive particularity are mistaken in their judgment. It was this rewriting and polishing that helped to keep him alive.

But in our second winter in Davos he wrote too little to have much of this aftermath, and was thrown very much on me for the distraction of his afternoons. A more delightful playfellow never lived; my memory of that winter is one of extraordinary entertainment. He engraved blocks and wrote poems for the two tiny books I printed on my press; he painted scenery for my toy theatre—a superb affair, costing upward of twenty pounds and far beyond our purse—that had been given me on the death of the poor lad who had whiled away his dying hours with it at the Belvidere; helped me to give performances and slide the actors in and out on their tin stands, as well as imitating galloping horses, or screaming screams for the heroine in distress. My mother, usually the sole audience, would laugh till she had to be patted on the back, while I held back the play with much impatience for her recovery. But best of all were our "war games," which took weeks to play on the attic floor.

These games were a naïve sort of "kriegspiel," conceived with an enormous elaboration, and involving six hundred miniature lead soldiers. The attic floor was made into a map, with mountains, towns, rivers, "good" and "bad" roads,

bridges, morasses, etc. Four soldiers constituted a "regiment," with the right to one shot when within a certain distance of the enemy; and their march was twelve inches a day without heavy artillery, and four inches with heavy artillery. Food and munitions were condensed in the single form of printers' "M's," twenty to a cart, drawn by a single horseman, whose move, like that of all cavalry, was the double of the infantry. One "M" was expended for every simple shot; four "M's" for every artillery shot—which returned to the base to be again brought out in carts. The simple shots were pellets from little spring-pistols; the artillery shots were the repeated throws of a deadly double sleeve-link.

Here absurdity promptly entered, and would certainly have disturbed a German staff-officer. Some of our soldiers were much sturdier than others and never fell as readily; on the other hand there were some dishearteningly thin warriors that would go down in dozens if you hardly looked at them; and I remember some very chubby and expensive cavalymen from the Palais Royal whom no pellets could spill. Stevenson excelled with the pistol, while I was a crack shot with the sleeve-link. The leader who first moved his men, no matter how few, into the firing range was entitled to the first shot. If you had thirty regiments you had thirty shots; but your opponent was entitled to as many return shots as he had regiments, regardless of how many you had slaughtered in the meanwhile.

This is no more than a slight sketch of the game, which was too complicated for a full description, and we played it with a breathlessness and intensity that stirs me even now to recall. That it was not wholly ridiculous but gave scope for some intelligence is proved by the fact that R L S invariably won, though handicapped by one-third less men. In this connection it may be interesting to know what a love of soldiering R L S always had. Once he told me that if he had had the health he would have gone into the army, and had even made the first start by applying for a commission in the Yeomanry—which illness had made him forego. On another occasion he asked me whom of all men I should most prefer to

be, and on my answering "Lord Wolseley," he smiled oddly as though somehow I had pierced his own thoughts, and admitted that he would have made the same choice.

One conversation I heard him have with a visitor at the *châlet* impressed me irrevocably. The visitor was a fussy, officious person, who after many preambles ventured to criticise Stevenson for the way he was bringing me up. R L S, who was always the most reasonable of men in an argument, and almost over-ready to admit any points against himself, surprised me by his unshaken stand.

"Of course I let him read anything he wants," he said. "And if he hears things you say he shouldn't, I am glad of it. A child should early gain some perception of what the world is really like—its baseness, its treacheries, its thinly veneered brutalities; he should learn to judge people, and discount human frailty and weakness, and be in some degree prepared and armed for taking his part later in the battle of life. I have no patience with this fairy-tale training that makes ignorance a virtue. That was how I was

brought up, and no one will ever know except myself the bitter misery it cost me."

Certainly this frankness gave a great charm to our intercourse and a mental stimulation I shall always be grateful for. But some of Stevenson's fancies I absorbed with the soberer facts of life. One in particular was his ineradicable conviction that gold spectacles were the badge of guile. Like Jim Hawkins being warned about the one-legged sea-cook I was bidden to be watchful of people in gold spectacles. They were deceitful, hypocritical, and flourished on spoliation; they were devoid of all honor and honesty; they went about masked with gold spectacles and apparent benevolence to prey on all they could. I often felt what a good thing it was that they were so plainly marked.

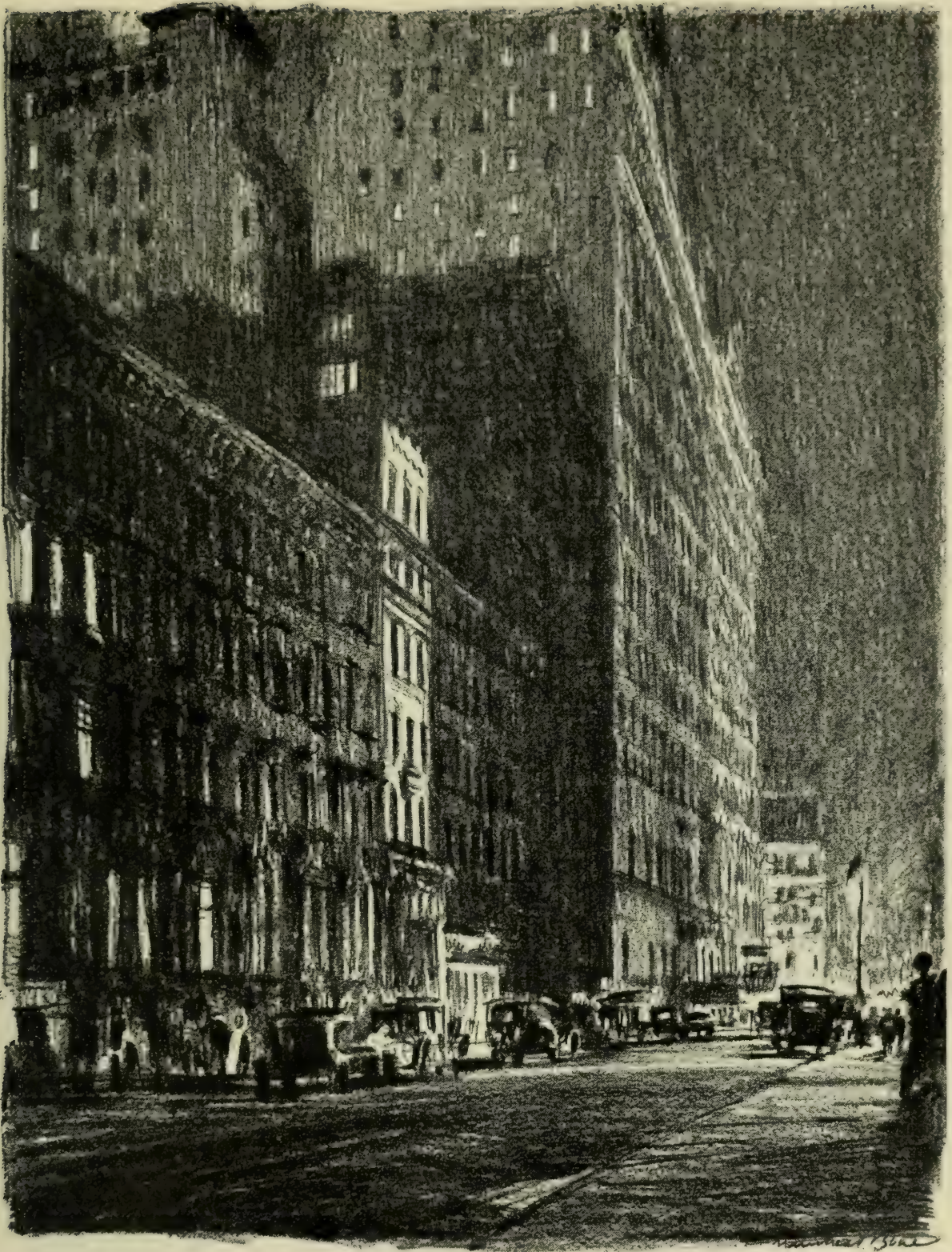
What a story must lie behind this fantasy of Stevenson's! One asks oneself who was this man with the gold spectacles, and what dire part had he played in R L S's past? Perhaps a Lenôtre of some future generation will dig him out of his hiding-place, and hold him up—gold spectacles and all—to the odium of our descendants.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES BY MUIRHEAD BONE

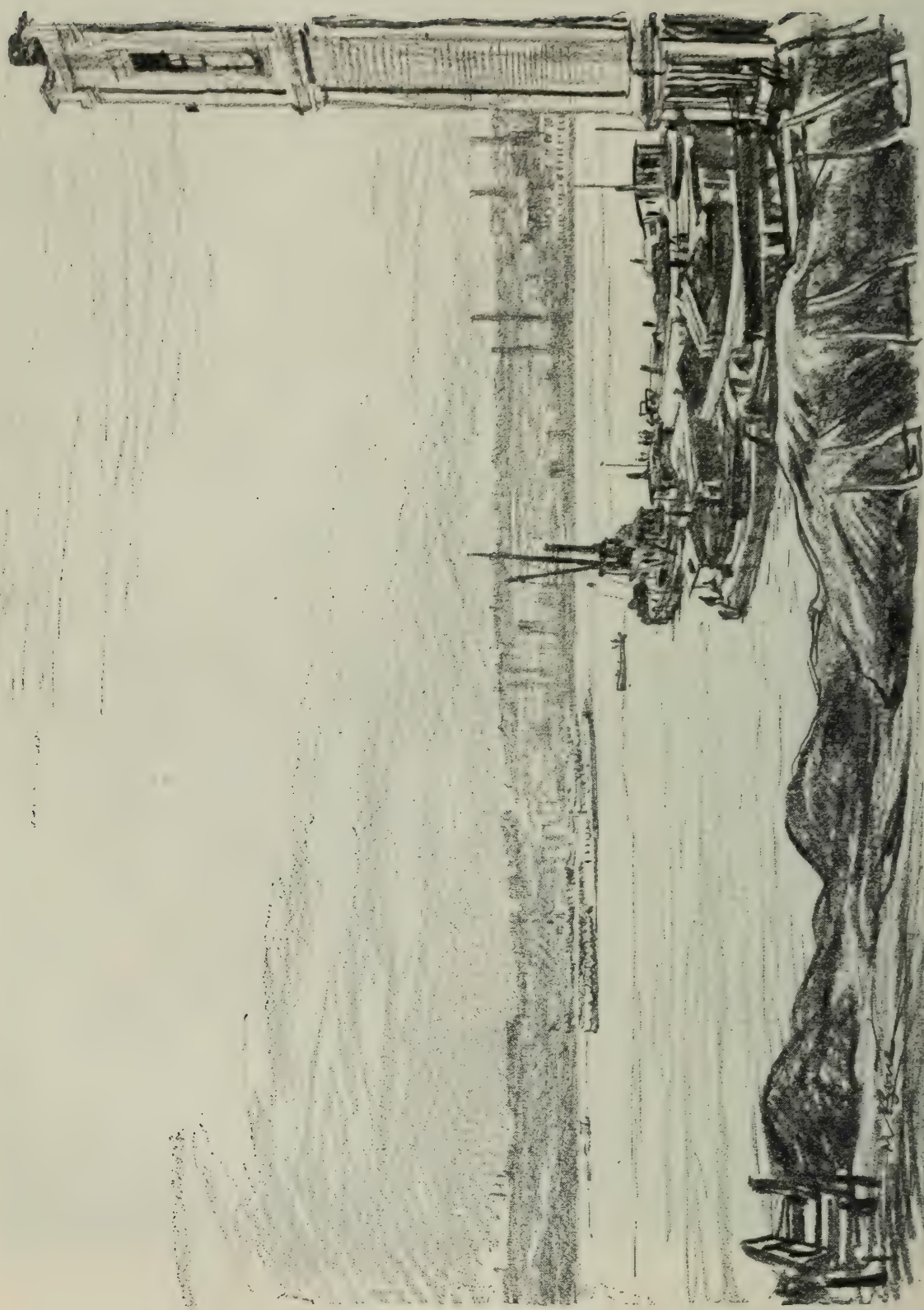
IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK DRAWN
BY THE WELL-KNOWN BRITISH
DRAFTSMAN AND ETCHER DURING
HIS RECENT VISIT HERE

[SHOWN ON THE EIGHT PAGES FOLLOWING]

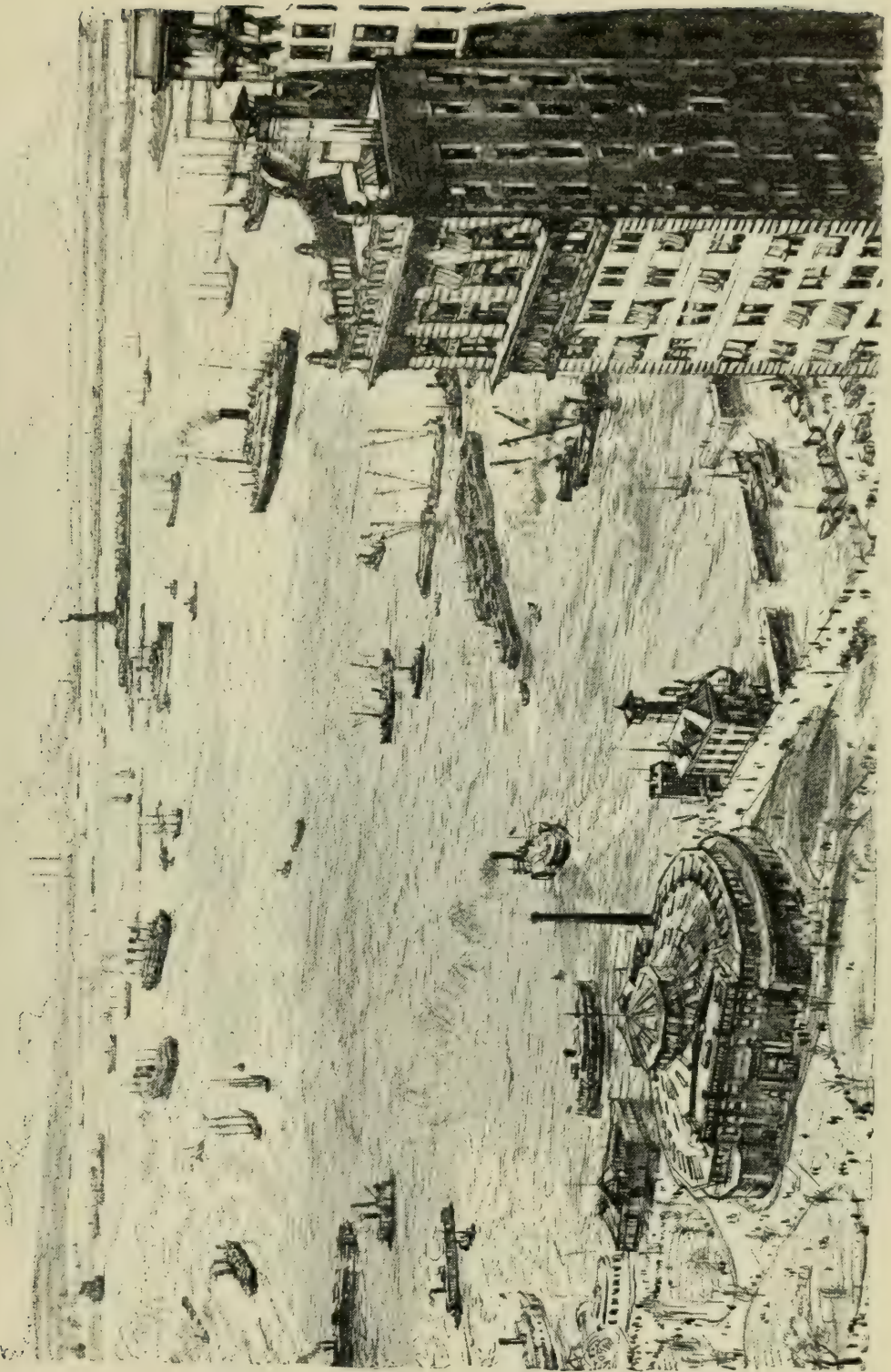


Back of the Plaza—58th Street.

Mr. Bone did this drawing in the late evening and was surprised when recognized by a passer-by as he stood sketching.



The Jersey Shore.
Looking across the Hudson River from the ash dumps below Riverside Drive.

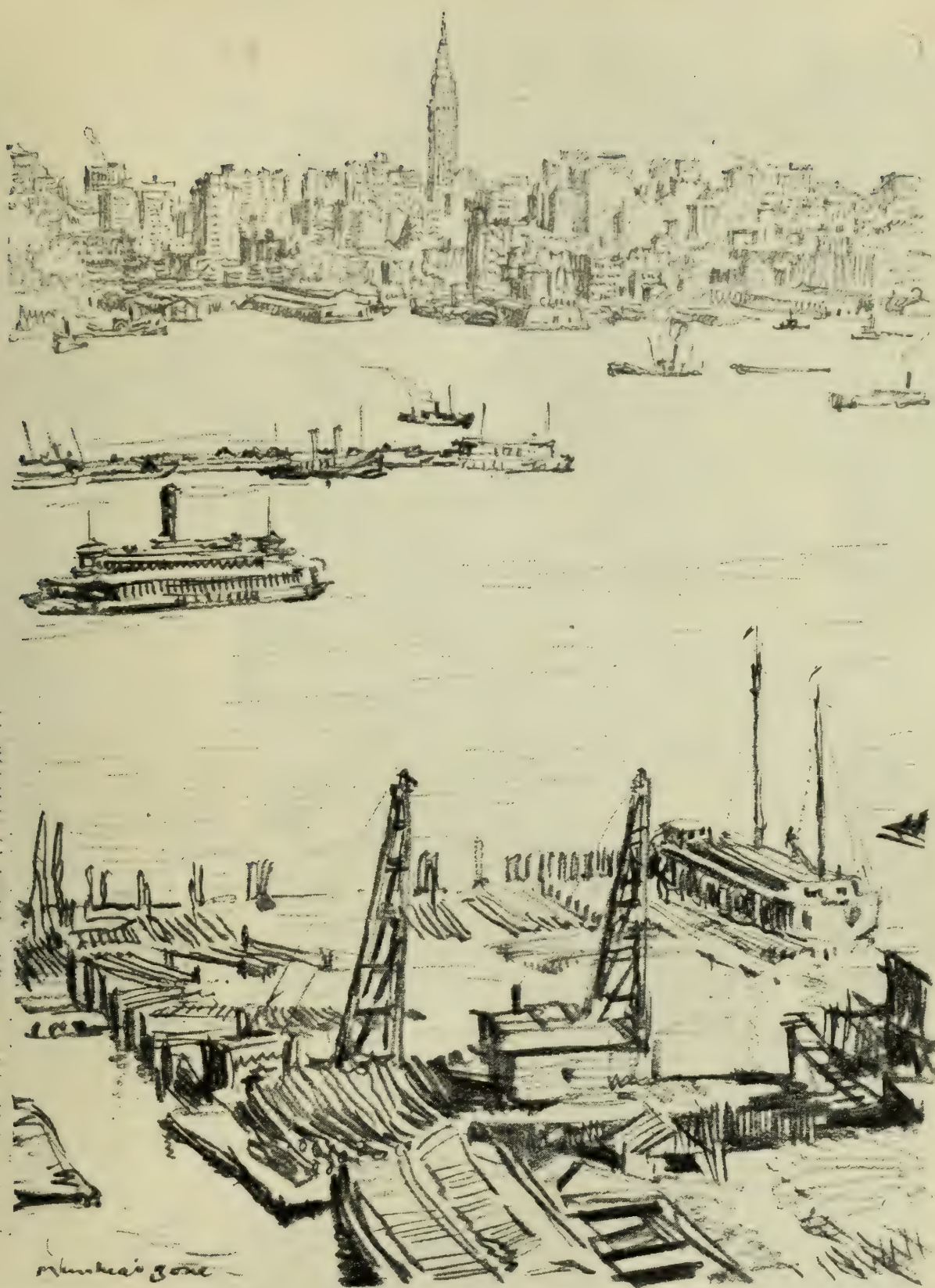


New York Harbor from Top of the Cunard Building.

While making this drawing, Mr. Bone's brother's ship, the *Tuscania*, passed down the bay. Captain David Bone dipped his ensign in salute, knowing that his brother was on the building sketching. The *Tuscania* is the one-funnel ship in the right middle distance.



Fifth Avenue Looking South from 65th Street.
The Hecksher Building in the centre and the Hotel Plaza at the right.



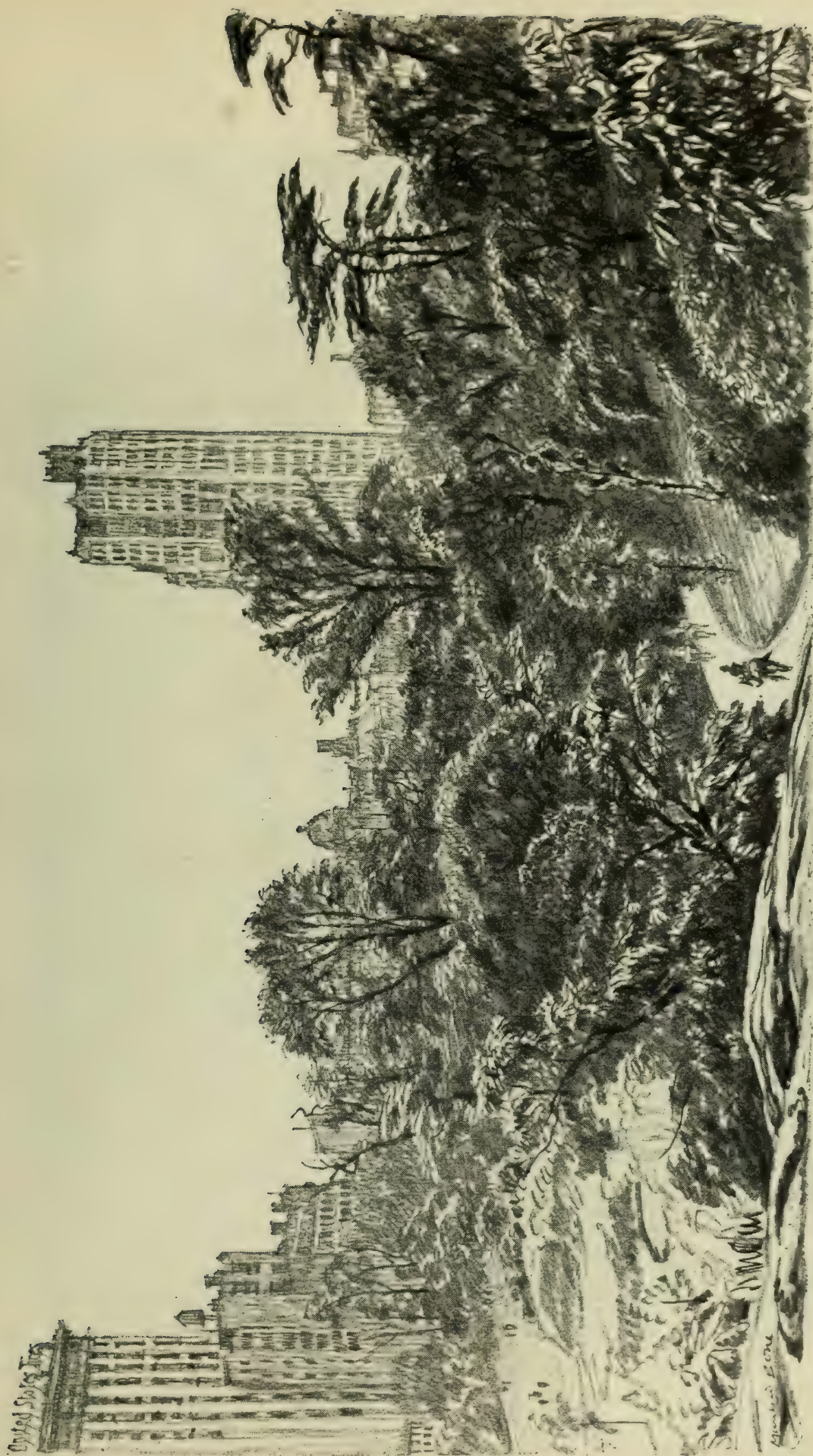
The Hudson River Harbor-Side of New York and the Metropolitan Tower from Weehawken.



Hot-Weather "Seaside" Resort on the East Side.

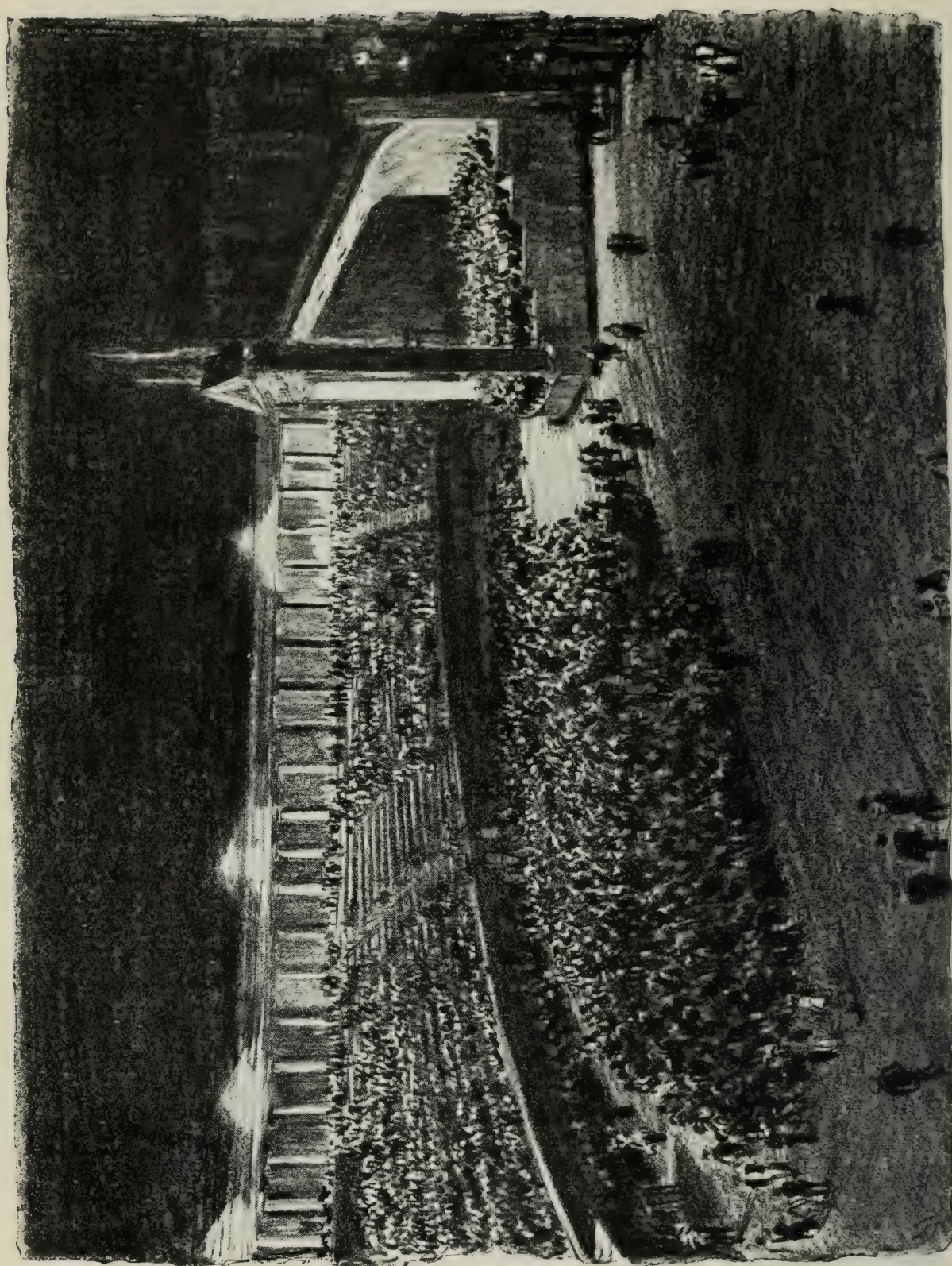
Water, collected from a fire-hose in a depression of the street under the approach to one of the bridges, is used by the children as a bathing-pool.

August 1907



A Bit of Central Park.

Some of the new buildings in the Columbus Circle region. On the right centre is the Gotham National Bank Building.



An Outdoor Evening Concert.
The Lewisohn Stadium, at Amsterdam Avenue and 138th Street, College of the City of New York.

Through Rhineland and Ruhr—via Morocco

BY LOTHROP STODDARD

Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," "The Revolt Against Civilization," etc.



HAVE just been through the Franco-German war zone. That may seem a strange statement to make in this year of grace 1923. It is nevertheless the literal

truth, for there is war between Germany and France to-day. This war is of a strangely new type, with little bloodshed and no battles; with all the guns and soldiers on one side, and with "passive resistance" complicated by occasional sabotage bombs on the other. The American who sits comfortably at home and scans occasional Ruhr despatches in his newspaper may think this is not war. Let him come here and I fancy he would change his mind. However, let me state what I have seen. The reader may draw his own conclusions.

We sought the "war zone" by automobile. My companion (an American journalist) and myself left Paris one drizzly summer's day and motored north-eastward by historic Château-Thierry, through the vast graveyard of Verdun, to the fortress-city of Metz, German for nearly half a century and now French once more. Setting out next morning, we planned to traverse the Saar and the Rhineland as far as Maintz, where we were to spend the night. That sounded easy enough. Had we known more about conditions in the "war zone" we were about to enter, we might not have been so sure.

However, ignorance is bliss, so we motored gaily and uneventfully across the French border into the debatable region of the Saar. The Saar, a rich coal-mining area, is at present administered by a commission appointed by the League of Nations. It is heavily garrisoned by French

troops, but, since it does not form part of the German lands directly occupied by France, it is not involved in the present dispute and life goes on in fairly normal fashion.

Nevertheless, it was in the Saar that we got our first warning of what we might expect once we had crossed the Rhineland border. Stopping at Saarlouis to get a tire changed, we fell into conversation with a couple of young Frenchmen, minor officials of the commission government. We asked them about the roads ahead, stating that we planned to stop at Maintz for the night. "You'd better not lose any time then," one of them answered, "for you'll be held up repeatedly by sentries. You know the Rhineland is under strict martial law. No automobiles can circulate without a permit, and you have to have special permission to travel after nine o'clock at night. Of course, I suppose your papers are all in order, so you'll get through; but you're liable to long delays if you're on the road after nightfall."

My friend was driving the car. I thought I saw a queer glint flit over his face, but he nodded the Frenchman a cheerful assent. When we were under way again he turned to me with a rather rueful grin. "Good Lord," he said, "I didn't know anything about this special permit business. I haven't anything but my regular French automobile papers."

"Well," said I, "we aren't going to turn back anyway."

"Right you are," he answered. "And being good Americans, I guess we'll bluff our way through somehow."

Taking stock of our poker hand, we found we held some pretty good cards. In the first place, my friend is, among other things, foreign representative for a French newspaper, and thus holds a French press-card. My chief contribu-

tions were a letter from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs stating that the military authorities in the Ruhr had been informed of my coming, and an excellent letter of introduction from a French general in Paris to a colleague in the occupied territory—said letter being on official paper and stamped with a formidable-looking official seal. Lastly, we both spoke good French.

Thus musing, we presently rounded a bend in the road to find our way barred by a swinging gate behind which paced a squat figure in khaki uniform topped by a red fez and a glistening bayonet. We had reached the Rhineland frontier. We had also reached "Morocco." The soldier who there upheld the majesty of the French military occupation belonged to one of those North African native regiments which apparently form the bulk of the French forces in the Rhineland zone. He was the first of his kind that we had seen, for the Saar is garrisoned entirely by white French troops clad in "horizon blue." He was also a typical specimen of his comrades whom I was to see in such numbers later on. And he was certainly not a prepossessing person. Rather short and thick-set, with a light coffee-colored skin reddened here and there by pimples, gross lips, and a dull, heavy expression; such was the border sample of Morocco's "Watch on the Rhine."

When I say "Morocco" I am using the term popularly employed to describe France's North African native troops. As a matter of fact, while there are many Moroccans among them, the majority of the North African troops in the Rhineland appear to come from Algeria and Tunis. Right here let me do my part toward explaining that much-discussed issue of the "black troops" on the Rhine. The Germans insist that there are black troops there. The French assert that there are no black troops, and go on to explain that, the inhabitants of North Africa being Arabs or Berbers, their native regiments in the Rhineland are "white." The truth, as so often happens, seems to lie between the two extremes. And I think I have arrived at the approximate truth, because I not only used my own eyes and ears and talked with both French and Germans, but also checked up everything by com-

petent British and American testimony. Now I am convinced that neither the French nor the Germans state the essential facts of the case. The French native troops in the Rhineland to-day are not "black," in the sense of straight negroes from Senegal or other French possessions south of the Sahara desert. But, if they are not "black," the bulk of them are certainly not "white," as the French would have one believe. I am somewhat acquainted with French North Africa, and I know a pure-blooded Berber mountaineer or Arab tribesman when I see one. I can also recognize members of that low-grade, mongrelized population of the North African towns and coastal plains, which is among other things pretty well impregnated with negro blood as the result of a thousand years of slave-trading. And it is from this inferior, coastal population that the North African troops in the Rhineland are mainly drawn. One has only to look at these men to see that they are mostly a poor lot. Many of them are distinctly sinister types, fully half of them are obviously mulattoes, while a few are strongly negroid. If the Germans would quit talking about "black troops" and would switch their phrase to "the scum of North Africa," they would have a real basis of complaint. For surely no Anglo-Saxon can look with equanimity upon a North European population overrun by swarms of such racially inferior beings.

It is precisely the great numbers of the "Moroccans," combined with the indeterminate length of the French military occupation, which constitutes the crux of the problem. As we motored along we were struck with the strength of the occupying forces. Nearly every village had a sizable outpost quartered upon it, while every town had a good-sized garrison, the public buildings (often including school-houses) having been taken over for administrative or barrack purposes. Only in the towns were there a few horizon-blue-clad white French troops. Elsewhere we saw only red fezes and swarthy faces.

Personally we had little to complain of. Our bluff was working like a charm. Of course, we lost a good deal of time, for every few kilometres we were held up by

pickets and asked for our papers. My companion promptly produced his French automobile license, showed his press-card, and, in a tone at once friendly and authoritative, uttered the magic formula: "Journalistes français en mission spéciale!" "French journalists on a special mission!" The Moroccan sentry, who usually spoke little or no French, would hear my companion's excellent Parisian accent, glance over our obviously French documents, salute, and let us pass. Naturally, the very novelty of our scheme was the best guarantee of its success. The reader must remember that virtually all the German motor-cars have been commandeered by the French, so the few automobiles which we met contained French officers, with the exception of one or two driven by civilians who were obviously French and probably officials—certainly not tourists. There was thus no special reason why the sentries should have doubted our assertions or questioned our papers—which most of them were clearly unable to read.

Our scheme was thus working, but we were running behind our schedule. Every halt at a military control consumed a few moments, and, though none of these waits were long, they were so numerous that they rolled up a formidable total of lost time. All thoughts of lunch had to be abandoned, the best we dared venture being an occasional brief halt at a village inn for a bite of bread and cheese and a glass of beer, which cost many thousand marks—and figured out at a few paltry cents. At such times we tried to get a little information about conditions, but without success. Any remark beyond the roads and the weather would provoke a quick look followed by either silence or an evasive reply. The people were evidently depressed and suspicious, and would not talk.

About mid-afternoon we had our first stroke of really bad luck. Our motor began to give trouble, and we were obliged to stop for a considerable time before we could get going again. It became clear that we could not possibly reach Maintz before nine o'clock—the dread hour when the special night-traffic regulations went into effect. To make things worse, we had developed a short circuit in our wiring system, so that our headlights were

dead, only our spot-light being still in rather dim working order. With no moon and heavy clouds, the road would be pitch-black after nightfall. To motor thus through strange country, even under peaceful conditions, would not be particularly pleasant; through country under strict martial law, with pickets ready to fire if their first summons went unnoticed, was a still less alluring prospect. On the other hand, if we did not reach Maintz that night our schedule for the next day would be quite upset; besides which, we were getting hungry, tired, and determined to reach good quarters. Accordingly, we swore to enter Maintz that night despite all the Moroccans in the French army, and pushed doggedly on, relying upon the magic of my two official letters, which I hadn't yet needed to use.

The dread hour of nine approached. At five minutes before the hour a Moroccan picket for the first time showed doubts about letting us pass. However, we convinced him that we had the right to ride till nine o'clock and got safely through. We were now only a few miles from Bingen on the Rhine. Just outside Bingen we ran into our first picket of white French troops. They were good-natured peasant boys, and after a bit of amicable chaff they consented to let us through to Bingen to spend the night. Having told us there were good garages in the town, we wasted some precious time trying to find an electrician to fix our headlights, but without success.

In Bingen we could have been quite comfortable and might have made our next day's schedule without too much trouble. But we had won through thus far so successfully that we determined to take the sporting chance and play the game to the end. Just outside the town the inevitable Moroccan picket was a more than usually stupid fellow. He could speak practically no French and mumbled out a two-word interrogation: "French—official?" "Yes, yes!" we chorussed, as if in a desperate hurry. "See here." And we thrust the auto license and press-card into the dim glow of our spot-light for him to read—which we were certain he could not do. He stared at them heavily for a moment, grunted, and stepped back. We went on.

It was about half-way between Bingen and Maintz that we encountered our really big test. As we started to pass under a railroad bridge a bayonet flashed into the road and we heard a sharp challenge to halt. Our usual password made no impression upon the Moroccan sentry. He shook his head and motioned for us to get out. Determined to maintain the moral upper hand as far as possible, we shook our heads and told him sharply to fetch his sergeant. At that he stepped back a pace and uttered a high, quavering call. The call was repeated from the railroad line above us, and somewhere in the middle distance a snare-drum began to roll sharply in the still night. We knew we were in for it! Two or three minutes later two soldiers and a native under-officer appeared. He was far and away the best-looking Moroccan I had seen, a good Arab type, with well-cut features, intelligent eyes, and speaking excellent French. Instead of a fez he wore a round white turban, which gave an extra touch of distinction to his appearance. Taking care to call him "Mon Lieutenant," we told him that we were French journalists on special mission who had been belated by motor trouble and must get to Maintz that night. He shook his head in quick dissent.

"No, no, Messieurs," he answered, "those papers of yours won't do. We have our orders—very severe orders—against letting any motor-car pass at night without the special permit. You have no such permit, so I shall have to hold you. That's all."

It wasn't quite all, however. I still had those trump cards, the official letters, in my hand. I proceeded to play them. "You're quite right on general principles, mon Lieutenant," I said heartily, "but there are sometimes exceptions, you know, and this happens to be one of them. As I told you, we are on a special mission. The authorities at Paris have made up a whole programme for us. Early to-morrow morning we must present ourselves at headquarters in Maintz, to-morrow noon we must be at Wiesbaden, and to-morrow evening the commandant at Bonn is expecting us for dinner" (this last being the truth). "Now if you hold us up, our whole programme may be up-

set—and you know it isn't well to annoy the heads of the army. Just read these letters, please, and you'll see the people we have appointments with." At that I flashed out my two letters.

The Arab officer scanned them thoughtfully in the dim glow of our defective spotlight. After a moment or two he looked up. "Without those letters," he said, "I should certainly have arrested you. As it is, I believe you are right. Pass!"

We passed, and for some reason or other found no outpost to block our way. Driving through the deserted streets of Maintz, we drew up before our destination just as the clock struck midnight. We had bluffed out Morocco and won through.

Looking about Maintz next morning, we got a fresh insight into the scope of the French occupation of the Rhineland. The city was fairly swarming with French and Moroccan troops. All the good hotels except one (our hostel) had been commandeered for the use of the French officers, and most of the public buildings had been converted into military bureaus. French signs and placards were very much in evidence, and there was even a French newspaper, the *Echo du Rhin*. To one who, like myself, had known Maintz before the war, the change was startling. Furthermore, one did not need to look far below the surface to realize the presence of German "passive resistance." The Rhine, formerly crowded with shipping, flowed by deserted; the railroad yards, manned by French "strike-breaking" employees, were quite denuded of rolling-stock; and when I tried to telephone friends in near-by Wiesbaden I was told the system had not been working for months.

Our journey that day was uneventful, save for pouring rain and muddy roads that needed careful driving. Wiesbaden, like Maintz, was full of French and Moroccan troops. We should have liked to stay at Wiesbaden, for we had been told in Paris that it was the "chic" thing this season to go to Wiesbaden and that the leading hotels would be full of French society folk. However, the muddy roads were so heavy that we knew we could not tarry if we were to reach Bonn before the dreaded nine-o'clock law should go in force. As it was, we had no trouble pass-

ing the pickets. We were on safe ground now, for my companion really did have a dinner date with the commandant at Bonn, and his name cleared the way. We were most hospitably received and had an interesting evening with the commandant and some of his officers, who expressed themselves as quite satisfied with the course of events and confident of the breakdown of German passive resistance in the near future.

My motoring was now over, for my companion was obliged to stop at Bonn, while I had to hasten on to Cologne and the Ruhr. And right here I ran up against the transportation difficulties which one has to face in the Rhineland to-day. In normal times the trip from Bonn to Cologne is a scant half-hour's run by train. But the French-operated trains were an uncertain quantity, so I had to squeeze myself and much hand baggage into the electric interurban tram, which, not being affected by the passive-resistance strike, was the sole means by which patriotic Germans could pass from town to town.

When I reached Cologne, I made another interesting discovery—the vast difference between the French and British zones in the Rhineland. At Bonn, as elsewhere in the French sphere of occupation, one got two outstanding impressions: a prodigal display of French military strength and a sullen, depressed German population. At Cologne it was just the reverse: very few British soldiers in evidence, and an apparently contented population, with all public services functioning normally. I spent an interesting day with Englishmen and Americans whom I either already knew personally or to whom I had introductions. The general sentiment seemed to be dislike of French methods and a feeling that the French would fail in the long run, whatever temporary successes military and economic pressure might enable them to win. That evening a British friend of mine ran me up in his car to Duesseldorf—a fortunate thing for me, as communication between the two cities is difficult and slow.

Duesseldorf is the gateway to the Ruhr. It is the headquarters of the French Ruhr army of occupation. A large, well-built city, it is swarming with troops; white French troops of the finest quality. No

Moroccans here; only vigorous young men of the active army, including many regiments of "Chasseurs Alpins"—the famous mountaineer regiments which form the crack troops of the French army. The French are not taking any chances with the Ruhr. They admitted having two full army corps in this comparatively small area—about 60,000 men.

The morning after my arrival the French General Staff placed a military automobile at my disposal and I spent the day touring the Ruhr. I shall not forget that ride in a hurry. The start was typical of conditions there prevailing. Beside my soldier-chauffeur sat another soldier with a loaded rifle between his knees, and I noted that this was the invariable rule. No Frenchman ever motors alone through the Ruhr.

As we drove along hour after hour through towns which have so often featured in news despatches—Duisburg, Bochum, Essen, Gelsenkirchen—I was assailed by a multitude of impressions. The attitude of the population was most significant. As our motor whirled past, the people whom we met would give us one quick look and then snap their heads sharply "eyes front," staring straight ahead and ignoring our presence. In that first look I would catch a fleeting glint of hatred—instantly smothered, for my soldier with the rifle was on the alert. Several times he looked back quickly to see what passers-by were doing. On one occasion, rounding a curve, we nearly ran over a dog. The owner, a stalwart young fellow, shouted something after us. Instantly my soldier, a lithe, dark-eyed young "Alpin" from the Pyrenees, swerved round, his eye blazing. "What did he say?" he asked me; "if he—" "No, no," I broke in quickly, "he said nothing."

Despite their great military strength, the French in the Ruhr are nervous. And I believe they have good reason to be nervous, for the population looks formidable. The Ruhr people are very different from those of the Rhineland. The Rhinelanders are proverbially an easy-going, light-living folk. The Ruhr, on the other hand, forms part of Westphalia, and the Westphalians have always shown themselves a tough, dour, stubborn lot, in some ways reminiscent of the Scotch.

The upshot is a psychological atmosphere that fairly weighs upon you with a foreboding of impending ill. From the first moment that you enter the Ruhr you sense unmistakably the mighty clash of wills that is going on.

The material results of this intangible conflict are everywhere apparent. As one traverses this densely populated, highly industrialized area, one gets a vivid sense of a huge machine stalled and out of gear. Hundreds of tall factory chimneys rise stark and smokeless against the sky. Thousands of obvious working men idle along the streets. Military might and dogged "passive resistance" confront each other at every turn. And the struggle is growing sterner. I will give merely one of many instances of the way matters get steadily more tense. In the Ruhr, as elsewhere in the French occupied regions, the railway men are on strike and the railways are boycotted by the civilian population. Forced to man the trains by railway men imported from France and then to run them almost empty, the French authorities have been put to great annoyance and heavy expense. Until recently the German population in the Ruhr did not suffer much inconvenience because of the excellent system of interurban electric lines, which did not fall under the passive-resistance scheme. The French, however, determined to break down German passive resistance, are putting on the screws by breaking this interurban electric system at many points. The upshot is that travel from town to town is becoming extremely difficult, necessitating either long walks or détours sometimes taking hours. For persons who are old, infirm, or carrying baggage, travel is rendered almost impossible. Even within the various towns trams are often not allowed to run after 7 P. M., while many places have a 9-o'clock military curfew law, after which hour no civilian is allowed on the streets. Furthermore, the different zones of occupation offer many trying complications. Take the situation in and around Duesseldorf, for example. Duesseldorf itself is occupied by the French. Situated on the Rhine, Duesseldorf's chief suburb lies on the other side of the river, the two cities forming virtually one urban unit connected by a splendid bridge. The suburb and

the bridge, however, are in the hands of the Belgians, whose zone touches that of the French at this point. Yet to cross that bridge, except in the roadway (not on the sidewalk) and without even a satchel in one's hands, is quite a complicated process. I know, because I tried it, and it took me the better part of an hour. Now add to all this the fact that only a few miles to the south of Duesseldorf the British zone begins, and you can see what a complicated existence is led by the citizen who ventures to stray from his own fireside!

Last but not least there is the continual fear of expulsion. This is the punishment most frequently meted out for disobedience of French or Belgian orders. In many cases the individual is placed in a truly poignant situation. Witness the numerous German railway men expelled from the French and Belgian zones. Their own government has ordered them on strike and has threatened them with punishment if they do not obey. The occupying forces have given them conflicting commands, and when these have not been obeyed have shipped them away from their homes and set them across the border into unoccupied Germany as refugees.

These are but a few of the more obvious phases of a situation gravely ominous and tending to become worse. Remember that the Ruhr is not a quiet agricultural section, but one of the great industrial ganglia of the world. We can perhaps best visualize existing conditions by translating them into American terms. For "Duesseldorf" think "Pittsburgh"; for "Duisburg" and "Essen" say "Brad-dock" and "Duquesne"; then you will be able to appreciate what is going on.

What will happen? I do not think any one can say. All I know is that I was oppressed with the sense of impending ill, and when that evening I found myself back in Cologne, where life was relatively normal and the atmosphere not surcharged with hate, I felt as though a weight had dropped from my shoulders. I dined with friends that night at the British Officers Club. We did not discuss local problems. I was "fed up" with the Ruhr. Instead, we talked of London and the big outer world.



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Early Portrait of the Artist's Daughter.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

An American Artist Canonized in the Freer Gallery

THOMAS W. DEWING

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ARTIST'S PAINTINGS

THE auction-room is a great place for surprises. I don't mean the surprises that spring from big, unexpected prices, the transformation of a work of art that once sold for a song into a treasure for which connoisseurs recklessly compete. Let the statistician get what fun he likes out of these mutations. The kind of surprise that I am thinking of is the kind that comes to a mature artist, sitting at ease, engaged in painting the type of picture that has long accounted for his success. All unknown to him some old collector dies, and the pictures from his walls are sent to the auction-room. Among them our supposititious artist discovers one of his own early works, and it is odds that it will give him the surprise of his life,

a surprise appreciatively shared in by the critics and the public. I have known countless such incidents. To mention only a few of them at random, I came last winter, to begin with, upon a picture unmistakably of the school of Fortuny in its most glittering phase. As a matter of fact it was painted by Raffaelli, of all people in the world, though it was the very negation of everything by which that artist is generally known. I have seen an absolutely unbelievable Dagnan-Bouveret which nevertheless bore his authentic signature, an early one. I have seen a genuine Edwin A. Abbey which looked as though any one else on earth might have drawn it, but not Abbey. And, finally, I have seen a Thomas W. Dewing which

was unquestionably his, but which was, as his, next door to incredible. There are reasons, just the same, why it is delightful to recall it.

It was an early Dewing, painted in Paris when he was a young man there, a student of Lefebvre's, which is to say a disciple of the immemorial tradition of the Salon. It was called "The Sorceress," and the seated nude it represented didn't even remotely foreshadow the works which were ultimately to establish his repute. There was no mystery in the painting, no tenderness, no charm. It was simply a cool, skilful, academic study of form. It didn't, as I say, foreshadow the real Dewing. Yet there were things in it without which he couldn't have gone on. There was a knowledge of form. There were linear delicacy and precision. There was in the whole picture the quality of the thoroughgoing workman. The artist, I imagine, must have been surprised if he saw it brought back across the years. He must have smiled as he saw how cold it was, how conventional compared with what he had since produced. But I can hear him murmuring too: "Well, I started right." It is for the intimation of that start that I refer to the picture here. It clinches a point that is important about Dewing, the integrity of his art. You see sometimes in an exhibition a silver-point by him, one of those drawings of a head which must be supremely well done in every touch, because silver-point is an instrument permitting no erasures or corrections. The perfection of this portrait is traceable partly to the training whose severe discipline is so well reflected in "The Sorceress." It reminds you, among other things, that Dewing knows his trade.

He has given criticism many an occasion for cordial tribute since his return from France long ago, but there is special reason for comment upon his art at this time. The work of an artist's lifetime is commonly not brought together for public consideration until after his death. It is only in memorial shows that we have been permitted to study the chronological development of Whistler, Winslow Homer, Abbott Thayer, Chase, and so on. Sargent is, I think, the only living American painter who has hitherto had a big retrospective exhibition of his own, the one or-

ganized some years since by the Copley Society in Boston. Dewing has never been thus exhaustively illustrated prior to to-day. But now he virtually receives the honor in the recently opened Freer Gallery at Washington. There, where his old comrades, Whistler and Thayer, are commemorated, he too has his place, a room of his own, where he has the unique privilege of seeing his work held up at full length before the world while he is still alive. The Freer Gallery owns twenty-seven of his oil-paintings, eleven of his pastels, and three of his silver-points. There they are to stay forever. It is a fine feather for a living artist to wear in his cap, and it is interesting to reflect on the qualities in him that justify it. Freer was a lover of the arts who knew very well what he was about. He collected Oriental masters and a few Americans whom he believed to be of the first flight. What as regards Dewing may we consider the grounds of his belief? Dewing has not had, on the whole, what the French call "a good press." On the other hand, his works have been steadily acquired by public museums and by the most discriminating of American collectors, one of whom, John Gellatly, has gathered together a group of his pictures rivalling that formed by Freer. Amongst artists Dewing has been enthusiastically esteemed by the leaders of his craft. Why?

His career gives some impressive answers to this question. I have spoken of the integrity of his art. It involves more than his craftsmanship. That, in its turn, has been dedicated with a rare loyalty to a definite ideal of beauty. When Dewing found himself and superimposed upon his Parisian training a technical idiom of his own, he gave it a very original accent. Ranging himself with certain famous exquisite manipulators of paint, the seventeenth-century Vermeer of Delft, and the nineteenth-century Alfred Stevens, he ranged himself also with Whistler, sharing in that artist's disposition to regard life not so much for its own sake as for the excuse it offers for harmonies of color and felicities of pure design. I speak of these men because their methods and their points of view have doubtless had a certain influence upon Dewing. But if there is one thing ob-



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The Blue Dress.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

vious it is that he has painted a kind of picture essentially individual. Vermeer would make a picture of a woman at a harpsichord and wreak himself on sheer beauty of painted surface. Dewing has painted a woman at an old musical instrument seated before a tapestried wall and has wreaked himself upon sheer beauty of painted surface. In the process the modern artist has worked a magic in every

way as personal as that of his remote Dutch predecessor. It is the magic denoted in two words, technique and style. Dewing has touch, the ineffable gift which lends to brush work what Kreisler lends to the mechanics of violin-playing. It is one of the hardest things in the world to define. All you know is that under the necromancy of touch paint is, as it were, dematerialized and made a medium for

the expression of impalpable loveliness. Art on these terms becomes very delicate, very flower-like, and above all things very personal. That is where it takes on the investiture of style. With extraordinary

of rare roast beef. It is, then, not unnatural that those who swear by it have only distaste for a painter who

"On honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise."



Reproduced by courtesy of the Freer Gallery.

Yellow Tulips.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

subtlety it reveals the very core of the man, his way of thinking and feeling, his ideas, his taste, his attitude toward life. It is, after all, easy enough to understand why Dewing has failed to satisfy the palate of some critics. A good deal of the popular art of the day is "strong" to the point of brutal violence; it has the crudity

They miss the fact that in Dewing's exquisite textures there is really a potent strength.

It is suggestive to observe, too, that for an artist working in such refined airs, striking so lyrical a note, Dewing has shown unusual variety. The works at the Freer Gallery indicate his command

of more than one medium. His productions fall otherwise into more than one category. Though he has had few opportunities to paint mural decorations, he has demonstrated his ability in this direction

enchancing screens. Two of them, devoted to "The Four Sylvan Sounds," are in the Freer Gallery. The portrait there of the artist's little daughter, standing with kittens in her arms, was painted to



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Mandoline.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

when the chance has come to him to do so. The circular ceiling which he painted for one of Stanford White's buildings, years ago, was one of the finest things of its kind ever done in this country. The lid of the great golden piano which stands in the White House at Washington was decorated by Dewing. He has painted some

fit a specific space arched in a wall. He knows all about unity of design. I remember one of his earlier compositions, called, I think, "The Hours," and done for a house in Connecticut, which was as shrewdly well balanced as the most seasoned mural decorator could have made it. From decoration he has turned with

absolute ease and authority to portraiture, the portraiture of men, women, and children. There comes back to me the memory of his full length of a little boy in velvet, posed against a background of drapery. Nothing could be lighter or more springlike. And as I recollect that I recollect also Dewing's portrait of the architect Joseph M. Wells, a little masterpiece showing forth as in a mirror the very soul of a man of genius. Decidedly he has more than one string to his bow.

He has shown this, too, where one would think it would be peculiarly hard to achieve variety; that is, in the world of the bulk of his easel pictures, a world where it is always afternoon and never wind blows loudly. Consider the titles of some of the pictures in the Freer Gallery: "Girl with Lute," "The Piano," "The Blue Dress," "The Mirror," "Black and Rose," "Yellow Tulips," "A Lady Playing a Violoncello." They might be the titles of so many studies of still life.

There is no drama in Dewing's *œuvre*. There is no pathos, there is no sentiment, there is hardly any human interest at all. When Alfred Stevens painted a beauty of the Second Empire he would show a *billet-doux* clinched in his sitter's hand, he would corrugate her brow, press her pretty lips together, let a pearly tear adorn her cheek, and call the picture "Regrets" or "Jealousy." He always found a subject in the anecdotic sense. The emotions of his people are frankly uncovered. Dewing's people have no emotions. It is sufficient for them that they exist. That they do indubitably exist is the artist's triumph. Like Whistler, he could never abide the "painted anecdote." I do not believe he could tell a story on canvas if he tried: His function is simply to evoke a presence and to envelop it in what I can only describe as a mood. There is a notable picture of his called "The Hermit Thrush." Two girls are posed in evening dress upon a grassy



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A Portrait.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.



Reproduced by courtesy of the Freer Gallery.

After Sunset.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

slope. They listen presumably to the bird in the tree, whose leaning massy boughs make a screen as of torn clouds across the sky. There is no action here, yet we share with the two figures in the beauty of that song. Dewing has been very fond of painting fair women in idle meditation out of doors, graceful apparitions against a background of filmy green, with the moon, perhaps, looking on. More often than not he will put his women in ball gowns. Apropos, it is amusing to note that these hardly ever "date." That is where, again, he differs from Stevens. The Belgian's costume makes his pictures clearly souvenirs of the Paris of his period. Dewing's figures have no readily recognizable *locale*, whether they are indoors or in the open air, whether they hold a lute or a book, a flower or a violin. They remain always the creatures of his own domain, the domain of an exquisitely dehumanized beauty.

To say that it is dehumanized is not to say that the vitality of life is withdrawn

from it—quite the contrary—but only that Dewing's interest is not in the things that ordinarily concern mankind. His is the type of imagination that endues a figure with character, with a soul, without forcing it into action—like the dramatist of the anecdote, whose people impressed the beholder without saying anything; where those of his rival impressed by saying fine things. Dewing's women are very real, the more so because they are not images portrayed but entities created. I put this creative power of his first, and just after it I would place his color. Like everything else in his art it is new, original. It runs through one of the subtlest scales I know in modern painting. A given scheme of his is broadly simple, based on two or three notes at most, but it is as full of modulations as the iridescence on the plumage of a dove. There is never a plangent element in it; though, as "The Blue Dress" in the Freer Gallery plainly indicates, the artist can be rich, weighty, and forceful



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Portrait of the Artist's Daughter.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

when he wishes. For startling emphasis he has no predilection. It would obscure the clarity, dislocate the steadiness of his serene vision.

It is his vision of the world that makes him of particular value to American art. He sees his subject and he sees his craft in the same gracious light. His work is a standing rebuke to the modern cult for ugliness and for technical license. To the young modernist who thinks that draftsmanship is a mode, to be made over from year to year like a fashion in woman's dress, his art commends draftsmanship as an eternal organic element in the well-being of painting, unchangeable in its es-

sential principles. To the dabbler in strange chromatic discords he shows the virtue that lies in pure harmony, reminding him that good taste is inseparable from good color. Taste, refinement, distinction, the things that mean artistic breeding, these are the things of which a picture by him is all compact. Was there ever greater need of them than at present, when so many would-be painters are constantly asserting through their works that to be raucous and coarse, and altogether crude, is to be artistic? Dewing's room at the Freer Gallery provides a shelter from all that false philosophy, a shelter and an inspiration.

An Old-Fashioned Education

BY MITCHELL BRONK



WE were a college class at our thirtieth reunion. Now a chief topic of conversation at such anniversary gatherings is the changes and—if it has been a progressive institution—vast improvements that have taken place “since our graduation.” As we celebrating classmates lay there on the campus grass that hot June day, under the grateful shade of our tree that likewise had grown marvellously with the years, and discussed the wonderful advancements of alma mater which were everywhere in evidence, the regret was often passed round: “If we could only have had, in our time, such dormitories, or such laboratories, or such a gymnasium and athletic field, or such a generous offering of electives!” It made one long to come back and do the thing over again.

Afterward I went down to the “old home town” and contrasted the fine grammar and high-school plant that the taxpayers of a newer generation, more open-handed than those of my boyhood, had provided, with the inconvenient, two-room district school that I had known there. Finally, while I was about it, the buildings and facilities of the professional school which I attended and which had been regarded as exceptionally good in their day were in imagination set side by side with that school as it exists and teaches in the year 1922: a palace, or rather group of palaces; professors picked by big salaries from everywhere, even across the sea; and a list of courses to make one dizzy.

Was I then born educationally a generation too soon? That is, do I regret my schooling, that it was received in those eighteen eighties and nineties instead of these nineteen twenties? Well, honestly, I do not. I have been thinking the matter over with a good deal of care and self-examination with the result that now I

rather congratulate myself that mine was an old-fashioned education.

It should be noticed that my school and college years happened in an era of educational change. In every department, from the primary school up to the university, the old order was passing. It was a renaissance. Things new were being taught and talked about. There were rumors and more than rumors of a new pedagogy and a new psychology and a sociology that was altogether new; William Wundt and William James were having much to say; the Teachers College in New York and pedagogical seminars and courses in many universities were beginning to functionate; text-books in physics and chemistry were becoming antiquated, figuratively speaking, overnight; the library was being deserted for the laboratory; evolution had been universally accepted as a working principle of science and knowledge. But nevertheless I fear that those student years of mine were nearer the district school that my grandmother taught before her marriage and the Union College of Eliphalet Nott’s administration which my father attended than the educational systems and methods of to-day.

For all that, let it be said again, I’m rather glad that it was through such an educational mill that I passed; nor do I seem to myself to have suffered to any great extent in training and culture on account of its shortcomings and deficiencies. It had its advantages and there were compensations.

To begin with that village, district, school. We had many teachers; there was always a new one; men who farmed in summer and taught in winter; college students earning money to complete their courses; young ladies who had had a term or two at some normal school; and older ladies who followed teaching for a livelihood. The most of them were tolerably capable, but especially were they very

much in earnest. They had each of them received that characteristic American article, "a common school education," and they somehow managed to impart the thing to nearly every one of us. In any case we had our text-books, and a good text-book will cover a multitude of sins in a teacher. There were, for instance, the famous reading books of Charles Sanders. Their editor was a discriminating lover of good literature, and to spend day after day and year after year in the close company of his black cloth-bound Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Readers insured at least a modicum of literary culture. We stood up in line and read from those books—real reading—which exercise, together with the weekly "speaking pieces," made one not afraid in after-years to use and hear one's voice in public. Another well-remembered and well-hated study, now obsolete, was mental arithmetic. To read off one of those long, complicated, unreasonable examples, then close the book and work it out "in your head," but audibly, standing before teacher and class, was indeed heroic treatment but fine brain discipline. It is said that English grammar as we studied it has been discarded. I certainly have found nothing resembling it in the school work of my own children. The more's the pity! A language has its anatomy, which must be mastered in order properly to manipulate that language. How we used to take apart and put together again and pound the meaning out of "Paradise Lost," and the selections from Shakespeare given in the back of "Brown's Grammar," that grammar that was the law and the prophets of English language study in those days! "Parsing," it was called. But so the English speech became a wonderful and living, albeit useful, thing to us.

This teaching was doubtless sometimes hurried and superficial, leaving much to be desired; how could it help being so, with a score of classes a day for the teacher; with no system, no grading? But I imagine that thus we were thrown back upon our own resources and began to be independent thinkers and scholars; at least some of us. In the winter term a lot of older boys would attend the school, farmers' sons, who could not be spared from the farm work the rest of the year.

They had reached an age when one appreciates the value of an education, and their presence and earnestness was salutary for us younger scholars. It helped us understand what we were in school for. Something that many a schoolboy of to-day doesn't know.

The old-time academy was a distinctively American institution. There was a little of the English boys' school—Harrow, Rugby—in it, but only a little. The most of these academies were founded in the last quarter of the eighteenth century and before 1835. A few of them survive, thanks to fame and endowment, but in general they have been crowded out of existence or swallowed up by the omnipresent high school. My own academy was one of the last to go, but providentially it was there in my boyhood, on the Main Street of that beautiful old village, with its traditions and atmosphere, a century old, to pass me on from district school to college.

The promoters of the Phelps and Gorham purchase of the Genesee country, who were from New England and knew of the Phillips academies, Andover and Exeter, founded a few years earlier, had established it when Canandaigua was very much an Indian village, and wild deer and wolves too common in the neighborhood to excite curiosity. "Instruction in the Greek and Latin classics" was the first thing set forth in the "plan of the school," as stated in one of the earliest catalogues, and this purpose was never lost sight of. By the time I was there many other things, indeed, were being taught, but the Latin and Greek were taken for granted, and my impression is that we boys not only did not dislike this ancient language study, but that we even enjoyed it; that is to say, the most of us; even the big doses of "Allen and Greenough's Grammar" and the rather difficult task that was sometimes imposed of putting lines of Homer into Latin hexameters. We built wooden models of Cæsar's bridge and vied with one another in writing beautiful Greek script on the blackboard. My interests later on were largely with the modern European tongues and with the sciences, but I can never feel that those precious years of boyhood and

youth that were given so lavishly to Greek and Latin were wasted. We thus had opened up to us something of the mystery of language, and of its dignity and force; the endless translating gave us invaluable practice, that in my opinion we could not otherwise have gained, in the art of saying things; and we couldn't help but drink in, whether or no, from these splendid dead yet immortal languages and the bits of their literature that we read a certain amount of that elusive, indefinable, but precious thing that men call culture and that Greece and Rome had so much of. So I stand solidly for the classics in every system of education, and my heart is heavy, or perhaps I mean that I get ugly, when I hear, as I often do, of secondary schools where there are no classes in Greek and but thin ones in Latin.

The date of the founding of our academy has been suggested, but it could have been inferred from the prescribed title of a prize essay that the founders had provided for: "On the transcendent excellence of genuine Representative Republican government, effectually securing equal liberty, founded on the rights of man." Twenty dollars was awarded every exhibition day—that was our Commencement—to the boy who submitted the best paper on this forbidding theme. As I recall them the essays were tame and simple enough once they were written.

Fathers who think that they are let off easy if a son's expenses at a fitting school fall below a thousand dollars a year will be interested in the item, "Charges," in one of the academy's earlier catalogues that has come into my possession:

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars per year. This charge will include board, tuition in all branches taught, washing, mending, bed, fuel, and lights."

That was in 1841!

The efficiency as well as the fame of these old academies was due in almost every case to the outstanding personality of the principal. It was always another instance of Arnold and Rugby. As we grown men and women go back to our school-days we are very prone to exalt our teachers; some of them, anyhow. Our principal—the English title, "head master," hadn't yet been introduced—was, however, really a big man, and we realized

it and everybody else did. He had been there in the school for nearly two generations; a typical "gentleman of the old school," with a handsome senatorial face and commanding personality; scholarly, yet practical and approachable; a born teacher; repeatedly turning down calls to larger schools and college professorships; a power in the community and farther away; in a very real sense giving his life to that country-village academy; fitting—honestly fitting—boys for college and for life's tasks. He was an old-fashioned teacher; yes, even in his name, "Noah"; but many of us his pupils wish that we could put our own boys in charge of a teacher of his size and character.

Although N. T.—sometimes we called him Noah T., but usually just plain N. T.—stood as strongly for the classics as I do, his *fach* or specialty was mathematics. If you were going to college or if you weren't, it was algebra, five times a week for two or three years, followed by a good full year of geometry. In the latter study you committed to memory the theorems of "Davies's Legendre"; never a word omitted or misplaced; the *quod erat demonstrandum* at the close—or you had to go back to the beginning and say it all over again! It would have broken the old gentleman's heart to have had one of his boys slip up on mathematics at the college-entrance examinations, but happily that never happened.

If there was ever a school where learning was followed for learning's sake, I believe that it was this academy of ours. They bothered us little with examinations, that bugaboo of the modern school boy and girl, and so the study was never robbed of its interest by anxious forebodings. We read our "Æneid" and "Anabasis" because we thought that it was the proper thing for a young fellow at school to do, and because there was a good story in either masterpiece, and because it was fun to translate, and not at all because they were the requirements for admission to this or that college which we should have some day to meet. There was no marking system, and little ranking of the members of a class. If the value and desirability of these things were suggested to N. T., he would reply by naming a long list of famous men who had gone forth

from the academy and its discipline to make good in the world of scholarship and in every walk of life. When we had been at the academy three, four, or five years, as the case might be, we went up to college perfectly confident of "getting in," because one always did get in who had fitted at that school. The present-day system of learning lessons for the sake of "passing," or for high, or higher, marks; of interminable reviews and tests; and of nerve-racking, unreasonable examinations at the end, may be to some purpose, but that purpose, in my opinion, is not real scholarship; it does not result in a genuine love of letters; and I rejoice that I got my schooling before it came so obnoxiously into vogue.

A college where athletics was a "minor sport" and where practically a whole class followed the same curriculum would be a strange place indeed to the young collegian of to-day; and yet that was the old-fashioned college, of no longer ago than twenty-five or thirty years. There were of course gymnasiums and football and baseball, and the big institutions had their crews, but they occupied an altogether subordinate place in student life. Harvard, under Eliot, was trying out the elective system, but the prescribed course, modified by a few alternatives in the junior and senior years, was the rule. If a student wanted to avoid the classics and other humanities he entered a scientific or technical school, for the so-called scientific course of the ordinary college of the time was in ill repute.

Now far be it from us old-timers to decry college athletics and physical training. The home game and the trip make for a college esprit de corps that is most desirable and that used to be sadly lacking. Athletics are building up some college men into magnificent specimens of health and manhood. There was too much sedentary sport in the old days; say whist, poker, and loafing. What we do complain of is the over stressing of athletics, the very common sacrifice of other, and as it seems to us, more important things to athletic pre-eminence. We demur to the acceptance into the ranks of the educated to which we pride ourselves on belonging of the young fellow from college who will

converse with you by the hour without giving evidence that in his college there are such places as classrooms and library or a faculty other than the physical director, trainers, and coaches. Nor shall it be assumed that the average product of the old-fashioned college was a weakling. We took and got a good deal of bodily exercise in one way or another, and it is safe to say that the streets of any college town will show to-day no huskier, healthier young men than they did a quarter of a century ago.

As for the elective system, it has apparently made good, justified itself. Colleges will never again attempt to create college-trained men, or women, with a single mould. But the cut-and-dried course of study had many things to be said in its favor.

A plea for the classics has already been offered. But it was not bad for us, as I look at it, to be compelled to continue their study for at least a couple of years beyond the preparatory school, so that the smattering became something approximating mastery, so that Greek was not "all Greek to us" in after-years, nor Latin either. Then there was mathematics, my own weak spot. It requires more faith in this case—or it did when such troublesome subjects as analytic geometry, calculus, and mathematical astronomy had to be gone through with to the bitter end by every member of the college—to see the reason why, but even all that mathematical study was to some purpose and I do not regret it. At least are there not psychological as well as moral reasons why it is good for us to do the things we do not want to do? Why it is good for young people to follow some studies that they not only do not like but positively loathe? I think so, even in the face of much pedagogic opinion to the contrary. Anyhow, it was ideal training, that prescribed college course of ours, in not "following the line of least resistance."

There were also the studies that we very likely should have missed if they had not been obligatory, and whose missing would have left us less well educated. Chemistry and physics are in no danger of being neglected just now; still thousands of young people are graduating from our colleges to whom these disciplines are

closed books, and that means a decided lacuna in a twentieth-century liberal education. Whether these subjects interested us or not we couldn't escape them; at any rate a term of each; and a term of several of the other natural sciences. I don't see how it was all gotten in, but it was, for it was a liberal education that they were giving us. Logic was another indispensable. In current college bulletins one finds courses in logic announced, but it is said that they are little elected, and I suspect that it is hardly the same article that we learned: the real old-fashioned stuff, of Socrates and Whately, Mill and Jevons. It was a profitable study, albeit a trifle theoretical, and it did help one to reason and face truth in a reasonable way. There was a course in scientific method, taught by the president himself; a clear-headed, unsentimental old Yankee, of the Mark Hopkins, Noah Porter type. That scientific method would perhaps now be called psychology; it presented some of the fundamentals of psychology; about as much as there was to psychology in those days; and in conjunction with a term of Schwegler it introduced a student fairly well into the great kingdom of philosophy. And that was something.

Professor Albion W. Small has given us in a publication of the American Sociological Society an admirable history of the study of the social sciences in American colleges. I think that he minimizes, however, the attention that was paid to these subjects a generation ago in the political economy course that was required of every senior class. Professors like Sumner of Yale and Perry of Williams "worked in" a great deal of the material—rather raw material it was then, we are willing to admit—that is now presented in the departments of economics and sociology. They knew what they were talking about, too, did our professors, when they discussed these subjects, to which they had given much hard thinking and in which they had read widely, in French and German as well as English. Our own president, who taught the political economy, devoted most of his chapel talks, which were a feature of the college, to economic questions, and nearly fifty years ago encouraged the foundation of two graduate fellowships in economics.

Taken all in all the old-fashioned college education was a truly liberal education in that it grounded the young man in the elementary principles of many subjects, gave him an outlook upon well-nigh universal knowledge. It smacked a little of the days when it was possible for a single mind to compass all learning. It was, however, not a bad preparation for almost any calling; certainly for life; it was a good start; and the men who received it rarely found it difficult to go on to large attainments and accomplishments in any profession or business. It notoriously did not prepare a man to earn his bread and butter; but a very large majority of the men who were thus liberally educated did manage to make a living in after years, some of them a very handsome living. The chief fault that we find with the newer college training is just here, that it is illiberal in that it almost never lets the student forget the life task beyond the college—for which he is forever "majoring." So he comes later on to many of the big things of the world and life with no sort of preparation to master their principles and lay hold of their meaning.

In like manner I always find comfort, reviewing the deficiencies of my professional training and of the school that gave it me, in the thought that the men who were educated as I was, in the professional schools of my time, have turned out pretty well; they are to-day the leaders, occupying the top rounds of the ladder. This may be bad reasoning, but it is pragmatic. You take the old-time medical education, which consisted of three years of intimacy with a practising physician and two or three winters of lectures, hasty dissection, and superficial observation of disease in crowded clinics—it turned out, although we can scarcely understand how, a host of remarkably skilled physicians and surgeons. It would be foolish to advocate a return to the ancient method of studying law; but one suspects that our most up-to-date law schools are producing no abler lawyers than the men who graduated from the offices of a past generation.

The laboratory method, using that expression in a very broad sense, has of late

entered extensively into all professional training; nevertheless, the old style of professional teaching had about it a touch with reality, with the actual work of the calling, that the newer somehow lacks. The trouble lies partly in the employment of highly trained specialists as instructors in schools of law, medicine, divinity, and business; scholars rather than practitioners. These instructors know infinitely more about their subjects than did our professors, but the latter from years of experience understood exactly what the practice of the profession would demand and the problems that it would have to face; in other words, they knew what we needed to know. It is interesting to notice, by the way, that the several schools of journalism that have recently entered the educational field are drawing their faculties almost entirely from the ranks of practical newspaper men.

The old-fashioned education was never regarded as quite finished until there had been added to all this native study a couple of years abroad, and before 1914 that usually meant in Germany. The fashion of foreign postgraduating may have originated in the earlier, especially the colonial, practice of sending American boys to the English schools for whatever education they were to receive. By the end of the nineteenth century an American couldn't turn round in Leipzig, Berlin, Heidelberg, or Göttingen without running into a compatriot student. Our college professors had all been over there and this helped keep alive the tradition that Bancroft, Longfellow, Motley, and Hart's "German Universities," to say nothing of countless long and short stories of German university student life, had fostered. American college students who had the real student spirit were always dreaming of the time when they could listen to the German giants of their favorite study, Mommsen, Helmholtz, Wagner, Harnack, Wundt, or Kuno Fischer, and incidentally eat their supper in Auerbach's Keller and witness a real bloody student duel.

In addition to the romance of the German university sojourn it was desirable in practical ways; if teaching was to be the life calling, the German Ph.D. was a *sine*

qua non; German was rapidly becoming the universal language of scholarship; and the reputation of a semester or two at Vienna or Berlin wasn't a bad advertisement for a physician or surgeon. The value of "studying in Germany" was of course grossly overestimated; in some cases it was worse than profitless; it often begot a superciliousness of learning that was offensive—unfairly regarded as typically Teutonic.

Undoubtedly this year after year migration of large numbers of American youth to the universities of Germany is a thing of the past. Since the war it has repeatedly been referred to as a form of Germanic propaganda. I doubt, however, if many of us who thus finished our education regret doing it. While we were not greatly imposed upon by the almightiness of the empire and its Prussian embodiment, and while there was much about the German life in which we mingled that we took none too seriously, our Yankee good judgment enabled the most of us to profit by the months or years that we spent over there, by the foreign viewpoint that we enjoyed, as well as from the overdeveloped, high-pressure, ridiculously specialized system of Germany's *Hochschulen*. Facility in the use of the historical method, and in the application of the higher criticism to every realm of investigation, and honest, venturesome freedom of thought, were, in particular, some of the things that we brought home from those German lectures and seminars that made us a little better fitted to live the life of the new age that was coming on apace.

For all their faults and fads, those German savants of the nineteenth century's close were devoted scholars and, therefore, interesting teachers, and the contagion of their love for learning which many American students caught has been a considerable factor in the intellectual life of our country. The most pronounced Germanophile may not gainsay this. There had been a certain superficiality in our education at home that needed the tonic of German profundity. One of my friends, a theological professor at Jena, thought it worth while to spend the most of his time for several weeks searching through the New Testament again and

again for traces of a single doctrine of the Christian religion. I shall never forget the infinite care with which Ernst Haeckel would get ready for a class in animal morphology, lugging into the lecture-room armfuls of specimens from the museum, covering the blackboard with diagrams, and the enthusiastic painstaking with which he would scrutinize a species for some infinitesimal likeness; and yet Haeckel is sometimes regarded as a mere natural philosopher, dealing in the broader aspects of his science. Men ridicule the Munich philologist who hunted through the old files of inn registers all the way from Weimar to Rome to verify the itinerary of Goethe's "Italiänische Reise"; but that sort of thing is sometimes worth while. Contact with such thoroughness made one ashamed of slipshod scholarship.

The command of another language, even though and even because that language was German, was likewise no mean benefit to be derived. Besides, we had a good time. They made us very welcome

did those German students, professors, *Hausmütter*, and townspeople—more welcome than American students are likely again to be over there for many a year!—at least if we met them anywhere near half-way. Our remembrance of their friendliness, it goes without saying, complicated for us the bitterness of the war's ill will. The opportunity for European travel was another cultural advantage of which we liberally availed ourselves, even the poorest of us; the ease in vacation time of getting down into Italy, or up into Scandinavia, or over to Paris or London. It was a happy combination of post-graduate study and the Grand Tour.

This is not the confession of a reactionary; rather of one who pretty generally greets the new with a cheer; especially new things in the educational world. But as the old always has its good side and good points, so he believes that his old-fashioned education was not such a bad education, after all. It might have been worse.

To the Egyptian Lady Sennuwy

BY HELEN SANTMYER

WITH that same smile, scornful and sad and tender
 You thought of love, one of those summer days
 Gone in a night of many thousand years.
 You sat in heavy-scented, golden splendor,
 The courtly throng, the pomp and power and praise
 Lost to unseeing eyes, unheeding ears.
 . . . Only the artist caught your wandering gaze.

He did not understand the scorn and sadness,
 But carved your smile in this enduring guise,
 A dwelling for your spirit in the tomb.
 You knew that love is but a fleeting madness,
 That each man lives alone, and lonely dies. . . .
 You scorned yourself for quailing from your doom,
 Yet thought of love, and met the sculptor's eyes.

And so you smiled, while dynasts came and went
 And sand slipped through your crumbling broken wall,
 While silence fell at last on echoing thunder
 Of wars that power of ancient empires spent. . . .
 Until at last, in this bright windy hall,
 We pause, who know that love is brief, and wonder
 If Beauty always is Truth, after all.



The ticket-chopper muttered cryptically: "Outside."
—Page 555.

The Theatrical Steerage

BY W. LEIGH SOWERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY

AFTER years in the orchestra seats, I have lately been revisiting the gallery—the “family circle” of homely New York phrase. And I have found, to my surprise, that it has risen noticeably in the social scale. The old gallery gods have drifted away to the shades or the movies to make way for a new kind of audience. The cramped old galleries have given place to the comfortable modern galleries. What was once the theatrical steerage has become the theatrical steerage *de luxe*.

Nowadays the gallery is more and more patronized by people who are, temporarily at least, not so well to do as they once were. Some of this class, to be sure,

will stay away from the theatre altogether rather than occupy any except the best seats. But there are others who are unwilling to give up theatre-going because they have to economize. Pocketing their pride, they climb to the gallery, and after they get used to it, they find that it offers much in return for little.

A beginner has, of course, some moments of slight embarrassment. If you have always bought expensive seats, you hesitate the first time you ask for the cheapest ones in the house. Box-office men are inclined to be decidedly Olympian, especially if the play is a success. But they are really human, after all; I’ve lately read in the papers that one fainted,

one married, and one had a benefit. And you soon get used to hunting theatrical bargains.

Making a graceful first entrance is hard, too; at least I found it so. With my brilliant ticket in my hand—gallery tickets always flame out their cheapness—I joined the crowd in the main lobby, but the ticket-chopper at the door stopped me and muttered cryptically: "Outside." Embarrassed at my amateurishness, I retired to the narrow alley outside where I found an obscure doorway labelled "Gallery." The experienced make no such mistake; they search for a special door before they try the main portal.

But whether you get in by the front door or the side door, you soon find that the marble and mirrors associated with theatres are not for you. No gorgeousness is wasted on gallery stairways; they are grim efficiency in terms of concrete and iron, twisting round and round interminably. As you climb upward, you always pass a few puffing newcomers, resting on a landing and protesting nervously to each other: "Aren't we high up to-night!" No regular gallery-goer puffs. You are not really initiated until you can go up without stopping for breath.

At the top of the stairs—there is a top at last—you find the gallery itself, a wide, steeply sloping shelf up under the roof. You help yourself to a programme from a heap on a chair—no stupid booklet of advertisements enshrining "What the Man Will Wear," but a jolly little handbill just the right size for your scrap-book. The capable usher points out your number, and you leap down to it, from crag to crag like a theatrical chamois. As you look about you, you are surprised to see how altered the appearance of the theatre is on account of your point of view.

What you see depends largely on whether you are in an old or a new theatre, for there are galleries and galleries, old ones where the ghosts of the eighties hover, new ones where the paint is scarcely dry. In the old ones the line of the gallery front is boldly curved, extending far round toward the stage at either side; the seats are narrow, the decorations

dingy. In the newer ones the line of the front is nearly straight; the seats are more comfortable, the decorations more attractive. But even in the best galleries the expensive decorations, the panelling and marble, leave off with amusing abruptness where they can't be seen from downstairs.

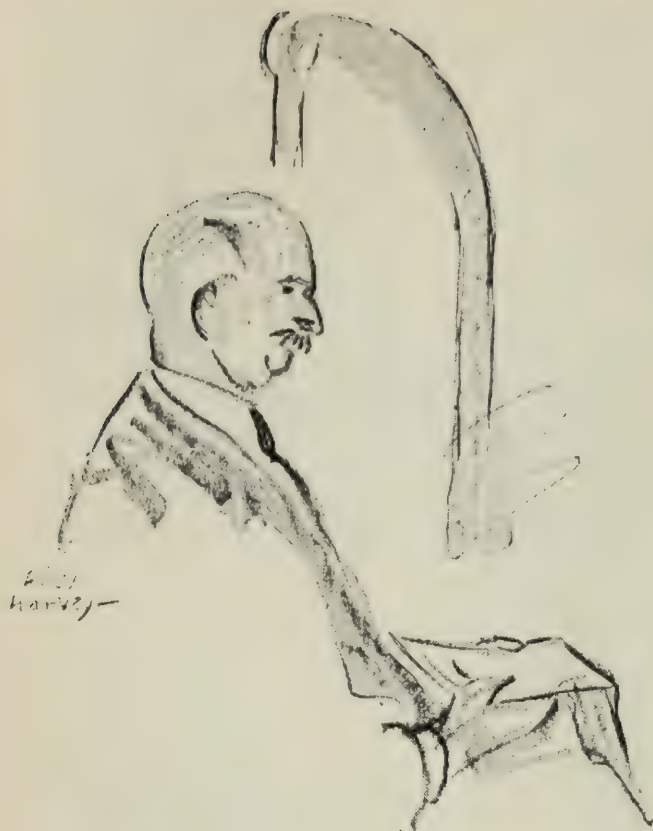
Above you, close at hand, is the ceiling. In my orchestra days I never noticed theatre ceilings; in the gallery you can't help noticing them. They are apparently designed by the architect as a sort of frosting on the under side of the roof. You find yourself classifying them in rough groups: the allegorical-painting type, the



As you climb upward, you always pass a few puffing newcomers.

cathedral-glass type, the "chandelier-covers-all-sins" type, the acoustic cove, the toboggan-slide. In spite of yourself, you become a student of architecture if you go to the gallery often.

You are high enough to study the upper



All about you are types you have seen in the orchestra seats.—Page 557.

part of the chandelier and look down on the wilderness of gilding above the proscenium arch—and long to dust it. If you are in the front row, you can see the balcony jutting out below you. Far, far away you see the footlights along the front of the stage. You are really pretty high up. Still, you might be higher. I was last summer when I toured the top galleries of the London theatres. So high are they and so steep that I often felt as if I were about to roll out onto the front of the stage far below. In New York you are in no danger of falling out of your seat.

But you soon forget the theatre in your interest in the people around you. You see at once that they are not at all like the old gallery gods you have read about. In vain you look for the obstreperous small boy, the quick-witted Irishman, the families that gave the name “family circle.” Who are they, then? Before trying to generalize, you should count out all special occasions. Mid-week matinées have crowds of their own, and Saturdays are unique, revealing types you have

never seen before. Then there are eruptions of special classes; for instance, the jolly scrub-women of the greater city periodically seem to attend a certain performance in a body. Musical pieces, too, have a special youthful public.

But if you limit yourself to the gallery audience at a play on an ordinary night, you’ll find it much the same in make-up no matter which theatre you visit. There are women everywhere—many more women than men. There are young girls, middle-aged women, old women; women in groups and women in couples. Some of them are accompanied by men. Then there are several masculine groups and a few men alone. Such is the typical crowd.

Where in the social scale they all belong is harder to say. In a city where all women wear fur coats, how can one who is not a judge of fur distinguish the different classes? Still, certain



The modern gallery limits itself to candy.—Page 557.

things are clear. There are a considerable number who used to sit down-stairs. There are many that one lumps as "medium." The remainder had better

in her belongings; when she brings her umbrella, in addition, there is no counting the damage she does.

One characteristic of the old gallery



With the change in the make-up of the gallery crowd has come a change in its attitude toward the play.

be labelled merely "miscellaneous." All seem to be in comfortable circumstances; at least they are all warmly dressed, and the women all have vanity cases and rubbers.

All about you are types you have seen in the orchestra seats. There is the person that knows all about the private life of the star and the one that explains what is going on on the stage. There is the woman that exclaims over the gowns and the one that thinks the plot curve could be improved. And there is the old lady with the opera-glasses, the hand-bag, and the lank fur coat who is always getting up and down and who always gets tangled

in her belongings; when she brings her umbrella, in addition, there is no counting the damage she does. The modern gallery limits itself to candy, but almost every group brings a box or buys one in the theatre. The inevitable colored boy at the back, left, always buys caramels.

With the change in the make-up of the gallery crowd has come a change in its

attitude toward the play. The enthusiasm I expected to find didn't materialize. Perhaps I had read too much old-fashioned dramatic criticism, for I thought of the gallery audience as "combustible," "inflammable." I had been told that all would be well in the theatre if the gallery gods could be placed in the front rows of the orchestra and the stolid morons in dinner-coats removed to the gallery. Consequently, when no flames of excitement broke forth, I was disappointed.

The truth is that the gallery public of to-day is just as reserved and self-conscious and tired as the public down-stairs. There is not a shrill whistle among them or a pair of hands that would qualify for the claque at the Metropolitan. The "stolid" public down-stairs starts the laughs and the applause. The gallery does its part, to be sure, but it follows rather than leads. It has become a distant and slightly subdued continuation of the orchestra. Its rise in the social scale has been bought with a price.

The gallery still knows how to laugh, but it has forgotten how to weep. It laughs discreetly at first, but naturally enough when it gets interested. But from its laughter is gone the "wild, free, African" quality of other days. And though it may feel deeply, it no longer cries. To my embarrassment I found that I was the only one that had to hunt for a handkerchief when Ethel Barrymore as Rose Bernd made her pitiful confession, when Glenn Hunter as Merton Gill prayed to be a good movie actor, when Haidee Wright as Queen Elizabeth revealed the loneliness of greatness. Even the sophisticated orchestra shows more emotion.

The older people, even, born in a more emotional time, have forgotten how to "carry on." The old lady next me at "Hamlet" sat apparently unmoved. At a poignant moment, when John Barrymore's face was mirroring every fleeting emotion, she whispered a shrill protest:

"He's too good-looking to play a face-making part. You should have seen him in 'The Jest.' My word! . . . green tights!"

Even the old ladies want "green tights," not great emotions.

A play, seen from the gallery, has a new

interest on account of the new angle from which you see it. As soon as the curtain rises, you notice that the stage has a "different" look. Your new position shifts the emphasis to things you scarcely noticed at all before. In particular, you notice the stage floor; you can't help seeing it all too plainly. Fortunately, the modern designer of stage-settings has done much to mitigate its flatness. He conceals its bare boards under floor-cloths and breaks up its surface by using different levels. But in outdoor scenes it is still painfully obvious that Mother Earth was made by a carpenter.

On the other hand, stage rooms do not look so unpleasantly high as they do from the orchestra. I used to wonder why the walls of stage rooms were so tall—tall enough to dwarf the actors and to destroy all sense of reality. Now I know that unless they are unnaturally high the occupants of the gallery can't see into the stage rooms at all. Even as it is, they sometimes miss the girl posing on the stairway, back centre—except her feet—or the moon rising beyond the middle window.

So careful is modern stage production that there are few rough edges to be detected from above. Occasionally you see a stage-hand crossing behind the shrubbery at the back of a set, or an actor waiting behind the garden wall for his cue. You notice the rope that pulls the gondola along the canal back stage. You discover that the heroine is only pretending to play the piano. And during stage meals you can make out with your glasses that the coffee is painted in the cups and the scrambled eggs only sliced oranges and bananas. But once used to your novel position, you can get nearly as much illusion as down-stairs.

You must accustom yourself, too, to the altered appearance of the actors. Seen from above, they seem to be shorter than they are; even the tallest loses several inches. Moreover, heads and shoulders become very prominent, and legs relatively unimportant. As a result some gestures and movements appear awkward. Rapid movement about the stage is likely to seem grotesque. And certain mannerisms, scarcely noticed from the orchestra, are unpleasantly exaggerated.

For instance, a prominent actress who expresses despair by walking in circles with bent knees would desist if she realized how like a dizzy Japanese wrestler she looks from the gallery.

You soon notice, too, that actors are

beloved of the new stagecraft, can be even worse. In the production of "Romeo and Juliet" by the talented Robert E. Jones the lighting made the characters near the front of the stage seem to be smiling through the most serious parts of



The gallery has become a distant and slightly subdued continuation of the orchestra.—Page 558.

not nearly so good-looking from the gallery as from other parts of the house. As it is largely a matter of hair line, the women, who can wear their hair low on their foreheads, do not suffer so much. But an actor's forehead becomes so prominent that he seems slightly bald, a condition that does not add to his attractiveness.

Sometimes, too, the actor's facial expression is falsified for you. From any point of view the lights and shadows thrown on his face by the old-fashioned footlights are unnatural, but from the gallery they are particularly so. On the other hand, the light from high in front,

the play. But usually you can follow facial expression with fair success if you have good opera-glasses, though you must miss certain things that can be seen only from the actor's level.

One phase of acting you can watch from the gallery as from nowhere else. You are in exactly the right position to study the actor's hands; you see them in the flat. Moreover, by some curious trick of light they are so magnified that you can follow their slightest movement. You'll learn more of the subtle language of hands from the gallery in a month than from the orchestra in a year. Your

knowledge of the technique of acting is increased by the shifting of your point of view.

There are signs that the new gallery may disappear before long as the old gallery has already disappeared. In many of the newest theatres it is entirely omitted. It admittedly has no place in

the ideal theatre, which should have no seats higher than the top of the proscenium opening. But, still, much can be said in its favor. It enables people of small means to see plays adequately if not ideally. And the unusual point of view it offers has much to teach even the experienced theatregoer.



I've Worked for a Silver Shilling

BY CHARLES W. KENNEDY

I'VE worked for a silver shilling!
I've slaved for a friend;
And ever the work was willing,
Though much to mend.

Yet of the years' achieving
Little I find
Worth pride, or hope, or grieving,
Or calling to mind.

But love and laughing youth
And a rain-washed spring:
These were truth,
And a memorable thing.

Music Hath Charms

BY ROBERT S. LEMMON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY I. W. TABER



JIMMY KANE, red-headed, bumpy of feature, and five feet six in his socks, was not at all the sort of man one would pick out as a romanticist. The rôle of admirer of anything more concretely feminine than the Goddess of Chance didn't seem to fit him in the least; he looked more like the hard-fisted mate of an old-time whaler

for whom romance, if attempted at all, would be apt to involve sundry encounters with flying squadrons of stove lids and assorted pseudonyms on the few occasions when he ventured ashore.

Yet inside Jimmy's bullet head was a twist of his father's Irish impetuosity and love of the ladies that twined oddly about the trunk of caniness with which his Highland mother had endowed him. Sometimes this Celtic vine swarmed riotously over the Scotch tree and nearly covered it. Then a storm would come, the vine would stretch and break, and for a time the hard, rough, practical exterior of the trunk would stand exposed. It was during one of these periods of predominant common sense and empty pockets that Jimmy Kane first landed in Ottawa at noon of a sunny June day.

Nobody knew whence he came, and all but one had sense enough not to ask. That one, a smug and verbose button salesman from the States, addressed him in the confines of a stool-and-counter restaurant where they both chanced to be consuming villainous coffee on adjacent perches.

"Guess you're from this here now Italy—what?" Thus the vender of buttons opened the conversation, facetiously regarding the snub nose and flaming locks beside him.

"Ye're wrong there, parrot-beak," was Jimmy's rejoinder. "I've just landed from the same place ye're goin' to in wan minute more, if ye don't take yer lip out o' here—an' thot's *Hell!*"

And so Jimmy merged quite naturally into that stratum of the city's life wherein trappers, lumberjacks, and all those who gain their wages in the winter woods live and move and have their summer holidays.

For a time he drifted aimlessly, picking up a dollar here and a quarter there as odd jobs came to him in desultory succession. Not until his aptitude with feet and fists and an eye-gouging thumb won for him a savage barroom battle and the notice of Antoine Gascoigne, proprietor of the Dominion Café, did he find himself with any steady occupation. That fortunate coincidence installed him as head-bouncer in Gascoigne's bemirrored domain, with nothing to do but draw his wages every Friday and discipline unruly customers as occasion and the night's business required.

The work proved moderately remunerative and lavish in its excitement. But it failed to satisfy Jimmy's craving for wealth. In fact, it promised little for the future save unlimited fighting, and even Jimmy Kane wearied of that after a few weeks. Rarely were his opponents in condition to offer more than a befogged and somewhat rambling resistance to his labors of ejecting them; seldom did he find occasion to resort to the arm twist, the knee suddenly lifted at close quarters, and other evidences of his gladiatorial finesse. More and more enviously did he eye the exalted post of Eddie Walsh, who presided over the array of brass-bound kegs and bottles of many hues behind the bar.

His opportunity came at last in the person of a truculent Britisher who took exception to the part of Eddie's hair and

sought to enforce his demand that it be revised by pulling an automatic and shooting up the place. When the smoke had cleared away the would-be reformer lay in jail under the combined care of the warden and a physician skilled in repair-



Off for Ottawa.

ing broken heads, while Eddie shared a hospital cot with a hole through his shoulder that the doctors said would take two months to heal. Thereupon Jimmy, summoning the best of his native gift of fluency, sought Antoine Gascoigne and presented his qualifications so convincingly that he succeeded at once to the coveted honor of dispensing liquid cheer.

From the day of his promotion the popularity of the Dominion Café throve apace. Whereas Walsh had been black-browed, uncommunicative, at times even sullen, Jimmy was the very antithesis of these things. Nowhere in all Ottawa was there his equal in jovial greeting, in diagnosing the needs of each patron, in quipping and the pointed repartee of the bar. None could match his skill in rendering the latest story in all its wealth of detail and subtle implications; his precision with the suds-knife was no less to be admired than the accuracy with which he compounded the most technical of cocktails.

He drank but little himself, for he was too good a workman to allow the attainment of a condition in any degree jeopardizing the clearness of his head or the steadiness of his hand. So it came about that when Pierre Lafitte, shifty-eyed and Franco-Indian of blood, grew unwontedly confidential across the bar one afternoon in mid July and whispered to him the tale of O-neet-sa and her ancestral riches, Jimmy's intellect grasped it with precision. And inasmuch as the Scotch side of Jimmy's nature was still in the ascendancy at the time, and the inner side of

his pockets lay exposed to the gaze of a cruel world, he possessed himself of as many details of the story as liberal shots of rum could draw from the half-breed's secretive tongue.

Far back in the North Country, so ran the breed's recital, between the Moose River and Missanagami Lake, an ancient Ojibway by the name of Kabinisay had once trapped and wandered for more years than any in his tribe could remember. The fur privilege in that region having been conceded to him in his youth by the Honorable Hudson Bay Company, he eked out at first a comfortable and later a dwindling livelihood by the capture of peltries, living with his wife and one small daughter the nomadic and apparently impoverished life of the average woods Indian.

Yet beneath the seeming simplicity of his existence lay hidden a mysterious source of wealth which provided him with many luxuries dear to the Indian heart and seldom attained by the Indian hand: a real repeating rifle, a portable phonograph, untold numbers of glass and silver trinkets.

And old Kabinisay never told whence it all came, save to O-neet-sa, slim and pretty, as he set out for the Happy Hunting Grounds one night of the winter in



He took to the woods.

which she became eighteen. Even in dying he revealed only to her the secret of his opulence. And she, true to his precept, kept it strictly under the strands of her sleek, black hair.

There were rumors, of course, for the

most part wholly unfounded. The most plausible one had it that the old man had hit upon a vein of gold somewhere in the wilderness and capitalized it secretly and well. Not only did rumor have this, but it held it firmly and, after the manner of rumors, added to it until the story was known in every trading-post and camp throughout the length and breadth of the Hudson Bay country. Which worried O-neet-sa not in the least nor ruffled the steady current of her life.

She had grown, it seemed, into a most capable young woman. On her father's

through the winter woods when the snow lay yards deep and trees split with the cold. For most of them a single disdainful glance from O-neet-sa's steady eyes had settled the matter. A few of the more persistent who pressed their suits further were hustled out of camp two jumps ahead of O-neet-sa's pack of mongrel dogs.

Yes, she is beautiful, *magnifique*, though her mother is an old she-wolf, m'sieu'. And ze vein ees *riche*, ver' *riche*—great pieces of gold all over ze ground! But only O-neet-sa she know w'ere eet ees.

Whereupon Jimmy Kane grunted, ap-



Fish and game he took by the way.

death she had applied for a renewal of his territorial concession in her own name, and proved her right to it by her success with steel trap and deadfall alike. Whereas the fur yield had fallen off during Kabinisay's declining years, it revived noticeably under O-neet-sa's régime. When she and her mother paddled and portaged their catch down to Rupert's Post after that first winter the factor had been astonished at its quality and size.

The worst of it was, maundered Pierre Lafitte across the bar, that she was a confirmed man-hater, a sort of aboriginal feminist who refused to hearken to the importunings of any of the eligible young bucks who sought her hand and the privilege of trapping with her, to say nothing of her suppositional gold. They had come from north and south, west and east, many, many moons' travel by canoe and trail in summer and on snowshoes

plied another glass of raw fire-water to the end that the 'breed should sleep more profoundly now that he had told all he knew, laid him under a table in the back room of the saloon, and unobtrusively took to the woods with a pack, a canoe, and a definite plan.

For a week he journeyed northward toward the Height of Land, thanking his checkered career for the experience which enabled him to negotiate the portages, the increasingly rough rapids, the annoyances and hardships of the forest. Fish and game he took by the way; they added variety to his larder of flour and bacon and the inevitable tea of the North Country, nourishing but monotonous.

Gradually the rivers dwindled to streams, then to mere brooks that flowed from boulder-girt lakes. Paddling became less frequent, carries more so, until one day his canoe glided across a tiny

pond steeped in the sunset's dyes and from a cliff he looked back upon the great slope he had climbed and forward to that other which stretched down and away in hundreds of miles of forest to the shore of Hudson Bay.

A twinkle came into Jimmy's eyes as he bared his tousled red head to the breeze.

"Be the powers," he grinned, "'tis a long, hard road to be afther follerin' on a barroom tip! I wonder, now, is thot down there where she lives? A monstrous big woods it do be lookin' like, an' me knowin' nought of it save it has Moose River on the wan side an' Missanagami Lake on t'other. What was the name, now, of the place the 'breed was tellin' me she done her shoppin'? Ah, yis, I remimber—Rupert's Post. I ought to recollec' thot easy enough, what with all the times I've slid a glass of old Jake's acrost the bar. Well, Rupe, I'll be startin' the morrer to look for ye—an' may the saints be on me side!"

Through a chill pall of fog he circled the lake soon after dawn, searching for the outlet, which, so his map showed, flowed northward toward the Bay. Twice he made the circuit, paddling slowly, before he discovered the miniature cove with sentinel rocks guarding its entrance. At its farthest recess the land lay low and swampy, and looking over the side of the canoe he could see feathery water-grasses trailing in a current.

"'Tis maiden tresses they are, no less," he said to himself. "The same as the fairies tangle in the old counthry when the moon drops low an' the green light flickers over the marshes. I wonder, now, do they be bringin' me luck or no? Howiver thot may be, they're pointin' to the brook, I'm thinkin'. Come on, James, yerself must be makin' haste."

He nosed his canoe through the grass and entered a narrow stream that wound between brushy banks and then, suddenly waking, hurried on and away through open woods. All day he followed it, paddling where he could, stepping out of the canoe and stumbling along behind the lightened craft where shallows intervened. A camp at the confluence of another stream, a second day of almost uninterrupted paddling with their combined flow, and he came unexpectedly upon a canoe

drawn up on the bank and a lone Indian who greeted him with an unemotional, "*Bo' jou', bo' jou',*" and went on broiling a trout over a bed of coals.

Jimmy landed and sought to engage the Ojibway in conversation. Varied attempts convinced him that the red man's knowledge of English was elementary in the extreme, and he resorted to gestures.

"Rupert's Post?" he asked, pointing in a vague northerly direction.

The Indian nodded and, picking up a twig, scratched in the sand at his feet a rough plan of the route. Jimmy puzzled over it, discovered that he could not well go astray so long as he followed the current, and eventually elicited the opinion that three days should bring him to his destination. These facts having been acquired, he cooked and ate his own supper, smoked a sociable if silent pipe with his informant, and turned in.

For the balance of the week he travelled alone save for the wild creatures of the woods which he glimpsed occasionally as his canoe slid around some bend and a new vista opened out down-stream. By constantly widening waterways he reached at last a clearing that lay like a flat green plate in the sombre setting of the forest. In its centre a log building of considerable size mothered a flock of smaller cabins. Along the rim of the open, conical tepees of birch bark clustered. Silent Ojibways lounged around them in moccasined ease. Youngsters played by the bank of the stream, beady-eyed and swift of motion, making much display of their bows and blunt-headed arrows.

Jimmy Kane ran his canoe on a shelving bit of sand and stepped ashore. The Indian children ceased playing to regard him wonderingly. He grimaced at them and made odd noises, thinking to provoke at least a smile. Failing in this, he made his way toward the main building through a skirmish line of snarling, wolf-like dogs.

A man stepped out of the door as he approached, aroused by the clamor of the curs. Apparently he was white, though his face was virtually hidden in a mass of sandy hair from which blue eyes snapped with a peculiarly penetrating glitter. An appalling width of shoulder and shortness

of leg accentuated the grotesqueness of his appearance.

Jimmy addressed him tentatively.

"I do be lookin' for Rupert's Post. Can ye tell me is it hereabout?"

"Ye need look no further, mon, except ye wad see it from t'ither side," rumbled the apparition in a voice unmistakably Scotch.

Jimmy heaved a sigh of relief and leaned conversationally on the picket-fence that surrounded the cabin.

"I take it ye're the factor, then," he remarked. "The Ian MacIver, I've heard tell, is in charge. They know ye well back yonder"—he jerked his thumb southward.

"MacIver is ma name. Wad ye want onything special o' me?"

Jimmy thought swiftly. It would never do to tell the factor of his real purpose in coming into the woods; anything that savored of business with the Indians, save hiring them as guides, came within the province of the H. B. Company's representative and would be frowned upon by him were it attempted by any one else. Decidedly the real plan must be concealed from this gimlet-eyed giant.

"No, nothin' partic'lar," he acknowledged, "only an extry blanket an' a slab o' pork an' a bit o' flour. Me supplies are runnin' low, an' the docthor says I must keep warm whatever happens—'tis these, ye see; a bit of a touch, no more"—and he tapped his barrel chest significantly.

"Coom inside," answered MacIver. "I have all ye need, I expect." He vanished into the cabin, and Jimmy, eyes and brain alert in these unaccustomed surroundings, followed briskly.

"Noo, as to a blanket," the factor resumed. "If ye're goin' on north a four-point wad be none too much; there's a power o' cold at night."

Jimmy caught eagerly at the suggestion so unwittingly offered for an amplification of his story.

"Yis," he agreed, "'twill be a four-point I want, for the docthor says I must be out till snow flies, with niver a night o' thim all under a roof. I dunno but north will suit me as well as east or west or straight down. An' while we're talkin' o' the cold an' such—" he reached knowingly to his back pocket and produced a

flat bottle—"here's what will drive off the chill! 'Tis wearin' the name o' yer land an' me own old mother's, no less, an' has been twenty year in the wood. Will ye try a sup?"

Whatever mental reservations Ian MacIver may have had anent Jimmy's presence in the woods were dispelled during the next half-hour in exact proportion to the shrinkage of that amber-colored bottle's contents. By the time the flour was weighed and put up he had become cheerfully loquacious; the cutting of a generous slab of pork he accomplished amid pressing offers of the post and all its contents for as long as Jimmy would avail himself of them.

"Do ye know, now," said Jimmy, comfortably seated on the counter, "thot ain't a bad idea at all, at all—me visitin' ye for a spell. Ye're a good lad, Mac, an' I'm thinkin' mebbe I'll stick up me little tent on yon point an' stop awhile. 'Tis meself has no great hurry to be movin' on, nor no port to be movin' to, for the matter o' thot. I'm just a poor mon thot do be travellin' for his health, livin' the simple life o' the woods, as the guide-book says. Yis, I'll accept yer hospitality, Mac, an' thank ye kindly. Betther have another, now, for old times' sake!"

In the days that followed Jimmy Kane became almost as much a feature of Rupert's Post as the factor himself. His geniality and frankness won the approval of the Indians who came and went in this their season of idle wandering, and one or more of them were always visiting with him in his camp by the river bank. He went fishing with the men, fed them unlimited quantities of the black rope tobacco which lay in great tubs in the company store, and picked up a smattering of their language. The squaws dropped their eyes before his jovial badinage, but looked long after him when he had turned away. The children squealed with delight at his imitations of bear and moose and rabbit. But though his ears were ever alert, and despite his circuitous attempts to swing the conversation in its direction without arousing suspicion, the clew he sought persisted in eluding him.

It was by Ian MacIver that the subject was finally mentioned, quite irrelevantly save as it was suggested by a

lithe, hawk-faced Ojibway who came in from the woods one morning, conversed gutturally with the factor for an hour, and departed up-river, driving his birch canoe against the current with easy, straight-armed strokes.

"A likely lookin' lad, thot," Jimmy commented as the Indian left the store-room.

"Aye," agreed MacIver. "'Tis Ah-kek, the best o' all our trappers. They say he's o' them as wad marry O-neet-sa, only she wadna'."

Jimmy's eyes danced.

"An' who may she be, this O-neet-sa?" he asked casually.

"Ah, have ye no heard, James? Why, she's a bonny lass o' the woods, with a heart o' steel an' the temper of a queen. An' I take it"—here MacIver winked cannily—"she knows where a bit o' gold lies hid among the rocks, though she'll ne'er tell on't."

"An Injun mine-owner, no less, I suppose?" ventured Jimmy.

"Ye're right, lad, to all accounts. A strange people they are, the Ojibways, an' O-neet-sa is o' the strangest—her an' her old mither alane in the forest, trap-pin' a' winter an' roamin' hither an' yon a' summer, wi' their phonygraph an' their dog an' their scorn o' men. I hear they're up be White Beaver Falls noo, above the Lake o' the Silent Hills."

"'Tis a queer tale ye tell, Mac," Jimmy said. "But I make no doubt there's stranger things nor gold-mines an' phonygraphs in these woods. Well, I must be afther leavin' ye for a while; Kée-gawn has promised to show me how to patch a canoe this afthernoon, an' I mistrust he's waitin' for me. I'm thinkin' it may be a handy thing to know when I take up me travels ag'in."

A day or so later, as he and the factor smoked sociably in the sunshine on the cabin step, Jimmy reverted definitely to his departure from the post.

"D'ye know, Mac, me feet are be-ginnin' to itch ag'in for the trail. 'Tis meself can niver stay long in wan place, an' I think I'll be takin' a loop out through the counthry an' see the sights."

MacIver regarded him searchingly.

"What way wad ye be goin', if I may ask?"

"Sure, an' I dunno." Jimmy's assumption of careless indifference was perfect. "The Injuns've been tellin' me o' all kinds o' trips out beyant—mebbe I'll go be the way o' Deer River to Mirror Lake, through Kenshaway Waters to the Salmon, an' back up the Moose. I hear there's a power o' game that way, an' iligent counthry. Besides, 'twould bring me around here for a bit of a visit on me way back to Ottawa."

"Ye'll no be barterin' wi' the Injuns, nor lookin' for their gold?" the factor pursued suspiciously.

"The saints forbid!" Jimmy demurred. "Remimber, Mac, I do be travellin' for me health, an' the docthor has forbid excitement."

"Then ye'll find Mirror Lake to your likin'," assured MacIver. "As bonnie a loch as there be in a' the woods. I've no wish to see ye go, James, for 'tis lonesome I'll be for your company. But ye ken best what ye wad do, I take it."

So Jimmy Kane departed from Rupert's Post while the Indians regarded him unemotionally and Ian MacIver waved farewell from the bank. But he did not go to Mirror Lake, nor Kenshaway Waters, nor yet to the cascades and green-black pools of the Salmon. That route he followed no farther than the influx of the Petite Vallée, a dozen miles from the post. There he swung east, ascended to the Black Fork, and so came in three days of arduous journeying, such as only the soundest lungs could endure, to the Lake of the Silent Hills and—an abandoned camp at the head of White Beaver Falls.

"Missed 'em, be gorry!" exclaimed Jimmy as he gazed ruefully at the discarded lodge-poles and the trampled ground cover already beginning to reassert itself. "Ain't thot the woman of it—niver where ye think she is!"

He stirred the ashes of the fire, examining them expertly.

"No more nor twelve hours cold," he muttered. "It must be, then, they've took off up-stream, else I'd met 'em on me way in. All right, me lass, 'tis meself will have to hunt for ye. An' ye should be proud to have a fine lad like James Kane on yer trail, all set to wed ye—an' yer gold!"

He walked back to his canoe. As he was about to push off, his eye was caught by a little pile of angular, black fragments beside a rock.

"A busted phonygraph record, be jabbers!" he exclaimed. "Let's see, now, what 'twas."

Bit by bit he assembled the shattered remains, frowning over them like a child with a picture puzzle. At last he pieced out the title.

"'A Little Love, a Little Kiss,'" he read slowly. "I wonder did she bust it be accident, or because she didn't like the words? I wonder. . . . Well, 'tis herself only can answer thot."

He stepped into the canoe and set off up-stream, parodying in his rich Irish tenor:

"'It's a long way to find
O-neet-sa,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to chase
a chicken . . .
An' what she'll say, I
—don't—know!'"

Far ahead a cliff caught up the words and flung them back at him mockingly. The forest seemed to draw in closer, its masking solitude accentuated by the sound.

Days slipped into weeks, and still Jimmy Kane searched, threading stream and lake and river with fruitless determination. There were times when he lost the trail completely, turning in night after night without having seen a sign of human presence all day. Then he would come upon an empty camping-place, a small moccasin print beside the water, and hurry on with renewed hope. Twice he felt he was within an hour of his goal, but both times a wrong turn threw him off the track. Had it not been for the fact that all travel was of necessity by water or across carries whose identifying blaze marks he learned to pick out unerringly, even his natural optimism would have failed him.

The summer was waning fast. At night the air took on a keener chill; the sun at midday beat down less warmly on the placid bosoms of the lakes. Here and there a maple branch glowed red against the enveloping green of the shore. The young wild ducks were on the wing and gathering for their migration; often, when his canoe startled them from some quiet cove, they would rise high in air and swing away southward.

Jimmy Kane saw these signs, and discouragement settled upon him. He was wholly unequipped for winter, or even late autumn in the woods. In a few days he would have to be starting back for the post, his search a failure.

"'Tis hard luck, no less," he grumbled, moody eyes on the lake beside which he had camped for the night. "Here I am, ready to sell me single blessedness for a streak o' gold, an' the lady runs away! Who knows but she might take

me if she saw me, though she t'run the others down? Ah, 'tis hard, not even to have the chance!"

He drew a stick from the fire and held its glowing end in the bowl of his pipe. From far out on the water came the derisive cry of a loon, ringing through the dusk.

"Thot's right—laugh, ye devil!" Jimmy growled. "A hell of a joke, ain't it? G'wan, laugh some more!"

"Wha-ha-ha-ha-ho-ho!" quavered the loon; and again, "Wha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ho-ho-ho!" In the still evening air the cry rose and hovered demon-like, infinitely eerie.

"Ye blasted spalpeen!" snorted Jimmy. "I'll learn ye to make fun o' the Irish!" He threw his rifle to his shoulder, aiming in the general direction of the unseen bird. His finger crooked around



O-neet-sa's Camp.

the trigger, hesitated, and relaxed. He laid the gun down and stepped quickly from the firelight, the better to see a dark bulk that had taken form out there on the water and which was neither island nor loon.

"Yis, be gorrah—'tis a canoe, the first I see since I left the post!" he exclaimed. "An' comin' this way, too!"

Swiftly and in silence the craft neared the shore, its two paddlers swinging in perfect unison, indistinct in the deepening gloom.

"*Bo' jou', bo' jou',*" called Jimmy in the conventional greeting of the North Country. A pause, a sound indubitably like the growl of a dog from the canoe, and then:

"*Bo' jou', bo' jou',*" came the answer in a feminine voice.

Jimmy's heart pounded his ribs. Could it be that these were the two he sought, that here almost on the eve of defeat the quarry was coming voluntarily to his own camp, a needle popping out of a haystack by itself?

He tried desperately to think of some indirect and natural way of verifying his suspicions; but before he could hit upon one the proof was given to him. Croakingly but beyond the shadow of a doubt, the old woman in the bow of the canoe pronounced the name "O-neet-sa."

The canoe drifted idly a few yards from shore, its occupants discussing some matter in their own language while Jimmy's spirit alternately rose and fell as he weighed the chances of their stopping or paddling away into the night. Obviously they would depart if he invited them to stay, for, although Indians, they were also women. Were they to move on and he followed them, they would mistake his motive no less surely and resent it in proportion to the persistency of his pursuit.

The discussion ended presently and, to Jimmy's consternation, the two women swung their craft out into the lake. Panic seized him as he saw his chance slipping. He must do something, say something to stop them. Then inspiration came, brilliant and heaven-born.

"Hey there!" he yelled, forgetful of every Ojibway word he knew. "*I'm lost! Tell me how the divvul to git home!*"

The canoe slowed and turned back toward shore.

"You los'?" queried O-neet-sa from the stern. Her voice was well modulated, though it held a peculiarly decisive tone.

"Yes, ma'am," Jimmy answered, his heart slowing down with the passing of the crisis. "Heap los'. Been los' all summer."

"W'ere you want go?" Again that sense of a keen and sceptical mind driving straight to the point.

"Why, why—most anywhere." Jimmy was sparring for time. He dared not name any specific place for fear the Indians would take him literally, give him the directions, and paddle away.

"Ruper' Pos' neares' place—two-t'ree week." Was it just imagination, or did her voice really sound a shade less aloof?

"Not know it," lied Jimmy glibly.

The Indians dropped into another low-toned conversation in Ojibway. Presently O-neet-sa addressed him again:

"We go Moose Riv' to-morro'. You foller—den no get los'. We show you way Ruper' Pos'."

"Good!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Ye betther come ashore—good fire all ready, plenty tea an' hot cake."

The women beached their canoe without a word and approached the fire, trailed by a huge brute of a dog rumbling menacingly. Jimmy piled on more wood, driving back the encroaching shadow circle. A shower of sparks streamed up, and in their light he caught a vivid impression of his visitors etched on the background of the night—O-neet-sa straight and lithe as a young birch in her fawn-skin tunic with its rows of dyed porcupine quills, a single scarlet feather caught in her hair; the old woman impossibly wrinkled, squat, and homely.

"Faith, an' 'tis a great fambly to be thinkin' o' marryin' into," mused Jimmy as he busied himself with the tea pail. "The gurl ain't so bad, but t'other wan—arrah, 'tis a fine slip of a mother-in-law she'd be makin', be the looks o' her!"

The newcomers waited stoically while he boiled the kettle and cooked a fresh batch of flapjacks. When the meal was ready they ate prodigiously, accepting the hospitality as a matter of course. The panful of bacon which he fried as a sort

of dessert met with their first expressed approval. The old squaw grunted unintelligibly to O-neet-sa, and the latter turned to Jimmy:

"Kwa-to she say you good cook," she translated.

Jimmy grinned and seized the opportunity.

"Tell Kwa-to fine squaw like her make anybody good cook," he answered.

The girl relayed the message, eliciting some noncommittal rejoinder at which she laughed quietly.

and hour, to fill the heart with unexpressed longing.

Then suddenly it was over. Silence, cool and luminous; and presently, far up the lake, the loon calling again, instinct with the spirit of the wilderness.

Jimmy sighed.

"'Tis herself has an ear for music, thot gurl," he said. "I'm thinkin' the 'breed, Lafitte, slipped me a good tip when he spoke o' her phonygraph. I wonder will she like the tunes I have in me pack?"

Gray dawn found him astir, busy with



Jimmy was fascinated by O-neet-sa's skill and strength.

"Score wan," chuckled Jimmy. "Wait till I git warmed up, begorrah!"

But no further opportunity for blarney came to him that evening, for as soon as the meal was finished O-neet-sa rose and, followed by her mother and the still threatening dog, started for her canoe.

"We camp on point by island," she called back. "Sun-up, start Moose Riv'. You come den." That was all, save, in a few minutes, the flicker of a fire among pine trunks a half-mile away. Yes, and one other thing.

As the moon rose, silvering the lake, there came across the water from the point the swinging melody of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," rising and falling in the clear barytone of a master of the record.

Jimmy Kane listened, his face sober with the harmony and sentiment of the old song. In the solitude of the forest it seemed to catch all the magic of the place

his breakfast and the simple process of breaking camp. Smoke rising from the point warned him to hurry. Before the sun touched the tops of the giant pines his canoe lay drifting in their shadow. The two women were just loading their own craft.

"Mornin'!" he called cheerfully. "All ready go Moose River?"

"Uh-huh," croaked Kwa-to, looking up with a twisted smile. But O-neet-sa merely nodded, maintaining an aloof silence.

"Proud chicken, eh?" thought Jimmy. "All right, here goes for makin' a hit with me mother-in-law once removed. Thot's the way to begin, I've heard."

He fumbled in his pack and unearthed a tin of tobacco.

"Kwa-to ketch-um *sáymon*?" he asked, paddling alongside the other canoe. "Ketch-um smoke?"

"Uh-huh!" The smile was a broad grin this time. "Uh-huh!" She reached

eagerly for the box, opened it, crammed a load of tobacco into a clay pipe, which she extracted from the fold of a blanket, and took the match which Jimmy proffered. In a moment she was puffing full blast, her toothless gums mumbling the pipe-stem expertly.

"Go now!" she announced with emphasis, picking up her paddle. "Good *sáymon*—make-um go fas'!"

Whether or not it was the effect of the tobacco, the journey began at a pace

heard the priest say somethin' about music havin' charms to soften the savage heart—or somethin' like thot. Mebbe thot's me chance. We'll see, anyhow."

And that evening, as old Kwa-to finished her fifth and last pannikin of tea, he tried it. In a low voice, almost a murmur, he began crooning an old Irish folksong, a weird minor chant that rose hauntingly at the end of each stanza and hung suspended in mid-air.

At the first note O-neet-sa turned, her



"Heap canned song," he said.

which Jimmy, for all his woods wandering, was put to it to follow. The water fairly boiled from the Indians' blades as they drove their canoe down the lake.

Jimmy, trailing in their wake, was fascinated by O-neet-sa's skill and strength. She never hesitated, never tired, never missed the subtle twist of the wrists at the end of her stroke which kept the canoe straight on its course or sent it weaving in safety among the rocks that rose to the surface here and there. Not once did she look around to see how he was faring, but the poise of her back and shoulders told him that her face, too, was alert and mobile. Yet the dog asleep at her feet could not have paid him less attention than did she.

"'Tis yerself has a hard fight ahead o' ye, me lad," he muttered, watching her. "Haughty she is, but I'm thinkin' I once

head tilted appraisingly. Verse after verse he sang, and still she moved not. Only at the end did she make any comment.

"More," she demanded then.

But Jimmy shook his head, tossing another partridge carcass to Ninny-moósh, the big dog, who sat attentively before him. The brute crunched the bones noisily. Jimmy's efforts to win his approbation had been successful though calculated.

"Ketch-um more smoke, Kwa-to?" Jimmy's tone was replete with indifference to O-neet-sa as he passed the tobacco to the old woman. When she had lighted up and was half-hidden in smoke he strolled over to his pack and extracted a flat package carefully wrapped in a bit of blanket. He brought it back to the fire and handed it to O-neet-sa.

"Heap canned song," he said, tapping the bundle significantly. "You take-um an' play on song box."

Never in all phonograph history was there a more strangely staged or better appreciated concert than the one which rose that night among the brooding firs on the bank of the Grande Traverse. March, solo, one-step, grand opera, lullaby, love-song, quartet—O-neet-sa played them all with a delight which Jimmy, hunched beside the fire, noted and acknowledged with a sly wink to the dog. As a grand finale a rollicking Irish jig set old Kwa-to dancing comically, pipe in mouth, while Jimmy clapped his hands to emphasize the beat of the measure and O-neet-sa vouchsafed him the first real smile he had seen her give.

From that hour his standing in the camp was assured, at least as far as Kwa-to and the dog were concerned. The former evidently approved of him thoroughly and accepted his little attentions with a merry twinkle in her old eyes and a dozen added wrinkles at the corners of her mouth. Ninny-moósh seemed no less appreciative, and even threatened at times to transfer his allegiance from O-neet-sa to this whistling, romping stranger who scratched him behind the ears so comfortably and fed him so many tidbits from pot and pan. Wherefore Jimmy, having strategically conquered the outer redoubts, laid siege to the main fortress.

It proved no easy task, for O-neet-sa drew her cloak of reserve the more closely about her supple shoulders as he sought to attain a basis of easy familiarity with her. It was as though she distrusted all men and tolerated this particular one only because his presence could not well be avoided. Only when he sang did her frigidity show any signs of thawing.

So Jimmy sang—sang as he had never sung before. From portage and stream, at high noon no less fervently than when the stars peered down quietly through the pines, his lilting tenor rose in every air he could rake up from his cudgelled memory.

"Begorry, if me voice holds out I'll be lucky," he thought. "I niver knowed I had it in me—in grand op'ry I could be gittin' a job, no less. But I can't help wishin' she'd quit hollerin' for more, the way she does, an' let me hold her hand instead!"

But such intimacy as that was far from O-neet-sa's intention. She would not even let him sit near her in the evening, persisting in keeping the fire between them while she listened immobile but attentively to his fervent repertoire.

For two days and nights Jimmy stuck to it, gaining no jot of progress. Then he took serious counsel with himself as he trailed O-neet-sa's canoe down the wooded still waters of the Loup Nègre.

"I'll niver win this way," he reflected, "nor even find out if she has gold or no. Howiver can a mon make love to a gurl widout puttin' an arm around her waist? Singin' is fine to make a hit in the beginnin', but I'm thinkin' it's the close-ups thot does the real business. At thot, she's a neat slip of a lass to be holdin' o' yer hand—I've seen lots worse in me day, an' not copper-skinned ones, neither. There must be some way—ha, I've got it! We'll thry a bit of a class in Injun an' English!"

That evening after supper he set to work, asking the Ojibway equivalent of every object he laid eye on and amusing Kwa-to uproariously by his attempts to repeat the names after her. Even O-neet-sa lost a little of her constraint in the general hilarity and took a hand in the fun herself, asking Jimmy to pronounce the English words for various things with which her limited vocabulary was unfamiliar. Thus they passed easily to an exchange of words scratched in the sand with a stick, the odd semi-shorthand symbols of the Indian language side by side with Jimmy's angular lettering of whatever the subject might be in English. And in her dual rôle of teacher and pupil O-neet-sa forgot all about her dignity, squatting beside Jimmy with the absorption of a child as he wrote and pronounced each word. Even when his hand brushed hers as he passed her the stick she paid it no attention.

Thereafter the language class became a regular feature of the day's end, second in importance only to the songs which succeeded it. For the short hour of its duration O-neet-sa threw aside her mask and played, her face alight with pleasure. And Jimmy, thinking perhaps to arouse her interest in him, ranged gradually farther afield and told her of Ottawa and of Antoine Gascoigne's, delighted by the

readiness with which she grasped new words and thoughts.

Whatever may have been the effect of this daily period of intimacy upon O-neet-sa—and neither by look nor act did she show that it had any—its accumulated results were direful to Jimmy Kane. The girl's brightness, the infectiousness of her laugh, won his admiration no less irrevocably than did the surface lights playing over the unfathomed depths of her eyes and the unstudied grace of her every motion. The sense of close companionship, of human being drawn to human being, which the solitude of the wilderness engendered, reacted fatally on his native susceptibility. Swiftly, unknowing, forgetful alike of gold vein and the differences of color and race, he fell in love.

Days passed, bright with sunshine and the dancing images of leaves, misty green and murmurous with the voices of the rain. The canoes glided across windless lakes, darted lance-like down white-maned rapids. Campfires sputtered and leaped, or glowed red-gray when their task was done. And Jimmy Kane dwelt in a dream, a dream that recked of nothing save a slender girl in deerskins, bewitching and elusive as the spirit of the woods itself.

Came a night when, the lesson over, he played her favorite records and sang her favorite songs with unwonted feeling. At their conclusion she said simply:

"No more sing after dis."

Jimmy turned quickly.

"An' why not?" he asked.

"'Cause to-morrer we come Moose Riv'. You go Ruper' Pos' an' Ottawa. Kwa-to an' I go other way." She stated the situation flatly, as though there was nothing more to be said.

Jimmy's heart sank, then surged chokingly into his throat. Kwa-to had gone to her wigwam; the dog slumbered by the fire. A chance of chances. He fought down the terror which swept over him.

"I not—go—Rupert's Post," he blurted unsteadily.

"No?" There was frank surprise in O-neet-sa's voice, nothing more.

"No. I go other way, with you! Ah, Neetsie," he rushed on, "be a sport an' lemme marry ye! 'Tis crazy I am for ye, gurl—what's it to me if ye have money or no? Only say ye'll have me, an' I'll—" He stopped uncertainly, sensing the coldness of O-neet-sa's silence. When at last she spoke her voice seemed to come down to him from an infinite and chilly height.

"Marry you?" she said. "I no marry nobody, never! Be old squaw, cook an' work-um all time, do what man say? *No!*" She whirled and darted to her mother's tepee, a dim figure flitting from the firelight. The flame gave a last flicker and died to coals. Darkness shrouded the camp, flooded the heart and soul of Jimmy Kane.



It was dusk when he reached the post.

He awoke late from a night of broken, troubled sleep to find the forest dripping with rain. The drops beat sullenly on his tent, filled the pools of the river with tiny silver soldiers that leaped and sank and leaped again. Through the open flap he could see them marching by, rank after massed rank, as the wind jostled them from the branches.

Mechanically he crawled from his blankets, slipped on his moccasins and stepped out into the wet. A square of birch bark stuck in a stick by the sodden ashes of the fire caught his eye. He bent over it and read, crudely printed in charcoal on its yellow under side, five words:

"You go sing white squaw."

Only that, and, in the clearing where the tepee had stood the night before, the feet of the rain pattering dismally across bare, deserted ground.

With a heart as leaden as the sky he kindled a fire, the water dribbling from his hat-brim, and cooked breakfast. He ate in sombre silence, glancing downstream from time to time as though hop-

ing against hope that O-neet-sa's canoe would come swinging around the bend. But only the soggy vista of the woods met his eye, naught but the murmur of

distant rapids his ear. She was gone, irretrievably gone again into the wilderness, vanished from his life as mysteriously as she had entered it.

It was nearly dusk that evening when he reached the post, paddling wearily against the current of the

Moose. The factor spied him coming and scurried down to the bank.

"Weel, weel, ma lad, an' how are ye the day? I had a'most gi'e ye up for lost, ye've been so lang awa'. Had ye a good trip, an' are the lungs a' well?"

"Me lungs are right enough," Jimmy growled grudgingly. "'Tis the heart thot's bad."

MacIver eyed him curiously.

"Matther enough, Mac. I must be leavin' the woods, goin' back to me job behind the bar. Ain't thot good reason for me looks?"

The factor nodded, thinking he understood.

"Aye, I know, James," he answered. "But ye'll be coomin' back ag'in. Once a woodsman a'ways a woodsman, is ma motto. Ye'll stop wi' me the night, o' course?"

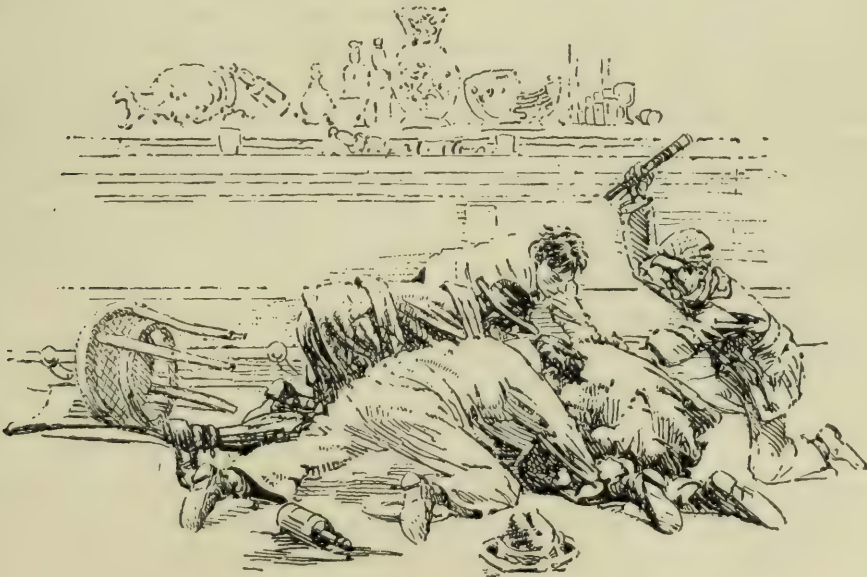
"Yis, but no more. 'Tis a long pull to Ottawa, so I'll be leavin' at sun-up. I'm thinkin' the cold will be follerin' on the heels o' this storm."

Jimmy made good his plan for an early departure and, deaf to all MacIver's pleas for a longer visit and efforts to wheedle him into a better humor, set out in a gale that roared chillingly out of the north and whipped the surface of the Moose into racing whitecaps. The woods held nothing for him now. Rather were they something to leave behind as quickly as might be, a place of unhappy memories that crushed his normal buoyancy into a dim and dispirited ghost.

As he went he checked off each recurring landmark dully—the fork where the unknown Indian had sketched the route to Rupert's Post, the cliff whence he had



Jimmy set out in a gale.



They got him at last.

"Wha's coom to ye, James?" he asked solicitously. "Ye look so dour an' glum I scarce know ye!"

first looked northward toward Hudson Bay, the waterways and portages of his long pull up the southern watershed

three months before. So in the end he came to Ottawa, sold his outfit for a pittance, and sought the familiar sanctuary of the Dominion Café.

He pushed open the door and entered the barroom as one returning from the ends of the earth. It was all changed—new tables, new fixtures, even a different clientèle, more well-conditioned than the one he had known.

With a heavy heart he approached the man behind the bar and ordered a drink. Another, and he gathered spirit enough to ask where Antoine Gascoigne might be found.

"How should I know?" the barkeeper responded. "He sold out a month back. They say he went to Quebec, or somewhere. He's a wise one—a stiff price we had to pay him for the place, me partner an' me."

"Would ye be wantin' a good barkeep, wan o' the best? I worked here in the old days," said Jimmy wistfully.

The other shook his head.

"A bouncer, then?"

Again a negative gesture, arrogant and cold.

Jimmy sighed and downed a third straight whiskey. Deep in his inner consciousness a small coal of resentment awoke and smouldered. What right had fate to deal him this last bitter blow, to take away even his old job and cast him adrift again? Was it not enough to have a broken heart without a shattered pocket-book as well?

He shoved the empty glass across the bar.

"Gimme another o' the same," he growled. The coal was glowing now, the warmth of it buzzing in his head. He drained the fresh glass, set it down, and stared unpleasantly at the barkeeper.

"So Antoine's gone, eh? Thot's a domned shame!"

The new ruler of the Dominion Café caught the insult coiled in the remark but said nothing. Jimmy's anger seethed up and sought a definite objective. He leaned forward truculently.

"Ye look like an Englishman to me, feller. Well, I'm Irish, an' be the powers, the Irish can lick iver blasted lime-juicer thot iver drew breath! Come out from back o' thot bar, an' gimme a crack at ye!"

"Easy, easy there," soothed the other. "Don't be startin' no trouble here—it ain't healthy!"

"I'll easy ye!" Jimmy shouted, his accumulated emotions finding outlet at last. "I'll learn ye to take me job away, ye bum!" He vaulted over the bar, dodged a swinging bung-starter, and with a wrench and sudden heave sent his adversary sprawling out on the floor.

Instantly the room was in an uproar. Shouts and curses mingled with the crash of overturned furniture as men fought to get out or in. The barkeeper scrambled to his feet and, reinforced by his bouncer and two husky patrons, rushed into action.

"Come on, ye muts!" yelled Jimmy from his fortress. "Take thot—an' thot—an' thot!" With each word he hurled a bottle, laying down a barrage of flying glass and liquor. The glory of conflict surged over him, lent deadly accuracy and power to his arm. Here was balm for his broken heart, solace for his injured pride. And havoc, complete and terrible to behold, descended upon the Dominion Café.

They got him at last, wading through the tangle of broken chairs and fixtures to where, red hair flaming defiantly above the wreckage of the bar, he still clutched along empty shelves for more ammunition. By sheer weight of numbers they overbore him, battering him down with feet and fists and table legs. The butt of a billiard cue in the hands of the bouncer caught him flush on the temple, and oblivion, sudden and shot with fiery stars, swept him into an unfathomed abyss.

He awoke in a semidarkness that smelled of whitewash and bare steel. A torment of pain filled his head, racked every atom of his body. Through its torture and from under the bandages that swathed half his head he made out dimly a low, drab ceiling, cement floor, and, beyond, the grille work of a cell door.

It was very still—portentously so, he thought. Presently he caught the sound of stertorous breathing near by and, as his brain cleared a little, distant voices and the shuffle of feet on concrete. As he listened the breathing rose to a gulping snore and subsided. But the voices and footsteps came nearer.

Jimmy laboriously turned on his side to hear better, and so discovered that he was lying on a cot. Through the bars he could see the growing luminance of a lantern. It came to a focus just out of his range of vision.

The voices were clearly distinguishable now—two men in conversation:

"This Number Thirteen's in a bad way, Jefferson. Unconscious for two days. They must have given him an awful beating. It would have killed most men."

"Think he can stand trial to-morrow, doctor?"

"Absolutely not! Why, it'll be a week before he's able to get on his feet even."

"But, doc, you know what the judge is. He's wild to get the docket cleaned up before the end of the term—and there's two more cases that's come in since this man, both of which are likely to drag out pretty long."

"All right, then, swing 'em in ahead of him. I tell you it'll be little short of murder to put this fellow to trial before we've patched him up. I'm not sure yet that he hasn't got a fractured skull."

So the wheels of the law ground slowly in the case of the Dominion Café, Ltd., *versus* James Kane. Before he faced the bar of justice a full month had dragged by and the pallor of a prison sick-bed had set its stamp upon him.

Yet when the trial did begin it moved swiftly enough. The plaintiff's witnesses and lawyer painted a gorgeously vivid picture of the defendant's arrival in the café, a tattered ne'er-do-well, and his subsequent uncalled-for challenge to the barkeeper. As to the exact sequence of events after that they were forced into generalities, said events having transpired too rapidly to be unerringly recalled. All agreed, however, that the defendant had wrought astounding damage in a short space of time. Decorators and carpenters estimated under oath that the barroom could not be restored to its pristine glitter for less than five hundred dollars, while the proprietors testified that the loss in choice wines and liquors would total at least half of that amount.

Against such an alignment of evidence the defense had little to offer. Jimmy's lawyer, appointed by the court in view of the fact that his client was practically

penniless, did his best, arguing at least for leniency on the ground of the exceeding virility of the liquor which the defendant had been drinking. But though the plea was well presented it failed to register.

Despondency brooded heavily over Jimmy Kane as he stood up to receive sentence.

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the judge, glaring balefully from behind his spectacles.

"Very little, yer Honor. 'Tis meself did a power o' damage to the old place, what with the liquor an' the fit that was on me." He hesitated, steadying himself against the rail. Presently he looked up with a pitiful attempt at squaring his shoulders.

"No, yer Honor, I haven't nothin' to say, only this: when a mon's heart is broke he—he—it seems like he don't know what he's doin'."

The simplicity of the words, the depth of feeling that underlay them, brought a sudden hush to the court room.

The judge cleared his throat.

"Have you any—further evidence to present in your defense?"

"No, sir, 'twould do no good. An' besides, it's somethin' just o' me own, somethin' I want to forgit meself."

"Then the law must take its course. I charge you to repay to the plaintiff the sum of the damage you have caused, to the amount of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and to the court the sum of one hundred dollars for disturbing the peace and order of the city. Failing in this, you will be committed to the workhouse for a period of ninety days. Which do you elect?"

Slowly Jimmy's hand slipped into his trouser's pocket and drew out a few small coins. He calculated them hopelessly as they lay in his palm.

"That's all I have to me name, yer Honor. I mistrust ye'll have to send me to the——"

At the rear of the court-room a sudden commotion arose, cutting short Jimmy's words. Scuffling and the sharp orders of attendants mingled with a volley of unintelligible but insistent cries. Lawyers, witnesses, spectators turned to see a deerskin-clad figure darting toward them,

slipping eel-like from hands that sought to detain her, a scarlet feather decking the mass of her straight black locks. She reached the prisoner's rail with a final panther leap and fixed flashing eyes on the judge.

"You—you—*me-én-gan!*" she challenged. "You wan' money? Here, den—*here—here!*" Three small, heavy bags of doe skin fell in quick succession on the judge's desk. The thong which circled one of them slipped and a cascade of yellow nuggets spilled out.

"Dat pay w'at he break—*huh?*"

For a moment she waited defiantly, triumphant in the intuitive knowledge of success. Then she turned to Jimmy, the fire in her eyes softening magically until she hid the telltale meaning of a new light with lowered lids.

"Jeemy," she whispered, "after you go I scare' you ketch-um hurt, so I come w'ere you say you make-um whiskey. I scare' you—you sing w'ite squaw, Jeemy, an' I—I wan' you sing all time—*me!*"



"As Reported"

BY CAROLINE DUER

"CARELESSNESS? Well—you might say so."

(Thus the master of the road-gang.)

"Here's the most that I can tell you.

"He come driftin' there to th' office
Askin' work until he got it
Down the line with them I-talians.

"Lord knows what had drove him to it—
Him, a man of education—
Spikin' rails along with dagos!

"Well, the second day he joined us
When I yelled to jump for safety
He just kind of grinned and stood there.

"So the train come down upon him.
—Carelessness you'd better make it.
'Tisn't none of our damned business."

Gulliver's Travels in Science

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

Author of "Seeing the Invisible," etc.



ABOUT two hundred years ago a famous Irishman wrote an account of the adventures of a hardy British mariner who set forth from the port of Bristol on a voyage of discovery and came first to the Islands of Lilliput and Blefuscu, where lived races of men no bigger than one's thumb, and later to the shores of the land of Brobdignag, where giants dwelt a dozen times the size of Englishmen.

So circumstantial was Dean Swift's account, and so credulous and uninformed the times—for who knew in 1700 what sort of weird beings this as yet unexplored earth might or might not contain—that we are credibly informed that his satire on human society, as he saw it, was taken by the common folk as an actual account of the experiences of one of those intrepid British adventurers who then roamed the seas in quest of new lands, new people, and new wealth.

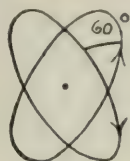
But now the days of geographical discovery are gone. This little earth has already been explored from pole to pole, from the rising to the setting sun, and the day is past in which men can be fooled by fairy-tales. And yet the spirit of discovery still lives, and is indeed more active than it has ever been in the past. Its equipment is no longer ships and charts, but, rather, telescopes and microscopes, electroscopes, spectrosopes, and interferometers, and, most important of all, an objective, scientific point of view, and a little knowledge of modern methods of mathematical and physical analysis, for these yield results of vastly greater certainty than any which the mere eyes of man can furnish. The evidence of our eyes is about as uncertain as any that we have, for one can see almost anything he wishes with his eyes, even though his habits be altogether exemplary. It is the re-

sults seen with the eyes of the mind, especially when they are reached by several quite independent methods, that are most worthy of confidence.

It is with such equipment that the modern physicist and astronomer have set sail on the seas of ether-waves, of radioactivity, of electronics, of relativity, and of quantum-ology, and have come back to the port of Bristol with records more wonderful than those of Gulliver. They have had no need to invent fairy-tales in order to hold interest, for the truths which they have found are more wonderful and more fascinating than any fiction. They have actually discovered, as Gulliver only claimed to have done, new sorts of worlds—worlds the very existence of which was undreamed of a decade or two ago. They have visited, not in imagination but in fact, both the land of Brobdignag and the land of Lilliput. They have found the most gigantic entities which, so far as we now know, exist anywhere in the universe, and at the same time the most unbelievably minute. They have remained long enough in these strange lands to learn much about the habits and the characteristics both of the Brobdignagians and of the Lilliputians—to see something of their social organization and their family life.

I wish to embark now with any who care to follow upon two very brief voyages—"personally conducted Cook's tours"—into these two new worlds, pointing out not merely the sights themselves, but the means by which they have been discovered, for this is, after all, much the more important. And I shall reverse Gulliver's order and visit first the world of the Brobdignagians, and later sail over to the Island of Lilliput. Having, however, no personal qualifications for acting as pilot on this first voyage, I shall make it a very short one, designed primarily to furnish a basis of comparison with the sub-microscopic world which will be visited later.

In order to make it possible to visualize the magnitudes involved in this world of giant dimensions, I shall ask the reader to take a nibble from the side of the mushroom which Alice ate in Wonderland when she wished to shrink to any desired size. Only I shall wish to greatly outdo Alice and cause a shrinkage to one ten-billionth



Helium.

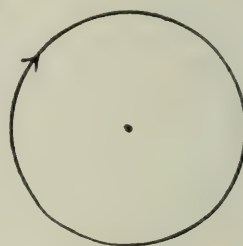
A hypothetical picture of the helium atom—a nucleus consisting of four positive electrons held together by two negatives, thus leaving two *free* positives on the nucleus to hold two negatives as satellites revolving in orbits which may be inclined at 60° as shown.

of our present dimensions. This makes the earth about one millimetre in diameter, as big as a small pin-head—never mind what happens to us men and women in this shrinking process; it will be a wholesome experience to contemplate our vanishing importance—and our nearest neighbor, the sun, becomes a body ten centimetres in diameter, the size of an ordinary California orange, which is found ten metres (thirty feet) away. The planet most remote from the sun, Neptune, becomes a body as big as a buckshot, three millimetres in diameter, a thousand feet distant from the orange, and circling around it once in one hundred and sixty-five years. Such is the solar system when shrunk to one ten-billionth part of its present size. Imagine an orange on the top of the Eiffel Tower, and eight small specks, from the size of a caraway seed to that of a pea, rotating about it at distances of from ten to a thousand feet—the height of the tower itself. Little wonder that with this immense ratio of empty space to volume occupied by matter, the planets scarcely exert appreciable influences upon one another, much less are in danger of colliding. If we tried to represent Neptune's orbit by a circle of diameter equal to the width of this page, the sun itself would be the smallest visible speck at the centre and none of the planets could be seen at all.

And the sun's nearest neighbor, Alpha

Centauri, four light-years away, where is it in this shrunk universe? If the sun is placed in New York, this star would be represented by another orange at about the distance of Denver—no chance at all to bear the market because of the prospective drop in values which might result from a collision between these two systems. Their chance of coming, in any finite time, into any region influenced by each other is practically zero.

But how do we know these stellar distances? By straight triangulation, using the diameter of the earth's orbit as a baseline. This method brings from a hundred to a thousand stars within our reach, and enables us to peer out some two hundred light-years into space. Then the angles become too small to measure accurately, and new means of obtaining stereoscopic vision into the outer reaches of the stellar universe must be invented. Two or three of these have been found within the past two decades, and as a result astronomers are now in substantial agreement that stars do not keep on studding space everywhere as densely as they stud it in the stellar regions in which we are—but, rather, that if one goes out a thousand times as far as from Los Angeles to Chicago in our shrunk scale, and in a direction at right angles to the plane of the milky way, the number of stars in a given volume would have fallen to one one-hundredth of its value where we are, little though that be; and that in the plane of



Hydrogen.

The hydrogen atom as most physicists now conceive it—a nucleus consisting of a single positive electron which has a mass eighteen hundred and forty-five times that of the single negative electron which revolves in an orbit of diameter at least one hundred thousand times the diameter of the nucleus.

the milky way the same diminution in the density of the studding of space by stars is only reached after going out some six times farther still, or thirty thousand light-years. In other words, the stellar

universe has its fifty billion stars—an uncertain estimate—distributed in a grindstone-like figure which is five or six times thicker in one direction than in that at right angles to it, and our little one-millimetre earth is somewhere near the middle of this figure.

And not only have we reasonably reliable estimates of the dimensions of the land of Brobdignag, but we know something about the characteristics of the Brobdignagians themselves. Thus they all grow to about the same size as measured by mass or weight. Any freshman in the California Institute can compute from the centrifugal laws the mass of a pair of equal double stars, if he is given their distance apart—directly measured—and their period of revolution—directly observed. There are immense numbers of double stars, so that the masses of great numbers of stars are known with certainty by this method, and others also are estimated by less reliable ones. The net result of work of this kind is the fairly certain knowledge that most of the stars have masses which do not differ very much among themselves, some being five or ten times heavier than their fellows, but rarely exceeding this.

Also, as all the world now knows, the linear dimensions of some of the nearer stars have not only been known for some years through the computations of the theoretical astronomers, but quite recently these dimensions have been very directly measured at Mount Wilson by Professor Michelson and his associates. One of the most interesting and significant features of this whole development is that two completely distinct methods of getting at the diameters of stars have been devised, and that they yield results in wonderfully close agreement. It is such agreements by totally distinct methods which give us confidence in the findings of modern physics. Indeed, few results are considered as established by scientists until such checks have been applied.

One of these recently measured Brobdignagians, Betelgeuse,* has a diameter two hundred and fifty times that of the sun, and another twice as big again, about four hundred and fifty million miles. Now combining this knowledge with the fact that the masses are probably not more than twenty times that of the sun, any high-school boy will see that their densities cannot be more than a millionth part of the density of the sun, which would mean about a thousandth part of the density of the air about us. A body would then encounter not a thousandth part of the resistance in moving through these giant stars as in moving through our air. We can then imagine the biggest of these Brobdignagians as monstrous puffy, flabby gas-bags, with almost no body at all—in a very literal sense mostly hot air and very little of it at that, though *very hot*.

And in all this stellar universe our spectroscopes reveal the same sort of chemistry which we find on our earth, precisely the same elements, no serious indications of any more or any less, though there are indeed found in these stellar spectra a very few lines which have not yet been identified with known elements.

Now, having visited thus briefly the newly explored world of colossal dimensions, let us return to the port of Bristol and equip ourselves for a visit to the world of the infinitely small. In order to visualize this world we must take a large-enough bite from the other side of Alice's mushroom, not merely to swell the ten-billionfold necessary to bring ourselves back to normal, but to keep on swelling until we reach a scale of dimensions ten billion times bigger than the normal. It is fortunate that it is exactly the same factor which we need. I should like, however, to stop in the swelling process at ten million times just a moment, because that brings the molecules of the air up to



Lithium.

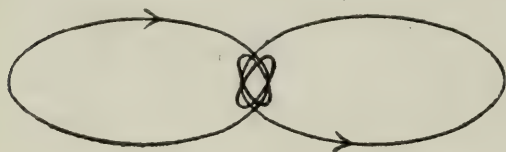
A hypothetical picture of the atom of lithium—a nucleus containing always three *free* positive electrons, in some atoms three negatives holding six positives, in others four negatives holding seven positives. Two of the three negative satellites are arranged as in the helium atom and the third, according to Bohr, in such an orbit as is shown.

* See "Giant Stars," by George Ellery Hale, in *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1921.

the size of the earth in our former scale, that is, it makes each molecule a millimetre in diameter. If, then, we swell our dimensions ten million times, we see the air about us full of rapidly flying and eternally colliding objects, as big as pin-heads. If you ask just what is meant by a molecular diameter, and how we know they are just so big and no bigger, I answer that we mean by the diameters of molecules the mean distances between their centres at the instant of collision, when they fly apart in the eternal ricochetting which they are doing against one another in the process of agitation, which, as we believe, determines their temperature.

I am also willing to anticipate a bit and to say that the reason they thus fly apart is doubtless that there are negative electrons in the outer regions of the molecules, and that these repel one another and drive the molecules asunder as soon as the outermost ones in two different molecules have come sufficiently close together.

I will also say that we can measure these mean distances of approach, these diameters, in three or four different ways which are in excellent agreement. . . One of



Beryllium.

The atom of beryllium, according to Bohr—like lithium, save that the nucleus always had four *free* positives, in some nuclei six negatives holding ten positives, in others seven negatives holding eleven positives. The four negative satellites are arranged in orbits, two at the centre as in helium and two outside as shown.

them consists in measuring the diffusion coefficients of gases, for it will readily be seen that if the molecules had no dimensions they could never collide at all, and hence that hydrogen, for example, would diffuse from one part of the room to another at a rate which would equal the velocity of thermal agitation of its molecules. This has the huge value of a mile a second. But hydrogen actually diffuses very slowly; for, because of the fact that the molecules are not mathematical points but occupy finite volumes, each one collides with another at ordinary pressures,

before it has gone the five-thousandth part of a millimetre, so that the process of wandering from point to point is a very slow one. It is clear, then, that, other things being equal, the rate of diffusion is big when the molecules are small and small when they are big, and that we can thus get a comparison of molecular diameters by diffusion experiments. We actually get a much more accurate one by viscosity measurements, as applied to gases. In these ways we have measured fairly accurately molecular diameters, and have found them all of the same order of magnitude, some molecules having diameters as much as three or four times those of others, but a sufficiently satisfactory mean is the afore-mentioned millimetre, in a world which has been swelled ten million times.

Also, I think that every one now knows that we can count the number of these molecules in any given volume, or in any known weight, of any homogeneous substance, with even more certainty than we can count the population of a city or a state. For example, the molecular population of a cubic centimetre of ordinary air is exactly 27.05 billions of billions. It ought to be common knowledge, too, that such counting became possible through the very accurate measurement, a few years ago, of the ultimate unit of electricity, the electron; for as soon as this is known, the number of atoms of hydrogen evolved at the cathode in electrolyzing water is found very simply by dividing the total quantity of electricity which has passed through the solution in the electrolyzing process by this value of the electron, and so on with any other substances.

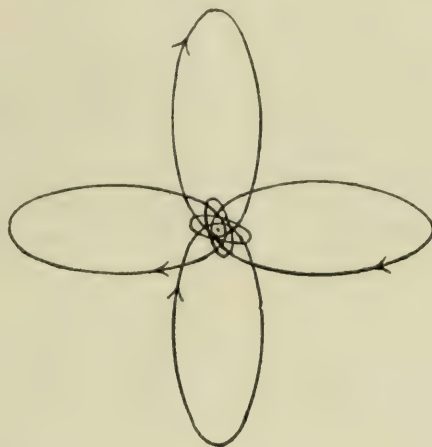
For a goodly number of years we have been able thus to sail around the Islands of Lilliput and Blefuscu, to count their approximate number and to measure their sizes, but until very recently we have been wholly unable to get even a peep inside. About twelve years ago, however, we began to learn how to gain admission, and to see with much clearness what kind of beings inhabit there and something of what they are doing. In order to obtain perspective in this vision, it will be necessary now to continue the swelling process up to the ten-billionfold point, a thousand times farther than our last stopping-

place. This makes each of these atoms a thousand millimetres in diameter, or about three feet, with some of them having two or three times this size. And, looking inside, one sees in every atom a definite number of negative electrons studding its outer regions. For our present purpose these electrons may be thought of as mere point charges, centres without appreciable dimensions from which radiate electrical forces. I scarcely need to repeat here the fact that we have been able to pick out these electrons one by one from the atoms, to measure separately the charge of each by catching it upon a minute oil drop and measuring the pull of a given electrical field upon it; that we have always found precisely the same charge associated with each one of them, no matter from what kind of an atom it had come; that we have also measured the inertia or mass of each negative electron by a method which one would naturally employ in measuring inertia, namely, that of shooting it, with a known velocity, past us and exerting a pull upon it by another electrical charge of known strength, and measuring how much it is bent out of its rectilinear path by this known force; that the result has always been that the mass of each negative electron is the same as that of every other one, and that it is extraordinarily small, about one two-thousandth the mass of the hydrogen atom; that we have found that only *negative* electrons are located in the *outer* regions of the atoms, for we can knock them off by blows, or distil them out by heat, or jerk them out by X-rays, and it is always negatives which thus come out, never positives.

On the other hand, as soon as we have found that negative electricity exists inside of atoms, and that it is made up of a definite number of discrete electrical

units, negative electrical atoms, so to speak, all exactly alike, we know at that moment with entire certainty that there must also be somewhere within the atom exactly the same number of discrete positive unit charges, positive electrons, for we have made direct experiments which demonstrate that ordinary molecules of

air, for example, are completely neutral in very strong electrical fields, so that each negative electron within the atom must be neutralized in the very nature of the case by an equal discrete positive charge. The question then arises, where are these positive electrons. They concealed their presence for a long time, until about twelve years ago. But then we began to see them, and now we know with much certainty that they are all in the *nucleus* of the atom, in a very small object at the centre which may be likened



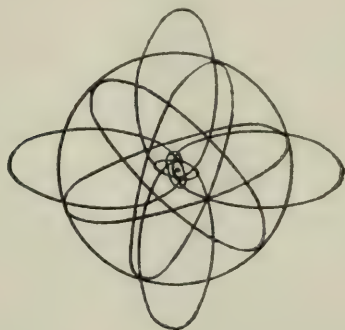
Carbon.

The carbon atom, according to Bohr—a nucleus holding six *free* positives, in this atom six negatives always binding twelve positives. Of the six satellite negatives two are precisely as in helium, save that the stronger nuclear charge holds them closer in, while the four outer orbits have tetrahedral symmetry, as shown.

to the sun of our solar system because it is the attraction between these positives in that nucleus and the negatives outside, which holds the latter in the outer regions of the atom, just as it is the attraction of the sun which holds the planets in their places.

But we have also gone much farther and measured with no little certainty the *volume* of this central nucleus. This has been done by shooting alpha rays of radium through air, for example, and photographing the tracks they make. These alpha rays have had their charges measured and their inertias, as have the negative electrons, and their masses have thus been found to be eight thousand times that of the negative electrons, so that these latter have no more deflecting influence upon them as they plough through atoms than a fly would have upon a cannon-ball. Our photographs (on page 584) show that these alpha rays shoot through tens of thousands of atoms without being

deflected from their straight-line paths at all. But if we follow these paths, as we can in our photographs, we find that they do not go on in straight lines indefinitely, but occasionally they come to a real obstruction, and are either thrown completely back upon their paths or are deflected off at a sharp angle, as shown in the figure. In other words, there is something within the atom which has a mass comparable with that of the alpha rays themselves, and which therefore refuses to let them pass. By counting how many atoms the alpha ray passes through before, on the average, it hits one of these



Neon.

The atom of neon, according to Bohr—a nucleus holding ten *free* positives, in some of the nuclei ten negatives binding twenty positives, in others twelve negatives binding twenty-two positives. The orbits of the ten negative satellites are supposed to be as in carbon, with the addition of the four circular orbits shown. Since neon is the first inert gas above helium, there appears to be room for but eight electrons in the outer shell of any light atom.

impenetrable portions, we can see at once that we can obtain a good estimate of the size of the ratio of the impenetrable portion to the penetrable; that is, we can determine what fraction of the volume of the atom the nucleus occupies. *The biggest nucleus that has been measured in this fashion has a diameter not more than one ten-thousandth of the diameter of the atom.* To visualize what this means, go back to the picture of the atom swelled ten billion times, until it is about one thousand millimetres (three feet) in diameter. At its centre is a nucleus not more than a tenth of a millimetre in diameter, a mere pin-point, so small that it could scarcely be seen by an eye two feet away peering into the atom. The ratio of volumes of unoccupied to the occupied regions inside the atomic system is actually bigger than that in the solar system, very

much bigger. The earth is a hundred solar diameters distant from the sun. The most remote planet is no more than three thousand solar diameters away from the central body. The most remote members of this atomic system are distant ten thousand and possibly one hundred thousand times the diameter of the central body of the system, so that there is plenty of room within atoms for very many non-colliding electrons—more room than in our solar system for its multitude of non-colliding planets and asteroids. These are not fairy-tales. They are results with which every physicist who has looked over the evidence will agree.

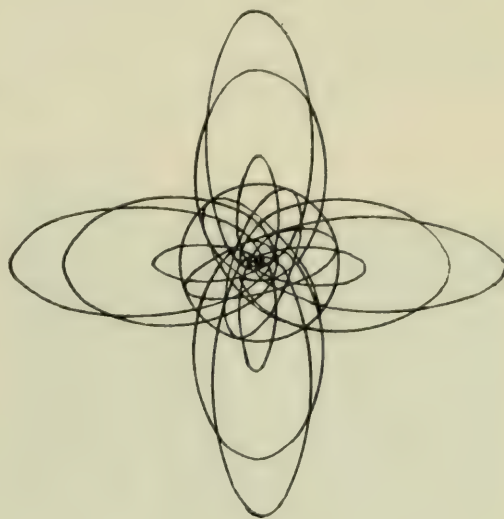
But how many electronic inhabitants has each one of these Lilliputian worlds? This much is obvious at the start, that the number of negatives in the outer regions of each atom is necessarily equal to the number of free or unneutralized positive electrons in the nucleus holding the negatives in place. But we can go still farther. It is one of the most beautiful discoveries in modern physics that has shown us how to take the next step and to make the actual count. Barkla and Moseley, in England, both got the result by different methods, and found themselves in substantial agreement. The former counted the number of negatives in the outside, the latter, with much more certainty, the number of free positives on the nucleus. Their result is now a matter of common knowledge, for who has not heard that their count fixed the number of different elements in our world, probably in our universe also, at just 92? And that these elements differ from one another only by the number of negatives in the outer regions, or of free positives on the nucleus, this number being 1 in hydrogen, 2 in helium, 3 in lithium, 4 in beryllium, 5 in boron, 6 in carbon, 7 in nitrogen, 8 in oxygen, 9 in fluorine, 10 in neon, and so on up to 92 in the heaviest known atom uranium? And there are not more than three or four vacancies in this whole series, which vacancies correspond, no doubt, to as yet undiscovered elements. Further, who has not now caught the significance of this discovery and seen that the chemical properties of a given element, its combining powers with other elements, are determined, solely, by

this number of negative electrons which can be held by its nucleus, in other words, by the free charge upon that nucleus? It is a wonderful story that these mariners to the land of Lilliput have thus brought back. It gives an extraordinary insight into the subatomic world, and makes that world look much simpler than men even *dreamed* a very few years ago that it could be.

Our vision, however, can now extend even farther than this, into the inmost depths of the atom. For the succession of steps from 1 to 92, each corresponding to the addition of an extra free positive charge upon the nucleus, suggests at once that the unit positive charge is itself a primordial element, and this conclusion is strengthened by recently discovered atomic-weight relations. Prout thought a hundred years ago that the atomic weights of all elements were exact multiples of the weight of hydrogen, and hence tried to make hydrogen itself the primordial element. But fractional atomic weights, like that of chlorine (35.5) were found, and were responsible for the later abandonment of the theory. Within the past five years, however, it has been shown that, within the limits of observational error, practically all those elements which had fractional atomic weights are mixtures of substances, so-called isotopes, each of which has an atomic weight that is an exact multiple of the unit of the atomic-weight table, so that Prout's hypothesis is now very much alive again.

So far as experiments have now gone, the positive electron, the charge of which is of the same numerical value as that of the negative, and which is, in fact, the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, always has a mass which is about two thousand times that of the negative. In other words, the present evidence is excellent that, to within one part in two thousand, the mass of every atom is simply the mass of the positive electrons contained within its nucleus. Now the atomic weight of helium is four, while its atomic number, the free positive charge upon its nucleus, is only two. The helium atom must therefore contain *inside its nucleus* two negative electrons which neutralize two of these positives and serve to hold together the four positives which would otherwise fly

apart under their mutual repulsions. Into that tiny nucleus of helium, then, that infinitesimal speck, not as big as a pin-point, even when we are in a world which has been swelled ten-billionfold, so that the diameter of the helium atom, the



Argon.

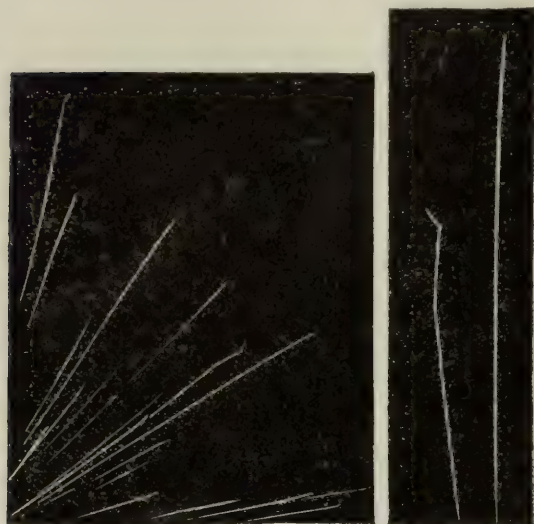
The atom of argon, the next inert gas to neon—eight *free* positives have been added to the nuclear charge of neon, and the same number of negative satellites have formed a new shell about the neon atom. The nucleus here consists of either thirty-six or forty positives bound by eighteen and twenty-two negatives respectively. The foregoing numbers are all definitely known, but the orbits represent merely Bohr conception.

orbit of its two outer negatives, has become a yard, into that still almost invisible nucleus there must be packed four positive and two negative electrons.

By the same method it becomes possible to count the exact number of both positive and negative electrons which are packed into the nucleus of every other atom. In uranium, for example, since its atomic weight is 238, we know that there must be 238 positive electrons in its nucleus. But since its atomic number, or the measured number of free-unit charges upon its nucleus is but 92, it is obvious that $(238 - 92 =)$ 146 of the 238 positive electrons in the nucleus must be neutralized by 146 negative electrons, which are also within that nucleus; and so, in general, *the atomic weight minus the atomic number gives at once the number of negative electrons which are contained within the nucleus of any atom.* That these negative electrons are actually there within the nucleus is independently demonstrated by the facts of radioactivity, for in the radio-

active process we find negative electrons, so-called beta rays, actually being ejected from the nucleus. They can come from nowhere else, for the chemical properties of the radioactive atom are found to change with every such ejection of a beta ray, and change in chemical character always means change in the free charge contained in the nucleus.

We have thus been able to look with the



Photographs of the tracks of alpha particles of radium plunging in straight lines through twenty thousand atoms of nitrogen and only here and there coming near enough to any obstruction—the nucleus of an atom—to be deflected by it. This sort of experiment makes it possible to calculate the diameter of the nucleus, which is thus found to be less than one hundred-thousandth of the diameter of the atom.

eyes of the mind, not only inside our atoms a metre in diameter in the swelled world in which we now are, but even inside the mere pin-point of a nucleus at the centre of that atom, and to count within it just how many positive and how many negative electrons are there imprisoned, numbers reaching 238 and 146 respectively in the case of the uranium atom. And let it be remembered, the dimensions of these atomic nuclei are about one-billionth of those of the smallest object which has ever been seen or can ever be seen and measured in a microscope.

But what a fascinating picture of the ultimate structure of matter has been presented by this voyage to the Lilliputian land of the infinitely small. Only two ultimate entities have we been able to see there, namely positive and negative elec-

trons, alike in the magnitude of their charge, but differing fundamentally in mass, the positive being eighteen hundred and forty-five times heavier than the negative, both being so vanishingly small that hundreds of them can somehow get inside a volume which is still a pin-point after all dimensions have been swelled ten billion times: the ninety-two different elements of the world determined simply by the difference between the number of positives and negatives which have been somehow packed into the nucleus; all these elements transmutable, ideally at least, into one another by a simple change in this difference. Has nature a way of making these transmutations in her laboratories? She is doing it under our eyes in the radioactive process—a process which we have very recently found is not at all confined to the so-called radioactive elements, but is possessed in very much more minute degree by many, if not all, of the elements. Does the process go on in both directions, heavier atoms being continually formed, as well as continually disintegrating into lighter ones? Not on the earth, so far as we can see. Perhaps in God's laboratories, the stars. Some day we shall be finding out.

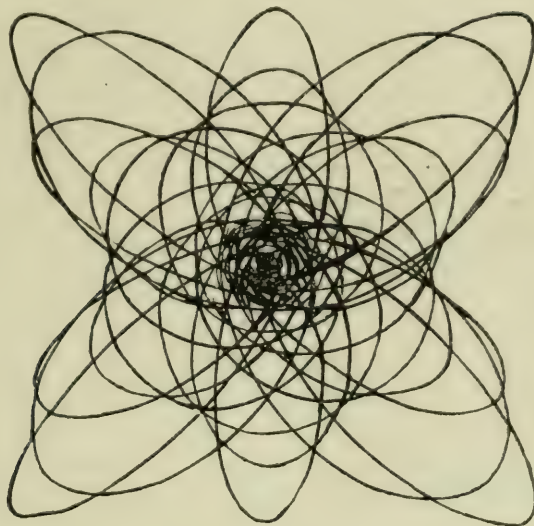
Can we on the earth artificially control the process? To a very slight degree we know already how to *disintegrate* artificially, but not as yet how to build up. As early as 1912, in the Ryerson laboratory at Chicago, Doctor Winchester and I thought we had good evidence that we were knocking hydrogen out of aluminum and other metals by very powerful electrical discharges in vacuo. We still think our evidence to be good. Certainly Rutherford has been doing just this for three years past by bombarding the nuclei of atoms with alpha rays. How much farther can we go into this artificial transmutation of the elements? This is one of the supremely interesting problems of modern physics upon which we are all assiduously working.

Another fascinating problem! Are the electrons which are held in the outer regions of the ninety-two atoms stationary, or do they revolve in orbits like the planets and asteroids of the solar system about their respective nuclei? We cannot yet answer this question with cer-

tainty, but the orbit theory seems at present to be getting the better of the argument. Certainly the wonderful work of Epstein, of the California Institute, in which, by simply applying the theory of perturbations to assumed orbits, he predicted the exact positions and characteristics of all the dozens of spectral lines formed when hydrogen or helium are stimulated to emit light in a strong elec-

tric field, is the strongest possible support for the orbit theory.

On the accompanying pages are given the hypothetical orbits in which the electrons, according to Bohr, Nobel prize-winner of 1922, revolve in certain types of atoms. These are the best pictures that we now have of the way in which the electronic inhabitants of the land of Lilliput spend their time.



Hypothetical orbits in which electrons revolve.

Wet Beaches

BY GEORGE STERLING

WIND's forth and ocean calls,
But we must meet between four walls.

I wish it need not be—
That I, a faun o' the foam,
And you, whose dryad home
Were in an ancient tree,
Instead might first clasp sunburnt hands and race,
Nothing to grieve for, nothing to teach,
Down half a mile of ocean's lonest beach;
That you might run with me,
Nothing to ask for, nothing to learn—
Only the tireless pace,
Only the sure, taut, swift
Feet that flash and spurn,
And your wild hair adrift

Across the mallow face
 And the hard loins' grace.
 To run along the foam-line, hand in hand,
 And see our snows' reflection in the sand,
 As the sun made us marble, and the wind
 Veined it in blue!
 Not then to hear
 The laugh when two have sinned—
 Only the white sea-bird,
 Across white waters heard,—
 Only the deep, long, true
 Breath, and our eyes' clean, clear
 Gaze on the northern dune.
 A running done so soon—
 Would that be sweet to you?

Shut eyes! Feel the cold wind flow past!
 Run, but however fast
 The flight may be
 By this imagined sea,—
 However swift the race,
 Something outran us: feet that left no trace
 Went by to beaches that we shall not know,
 And that sea's snow
 (Ah! faster, dear!)
 Melts never to a tear.
 Star-topped the goal-posts glow,
 And those immortal feet
 That wing our dream
 (How swift they flow!)
 Shall pass the world's extreme,
 Forever victors and forever fleet.
 Even the dipping swallow
 May never follow,
 Nor the salt air
 That happy travelling share.
 We run in Time, who have so far to go.
 See, the sands end;
 The cliffs are tall before us, shining friend.
 Delay! Look back!
 The waves have left us not a track
 Of all we made.
 So then, you to your glade,
 I to my home,
 Beyond the eternal, unabiding foam.
 A quick farewell—good-by,
 O beautiful and shy,
 Whose calm lips have not stirred
 Even to one grave word!

The surf calls,
 But we have met between four walls.



Jonah's Whale

BY MCCREADY HUSTON

Author of "His," "Fairer Greens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GLEN MITCHELL



HERE the Pike hesitated at the height marked by Dunbar's Camp and the Great Meadows, just before falling like an unrolled bluish ribbon to the county town six miles

below, the cabin of Hence Middaugh hung like an ancient nest to the rocky face of the mountain. Just off and above the main-travelled highway from Baltimore to the West the cabin, from its experience of antique times, viewed unmoved the unending stream of modern luxury that flowed past it. Though Middaugh, its holder by inheritance, made a concession to the present by a decrepit Ford that he had salvaged from a ravine, whither it had

pitched crazily on a night of wild cries and insensate cursings from its pinioned occupants, he spent much of his time spelling out laboriously by the light of an oil lamp the tales of the stage-coach days in which his father, Welcome Middaugh, had figured as a daring driver.

Another concession to progress was Middaugh's needful unerring and exacting care in concealing the source of the moonshine that he vended upon his own terms among a trusted circle of professional men from the county seat. It was upon a matter of this business of Middaugh's that he and his daughter, Jenny, had first come within the peculiar and stealthy scope of McClelland Whipkey.

Standing in the low-ceilinged, white-washed kitchen, upon the plank floor of

which hens stepped delicately, Whipkey had come down to business with the hawk-faced mountaineer. And before he had left, the immediate business of supply closed, he had looked long and thoughtfully at the dark-haired, sloe-eyed girl who, in bare feet, was busying herself at the stove. That had been three years ago and now Jenny Middaugh, transformed into a town-wise stenographer by the curious, rapid processes of a business college down the mountain, had come to know, approximately, her worth to the rather ponderous lawyer who paid her bills—in cash—and who sat, so often, with her father in the kitchen.

Middaugh had not been victimized. With a glittering old eye measuring the rifle that lay in its rack beside the door, he stated, on this September afternoon, his ultimatum as Whipkey revolved a thick tumbler in his hand across the red-covered table.

"You and Jenny oughta get married."

Whipkey, eying him calculatingly, decided there was nothing immediately disturbing in the old man's inflection.

"These things take time. I must make arrangements. Jenny has nothing to worry about. She knows that."

Whipkey's voice was that of a man forced to phrase difficult, unfinished thoughts. There passed a long silence in which the girl, glowing, transformed into something, if strikingly artificial, still lovely to behold, came and stood beside Whipkey.

"I'm not judgin' you," continued the father. "I was on the mourners' bench ten nights at the Big Savage meetings last year. If I hadn't had conviction I might have done different by you . . . before. Meetings are on again now."

He seemed to realize his ending was irrelevant, weak; so, as he reached for the jug, his eye measured the rifle again, and he added:

"Do all things accordin' to law. But . . . I'll see Jenny a lawful wife . . . in the end."

Whipkey glanced up, his face flushed. But before he could speak Jenny put in softly:

"Father is right serious about his religion. Lately he's been restless about me."

Middaugh stopped her with a hand like a talon.

"No hurry; only get things started. I don't hold now with shootin' like I once did. That was before the preacher over on Big Savage showed us what 'Vengeance is mine' meant. He's a right smart preacher; pay you to hear him some time."

The man across the table made a movement of irritation, but feeling Jenny's swift, warning pressure on the thick of his arm, relaxed in his kitchen chair.

Middaugh went on.

"You're a lawyer. Queer how things turn out. Here's my girl makin' eighteen dollars a week in town and goin' to marry a lawyer. But we're not such a long ways off from you either. Middaugh's have been good people all along, some of them sharper than you'd think for, considerin' no schools much on the mountain."

Whipkey pushed back his chair and stood.

"What do you say to a little run over the mountain before dark?" he asked, turning to Jenny.

Hence Middaugh ignored the termination.

"My father told me something once—how grandfather he located our place just over the county line. One county is one thing; this county we're in's another. Take a jury in our county; you're a lawyer."

Whipkey turned from the girl and contemplated the man at the table.

"There's some things," the father went on, "that a jury in this county wouldn't convict for; that is, one of their own people from the mountains."

Jenny's laugh broke a century of silence.

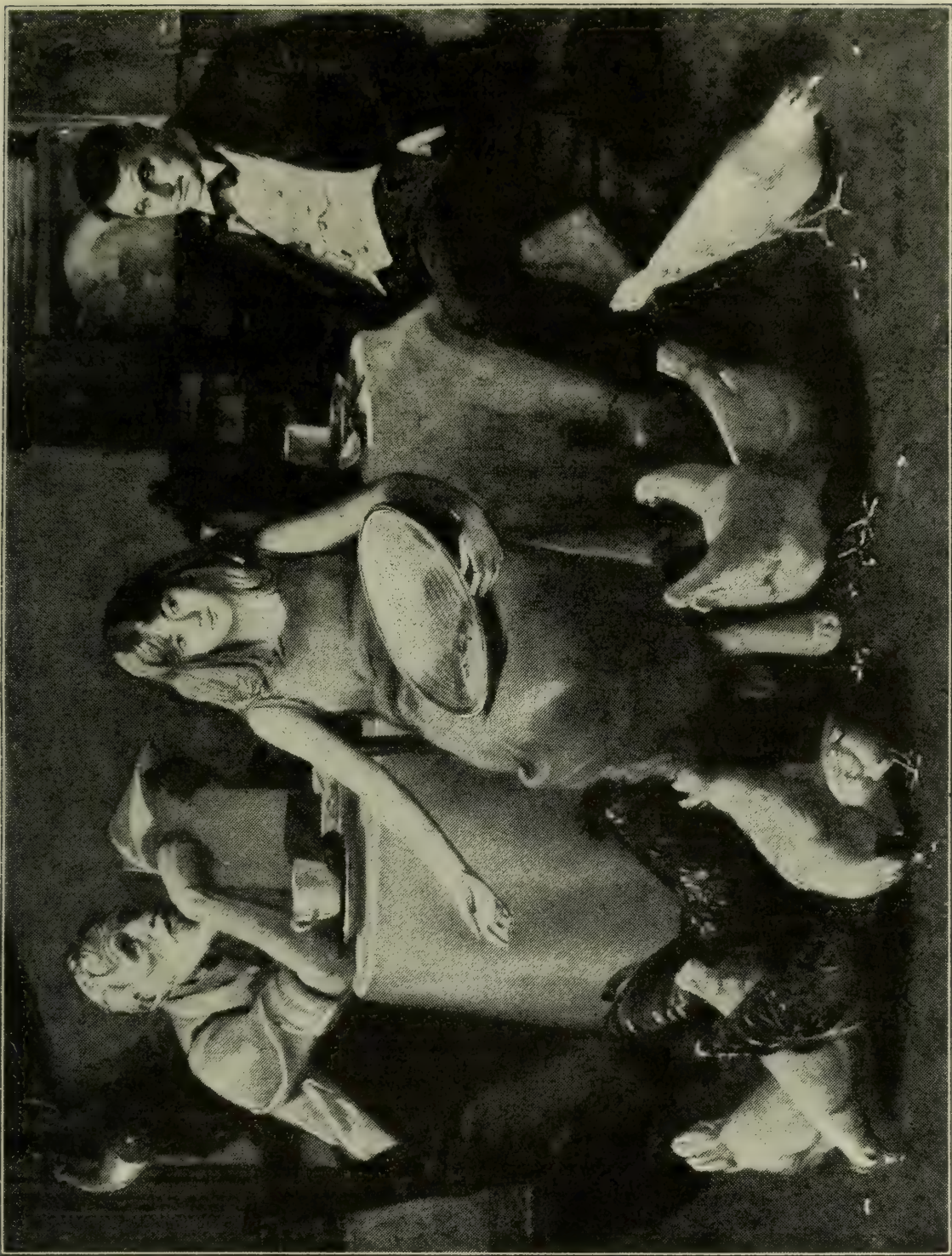
"Come on, Clell!" she giggled, pulling Whipkey by the arm.

"The line is just this side o' the water-in'-trough," remarked Middaugh, as they moved toward the low door. He followed them to the top of the flight of wooden steps that led to the yard.

"Some things that might happen this side o' the line wouldn't be counted much," he added, as Whipkey put the roadster into gear at the gate.

When the car had disappeared around Turkey Nest bend Middaugh went slowly back to the table, sat down, and opened the Bible.

Sitting in the living-room of his house on Front Street, Whipkey listened to his



Drawn by Glen Mitchell.

It was upon a matter of business that he and his daughter, Jenny, had first come within the peculiar and stealthy scope of McClelland Whipkey.—Page 587.

wife walking in their room above his head and wondered why she didn't come down. He had chosen this evening to settle at least one thing with her. He wanted to get it over and be gone. Irritated because, instead of coming into the front room and sitting quietly while he told her, she had gone up-stairs after dinner, he had difficulty remaining quiet.

He had been irritated by her prolonged stay in the kitchen after the meal. She was one of those women who can afford servants, but never think about help as something touching them personally. Blanche's life, her husband reflected, was much as it had been for twenty years.

This was different, he admitted, looking around the modernized room. Gas lights had given place to electric lamps with silk or parchment shades, and the furniture, generally speaking, was more comfortable. But Blanche's personal routine was almost unaltered. She was the only housekeeper among Whipkey's acquaintance who still baked bread.

He studied his thin, white gold watch and listened to the tread in the bedroom. The watch, of course, exemplified a change, for he had altered if his wife had not. On his wedding-day he had carried his father's—thick, heavy, scrolled, with a key for winding. Still, the change was largely mental, not physical, he told himself, getting up and tugging at his taut belt as he moved toward a slender gilt mirror. Gray, naturally, with some lines; but, on the whole, not yet a candidate for a place among the middle-aged.

Blanche ought to come down. He turned and faced the hall, half angrily, counting her steps. It was out of reason for her to stay up-stairs so long. Whipkey had not spent an evening at home for weeks, but that fact did not suggest itself as a possible excuse for his wife's failure to appear. She was walking back and forth. She might be, her husband thought, dressing.

With a slow rage rising within him he swung into the hall, intending to stir her with a call; but as he laid his heavy, thick hand on the newel he heard her step on the stairs. At that the man retreated heavily to the living-room and slumped into an easy chair, picking up the evening paper. To appear casual, easy, unintentional, was part of his coarse plan-

ning. His eye, however, was not on the printed page but on his wife as she crossed the hall. To his surprise she was dressed for the street.

"You are going out," the man said, trying to conceal his impatience. "I did not know that. I wanted to talk to you."

"This is Wednesday." She stood in front of him, buttoning black gloves, drawing her coat-collar into place. A smile crossed Whipkey's face, but there was no mirth in it.

"I wonder you don't get away from that stuff. I'll bet you're the only woman on Front Street who goes to prayer-meeting."

She ignored that. What her husband thought about her personal movements had ceased to be a consideration a number of years ago. Whipkey studied her from his chair, playing with a gold cigarette-case. She was a fine woman—that was his thought—tall, strong-looking, capable, and with a capacity for goodness; but she was a woman approaching middle age, and her husband in recent years had found himself preoccupied with girls, or at least those who gripped girlhood relentlessly. These, at first, had been chiefly figures of the Big Savage Country Club veranda, where Blanche seldom appeared. But since his familiar presence in the cabin on the mountain had become an established fact he had spent less and less time at the club.

"Well," he said. "I had something to say to you; but if you're going out it's no use to begin."

She moved toward the hall.

"It is about John," he added.

Blanche Whipkey stopped. There was silence for a moment. Then she turned and walked slowly back into the living-room.

"If it is about John, I will stay," she said almost inaudibly.

Whipkey smiled with sudden satisfaction. He took time to light a cigarette slowly and carefully, leaning back in his chair. But, strangely, his pleasure gave way in a moment to a sensation of unreality as he contemplated the quiet figure on the sofa. He seemed to be trying to phrase a first sentence for a conversation with a stranger.

"I just wanted to tell you that my mind is made up. I am going to put the boy in a school."

He watched his blunt statement sink in. Blanche, her eyes fixed on the figure in the rug, waited, it seemed to her husband, minutes before she spoke. When she did her voice was low but it was without tremor.

"You know how I feel about it. He is only fifteen—a child. But we needn't go over all that. I have felt for some time you were getting ready for an outbreak——"

Whipkey started forward angrily.

"—so I am not unprepared. You want to put John in a boarding-school so you can, eventually, get him away from me. You want him under your control; then, at the proper time, you will . . . get rid of me; but you will have him."

The man was on his feet, flushed, threatening. His wife sat quietly on the sofa, not even glancing upward.

"I didn't say anything about that," he muttered.

"No; you didn't say anything about it. You wouldn't. But what you are thinking of is perfectly plain to me. You want to go with some one, perhaps this mountain girl. I do not know her name."

"Blanche!"

Furious, he laid a hand on her shoulder. She did not wince or even seem conscious of his impulse. He turned abruptly and went back to his chair.

"Or some other person," his wife went on. "But you want John, too; you want him so you can be certain of him."

"Say!" Whipkey reverted to the coarse speech of his origin. "Do you mind telling me why you're opposed to taking this boy out of the town school and giving him advantages?"

"No; I don't mind telling you, if you do not already know. It is because I want to keep him with me, close to me. I want him to be a . . . a believer, always, as he is now. I want him under my guidance. I do not want, I cannot stand, to see him become like . . ."

"Me, I s'pose," the other sneered.

"If you will," the wife answered, inclining her head.

"Well," retorted Whipkey, "you can keep on wanting. I'm telling you what I am going to do. You get him ready, clothes and things; he's going to school and he may be gone a long time."

Blanche rose. She took the crumpled evening paper from the floor and

smoothed it, placing it carefully on the table. With her back toward her husband she said, slowly and evenly:

"Clell, you have told me what you intend to do. Now I will tell you what I propose. Let us strike a bargain. I think that's only fair, after twenty years. You leave John with me and make an arrangement so that he will have something, enough for a bare existence. I need nothing—in fact, I would take nothing—from you. But I want him to be assured . . . well, in return, you take your divorce. It is, after all, what you want. I'll do as you say—go to another State if necessary—anything to make it easy. Only give me the boy!"

She turned, confronting him, her hands outstretched. Her husband rose slowly and faced her.

"You want this girl," Blanche added, her face crimson in the lamplight. "You take her. I'm not judging you or her. Only leave John with me."

She was not judging him. Hence Midgaugh had used the same words. Whipkey pondered that.

From up-stairs, as they faced each other, came a voice.

"Mother, have you gone? Come up a moment! I've picked up Kansas City again!"

The woman hesitated a moment; then, with a slight gesture of appeal, moved toward the staircase. Whipkey studied the face of his watch frowning.

"I wanted to get this thing settled," he muttered.

"It is settled, so far as I am concerned." Blanche was standing on the bottom stair. "You have my terms. You know they are fair. If you don't take them . . . well, I'll fight. I have given you no cause for divorce."

She was, her husband saw, at the point beyond which he dared not thrust.

"I am going out," he said shortly, taking his hat from the hall table.

"We are used to that," his wife remarked; and, turning, she went slowly up the stairs.

Above, Blanche laid aside her hat and coat. At the door of her son's room she paused, and with a smile regarded the eager face looking around at her from the wireless-telephone receiving-set. She leaned heavily against the door-frame.

"You're not going to prayer-meeting after all?" asked John, raising one of his ear-pieces.

"No; I decided to stay at home."

Her gaze turned toward the eastern window that looked out upon the mountains. All black they loomed against the starlit sky and far off, on the top, this side of the Notch, stood the diamond point of light that was the Summit House. Somewhere, rushing up the steep turn-pike, she knew, was Clell, driving his roadster to the limit toward the cabin of Hence Middaugh.

"Mother!" The young voice recalled her attention.

"What is it, son?"

"George Place asked Mr. Richards in school to-day if he believed about Noah and the ark."

"What did Mr. Richards say?"

"He said he didn't know."

The woman crossed the room and stood beside her son, putting her arm around his shoulders.

"Mother can't talk much to-night. She doesn't feel herself. But, son"—she changed to a different, a strange key—"your father says again you must go away to school."

"Gee! Who'd tie my tie, mother?"

She stroked his hair.

"You have not gone . . . yet. When you do, you will be able to tie it yourself, if I have my way. Let mother listen a while. I like to hear people singing away off."

She took the head-piece, adjusting the receivers to her ears as John turned the little black knobs carefully, using the eraser end of a lead-pencil for the precise gradations he desired. He looked at her questioningly.

"This is Kansas City, the Heart of America," came a rich, conscious voice out of space.

The mother smiled at her son and nodded. He left the knobs.

"The first number on our programme to-night will be 'He Shall Feed His Flock,' sung by. . ."

The woman reached out and touched the brown hand of the boy.

"This is a miracle, son," she said. "Mr. Richards—teaching science—he might think of it that way."

". . . like a Shepherd," sang the lovely contralto voice, out of space.

At the top of the laurel slope behind his cabin Hence Middaugh paused in his instinctive threading of quiet evening trails and watched the moon rise behind Old Seldom. Fresh from the protracted meeting in the little church six miles away, by Coolspring, he was filled with a grateful sense of rightness and a desire for an even-handed justice. The world, as he looked down upon it, bathed in late summer slumber and calm moonlight, was, as he saw it, perfect. It was, of course, rent with the motor way of pleasure and sin. That disturbed him.

This motor path, he reflected, had encircled, figuratively, his own cabin, far below him there, a single window showing a light toward the dark wall of the mountain on which he stood.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners."

The words of the preacher, standing above the bending, praying penitents, came back to him with the effect of comfort and reassurance. He had not, he reminded himself, walked in the way of sinners for more than five years. At sixty he might easily count on twenty years of grace and works. His people lived to be old. As for the counsel of the ungodly, that troubled him not at all.

His impulse was more and more for a kind of withdrawal from the world, a return to the complete simplicity of the life of Welcome Middaugh. It might require abandonment of the old cabin; that was the difficulty. In addition to the instant aversion to the thought of removing, there was Jenny to be considered. She would never, while she lived at home, consent to be any farther from the motion pictures.

He could manage a withdrawal of his person and his spirit; he knew that. His liquor, increasing in quality with his practice in its manufacture, was bringing satisfactory sums and there was no need for enlarging his market. There was, to Middaugh, no sin or even a moral lapse involved in his business. The Middaugh men had always used the old family recipe and they had all been good men. This new law touched him only vaguely.

There was only this affair of Jenny's—that, he was determined, should be amended. Once she was settled with her husband he would feel better.

As he stood and pondered he was aware that a motor-car had crept up to his gate below. Whipkey, he decided, was making a belated call. This would be a good time to hurry his movements. If he would get his divorce and marry Jenny matters would be well. The thought moved Middaugh along the path that led intricately down through the tangle to his patch below.

Letting himself into the cabin by the back door he appeared in the kitchen without sound, finding, as he expected to and as he had often found, Whipkey sitting smoking while Jenny thrummed an odd guitar from the South Sea islands, a gift from her lover. Her father, try as he would, had never been able to challenge her interest with the Middaugh fiddle that had hung disused since old Welcome's death. That she should take to this heathen instrument had symbolized his sense of irritation growing out of her town career and her unusual relation to this middle-aged, moody man from the brick buildings known as Chancery Row.

Middaugh hung his old, black slouch hat on a wooden peg behind the kitchen door and regarded the pair, his admittedly beautiful child on one side, her unlawful suitor on the other.

"Great preachin' to-night," he remarked, taking his pipe from the paper-covered shelf. "Great preachin'. If this keeps up we'll have a revival sure. People there from all over."

It was a long speech for the man, except when he was expounding some cogent reasons for his doctrine. Whipkey stirred. He had been thinking about his unsatisfactory interview with Blanche.

"Preachers—they may be holding their own out here in the backwoods, but in the cities some of them seem to be losing their grip."

Jenny hummed to the bass of her guitar a vaudeville song about a gifted colored man from Alabama. Her father held his match to the tobacco, puffing deeply, thoughtfully.

"If their grip comes from on high, how can they?"

"The question is, does it? But anyhow, they can't make the old stuff go down any more with a lot of people. Science has wakened people up."

"Science," ruminated the old man, taking a seat. "I've heard some o' science. There's different kinds, I reckon."

From a note in his voice Jenny took her first notice of his presence. She stilled her chords and turned her eyes on his face as if to seek the answer to some question. Some impulse moved Whipkey to pursue the idea. This mountaineer seemed to be a religious primitive like Blanche. Well——

"Science has upset a good deal of the old notions the preachers have always taught," he threw in, drawing out his gold cigarette-case and looking around absently for the stone jug.

Middaugh scrutinized him through the veil of pipe smoke. In his faded blue shirt, open at the neck, he looked rather clean-cut, efficient. Whipkey, his look arrested, saw Middaugh was flushed with some inner experience. There was something in the air. It would be a good time to tell him some pleasant news.

"I am about ready to arrange things at home," he began. "My wife—she knows how things stand. She has known all along, I guess. She is willing to have a divorce. To make it quick I may have her bring the suit. The judge will appoint a master to hear the case, privately. There will be no publicity."

Middaugh, obviously, was interested. He leaned forward.

"Won't take long, I reckon?" he asked, crisply.

"Not more than a month."

There was silence, broken first when Jenny began again to pass her fingers across the strings of her guitar.

"Who's likely to get that boy o' yours?" Middaugh drawled finally. "The mother, I s'pose."

Jenny laid her guitar aside and reached for a fashion paper that lay on the table. The details she was quite willing to leave to those who comprehended the law's complexities.

Whipkey did not reply at once. The old man's question had stirred again all the anger that he had brought up the mountain from his defeat at the unprac-

tised hands of his wife. But Middaugh's waiting silence indicated a demand for an answer to the point, so he said:

"She will, if she divorces me. She wants him."

He laughed, without mirth, gesturing impatiently with his cigarette.

"She's a little like you—religious. She's afraid that if I got the boy, if I had anything to do with his education, he'd lose his—well, I reckon you'd call it faith. Of course, it's mere superstition. The Flood and the Fiery Furnace and all that—he believes all that bunk."

Middaugh had let his pipe go out.

"Of course, I want him," Whipkey went on. "Jenny and I couldn't take him when we're married. But I'd put him in a school and from there he'd go to college. He wouldn't be around till he was a man—a lawyer or a doctor. I'd like to make a doctor out of him. He's got a good mind even if she has made him soft."

The man across the kitchen table seemed lost in thought, looking past Whipkey, at the wall behind him.

"This boy," he said, after a while, and his voice was thin and strained; "is he converted?"

"Hell, yes!" came the retort. "He was converted when he was eleven, at a revival in town; the time they had the big tabernacle meetings. He 'hit the sawdust trail'!"

"I remember," said Middaugh quietly. "I went down."

"He's a good boy, bright. You ought to see the radio set he built. But they've filled him up with a lot of junk."

"Junk?"

"Oh, Jonah and the Whale and all that stuff."

Whipkey gestured, dismissing the subject. But Middaugh got to his feet. The other man had never seen him fully erect before. He was astonished at his height. When Middaugh spoke his voice had taken on a new quality; there was boding in it.

"So you don't hold to Jonah and the Whale?"

"No, of course not. Nobody does any more."

Instantly he saw that the old man was on fire.

"You're wrong there! I do! Our preacher does. It's in the Book!"

He leaned across the table and struck the big Bible a resounding blow.

"Oh, well," Whipkey countered; "I'm here to talk business. The divorce'll be in a month. Make your mind easy. Whether I get the boy or not, and it looks like I won't, Jenny and I can be married before Thanksgiving. That's what you want."

He leaned back in his chair, wishing to appear at ease, cursing himself for letting the situation get out of his control. Middaugh partially circled the table.

"You say you and Jenny can get married. Who said you could? Do you think I'm goin' to let my girl marry a scoffer, an unbeliever, a man that sits there and tells me he don't believe in Jonah's whale? You want to take away your own son's belief. You can't take my girl's."

Whipkey, sensing danger at last, got up. His chair fell over with a crash on the bare board floor. Jenny, wiser in mountain ways and more fearful through her wisdom, was flattened against the whitewashed wall by the bedroom door. Her father wheeled upon her.

"In there!" he shouted, his eyes flashing. He commanded her with a dreadful fury, pointing toward the other room. "Get in there, sinner, and stay on your knees, praying God, till I let you out. This is man's business."

The plank door of the bedroom crashed shut and inside a bolt shot home.

"Now," said Middaugh, turning on the man who stood, puzzled but menacing, between the table and the cabin's front door. The father leaned on the table with his hands, staring across. He was breathing noisily; could hardly make the words come.

Whipkey suddenly saw the situation as impossible, ridiculous. He laughed, shrugging his heavy shoulders, looking at his watch.

"If you're going to be a damn fool, I'll be going." He raised his hand, to keep the other from interrupting. "You better take my offer to marry Jenny while you can get it. You'll have a hard time proving anything."

But Middaugh had not heard him. He controlled his breathing and spoke evenly, but in that strange, thin voice.

"Now then, McClelland Whipkey, you and me'll deal fair. You've had your way. I've been square with you. Now you come and laugh at Holy Writ and talk

about destroying your own son's soul. But you can't do that here; not in this house. You say"—he lowered his voice a tone—"you say that you accept Jonah and the Whale and all the rest, Old and New Testament, water into wine and all that, everything. You say it! The preacher over there to-night he said we had to be ready like the fathers of old to fight for the faith, defend it from such as you. You come to this table and, with your hand on the Book, say that you believe it all!"

For a minute Whipkey stood by the door, studying the other man. He was visited with a peculiar sense of unreality, as though he had acted this scene before. Behind him was the plank door and steps leading down to his car. He had only to open it and step out into the cool, clear night and be gone, over pleasant, moonlight drifted mountain roads. Unaccountably, he saw those mountains now. His hand went out behind him and rested on the wooden latch. Middaugh did not move.

Yet, it was all ridiculous—the dictation of this silly old man of the mountains, with his clack about Holy Writ. Obsessed, as he stood there, with his overpowering advantage in weight and youth, Whipkey drew away slightly from the latch and measured with his eye the distance to the table.

His rush was primitive, headlong. With a prodigal waste of strength he seized the heavy, rough table and sent it, up-ended, high in air, into the corner, where it lay wrecked. Then, with savage might, he let go his heavy right fist.

"Damn all that bunk!" he croaked, driving at the place where the stubble on Middaugh's jaw was reflected in the light from the mantel.

But the target of stubble was not there. Middaugh stepped catlike aside and crossed the room in a breath. Overbalanced, Whipkey staggered against the wall and half fell, his face rasping the splintery, whitewashed logs.

That rasping filled him with the most diabolical desire he had ever experienced in a life crammed full of passions. In the chipped-off fragment of a second he visualized with gloating power the fiendish beating he would give this old fool on the other side of the room. He closed his eyes, wishing to enjoy the prospect, his cheek against the splinters.

Then he raised his head and turned around. And what he saw made him suddenly, agonizingly sick.

The body, with a clean hole from a squirrel rifle through the skull, was found on the side of the county line toward the mountains just as you come to the old watering-trough.



Czechoslovakia

AN EMERGING REPUBLIC

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE AND HELEN CAMPBELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS AND BY COURTESY OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK GOVERNMENT



EVOLUTIONS came thick and fast in Central Europe after the war. The one resulting in the formation of the Czechoslovak Republic was a revolution of propaganda,

with its Masaryk in London, its Beneš in Paris, its money raisers in the United States, and its active demonstrations of which way the wind blew in the Czech legionaries on all fronts—all leading to the climax—that day in October, 1918, before the armistice when the Czech people notified the Austro-Hungarian Empire that they had taken the power into their own hands.

How all this came to pass has been told and retold, officially, and by admiring friends. As with our own revolution, where the bold immediate political and martial facts stand out, along with the cherry-tree episode, while the ensuing years when a nation was being built are to many almost unfamiliar, so the building years of Czechoslovakia are less widely known than her actual début as a republic.

The peoples now forming Czechoslovakia went into the war reluctantly, the Bohemians and Moravians—western Slavs—compelled to fight for their oppressors of over three centuries, the Austrians; the Slovaks and Ruthenians—eastern Slavs—for their oppressors of a thousand years, the Magyars. The real Magyars and German Austrians among them were a small minority—not enough to leaven the mass. And by virtue of her oppressed past and of her zealous and clever propaganda, Czechoslovakia wrested from the great powers recognition of her separateness as a nation, and emerged from the war—or rather from

the peace—with a mixed heritage: Czechy or Bohemia for the kernel, which previously had constituted most of the industrial part of Austria; agricultural Slovakia, geographically closely related to Hungary, but racially akin to the Czechs; industrial lower Silesia; and the gratuitous addition of Ruthenia, or Podkarpatska Rus.

Yet along with this territorial and industrial wealth fell less welcome heritages—first the inevitable minorities. About twenty-two per cent of the population is German, about five per cent Hungarian. Many of these are reluctantly citizens of the new republic, indignant and disgruntled, having been turned from the ruling class to an alien minority, seeing their former “inferiors” now in the saddle.

The early days of the republic, after the first coup, were days of hard enthusiastic work, as well as of keen statesmanship. The country moved ahead, bit by bit. Came concrete, tangible evidence of its progress—the exchange began to rise. Then, before the end of her second year, up leapt a crisis of the old political color: Charles returned to Hungary. Imagine the breathless watching of that first infant step—the mobilization of the republic's army. Would the wheels go round? They did. Every cartwheel turned without a squeak.

An accomplishment, truly. Yet in a Europe where nothing is final, one cannot close the volume in contentment that “they lived happily ever after.” Not that war is on Czechoslovakia's horizon. But her geographic position is not an advantageous one in to-day's Europe. A small country, roughly 54,000 miles, about the size of Illinois, her population is over thirteen and a half millions. She has a plethora of borders, is the centre of

a ring of poverty-stricken neighbors, playing scarcely a gentle game, not heeding the ordinary rules. And so anything may happen, unless she can consolidate them

tion, is still bound to Hungary by railroad ties; Hungary has been her natural outlet. Now, however, border and customs regulations choke that outlet, and a new sys-



A Slovak village and its outlying fields, a charming landscape as well as a life-sized relief map illustrating the intensive and mediæval agricultural system.

into something more than a group of treaty colleagues—the present Little Entente. From the domestic view, too, her position shows the ribs of the old divided Europe. Agricultural Slovakia, joined, despite the White Carpathian Mountains, to her western kin, Czechy, by the revolu-

tem must be built up to provide Slovakia with those avenues to Moravia and Bohemia which the old empire did not provide. The new republic still suffers Bohemia's famous lack of her famous coast. By treaty she must channel a way to the sea.

The very life of Czechoslovakia depends on her export trade. Though the republic is dominantly agricultural, her industries are extensive and highly developed, the number of her industrial workers—about 2,500,000—running a close second to the 3,000,000 engaged in agricultural pursuits. It is largely upon her industries and her industrial exports that her position of importance in Europe hinges.

This dependence caused a crisis in her fourth summer—a boomerang from incipient prosperity. While the currencies of her neighbors had been tumbling precipitately, that of Czechoslovakia, due to her restraint in printing paper money—for she prints even less than the amount covered by her gold reserve—and to her favorable balance of trade just attained, had been soaring; in about one year had risen from 104 crowns to the dollar to 29. This appreciation of her crown the nation first regarded with pride, which soon became surprised consternation. For prices did not enjoy a corresponding decrease. Outside countries could not afford to buy from Czechoslovakia; orders were cancelled, factories were closed down or run only part time, thousands of men were unemployed, and there was real distress in the land. To aggravate the situation, the lower currencies of Czechoslovakia's neighbors offered more tempting markets. The one advantage she was reaping from the tendency of her crown toward stabilization was an ability to buy raw materials abroad at low prices; which will decrease production costs, and at a later date give her an advantage in competition for foreign trade.

Another subject of urgent concern to this new republic is the agricultural situation. Like every country of Central Europe, she finds the redistribution of land a trenchant domestic problem. All Central Europe has been limping along under the decaying remnants of feudalism, the desirable tracts of land in the possession of rich non-resident owners and administered by managers whose profit depends on screwing a maximum of labor out of the peasants in exchange for a minimum of subsistence. Nowhere in Europe is this old system more graphic than in Slovakia, where the whole coun-

tryside is a life-sized relief map illustrating how the land is misworked. The long, narrow strips running up the hillsides, each strip a different color, make charming landscapes for the eye and the canvas, but fail in the large-scale production of food-stuffs, fail even to feed the families who work them. The strength of the old land possession shows itself in the persistence of this wasteful system of land labor in old-world regions which are characterized by highly intensive cultivation. "Every inch is worked," the Bohemians say frequently of their land. So intimately do the fields jostle the roads and railroad tracks that at harvest time even the train passenger becomes almost a part of the field group, and sees clearly the laborious binding of the sheaves. The land-thrifty Czech speaks with distress of the waste of land in Podkarpatska Rus, where the especially evil land system leaves some stretches unused, and much for pasturage that would in Bohemia be sown.

Within seven months after the revolution, the National Assembly of the republic passed the land expropriation law and the land reform act, which prescribes the method of procedure in carrying out the redistribution. This will affect the ownership of about four and a half million hectares,* or about one-third of the country's productive area. Before the revolution 65 per cent of this land was owned by the royal family and the aristocracy. The landlords, except the imperial family and those of the aristocracy who remained citizens of Austria or Hungary after the formation of the republic, receive compensation based on the average values in 1913-1915. Several government officials told us that numbers of proprietors were well content with this expropriation, for they consider the purchase price a fair one. Their desire to sell may also be stimulated by their loss of the incredibly cheap peasant labor with which the old system enriched them.

The execution of these laws is to be slow and gradual. "We wish to avoid disorder in agricultural production and the industries dependent on it that too swift a change in the age-old system might mean," said an official. Indeed, the

* 1 hectare = 2.47 acres.

changing of landownership by men is no easy matter, and suggests the difficulty of the changing of spots by leopards. Possession goes deep.

Even with the supplementary laws providing for credit grants to capital-less purchasers of land, and for renting on short lease, the unlanded peasant and agricultural laborer is now able to buy very little.

special arrangement with the landlord, for they must use his implements and horses. The strip was too small to raise a year's food for the family, and therefore, if there were any days not needed by his landlord, or on his own rented strip, the peasant might work for wages, paid on a low scale. The former proprietor of this estate was a typical absentee landlord,



Prague is not only a beautiful museum city of the past, but a busy, growing industrial city, avowedly the pride of the republic.

How the law is working at present can be seen in a sample estate of 1,100 hectares taken over by the state from one proprietor in Slovakia. This has not yet been completely distributed, for poor local harvests have made buying impossible. Meanwhile, the state is working the unsold land. The village in which the peasants live who worked on this old estate under the old system contained about thirty-eight families. Each rented a strip of land from the owner, paying for his rent a stipulated number of days' labor on the landlord's land—usually a hundred days' work for the land, and fifty days' for the cottage in the village, though some shrewder peasant might make a better bargain, and some weaker a worse. In the days that were left in the year the family worked their little rented strip by

lived away from Slovakia, and rented the estate to a manager, who paid his rent out of the proceeds of 240 hectares, and, therefore, had the clear profit from the remaining 860.

Because there is so little land to be divided in this particular unit, portions are sold only to those who already own some land, so that instead of selling to an unlanded family a piece too small to support them, the state sells a small landowner enough to increase his holding to an amount large enough to provide him a living. Ten hectares is the minimum on which a family can live, and the government aims to have the smallest holdings built up to this size. One keen observer of the refashionings in Central Europe, in speaking of the different attempts at land reform, said: "The great change that will

come about from this distribution of land to the agricultural producer is that more food will be eaten, and less sold."

Yet, although Czechoslovakia has on her hands this complex problem of land reform, despite the heritages of war, despite the infectious economic diseases rag-

so many cities of Europe, not a museum city of the past, but a living city, industrial, growing, creating things—alive; by no means luxurious, but the pride of the republic. The new government retains the good old custom of assisting children from all parts of the nation—even from



A main street in Slovakia.

ing among her close neighbors, one has the strong feeling that the country is on the up-curve, that she is in the way of establishing herself securely. Perhaps the enthusiasm of the people in their new freedom, the psychology of an active patriotism, the many new undertakings of the government for the welfare of its people, create this conviction. It follows you out into the remotest parts of the republic, as well as in the cities.

Czechoslovakia has several beautiful cities, her chief treasure Prague, on its shining hills, with its intellectual life, its opera, its ancient university, its lovely bridges, its many noble old buildings, its flavor of centuries of history; yet, unlike

the remote tip of her new Ruthenia—to make a journey to the capital. Almost any summer day you may see groups of country children being taken about Prague by teachers or officials, seeing its glories and learning its history on the spot.

Very different indeed from anything we have in the United States is the village life of Czechoslovakia. With us nearly all the culture—the theatres, music, civic movements—is centred in the cities. An ambitious American small-town boy goes, as a matter of course, to the city. But in Czechoslovakia the cities, although they are centres of culture, have not, so to speak, cornered the nation's culture. Smaller cities, especially in Bohemia and

Moravia, have their own opera companies and their theatrical companies, which make frequent trips to the outlying villages.

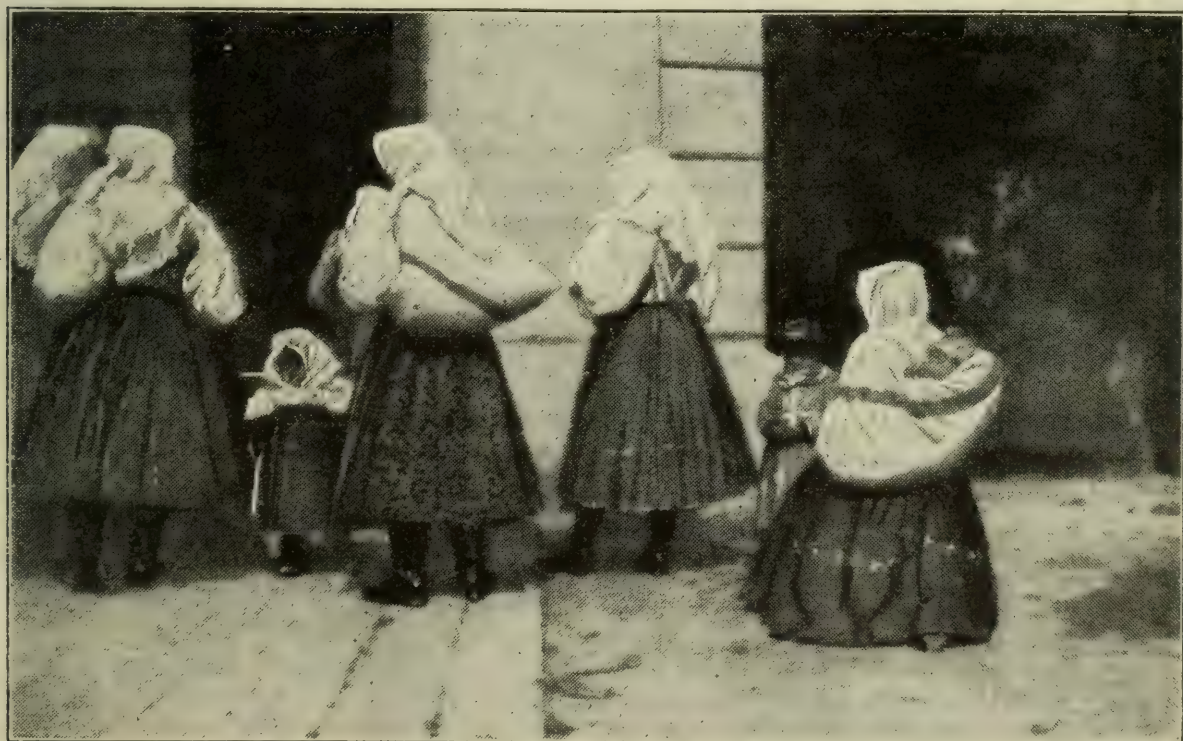
People belong to their villages here in a way that scarcely exists in the United States. A man who has gone away to a university or abroad for his education, returns in most cases, as a matter of course, to his village and makes his life in it. He is psychologically rooted there. This is true in all parts of the republic for the "upper classes"—excepting always the absentee landlord; and for most of the peasants, except those who have been goaded by poverty to emigrate. It seldom occurs to a peasant, dissatisfied with conditions in his native village, to try other similar districts or to go to the cities. In the case of the Slovak or Ruthenian peasant who emigrates to America, it is usually with the ambition to return with money enough to buy land.

And village life is much fuller than the life on our main streets. As in most of Europe, the farmers do not live on isolated farms cut off by bad roads and weather from their neighbors, but after their work in the fields come back into town and have a real community life there—social, political meetings, dance and song festivals, Sokol entertainments, outings. In one village of only 1,200 inhabitants—

a village consisting of a single street and down near the railroad station a malt factory, owned co-operatively by the farmers in the village—was a community building erected a year ago with public funds—800,000 crowns. It had a theatre, lecture-rooms, a well-equipped gymnasium, baths, a large garden, an athletic field, an excellent coffee-house and restaurant, and a number of rooms in which visitors to the village could be accommodated—the whole building modern and attractive. The day we visited this village, a play for children was being given in the theatre, preparations for a Sokol lecture in the evening were being made, in the coffee-house men were reading papers from all over the country, or were playing billiards or chess. The opera from the nearest city was to come the next evening.

This plump little Moravian village was perhaps more prosperous than the average; yet, though such modern and complete community houses are not common, nearly every village has some public centre—usually with the activities of the Sokol or a similar organization for its kernel.

The Sokol is a characteristic Czech organization of sixty years' standing, which makes physical and mental education the basis of its nationalist plan. It



The Slovaks express their artistry in the simple things used commonly; for instance, the hand-woven linen squares in which the baby is carried to church.

conducts gymnasium classes, theatricals, lectures, and forms a sort of peoples' university. The activities of the Sokol and of the two parallel organizations—one socialist, the other catholic—were no negligible factors in the success of the Czechoslovakia revolution, indeed are accredited with giving the youth of Bohemia, who started into the war with the Austrian army, the discipline and belief in their ultimate independence which made possible the formation of the Czech legions which later fought with the allies.

Of course, as foreign visitors we were given the opportunity of meeting the most interesting people in these villages, and so perhaps we have a tendency to overrate the intelligence and culture of persons presented to us as average citizens. Yet in the essays we made quite unattended into villages selected by chance, we were constantly surprised at the broad range of interests. Once we called on the parents of an immigrant we had known in America. They lived in a village of about 2,000 inhabitants eighteen miles from the railroad. Our host, the village tinsmith, over seventy years old, was widely read and well informed. He discussed the events of the day with a background of wide knowledge, gained not only from newspapers, but from other reading. The Near East question, the personalities of Kemal, of Lloyd George, of Bonar Law, the new American tariff, the geysers in Yosemite Park—these things he discussed with the same vivid realness with which he spoke of the local crops.

We asked this man, as we did many others: "What differences are there in the life here in this village now, from before the republic?" His answer is typical of many: "Now we have our freedom. The schools are in our own language, we are no longer a subject race. But as for any other differences, it is too soon to ask. Living is harder now, the prices are terribly high. My wife, old as she is, must do all her own housework. Before the war we could afford to have the washing and scrubbing done. But a monarchy instead of a republic wouldn't make things any better. It's the war. Now we have our freedom to ease our poverty. In ten years there will be other, more definite things to tell about why life is better in a republic."

He went on to speak of President Masaryk and the deep devotion which the people feel for him. "Even the minorities can't help respecting him. You know, our president has no party of his own, but all parties co-operate with him. That's a recognition of his greatness. He will surely make a plan to straighten things out."

The Slovak villages present a different appearance from those in Bohemia and Moravia, and have a scantier intellectual life. The Slovaks are more Slavic than the Czechs, not having the Teutonic admixture. They are more picturesque, and express a real peasant culture. The thick plaster houses washed with blue kalsomine, the exterior walls decorated in quaint designs, the thatched roofs, yellow corn hanging from the eaves, the well-shaped water-jars on racks before the doors, the houses and school and church often grouped around the village green, snowy geese strutting arrogantly about, women and children gaily and colorfully dressed in unbelievable wide skirts and wide white sleeves and high boots and kerchiefed heads. Perhaps you arrive early Sunday morning. Outside nearly every house the tall boots are being polished for church, children are being dressed. Yet you are cordially invited in, and you find the kitchen spotless and gay, its walls painted with old bright Slovak designs, perhaps the whole upper third of one wall covered with many-colored pottery, more pottery on the rafters. Then you are invited into the living-room, used also as a bedroom, and you may be shown the very best costumes, reserved for great feast-days and weddings; and perhaps the sleeves which the daughter of the family is embroidering for her bridegroom's wedding costume, and that added pride—the great feather beds in varicolored ticks, piled up on a painted chest.

Now that Slovakia is part of the republic, the life of the villages is being broadened, not only through the schools that have been opened, but through the introduction of the Sokol and other activities. A red-cheeked peasant woman in one Slovak village spoke with enthusiasm about the difference between life now and under Magyar rule. "Then our language was forbidden, there were no schools in the Slovak language for our children, our

customs were despised. The Magyars in the village laughed at our clothes, and at our embroideries. Now the government at Prague is actually encouraging us to be Slovaks."

It is true that the government is fostering every expression of peasant culture. One instance of this is its subsidy to an an-

which the republic is initiating goes an appreciation of the picturesqueness which such reforms may alter.

"It is a great problem with us now," said Doctor Alice Masaryk, who is head of the Red Cross, "how to retain the beauty and quaintness of these villages, and at the same time to make life more



Twenty thousand peasants participated in this festival, now encouraged by the republic, at Uherske Hradiste, Moravia.

cient festival held yearly at Uherske Hradiste in Moravia, but to which this year about 20,000 peasants, most of them Slovaks, were enabled to come from all parts of Slovakia and participate, each in the costume of his village. Though it was a definitely government-encouraged affair, the peasants threw themselves into it with all their spontaneity. There were jolly processions, village by village; marriage festivals typical of different villages—but always with a giant stork prancing about—with rude bumpkin fun as well as exquisite dancing.

The government is also encouraging the peasant pottery, peasant embroideries, and other hand-work, by assisting in the organization and sale of such native arts and industries. It is indeed excellent that along with the sanitary reforms

comfortable and sanitary for the people. We are trying not to let too much beauty be sacrificed to sanitation. But, of course, health comes first."

Difficult as the reorganization of Slovakia seems now to be, it is not in this piece of work that the value of the Czechoslovak Republic as a force in the basic rebuilding of Europe is to be asayed. Czechoslovakia has a veritable acid test, Podkarpatska Rus, or Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia as we know it. What the republic does in Bohemia or Moravia politically or economically, is no proof of her regenerating abilities, for as part of the Austrian Empire she was by necessity politically sophisticated, gaining her crumbs by strategy, and economically dominant, having some 85 per cent of the empire's industries. With these in-

heritances there is no reason why she cannot make something of herself as a nation. Even her controversies with her racial minorities are matters between groups of equal political development, but it is quite a different task to reorganize and administer such a territory as Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia containing a typical oppressed nationality of the old school, subject to Hungary for a thousand years of neglect and to the oppression of the Russian Empire before that. Because of the multiple partitions in this general neighborhood, Ruthenia is now a curiously unattached district. Racially Russian, Ukrainian rather than Great Russian, it is at present not contiguous to any Russian territory and would be only if Eastern Galicia, in which the people are also Ruthenian, becomes a part of Russia. The Ruthenians are without racial or political cohesion, without expressed aspirations; enslaved by a land system that starves them however hard they work and by its companion, acute alcoholism; without an effective tool—not a keen plough nor a mile of well-placed track.

Nevertheless, the Ruthenians were not thoughtlessly parcelled out in Paris to the Czechoslovak Republic, but entered it under as freely expressed a choice as was possible for an unorganized group. A great number of Ruthenian emigrants have gone to the United States from this territory, some 400,000, because of their economic misery. When the fate of their home country, as part of collapsed Hungary, was to be decided at the Peace Conference, it was these Ruthenians in America who took the initiative about the disposition instead of the population still at home and at that time suffering keenly from their exposure to active warfare when the armies crossed and recrossed their fields and villages. A plebiscite was held in the Ruthenian centres in the United States and of the total number of Ruthenians 67 per cent voted for the union of their homeland with Czechoslovakia and only 1 per cent for reunion with Hungary. Following this action the faint political organizations that the Ruthenians had in their three largest towns expressed themselves by resolution in favor of this union, and in consequence the Peace Conference joined Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia to the republic, constituting it

as an autonomous unit within the state, providing for self-government through a diet of its own. So the republic, scarcely a year old, was given the unenviable task of administering this neglected territory, unenviable except for the possible valuable results of a successful piece of rebuilding, for the development of Podkarpatska Rus will be a determining factor in Czechoslovakia's relations with Russia when Russia is again hobnobbing over her frontier with her now scandalized, aloof neighbors. Many Czechs express the belief that Ruthenia will then revert to Russia.

The autonomy stipulated by the Treaty of St. Germain had, at the end of 1922, not been put into effect, and the reasons given by the republic to the League of Nations in answer to a protest sent by a political group of Hungarians in September, 1921, explain the difficulties of organization excellently. "Autonomy can be put into effect only by degrees," the republic contends, "for the country is lacking in the elements which are indispensable for self-government." Her plan for remedying this lack emphasizes education and land reform, the latter because 90 per cent of the Ruthenians hold their tiny strips of land on lease from land-powerful Magyar owners who are literally their overlords. Elections under such circumstances would mean re-established political control of the illiterate peasant by the Magyar minority. Meanwhile the interests of the population are being protected by an indirectly elected governing council, advisory to the provisional governor appointed in Prague.

The other remedy is the growing educational system, planned not only to give Ruthenia the educated class which it lacks, but to educate the masses themselves. The Czechs are almost worshippers of literacy, and in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia the standard is one of the highest in the world. It is inevitable that their aim in Slovakia and Podkarpatska Rus should be for a quick literacy, as they realize the disadvantage in having the nation divided into two distinct groups on the basis of education, the literate west and the illiterate east. Unlike us in the United States, they realize that the way to eliminate illiteracy is to face the fact that it exists, measure it,

district it, and then attack it from as many angles as possible, not only through the children of school age, but through any group that can be reached officially by the state. For instance, the republic has an educational system in its conscript army. Of the boys who come from backward districts not one is allowed to leave the army until he is literate. We met a Ruthe-

man, an illiterate farm laborer of twenty-seven, had gone through four classes in this evening school and was attending a commercial school in a near-by city.

The introduction of a school system into Podkarpatska Rus is not an A B C matter, but involves complications and dearths, especially of teachers and buildings. In 1914 there were, in Ruthenia,



This hillside, with its narrow strips, shows how urgently needed is the land reform which Czechoslovakia is gradually putting into effect.

nian youth of twenty who had just come home the previous day from his army service, and was to begin work at once in the local office of the government railroads. This boy grew up in a village which had no school; at fifteen he was taken into the Hungarian army; fought for four years, and, at the inclusion of Ruthenia in the republic, was just at the age for army service for his new government. His only education was received during this military training. That he came out prepared to do office work is partly due to the boy's bent for it, but at least he had his chance for clerical training in those two years. We visited one school in a small town where the addition of a lamp to the schoolroom made an evening school for adults possible, and twenty-two were in the class, some of them women. One

only eighteen schools using the language of the people. These disappeared during the second year of the war, and later all teaching was suspended. Many of the schoolhouses were destroyed during the fighting, and at the final collapse of Hungary, the withdrawing troops carried off whatever school equipment was left in the few undamaged schools. But more important a lack is that of teachers. Only a few Ruthenians are equipped to teach, and the training of others is difficult because the language of the territory presents a controversial divergence. The Czech school authorities, surveying this difficulty, find that Ukrainian and a local dialect called Carpathian Russian are the most widely used. Educated Ruthenian "intelligentsia," however, disagree as to the written language, and use Russian,

Ukrainian, or Carpathian Russian quite without regard to which of the three they speak. A temporary decision has been made by the school authorities in conference with philologists, but the final decision about the language of the schools is reserved for the diet. To increase the difficulties, the population has not accepted schools as the Slovaks did, joyfully, as a right of which they had been deprived for a thousand years, but in some districts as an instrument of refined torture, so integral a part is child labor of the wretched land system and illiteracy of the normal life. That this attitude is changing is gratifying to the friends of the district, as the educational plan has for its aim the preparation of the people for self-government.

Ruthenia is a many-sided task of organization, a devastated area on which no tourist sympathy has been lavished, still suffering from war bruises and those acute war sequels, epidemics. One chore is the building up of a government medical service, hospitals in a few large centres and travelling hospital units for the villages beyond the hospital radius. Three of these motor hospitals were part of our

United States army equipment, given to Czechoslovakia for this work after the war.

The Czechs, though Slavs, come into Ruthenia as an alien power and must create a new relationship between them as a governing class and the Ruthenians as the governed, because their predecessors the Hungarians left a deep-rooted record of class and racial exploitation. Few of the common people understand the change in administration and will appreciate it only if it results in a greater comfort of living. Podkarpatska Rus is indeed an acid test. To be in power in a backward country used to domineering officials and not to domineer, demands restraint seldom exercised in history. The republic seems to realize that much depends on the type of official who is exposed to this temptation. For instance, the notaries, whose duties are of importance to the masses, are being changed in personnel from the former source of exploitation to a source of responsibility and understanding. In general, the administrative force is intelligent about conditions, and in some cases of an exceptionally high grade. One of the principal organizers of the administration, a man of ability and personality, might be



The villages of Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, newly added to the republic, are full of the dangerous picturesqueness of poverty.



This Ruthenian village, with its braided fences and characteristic well-sweeps, has progressed from thatched to shingled roofs, but not yet to chimneys.

doing much more comfortable work in Bohemia, but chooses this task, realizing the importance of getting the Ruthenians started off toward efficient autonomy with some useful tools, and having an unassumed appreciation for them as individuals. Of course, most of the officials are there involuntarily, but even so, the spirit is a friendly one. We saw in an eastern town in front of the Greek Uniate Church a Czech army officer repainting and lettering the weather-beaten crucifix. He explained that he was having a holiday, that he was painting quite unofficially, only because he happened to know how and thought the freshening up ought to be done for the approaching mass that brought many hill peasants down to that church.

The land is all that the name implies, a land of beauty on the southern slopes of the Carpathians, high, piled-up snowy mountains; small sharp mountains abrupt from the plain, made to order for the castles that once crowned them, unruined; rolling wooded mountains, frothing with waterfalls. In this land of beauty, pastoral, agrarian, the fold on fold of misery is unexpected. Even the mountain people have lost their share of the proverbial

highland pride and have also succumbed to disintegrating despair.

The Ruthenian villages are full of that dangerous picturesqueness of poverty, that quaintness which is sung about but means discomfort, lack of air, light, individual privacy, and space to store supplies. Whether the village is in the floor of a valley or on a hillside there are the regular rows of oblong, plastered log houses with abrupt thatched roofs. Each house faces a neighbor, its narrow end to the street; occasionally there is the house of a returned emigrant, with shingled or even tin roof and a tiny porch. There are fences of braided twigs; tall, gaunt well-sweeps dominate the sky-line like dead forests; mirroring the village life is the inevitable duck pond. Strange even to the western Slav are the wooden churches, crude, natural-colored, primitive as some of the childlike sacred paintings on some of their porches; the bulky bell-towers often standing separate, brown and simple as Giotto's is pink and elaborate. Every inch of the crowded village is used for supplementary farm operations; at harvest time drying corn hangs across the fronts of the houses; flax is piled against the walls, standing high enough to reach

the low eaves of the roofs; inside the houses—dark, floorless, bare—great piles of corn to be shucked take up the whole ground space. At other times the entire family may spread itself out informally into the village lanes preparing the flax for spinning.

There are numberless pictures; maybe the people on the roads, crowds of them in homespun and sheepskin returning from the market next after harvest with their precious exchanges in live stock, tools, or furniture; or at mass on a church holiday where the news of the countryside is gazetted, peasants in their embroidered best, gay in color and decorative design but bulky in line and texture. Always the groups are so mediæval in atmosphere and detail that they seem rather to be an historical pageant than the living out of that disappointing truth that into the mediæval backwaters the modern world spreads its poverty faster than its enrichments.

Mankind is familiar with primitive agriculture, partly from intimate personal experience, partly because the shepherd, the goose-girl, the sower, play such frequent rôles in literature and painting. Primitive mining is not so well known.

But it happens that, deep in southeastern Ruthenia, there is a government-owned salt-mine of such beauty and splendor as to deserve immortalization in art. It is worked now, perhaps much as in the days when the Romans mined this same deposit, by hand—without machinery. So vast are the great white corridors under the earth that the laborious chiselling of the workers seems to make scarcely any sound, just as the lights by which they work look more like fireflies, as one descends the deep shaft, than like lanterns. For over a hundred years salt has been hewn from solid salt, until now the mine is a place of vast white spaces; superb heights; square harmonious arches, many of them 300 feet high; of shadowy severe grandeur that belittles the magnificence of even the most beautifully austere cathedrals—all the hand-work of men, their slow arduous toil, sculpturing out the salt, inch by inch.

So must the Czechoslovak Republic chisel out the buried potentialities of her unformed portions. With that accomplished, she can pour her full energies into the task of welding together for greater strength her three distinct parts.



Strange even to the western Slavs are the wooden churches of Podkarpatska Rus, with their bulky bell-towers standing separate.

As It Was Ordained

BY FRED C. SMALE

Author of "Afterwards," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H.

The Roses fade, the Night descends,
Death plies his dart.
Our lips are stilled, the Chapter ends,
And we depart.
Yet once again the Flower shall live,
To deck the urn,
And when the gods permission give,
Will we return.

—*The Long Tryst.*

BY roads that wound between banks and hedges of vivid green, Robert Lynn and Theodore Hartley came to Stoke Averell that afternoon in late May. Nestling amid orchards from which the blossoms had scarcely fallen, its cottage gardens gay with scented stocks and red valerian, the village lay in a flood of sunshine July-like in its intensity. The two young men paused awhile to rest on a low lichen-covered wall, for they had walked far that day, and the Devon roads are not easy ones.

"I suppose there is a decent inn somewhere?" said Hartley. "Tea will be acceptable, to say nothing of a wash and brush up. We are like a couple of millers."

"There is an inn farther down," replied Lynn absently. "Near the church."

Hartley stared at his companion.

"How the deuce do you know that?" he asked. "You have never been here before."

Robert Lynn shrugged his broad shoulders, but remained silent. Though ordinarily the liveliest of company, he had grown strangely reticent during the latter part of their journey. Receiving no answer to his question, Hartley grunted and made no further remark.

For some time the pair sat in silence. A little farther down the hill a woman, curious to observe the strangers, peered around a golden pillar of genista which blazed at the porch and then withdrew again. Presently a bell clanged out harshly. Lynn started and passed his hand

across his forehead with a puzzled frown. Hartley rose.

"Five o'clock," said he curtly, for he somewhat resented the other's silent mood. "We have been dreaming here long enough."

Lynn also rose, though with less alacrity.

"Dreaming," said he heavily. "Aye, dreaming!"

Hartley looked at him curiously. Lynn's jet-black hair was tumbled over his forehead and his eyes looked cloudy and troubled.

"What's wrong, old man? You seem to have gone dazed in the last hour or so. Touch of sun?"

Robert Lynn laughed constrainedly.

"Sun!" he repeated. "In an English May, and I born in Florida! Hardly that. But I do feel a bit queer; I don't know why. Been smoking too much, perhaps. Then, after a pause, he continued hesitatingly: "It's a crazy notion, of course, but this place affects me oddly. I seem—to—have been——"

His voice trailed off into a weak murmur, and he suddenly lurched sideways against the low wall. Hartley sprang forward and caught his companion by the arm.

"Steady, Bob!" he exclaimed sharply. "What is it?"

Lynn stood gasping for some moments, his face deathly white and little beads of perspiration on his forehead. Hartley recalled afterward that his eyes were fixed and had an expression of being veiled over in some mysterious manner. He seemed quite self-possessed, however, and suffered Hartley to lead him down the hill.

"Let us—go—to the—inn," said Lynn jerkily. "Better—presently."

"Are you sure you can walk so far?" queried Hartley. "Why not go into one

of these cottages and I will get a vehicle of some sort. I've some brandy here, too—or perhaps you would prefer water."

"No, no," returned Lynn impatiently. "It was only a momentary dizziness. I am feeling better every step. A little rest and I shall be all right again."

Hartley forgot to feel any surprise at finding the inn, as Lynn had declared it to be, at the foot of the hill, near the church. Once within the cool, stone-flagged tavern, the pallor on the latter's face disappeared, and a glass of ice-cold water apparently completed his restoration.

"We will order tea at once," said Hartley. "The long tramp has been too much for you, Bob."

"Nonsense," returned Lynn irritably. "You know better than that! We haven't done more than ten miles to-day, at the outside. Besides, I don't want tea yet. Let us have a look around first. I want to see the place."

Lynn's manner and tone were quite foreign to his normal style, but Hartley allowed his friend's surly rejoinder to pass without comment.

"As you like," said he mildly. "But I'd look up a medico when we get back to the hotel, if I were you. Ever been like it before?"

"Never. Oh, it isn't heart, if that is what you are thinking of. I was overhauled only a few weeks ago by my insurance people."

"Touch of indigestion, probably," said Hartley as they emerged once more into the sunlight.

He was still far from being at ease. He had been watching his companion as closely as he dared, and he saw something that almost frightened him. It was not merely a change in the other's facial expression; it was rather as though a spiritual veil of some kind hid the Robert Lynn that he had known from Hartley's mental vision.

"What was it you were saying about this place affecting you strangely in some way?" remarked the latter casually.

A dull flush overspread Lynn's set features.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied wearily. "But when that bell struck it seemed to set a whole orchestra of dim, half-formed

melodies going in my head. Just jangling discords."

Hartley nodded.

"You have seen photographs, or possibly cinema views, of the village," he suggested, "and remembered subconsciously. I have had experiences of the kind myself before now, though they never affected me in that way. What do you propose to do after tea? Shall we hire a dog-trap to take us to Barston Junction?"

Lynn uttered a scornful ejaculation.

"Why not a Bath chair!" he exclaimed. "We'll walk it, of course. You and your dog-traps!"

Hartley decided to change the subject. But he would certainly insist upon that doctor on the morrow!

"Not much to see here, I take it," he observed, staring along the cobbled way which led to the church.

Lynn raised his swarthy eyebrows.

"Don't you make that mistake," he returned. "There is the church, the big yew-tree, the fish-harbor, the——"

He broke off suddenly, and Hartley laughed.

"You have the whole thing by heart," said he. "Guide-books, eh! I thought we barred them from the beginning."

Lynn strode forward abruptly.

"Come along," said he. "We will see what is to be seen, anyway, and start with the church."

"Too late to get inside now, I expect," said Hartley. "Hullo, here is the padre himself!"

A stout, elderly man met them at the gate and, courteously opening it, stood aside to let them pass in. Hartley raised his hat.

"Excuse me, sir, but am I addressing the vicar?"

The other's face relaxed genially.

"That is near enough. I am the rector of Stoke Averell. Maynard is my name. Are you desirous of seeing the church?"

"If it is not too late," replied Hartley.

"Not at all," was the hearty response.

"I will show you around myself."

"That is very kind of you," returned Hartley. "My friend and I have only just arrived in the village. My name is Hartley; this is Mr. Robert Lynn."

On hearing his name pronounced, Lynn,

who had been gazing dreamily about him, started slightly and came forward.

"If you don't mind," said he, "I will stroll about outside here whilst you go into the church, Hartley."

And, without awaiting any response, he turned away and strode off among the tombstones.

The rector glanced after the retreating figure in some surprise, and Hartley's brows contracted slightly.

"I suppose, Mr. Maynard," said he, with a short laugh, "you do not cherish any local superstitions, but I am inclined to ask if there is any possibility of my friend being bewitched! I may tell you that he has been acting very unlike his natural self since we arrived in Stoke Averell."

And Hartley briefly described what had happened.

The old clergyman listened interestedly.

"So he finds the place familiar to him, though he has never been here before," said he. "That is curious, though, as you may be aware, not an altogether unusual experience. Perhaps some of his people came from here originally and he has heard about the place in childhood. Memory plays strange tricks with us at times."

Hartley shook his head.

"No; that is certainly not the explanation. His forebears were Americans and he himself was born in Florida."

The rector looked back again at the tall figure.

"He seems a healthy-looking young fellow enough, not one of the sort likely to be given to fancies."

"Oh, he is healthy enough," returned Hartley, "and quite sane, in the ordinary way. I cannot think what has come over him this afternoon, and, to tell you the truth, I am a bit worried over the matter."

The clergyman pondered for a few moments.

"I'll tell you what," said he suddenly. "I had been expecting an old friend and his wife to dine with me this evening, but, only half an hour ago, I received a message putting off their visit. Will you and Mr. Lynn take their places?"

"It is very kind of you," replied Hart-

ley slowly. "For my own part, I accept readily, and under ordinary circumstances I could answer for Lynn. As it is, I am not so sure. If he declines, however, I trust that you will——"

Hartley hesitated and the rector smiled.

"Make allowances? Oh, of course; but I think he will come."

They spent but little time in the church. Hartley was too anxious about his friend to take more than a fleeting interest in the exquisitely carved fifteenth-century pulpit, the equally ancient screen, and the various memorials of local celebrities; and the rector, observing his preoccupation, forbore to detain him.

They found Robert Lynn standing on the high ground of the churchyard, gazing across to where the river flowed between thickly wooded banks. To Hartley's relief, he joined readily in accepting the rector's invitation, though with a nonchalance that was barely civil.

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Maynard cheerily. "We will stroll back through the village. By the time we arrive dinner will be ready."

"You have been here long, sir?" asked Hartley.

"Forty-two years, this coming June," was the reply. "I was thirty when I came. Yes," he added, smiling at Hartley's look of surprise, "that makes me seventy-two, and they tell me that I do not look over sixty; but then, life passes slowly and placidly here, like the river yonder."

"You must know the place well?"

"Oh, yes, I am a walking guide-book as far as Stoke Averell is concerned. I may say that I know the history of every stick and stone in the village, to say nothing of its inhabitants. For instance, let me draw your attention to this house at the corner."

They halted in front of a gray, weather-beaten building, the overhanging eaves of which gave it a strangely secretive aspect. It seemed to Hartley almost as though the house was bending forward to peer at them and that the two upper casement windows, on which the sun was shining redly, were bloodshot eyes regarding them. The rector's voice recalled him from his weird fancies.

"A couple of centuries or so ago it

sheltered a very notorious person, indeed, one Stephen Veale, who left his occupation as a fisherman, here in Stoke Averell, and went off to sea. He joined the pirates and served with Morgan, the buccaneer. Later on, he was one of the followers of Teach—the infamous ‘Black-beard’—and was ultimately killed in a fight at a place called Topsail Inlet, in North Carolina, in the year 1693.”

Hartley touched the speaker lightly on the arm and, with a silent gesture, drew his attention to Robert Lynn, who was standing a little distance away, his eyes wide open and fixed, as though they beheld some strange apparition. His lips were slightly parted and his whole pose was one of tense expectation.

“You are interested, Mr. Lynn?” said the rector quietly.

Lynn started and turned.

“Tell me more about this Stephen Veale,” said he. “And I should like to go into the house, if I might be allowed. Do you think it would be possible?”

The clergyman shook his head dubiously.

“I am afraid—” he was beginning, when a casement was suddenly opened above and a woman looked down upon them. The red glow from the sunset sky fell on her face and tumbled hair, making it seem as though her features were framed in fire. Robert Lynn looked up and drew in his breath with a quick gasp. His hat had fallen off, and his rather long black hair fell back from his forehead as he stood with face upraised. For some moments his eyes hung on the woman’s, hers distended with wonder and, as it seemed to Hartley, something of fear. Then she withdrew her head quickly and the casement closed.

The whole incident occupied only a few seconds, and the trio passed on without comment, Robert Lynn walking slightly apart. Hartley broke a somewhat embarrassing silence.

“An extraordinary type of face, that,” said he. “Foreign?”

“Oh, no,” replied the rector, “her ancestry can be traced back some hundreds of years in the church registers.”

“Ah,” remarked Hartley. “Then her forebears were the companions, or at any rate the contemporaries, of this Stephen

Veale, in whose house she dwells. I wonder if she ever thinks of that!”

The rector made a noncommittal sound. He did not appear anxious to discuss the owner of the sun-bathed hair.

“Here we are,” said he at last as they turned into a gateway. “By the way, I am a lone man. My wife died twenty years ago, and we had no family. I will go and tell my housekeeper that I have found company, after all.”

Hartley enjoyed that dinner. The sombre tranquillity of the surroundings was congenial to him, and the evident pleasure which their host felt in entertaining his chance guests was soothing to the spirit. Even Lynn, though still distraught and lapsing into frequent silences, made intermittent attempts at sociability.

During the meal itself conversation ranged chiefly on the affairs of Hartley and Lynn themselves, concerning which Mr. Maynard showed a lively interest.

“So you are both members of the great republic of letters,” said he. “I had some idea of a literary career myself, as a young man, but events took a turn and I went into the church. These things arrange themselves, to some extent, I suppose.”

“But you are not a fatalist, surely, Mr. Maynard?” said Hartley.

The rector laughed.

“Not in the Oriental sense, of course,” he replied. “I believe, with Henley, that a man, under Providence, is ‘captain of his soul.’ ”

“For instance,” put in Lynn, “Stephen Veale left his fishing-nets to sail under the black flag.”

“Scarcely under Providence, though!” dryly observed Hartley.

“A thirst for adventure led him away, in the first place, no doubt,” said the rector. “A hundred years or so earlier he might have served under Raleigh or Drake and fought the Spaniards. However, there is no scope for that sort of thing nowadays. I am inclined to remind you of the fact, as I seem to detect, especially in Mr. Lynn, a rather warm interest in, not to say sympathy with, pirates. I almost begin to wish I had not told you about this one.”

And the speaker’s eyes twinkled.

Hartley laughed.



"I am afraid—" he was beginning, when a casement was suddenly opened above and a woman looked down upon them.—Page 612.

"We are free-lances, if you like," said he, "but not freebooters! As far as I am concerned, I am too poor a sailor to go buccaneering. Now Lynn, here, would at any rate look the part!"

Mr. Maynard glanced at the keen, swarthy face.

"Yes," said he slowly. "There is no existing portrait of Veale, as far as I know, but, by traditional accounts, he was just another such a man as our friend. Not," he added smilingly, "that I am attributing piratical qualifications to you, Mr. Lynn!"

Lynn leaned forward eagerly.

"Is there, then, any personal description of him extant?"

The rector shrugged his shoulders with an air of mock resignation.

"I see," said he, "that Stephen Veale is likely to be our King Charles's head! Well, I will do my best to gratify your curiosity. I myself possess a few relics of that notorious unworthy. You shall see them for yourselves."

Robert Lynn's dark eyes gleamed.

"Good!" he cried. "Letters, personal belongings?"

"Both," was the reply. "Or, rather, both are represented. There is only one letter."

A maid appeared and cleared the table, after which the rector produced some decanters and glasses, together with a box of cigars.

"It is said that there was a monastery originally on the site of the present church," said he, "occupied by a rather jovial fraternity. I strive to keep up their traditions, on occasion. Now, if you will excuse me for a few minutes, I will fetch those relics which you are so anxious to see."

He left them, and Hartley selected a cigar from the box.

"Our host is a genial old sport," he remarked. "I am glad we ran against him, Bob."

"He seems a good sort," assented Lynn absently.

Hartley glanced keenly at his friend over his lighted match.

"Still thinking of her?" said he quietly.

Lynn started.

"Her!"

"The face at the window, the rustic Venus, the barbaric beauty with the flaming hair. Did you imagine that I couldn't see that you were smitten! Our host saw it, too, or I am greatly mistaken. You might have dissembled your love, old chap!"

Lynn's face flushed.

"You are talking infernal rot!" he cried hotly.

Hartley's eyebrows rose.

"At any rate, I don't shout it," he retorted. "Hush, you ass! He's coming."

Their host re-entered the room and placed a small wooden box on the table.

"I would have brought the registers from the church as well," said he, "had I known. They date from 1540, and there are several interesting entries bearing more or less closely on this hero of yours. However, I dare say I have sufficient here to satisfy you."

Hartley and Lynn drew their chairs forward, the latter's face eager and intent.

"Exhibit number one," observed the rector, "is a love-letter. Stephen Veale had his love-story two hundred and odd years ago, and, judging from the evidence contained herein, he remained a faithful swain to the last, though fate decreed that he and his sweetheart should never marry."

"Was she, too, a native of Stoke Averell?" asked Hartley.

"Oh, yes, she and Veale were betrothed long before he went off a-pirating. Her name was Lee—Deborah Lee."

"Deborah Lee!"

Both Hartley and the rector looked up sharply. It had grown quite dark by now, and the maid, on clearing the table, had lit a tall lamp in the centre thereof. Just within the radius of its light they saw Robert Lynn's face, tense and eager. It was he who had repeated the name, in a curious strained tone, as though he were striving vainly to recall some long-dead memory.

"Yes," continued the rector after a pause. "And she, on her part, appears to have remained equally faithful, for in the registers is recorded the death of Deborah Lee, spinster, on September 14, 1693, the identical date on which Veale himself perished in America."

"A curious coincidence," remarked Hartley. "How old was she when she died?"

"Thirty-four."

The reply came, not from the rector but from Lynn, and the others turned to him in astonishment.

"Why, how can you possibly know, Bob!" exclaimed Hartley.

"I read it on her tombstone," was the reply.

"Ah, yes," said the rector thoughtfully. "I remember you were standing by it when we came out of the church. How did you come to find the grave, Mr.

Lynn? There had been no mention of her name between us."

Robert Lynn gazed half-vacantly at the speaker.

"I hardly know," said he; "stumbled upon it by accident, I suppose. But you spoke of a letter."

"Yes, I have it here. It is from Veale to Deborah, though not actually in his handwriting. It was apparently written, from Veale's dictation, by a Spanish priest, perhaps a prisoner. In all probability Veale himself was unable to write. The letter came home in a whaler to Dartmouth."

Mr. Maynard opened the box, and, drawing forth a sheet of paper yellow with age, laid it before them. The writing was neat and formal and perfectly easy to read. It ran as follows:

"Offe Savannah.

"September the Firste 1693.

"MY DEREST MAYDE DEBORAH,

"At laste I have wonne the Fortune I went oute to seeke. In a shorte time I shalle be Home to claspe you once more to my Breaste.

"I have thotte of you Daye and Nighte since we parted. Expecte me at about the Yule. A prettie Golde Broche and Moidores in monie do I sende my Sweete,

"This by the Barke Elizibeth Varcoe, from thine owne derest Harte

"STEPHEN VEALE.

"(Inscribed for him by the hande of Luiz Quintero, Priest.)"

Hartley and Lynn read the letter together in silence as it lay on the table before them.

"Nothing brilliant as a literary effort," commented the former, "but a very human document, for all that, and, I should say, calculated to give pleasure to Deborah. And what of the 'prettie Golde Broche,' Mr. Maynard? Have you that as well?"

"Yes, I purchased it from a collateral descendant of Deborah Lee herself, some ten years ago."

The rector carefully unwrapped something from tissue-paper and handed it to Hartley, who examined it curiously. It was a large and rather clumsy orna-

ment, weighing perhaps three ounces, apparently of gold, with a beautifully chased surface.

"More like a locket than a brooch," said Hartley. "Does it open in any way?"

"Not that any one could ever discover," replied the rector. "I have taken it to two or three jewellers, and they pronounce it to be a solid piece of gold, probably fashioned out of a nugget. There was plenty of gold coming out of South America in those days, you know, and of course Veale had been much on the Spanish Main. Besides, there was always booty on hand, and this trinket may originally have cost some unfortunate victim his or her life, for all we know."

"Give it to me!"

The words were snapped out in a tone of imperious command, and Hartley, after a momentary glance of astonishment, handed the brooch to Robert Lynn, who had risen to his feet. He held the brooch close to the lamp; then—they saw not exactly how—he took the thing in both hands and gave it a peculiar twist. Instantly it flew apart and lay open on his palm.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated the rector.

But his exclamation was capped by a louder one from Hartley, who had also risen to his feet and was staring at the brooch over Lynn's shoulder. In one of the halves of the ornament was a lock of jet-black hair, but it was not that which evoked Hartley's amazed outcry. In the other half was an exquisitely painted miniature of a woman's face, and the features were those of the girl who had looked down upon them from the upper window of the old house. There was no mistaking the dark, level eyebrows, the mass of red-gold hair, and the general contour of the rather thin but strikingly beautiful face.

The rector had risen also and was peering through his glasses. Then Hartley, glancing quickly aside, saw something that startled him anew.

"Bob!" he cried sharply.

Lynn gave a low, incoherent cry and, closing the brooch, thrust it into his breast pocket. Then, before Hartley

could detain him or utter a word of protest, he turned, strode swiftly to the door, and was gone.

The two men left in the room stood dumfounded; then the old clergyman dropped into a chair and passed his hand across his forehead.

"I don't understand—" he began; then he broke off and cast a keen look at Hartley.

"This—this is not a trick, is it?" said he. "Yet, no, how can it be! The brooch had not left my possession."

Hartley shook his head impatiently.

"There is no trick," he returned. "I am as much in the dark as you are, Mr. Maynard. There is something beyond our understanding here. The portrait—you saw!"

"Yes, yes, I saw and recognized. It is inexplicable."

"I must go after him!" burst out Hartley suddenly. "God knows what mad idea is in his head, for mad he is just now, if his face told me anything."

"I will go with you. As you say, he is not responsible for his actions, otherwise he would not have left us in that strange manner."

A moon, just past the full, favored their quest. Robert Lynn had passed beyond immediate tracing, but, guided by some vague instinct, they made first for the old house at the corner. The ancient building rose gray and spectral in the moonlight, but no sign of life animated its grim façade nor was there any sound of voices from within. The rector made a movement as though to enter, for the door, as Hartley noted, was not quite closed, and then drew back again. They were standing undecidedly, when a boy, driving in stray sheep, came by. From him they gleaned that he had passed a gentleman with no hat, "walking as 'ard as he could pelt," just outside the village. He had "turned up Ballamy's."

"The Gillard!" exclaimed the rector, as though to himself. "This is almost passing belief!"

Hartley sought no explanation, but he gathered that his companion had a clew to Lynn's probable destination, and he was content to follow the rector's lead. A few hundred yards beyond the village they turned up a narrow lane.

"This is 'Ballamy's,'" said Mr. Maynard briefly.

The lane formed a dark tunnel with dense foliage meeting overhead. A few minutes' ascent brought them out upon an open down, and here they halted, panting and breathless. Before them lay spread out a phantom country of moonlit wooded hill and dale with, low down in the valley, a glimpse of the river, like a sheet of silver.

"What place is this? Why should Lynn come here?" queried Hartley. It had come into his mind that it might not have been Lynn, after all, that the boy had seen.

"This hill is known as 'The Gillard,'" replied the rector in a tone that had something of awe in it. "Tradition says it is the spot where Stephen Veale and Deborah Lee used to meet."

Hartley interrupted the speaker with a quick clutch of the arm.

"Look yonder!" he whispered tensely.

A solitary pine-tree stood on the edge of the knoll farthest from where they stood, and underneath it, clearly silhouetted against the sky, were two figures standing together in close embrace. As they looked the pair drew apart, and in one of the figures Hartley recognized Robert Lynn. For a moment a spasm of shame and resentment at what he considered to be his friend's folly passed through Hartley's mind, then a sudden thought checked his condemnation.

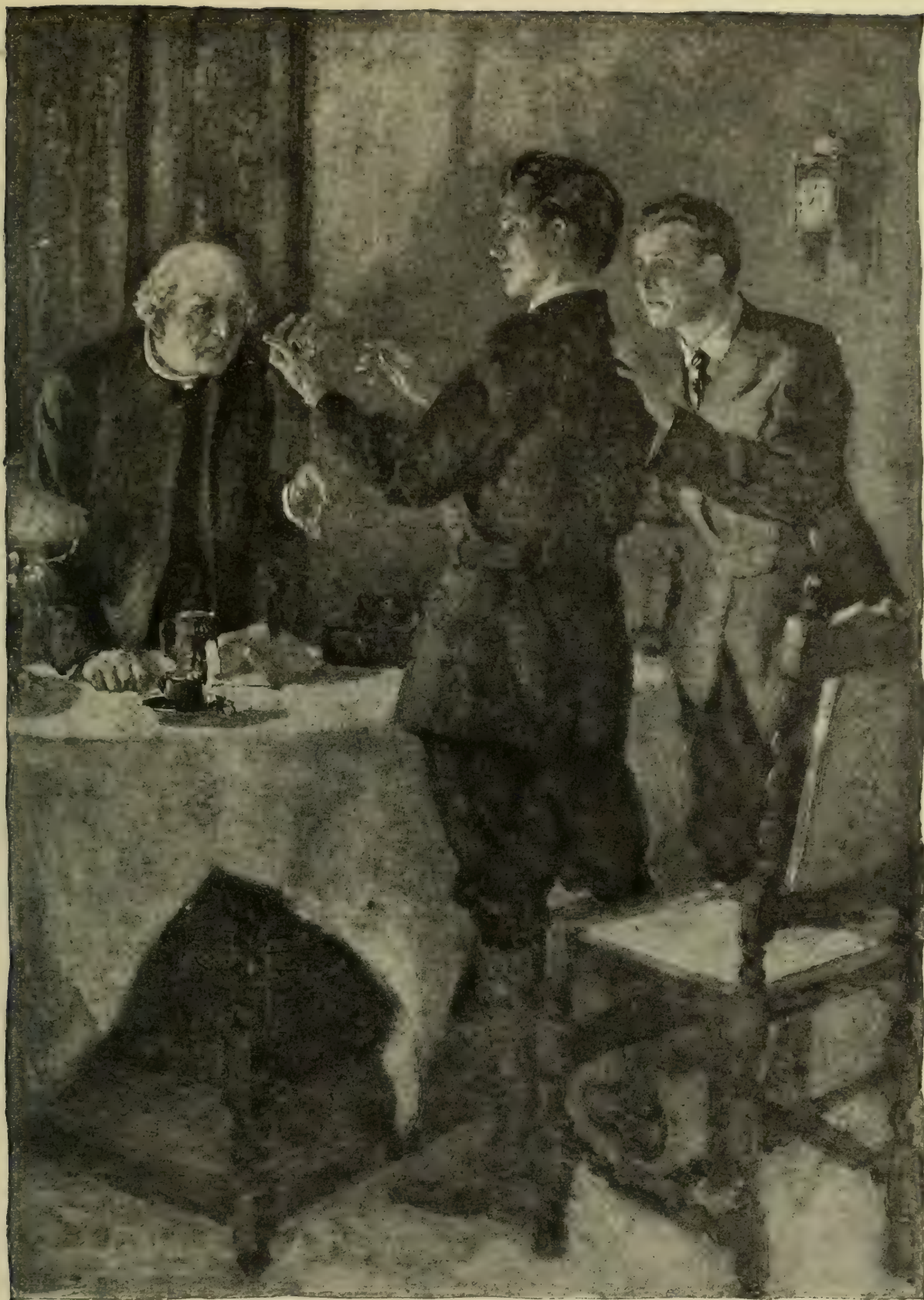
"My God!" he whispered, heedless of his companion. "*Why, it's—it's Stephen Veale and Deborah Lee over again!*"

Mr. Maynard touched him on the arm.

"Had we not better return, now that we have found him?" said he. "He may resent having been followed."

Hartley saw the wisdom of the suggestion, and was about to assent, when the sound of a woman's voice made him pause. The words did not reach him distinctly, but to Hartley they seemed to be a long-drawn wail of farewell.

Then they saw a solitary form break away from the shadow of the pine-tree and glide swiftly toward where they stood, at the mouth of the lane. The two watchers hastily drew back in the shadow, and the figure passed. They saw it was the girl. There was something uncanny in her



"Great heavens!" ejaculated the rector.—Page 615.

progress, swift, noiseless, and unerring, and had he not been close enough to see the white strained face in the moonlight, and hear the rustle of her dress against the leaves, Hartley would almost have believed that he beheld a phantom.

When the woman had passed they looked toward the pine-tree once more.

"Where is Lynn?" exclaimed Hartley, and a sudden fear gripped him. He started out across the open space without waiting to communicate his misgivings to his companion. The rector followed, somewhat less actively, and arrived at the pine-tree to find Hartley kneeling beside a prostrate form.

"He is not—!" began the old clergyman agitatedly; but Hartley was quick to reassure him.

"Only fainted. I have a brandy flask, if you will lift his head."

It was some time before they could get the stimulant to have any effect, but at last, with a fluttering sigh, Robert Lynn returned to consciousness. He started at the two anxious faces above him in bewilderment.

"What has happened? Where am I?" he murmured. Then, without warning, he suddenly brushed aside Hartley's hand and rose to his feet, apparently full of his normal vigor.

"I've been asleep!" he stammered confusedly. "Asleep and dreaming. Lord, what dreams! But who is this, Theo?"

He stared at the rector unrecognizingly in the moonlight.

"This is Mr. Maynard, the rector, at whose house we dined, Bob!" replied Hartley. "You remember?"

Lynn shook his head.

"I don't," he returned perplexedly. "What has happened? Out with it! Have I had a fall or something? How came I here? It is all a puzzle."

"You have not had any accident," said Hartley. "But we will not stay here any longer. Can you walk all right?"

"Walk!" repeated Lynn surprisedly. "Of course! Why not?"

"Then come along. Don't ask questions now. We will explain later. We will go back to your house, if we may, Mr. Maynard."

"By all means," answered the rector.

They accomplished the return journey without difficulty, and, once more in the seclusion of the rector's dining-room, they discovered that the past two hours formed a perfect blank in Robert Lynn's mind.

"The last thing I clearly remember," said he, "is Hartley and myself sitting

down, on a low wall, I think, at the close of a long walk. After that I don't recall a single thing until I saw you both bending over me out there in the moonlight. Yet you say that we went into a churchyard, met Mr. Maynard, and afterward dined with him here in this room. Of course it must be so, but I assure you that I have not the slightest recollection of any of these things. And now you haven't told me how on earth I came to be up yonder!"

The eyes of Maynard and Hartley met momentarily in a swift understanding. There had been no mention of the story of Stephen Veale in their explanations to Lynn as yet. They had merely given him a bare outline of his movements, and in that silent interchange of glances the thing was decided. Robert Lynn was to remain in ignorance of the whole truth, for the time, at any rate.

"You left us rather abruptly," said Hartley, after a momentary pause. "We followed and overtook you."

"But what led me to that place?" persisted Lynn. "Did I make no excuse, give no reason for leaving you? You say that I talked rationally enough all this time."

"No, you bolted without a word of explanation," replied Hartley.

Robert Lynn frowned perplexedly.

"Looks to me as though it were some kind of sleep-walking," said he, "yet I was never given to that sort of thing. I feel ashamed of having caused you so much trouble, Mr. Maynard. I'll certainly see a doctor to-morrow—though what I'll tell him I hardly know. I was perfectly well two or three hours ago, and I am feeling quite fit now."

"I can put you both up for the night—" began Mr. Maynard, but Hartley shook his head behind Lynn's back.

"It is extremely kind of you, sir," said he. "But I think it will be the wiser plan for us to proceed. Our rooms at the hotel are booked, too."

"Yes, we'll get on," assented Lynn. "Many thanks, all the same, Mr. Maynard."

"Very well, then," said the rector. "On the whole, perhaps it is the best plan."

Before they left, Hartley seized an opportunity to speak to the rector alone.

"Lynn evidently remembers nothing



There was something uncanny in her progress. . . . Hartley would almost have believed that he beheld a phantom.—Page 616.

concerning the story of Veale," said he hurriedly. "And as to that girl and what happened up yonder, it is absolutely unrecorded in his mind."

"It certainly seems so. Do you propose to tell him later?"

"No," replied Hartley decisively. "Of course he may remember of his own accord, at some unexpected moment, but once away from here, there will be less fear of that happening. By the way, what

of the brooch? Of course he took it with him."

"To ask him for it would be extremely unwise," said the rector thoughtfully. "He may have given it to—the girl, in which case I shall be able to recover it from her."

"Who is she?" asked Hartley suddenly.

The rector's face grew grave.

"Her name is Margaret Rowland," he

replied. "And I may tell you that if you can keep your friend away from here for a few months there will be no further danger of his meeting her. The poor girl is in a rapid consumption, and not the least astonishing part of the affair, to me, is the manner in which she accomplished the journey to 'The Gillard' and back."

"The whole affair is inexplicable," said Hartley. "Lynn shall not return here, once we get away. I think I can promise you that— But here he comes," he added hurriedly. "I will write you, in the course of a day or two, and let you know how things are going."

They bade the old rector farewell, and as they left the village Hartley noted that all lingering signs of depression on the part of his friend passed off, so that by the time they arrived at their hotel, in the town some six miles away, Robert Lynn was his old jovial self once more.

The remainder of the story may be given in two letters. The first, written by Hartley two days afterward, was as follows:

"DEAR MR. MAYNARD,

"I am writing, according to my promise, concerning my friend, Robert Lynn. We consulted a doctor yesterday, and I gave a discreet account of what had happened. I am rather afraid that the doctor had some suspicion that I was not altogether frank, but he thoroughly overhauled Lynn, and could find nothing wrong. He gave it as his opinion that some slight lesion might have occurred in the brain, and that if any similar experience recurred a specialist had better be consulted.

"Lynn himself does not seem to be troubling at all, and, by tacit agreement, we avoid the subject. Whether he has some vague memory of what really happened I do not know and shall not venture to test the correctness of my surmise. You will recall that, on regaining consciousness, he spoke of having had strange dreams.

"I have ascertained that he certainly has not the brooch in his possession. As a matter of fact I searched his pockets whilst he was asleep. I trust that you have recovered it.

"We start northwards this afternoon.

I must again, on the part of Lynn as well as myself, thank you for your great kindness and sympathy, without which my friend's curious experience might have had more tragic developments.

"Yours faithfully

"THEODORE HARTLEY."

The rector's reply, written a fortnight later, ran thus:

"DEAR MR. HARTLEY,

"I read your letter with much relief. You will, however, be somewhat shocked to learn that the poor girl who played so prominent a part in the strange happenings of that eventful evening died yesterday. She never recovered from a serious relapse brought on by the exertion and exposure of that unaccountable expedition. It appears that she slipped out, during her mother's temporary absence, and had, indeed, returned before her escapade was discovered. Happily for all, she was seen by nobody save ourselves, so that it is not known where she went, as Margaret herself remembered nothing of her doings. She was perfectly sensible and lucid when I saw her on the following morning, but she said that she remembered nothing after looking out of the window and seeing us below. At that moment, a sort of mist, as she described it, seemed to envelop her brain, and she knew nothing more until she woke to find her mother bending over her and asking her where she had been.

"I questioned her carefully, but she recalled nothing particular in connection with the two strangers she saw with me.

"She sank rapidly and, during the past week, was entirely unconscious. Hearing nothing of the brooch, it occurred to me to go and search on 'The Gillard.' There, underneath the pine-tree, I found the missing article. I was very glad, as had it been discovered in Margaret Rowland's possession it might have led to all sorts of awkward questions. I have since tried in vain to re-open the brooch. There is some secret spring or fastening, with which it appears only your friend is—or rather was—acquainted.

"As it is, only you and I know the truth. Yet there I am wrong. We know only a very little. What the full explana-

tion is God only knows! I have thought over the whole matter long and deeply, and I am convinced that there is something here more than a mere series of chance coincidences.

"The evidence of the portrait, Lynn's familiarity with the neighborhood, his ready action in opening the brooch, the mutual recognition between Margaret Rowland and himself, the abnormal mental experience common to both, their meeting on 'The Gillard,' all these things force me, in spite of my orthodox training, to the belief that, after a parting of centuries, Stephen Veale and Deborah

Lee met again that night in the persons of your friend Robert Lynn and Margaret Rowland.

"I know not whether you will share this strange conviction on my part. I scarcely see how you can do otherwise, knowing what you know and having seen what you did see. Be that as it may, it must all remain a secret between us. To speak of it would only mean the blemishing of a dead memory by the ignorant and unbelieving, and, possibly, serious mental disturbance for the living.

"Yours very sincerely

"JAMES MAYNARD."



I Know from Dreams

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I KNOW from dreams that we shall one day be
Within that golden land called Italy,
Watching the ochre sails that dip and rise,
Now like bright birds and now like butterflies,
Upon the waters of some inland sea.

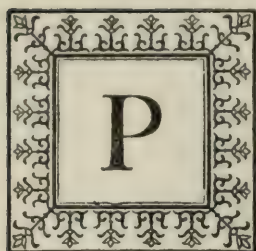
I know that underneath the trees that spread
Their leaves like silent shadows overhead
We long shall linger till the twilight falls
From the sheer summits of the mountain walls,
Eyes answering eyes, and with no dear word said;

Only the nightingale within the lime
Melodiously linking rhyme with rhyme,
Breathing with every silvery syllable
That which our own enamored hearts would tell
Had we not hand in hand forgotten time.

The Psychologist and the Mandarin

BY GERALD CHITTENDEN

Teacher of English, St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire



PSYCHOLOGICAL tests of intelligence arouse a curious resentment in the mind of the average boy. He, of course, hates to be branded as a moron, but he hates quite as hotly to be stigmatized as a genius. In our schools, and to a lesser extent in our colleges, intelligence is something to be apologized for except when it is shown in the intricate generalship of the football field. It is legitimate to investigate an adolescent's knowledge of facts; it is diabolical meddling to test his desire for truth and his capacity for reaching it. And there is as much difference between facts and truth as there is between the body and the soul. There is an incongruous virtue in the point of view, for it rises from modesty rather than from any other source—from an unwillingness to advertise the fact that one has superior natural gifts, chance moral and intellectual possessions which one has neither deserved nor earned. By this odd criterion of youth, the intellectual prig is ostracized, as he ought to be, and the fundamental virtues of simplicity and generosity are given their due respect.

Yet there is a sort of inverted snobbery about it, and there is much less excuse for the intelligent snob than there is for the stupid one. The possession of power above the average is not only an asset; it is a liability, and if it be properly liquidated, the individual will encounter enough irony to preserve his detachment. This conception of individual ability as a trust and not a possession, although it is several thousand years old, is directly opposed to our contemporary materialism and has never been popular. Probably it never will be among young men. With exceptions too few to deserve mention, they have no detachment except in great imaginative crises such as are caused by

war. Their qualities of mind seem to them to be exclusively their own, and examination of them meets the identical irritation which is caused by the income tax and the custom-house. In the endeavor to popularize the idea, it is futile to draw any parallel between mental and physical ability, in spite of the fact that sportsmanship and generosity are precisely the qualities most needed by a penetrating mind. The parallel exists in perfection, but it does not convince.

Faced with this peculiar reluctance of youth to use its mental powers, school-teachers gradually gave up opposing it and acquiesced in the materialistic point of view. They became proponents of the mandarin system of education—a system in which they did not believe—and tried to content themselves with testing their pupils' knowledge of facts learned rather than their mental potentiality. Such tests at least were definite; the standards they set up were attainable. There was a little consolation in the thought that facts are the raw material of thought, and in the corollary hope that some pupils would eventually use them in the search for truth. The more enlightened teachers, furthermore, had no little sympathy with the point of view of youth in this regard, perceiving the modesty which was one of its causes, and observing also that the good scholar, bent exclusively on his own betterment, was often an inferior citizen. In elementary education, the result of this condition was deadening. Teachers became drill-masters, and pupils found no connection between the classroom and anything interesting or romantic in life. Early efforts to establish such a connection took the form either of Froebelism, which was pernicious because it taught the pupil to follow the line of least resistance, or of specialization, which was necessarily narrowing.

Into this dull rehearsal of problems and paradigms finally entered the psycholo-

gist, armed with the sudden authority which the application of his science in war had given to him. Even before the war, he had ceased to be a purely academic personage, but the army tests had aroused a wide popular interest in psychology, and had distributed a thin knowledge of its detail over the country. Education was his natural field, and he entered it, welcomed as something of a savior; his avowed purpose was not to discover what the pupil was fit for, but to find out whether he was fit for anything. He framed various tests—notably the Terman tests—designed to accomplish this purpose. He himself has been careful not to claim too much for the results of these tests, but there is grave danger that his untrained adherents—discouraged school-teachers for the most part—will claim for them more than they can ever accomplish. Let us move slowly, for the demand that the pupil accumulate facts has still no small validity, and should not be abandoned.

For the psychologist tests and pretends to test only one of the three elements in education. Schools are like factories. They have storehouses crammed with raw material—facts in this connection; they have machines which must deal with the raw material—minds, that is to say; they must turn out a product derived from the action of the machines on the raw material. This product may be something tangible, such as the technical schools manufacture—bridges, canals, and dams. It may, on the other hand, be something quite intangible, almost indefinable, such as may be achieved by the man who has profitably employed his time in the academic department of a university. With the performance of the technical schools the psychologist would seem to have little to do, although he can expedite the process by eliminating inefficient mental machines. Even this, however, is fairly well done under the old system, for the excellence of a technical product itself constitutes a severe test of the education which made it possible and of the mind which produced it.

The province of the psychologist, therefore, lies in the academic departments of universities, and in all the schools which prepare either for them or for the tech-

nical institutions, or for a career without the intervention of either. Continuing the simile of the factory, it may be said that the schools are manufacturers of the equipment which the colleges use, the testing plants wherein it is more desirable to set up, run, and adjust the machines than to make them turn the raw material of facts into a marketable product. Good and excellent machines should here be separated from poor ones, and the psychologist can do that better than any one else. Parenthetically, he will be impeded in his task by sentimentalists who still cling to the Declaration of Independence—members of a sort of educational bricklayers' union, who will insist that no boy or girl shall lay bricks faster than his or her fellows. This problem, however, must be dealt with independently. For present purposes we may assume that the value of psychological tests is admitted by every one when they are applied to some one else and by superior minds when they are applied to themselves. The fact that the elimination of all inferior minds from the schools would create a whole new series of problems, chiefly social, does not constitute a valid argument against such elimination. The solution of one problem always creates other problems.

If, however, the intellectual tests were applied without check or balance, they would bar from the schools certain pupils whose value is great, but whose mental capacity is near the level at which exclusion might be in most cases considered advisable. No community can afford to leave such characters uneducated, for they form the solid and right thinking mass and not infrequently develop qualities of leadership which their more brilliant companions may not possess in the smallest degree. A test of character, impersonal and unprejudiced, must therefore be devised to supplement the mental tests. This is a hard task, but not an impossible one. Several such tests were effectively used in the more exacting branches of the military service during the war; they could be adapted to the exigencies of peace. It is probable also that the standing of the pupil as shown by a character test should have at least as much weight as his grade in tests of mental power.

Assuming then that, with the aid of the psychologist, low-grade minds and low-grade characters have been eliminated from a school, or from schools in general, it remains to decide what shall be done with the good to excellent minds which remain. Out of the vast accumulation of facts in the storehouses of civilization, which ones shall we feed into those untried machines, the minds of our school-children? Here again the advocates of specialized and technical training have an apparent advantage. Their goals are definite and generally profitable; their product is both more easily and more accurately tested, and their appeal to the materialism of youth is proportionately great. With such advantages as these, they can be trusted to take care of themselves. The psychologist becomes the ally of humanism, for he is more concerned with the quality of the machine than with the quality of the product.

In this connection the phrase "materialism of youth" has been advisedly used. It is a commonplace to say that youth is the time of high ideals, and to a certain extent it is true. But only to a certain extent. Neither youth nor age is exclusively a time of high ideals. The lure of power and the lust for it is co-existent in youth with the Quixotism which makes us love it; and in these days, when comparative luxury is more widespread than it has ever been, the desire for material gain in life too often overlays the joyous curiosity which is at once the most attractive and the most stimulating characteristic of youth. All classes are included in this surrender to Mammon. Those who have little prosperity desire it almost above all things, and those who have much would hold on to what they have with the grip of death. It is absurd to blame the young for this fault; they but give to the world what it has asked for, responding to pressure at the point at which it has been applied. Over against the goal of materialism, altruism has set no alluring objective; as opposed to the definite promise of the technical schools, the colleges have nothing tangible to offer. Consequently, schoolboys, when they think of the academic departments at all, look upon them either as a four years' loaf or as a four years' mystery, or per-

haps as an opportunity for special training camouflaged under the screen of a liberal education in preferred surroundings. None of these three points of view is correct or even worthy. Quite often boys who hold them change them radically before they have been long at college; that is so much to the good, but does not alter the fact that they should never have held them at all. Can the psychologist and the teacher, working together, make the object of an academic education as vivid and attractive as the object of a technical education already is?

Such a project is not impossible, if inferior minds and inferior characters are once eliminated; there is no use in casting pearls before swine. The next thing is to achieve a definition of the object of humanism in modern life. We cannot be content with the old shibboleth "mind training," for that has lost whatever meaning it ever had for the pupil, and too often is vague in the mind of the teacher. Nor will the word "culture" serve our turn. "Culture" has lost its connotation of hard work—of ploughing, manuring, and sweat—and now means something that grows on a man like a pimple instead of something that must be attained by effort continued to the point of exhaustion. Whatever we substitute for these abused and outworn terms must be a slogan as well as a definition, appealing to the idealistic side of youth, and therefore not competing with the objectives of the technical schools. Academic departments, speaking courageously, might phrase it thus:

"What we teach you here will not assure you of a job when you leave us, or ever add one dollar to your income. Your material well-being in the future does not interest us in the least; indeed, if we succeed with you as well as we may hope to do, you will choose your career not because it is lucrative, but because it is interesting, and the best of you will enter occupations in which the accumulation of money, instead of being a criterion of success, will be something you will have to explain. Such occupations are politics, medicine, the ministry, and teaching; there are many more. In lieu of material advantage, we offer you the chance to make your mind hospitable to new ideas

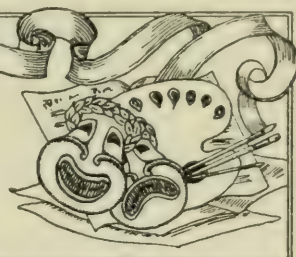
and tenacious of the good in human experience. You will be chary how you take anybody else's word for what that good is; you will be fitted to weigh evidence and to think independently and impersonally. We will show you how to pursue truth, or, if it happen that your mind is cast in a different mould, how to pursue beauty, which is also truth. We will equip you to act, when you are confronted with a new situation, in such a way that your deeds will stand accurately in a sequence of cause and effect which began before you were born and will continue after you are dead. If you catch

the spirit of our instruction, you will become convinced of your own insignificance in the scheme of things—and that is the road to happiness. We offer you also opportunities for leisure and for learning how to enjoy it such as you will never get again. Last of all, we offer you a training in sportsmanship which, if you are intelligent, you will apply to everything you do, and to every misfortune which you undergo. In short, we have no single object to accomplish, unless it be the power to understand men and things—a power which can only arise from a knowledge of primary causes and essential truth."



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



OF all the poems that in childhood shake our hearts and in later years our ribs, of all specimens of sentiment turned by experience into sources of mirth, I have long regarded "The Captain's Daughter," by James T. Fields, as almost in a class by itself.

"We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep."

Every one who has attended an American school knows this ballad, for it is singularly well adapted to the needs of those who are required to "speak a piece." Its chief merit is its merciful brevity; but it furnishes also the appealing dramatic contrast, and it runs so trippingly on the tongue that even a dullard can learn it by heart. Furthermore, the heroine of the poem is about the same age as she who most fervently recites it; and the moral lesson is so obvious that even those who run away from it cannot help reading it.

The most accomplished elocutionists who declaim it, are, however, inferior in technique to the captain's daughter her-

self, for at the height of the tempest, when there is an infernal clatter and racket, we are informed

"But his little daughter whispered,"

and apparently this whisper was heard not only by the captain but by the passengers.

Why do you suppose a *publisher* wrote this thing? Was it an unconscious echo of the slush that filled his mail, the lees of sentimentality that he was daily forced to drink, or was it a long-postponed but final turning of the worm, a method of revenge on his contributors?

"'We are lost!' the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs."

Until last week, I had regarded this captain as unique. Imagine a ship's captain, when the passengers were in terror, leaving the deck, rushing below, and shouting "We are lost!" I reflected that a man whose name was Fields ought not to pose as a nautical authority.

But last week I was reading Oscar Browning's diverting "Memories of Later Years," in which he describes a voyage

on the Mediterranean in a vessel that inspired little confidence. "We were told that on the last voyage she was in great danger in the Gulf of Lyons, which can be worse than the Bay of Biscay. The captain came down to the cabin and told the passengers to be prepared for death. Some prayed, some screamed, and some fainted, but the crisis never came off, and the good old *Argonaut* rode triumphant."

It sounds like "Pinafore"; yet, now that we have this authentic incident, which I should like to use as a foot-note to "The Captain's Daughter," I am in a muse. Possibly in former times it was the custom of sea-captains, when the weather became blowy, to go below dramatically, and bawl their despair at the passengers.

Oscar Browning has the garrulity of old age without fatuity. The author recounts his experiences at Cambridge University, in India, in Russia, and in Italy. He tells good stories; and he makes no attempt to conceal his faith in Esperanto and in Christian Science. He has no modesty, either false or true; but it is inspiring to see a man of eighty-five so vigorous and alert in mind, and so wholeheartedly in love with life.

He has many interesting anecdotes about Campbell-Bannerman, whom even his enemies could not help liking. He was a man of extraordinary loyalty and capacity for affection. Lord Morley in his "Recollections" says that when C. B. was prime minister, some one wrote him about an important matter of state, and received the reply that just then the premier's wife was very ill, and that her health meant more to him than the whole British Empire. Many will regard such an answer with repugnance, even with contempt. For my part, I admire him, first, for feeling like that, and second, for having the candor to say so.



DO you like to read of trials in criminal courts, of murder mysteries, of the struggle of wits between an accused individual and the machinery of the law? My natural interest in these is considerably heightened when they belong to history rather than to fiction, and when they are told by an expert. To those who feel as Scott, Stevenson, and Andrew Lang felt

on such matters, let me recommend three books by William Roughead, an eminent Scots lawyer and historical investigator. "Twelve Scots Trials" (1913), "The Riddle of the Ruthvens" (1919), and "Glengarry's Way" (1922). They are revelations of human nature. The quiet, precise, orderly, and humorous style actually heightens the sensational nature of the events.

Of new books in literary criticism, one of the most attractive is "Books and Authors," by Robert Lynd, an Irishman, who has made a special preface for the American edition. His short essays are about equally divided between "standard" and contemporary authors, or, as he expresses it, between "More or Less Ancient" and "More or Less Modern," with an interlude and a finale. In the preface he ably defends the practice of writing books about books, using the analogy of books about birds and books about butterflies. His observations extend in time from Herrick the poet to T. S. Eliot. I like particularly the last chapter, wherein Mr. Lynd tells us what he conceives to be the function of the critic. "This love of excellence is indisputably the first of all the requisites of a critic—love of excellence and acquaintance with excellence. The critic's first standard is his enthusiasm for the great writers."

I have often thought that more books on literature should be written by physicians. As Cordelia summoned a nerve specialist to take care of her father, and Macbeth one to look after his wife—both admirable doctors—so a considerable amount of professional criticism has been written of those two characters by alienists. There was also, I believe, a consultation of physicians on the case of the hero in Tennyson's "Maud."

Many contemporary novels seem to call especially for the attention of nerve specialists. The late Professor Raleigh said: "Books are written to be read by those who can understand them; their possible effect on those who cannot is a matter of medical rather than of literary interest." But the situation has changed; to-day there are many novels which are widely read, but cannot be understood except by men whose training has been in medical rather than in literary schools.

For this reason, I welcome a book like that by Doctor Joseph Collins, called "The Doctor Looks at Literature." A professional alienist, his interests extend beyond the conventional fields of science; he is the author of an entertaining book called "Idling in Italy."

Although the doctor is extremely cautious in pronouncing any positive judgment on matters of science, he is cock-sure on questions in literature. Those who are not repelled by this dogmatism—and I don't mind it particularly, being thoroughly used to it from those who are neither doctors nor critics—will find his chapters truly illuminating. And I wonder if those who read his last essay will continue to treat with adulation an author whose real tendencies are there plainly described?



NOTHING could more fitly illustrate my remarks on librarians in the July issue than "Revelations of a Library Life," by David Cuthbertson. Mr. Cuthbertson has been a librarian in Edinburgh for forty-six years, and has been paid so ill and confined so well that he has never seen the city of London. His book is the intentionally artless thinking aloud of a man who has lived amid printed volumes, parchments, and manuscripts. He has seen the tide of university activities ebb and flow; and the view of professors and students as a librarian sees them is part of the charm of his work. On a ridiculous salary, this unpretentious gentleman has managed to support a wife, and educate six children, who are now scattered abroad in Britain and in India, and whose letters are the joy of his old age. Like most librarians, he has done good and not evil all the days of his life; and he has every reason to be content. I regard him as a hero, and I think many will agree with me when they read these two paragraphs from his book.

I find I was first engaged in the University Library at the sum of £70 a year. When I had ten pounds more I married and, although there were many forbidding barriers, with the help of man's best helpmeet, an excellent managing wife with the bravest of spirits, trials, monetary and otherwise, have turned out to be as adverse breezes, and with small sums received for writing, the wolf was kept from the door, and a quiet harbour was reached after many years, and several decades.

I have four sons and two daughters. The eldest son is Secretary to Cambridge University Library; the next, who passed with honours in Classics, is Librarian of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, another is a banker in Calcutta, and the fourth is an Art Master, having won, in 1921, the travelling Scholarship in Art at the Royal College of Art in Edinburgh. My eldest daughter has been over eleven years in Allahabad, where she founded what is known as the Modern High School, with upwards of 600 boys in attendance, and my youngest daughter has taken honours in French and German, and passed in Russian. She has qualified for a teacher, and is principal language mistress in an Academy in the West of Scotland.



IN the August issue, I stated that General H. M. Robert had become the oldest living graduate of West Point. I was mistaken, and am grateful to two correspondents, both of whom inform me that Brigadier-General Horatio Gates Gibson, now living in Washington, was born in Baltimore, May 22, 1827, and was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1847. He is now therefore ninety-six years old, ten years older than the author of Robert's "Rules of Order." I thank my correctors, and salute General Gibson. I hope that I may have the honor of recording his one hundredth birthday in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, in the issue for May, 1927.



WHEN I was a freshman at Yale, I remember a literary decision handed down one day from the professor's desk, and I not only remember it, but remember the speaker's facial expression and the tone of his voice. While I am under no illusion as to professorial influence on students, there is one commonly heard statement which I know to be false. "Nobody remembers what he was taught in the classroom." The speaker usually proceeds to emphasize the strikingly original thought that what students really learn in college they learn from one another. Now while I was and am devoted to my classmates, I learned more from my teachers; and so far from everything they said being forgotten, I can remember all sorts of *obiter dicta*, *verbatim et literatim*. If the faculty sayings vanish on their utterance, why is it that at class reunions, bald and fat alumni talk so much and so

often about the hours in the classroom, and what the "Prof" on such and such an occasion said? Perhaps no person is remembered longer than the teacher. Some are hated, some are despised, some are ridiculed and parodied, but few are forgotten.

Our brilliant instructor in Latin, Ambrose Tighe, who for many years has been a lawyer in St. Paul, and served his State in the legislature, used to throw off illustrative comments which are as fresh in my mind after forty years as when I first heard them.

But the particular literary decision I referred to above was given by Professor Cyrus Northrop, afterward president of the University of Minnesota. He was a dignified, even majestic personage. He always wore broadcloth, a long frock coat, with a waistcoat cut very low, revealing a vast expanse of glittering shirt-front. We had the highest regard and reverence for him, but in speaking of him to one another we invariably and affectionately called him "Guts" Northrop, or merely "Gutsy." He never used colloquial language, but spoke formally and correctly. One morning in the classroom, I remember his saying with solemnity: "Gentlemen, I am somewhat behind the age in my admiration for Macaulay."

The reason why this particular pronouncement on Macaulay recurs to my mind is because Lawrence Abbott, the accomplished contributing editor of *The Outlook*, recently admitted having a similar taste. His printed statement of it drew from a gentleman in San Francisco a letter from which I quote:

Macaulay's critical works naturally fairly swarm with instances of fresh and independent thinking similar to that expressed by . . . L. F. A. but may we be pardoned for quoting two instances especially à propos? First in a letter to his sister Hannah, August 1843, while not specifically referring to the Tower but rather viewing the subject from a different angle, he comments as follows: "The Cathedral, which was my chief object at Chartres, rather disappointed me; not that it is not a fine church: but I had heard it described as one of the most magnificent in Europe. Now I have seen finer churches in England, France, and Germany. It wants vastness and its admirers make the matter worse by proving to you that it is a great deal larger than it looks, and by assuring you that the proportions are so exquisite as to produce the effect of littleness. I have heard the same canted about a much

finer building—St. Peter's." Again, in his admirable essay on Southey's edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress": "One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the 'Faerie Queene.' We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast."

To this interesting letter Doctor Abbott replied:

It is the fashion now, I believe, to turn up the nose a little at Macaulay. I am just ignoble enough, however, to find great pleasure and satisfaction in his writings. Within a year or two I have read for the second time his history of England, and I am constantly taking down his essays and reading them here and there. His style is delightful and I find myself usually in sympathy with his judgments. I had never run across his criticism of the "Tower of Chartres" or of the "Fairy Queen." Mr. Phelps will sympathize with the first, and I certainly sympathize with the second.

While I was reading these letters, I received one from a friend, telling me of his suddenly renewed enthusiasm for Macaulay. Naturally I was interested, and forwarded to him the Abbott-San Francisco correspondence. To my increased interest he wrote me that he had just called on a friend of his at Dublin, New Hampshire; his host spoke of "his sudden reversion that happened very recently, to the worship of Macaulay, and did this without any suggestion from me, but as his own contribution to our talk. I told him of my experience and yours, and of — who went to Jamaica last winter with Macaulay's History and then turned to the Essays."

My friend continues:

It is certainly a curious bundle of coincidences. Now does T. B. M., perhaps just released from Purgatory, try to boom his reputation in this world, working in some mysterious way through our exceptionally open minds? Or do our thoughts just flow into our minds (and out again) from some great sea of thought, entirely without our control? I have often wondered whence come the thoughts that flow into my mind entirely without my doing anything about it. They flow in like a tide. Just now a certain T. B. M. matter seems straying in the universe and gets into our thoughts.

In my own opinion, T. B. M. is the best historian for the T. B. M. Macaulay

is always interesting. He possessed the gift of language at an early age. When he was four years old, he injured his finger, and a few minutes later, a lady asked him if he felt better; the child replied: "Thank you, Madam, the agony is abated."

I confess that to a large extent I share the late Professor Lounsbury's unashamed enthusiasm for Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." In that kind of poetry, they are unsurpassed. And I cannot re-read "The Battle of Naseby" without a stirring of the blood; though immediately after reading it, one should recite the equally stirring "Cavalier Tunes" of Browning.

I was not aware that Macaulay had made any comment, favorable or otherwise, on Chartres; but for fear of a possible misunderstanding, I ought to repeat that as a candidate for the Ignoble Prize I mentioned the *plain tower* of Chartres, not the cathedral itself. The plain tower to me has little significance, and I shall not forget my disappointment when I first saw the outside of the cathedral; but the interior of Chartres is to me most impressive; it is *écrasant*.

I remember how amused I was in reading Bishop Burnet's Travels, to find his comment on Milan: "the cathedral hath nothing to recommend it in the way of architecture." (I quote from memory, but I do not misrepresent him.) The good bishop wrote this pronouncement over two hundred years ago; was his love for his own Salisbury responsible?

What Macaulay says of "The Faerie Queene" is true for the general reader, and with all his learning, Macaulay never forgot that individual. But it leads me to call attention to another club that I have founded, The Faerie Queene Club. There are no entrance fees, no dues, and no testimonial of character required. In order to join, one must have read every word of the mighty poem. The first to be admitted was the Reverend Doctor Reed, of Holyoke, Mass. Another is the American poet, Brian Hooker. I shall be glad to hear of recruits. I will not say that "The Faerie Queene" is my favorite poem, for it is not; but that it richly repays a complete reading I am certain.

The fight between the Dragon and the Knight in Canto XI of the First Book, is a glorious struggle. One incident, though not meant to be comic, has always seemed so to me. The Dragon shot forth a flake of fire, that caught the Knight's whiskers, making an extremely unpleasant conflagration.

Apart from its interest and beauty, "The Faerie Queene" is a particularly fine illustration of the union of those two streams, the Renaissance and the Reformation. There they combined to make a reservoir of poetry.



THE challenge that I threw out in the August issue—can we remember *smells?*—has drawn many letters. Positive opinions have been expressed on both sides. A letter from an invalid who has not been able to walk for sixteen years tells me that she remembers distinctly the smell of white lilacs, though she has seen none since the beginning of her misfortune. Another declares that Hudson must either have had a defective sense of smell or a poor memory. Another: "My immediate response—unsought for and instinctive—was a very fair 'phantasm' of the odour of sweet peas; and following it instantly, *but not simultaneous with it*, was the vision of my mother's dinner table of many, many years ago, with a vase of sweet peas in the middle and a large roast of beef at one end. My brother (Eugene Schuyler) used to pick the sweet peas and put them on the table because he said that their odour went with roast beef. You know how usual it is for a scent to bring back a scene. I was also, more deliberately, able to remember the strong sweet scent of June roses."

This letter is interesting in itself: to me it has a peculiar appeal, for I shall never forget the debt I owe to Eugene Schuyler. He first translated Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons" into English, and it was his translation that made me acquainted with that masterpiece. His preface, dated 1867, is particularly interesting. Schuyler travelled extensively in Europe and in Asia, and years ago I read this tribute from one of his companions: "Eugene Schuyler was the bravest man I ever saw."

The publisher of the *Christian Endeavor World* writes me an interesting question: "May not the lack of clear memory of smells be due to the difficulty and almost impossibility of defining them? For instance, it would be quite easy to describe a violet to one who had never seen the flower, but how would you describe the fragrance?" This may have something to do with it.

A lady from Montclair writes that Hudson "expects too much of memory. Recollection, at best, is but a faint reflection of actuality. I cannot agree with what I heard Professor Münsterberg state: 'Dere are *two* tebbels. De tebbel on de floor is a tebbel, and de tebbel in de mind is a tebbel.' 'De tebbel in de mind,' is, I hold, merely an image or simulacrum of a table. One's brain would soon be cluttered with furniture, past and present."

A gentleman from Wilkes-Barre: "I share your doubts as to Hudson's theory of the lack of power to remember smells. It seems to me that I can recall the odors of gasoline, the richer cheeses, a tuberose, and others. It is not as vivid as the recollection of a scene or a piece of music, not of the same order. . . . Recognition of a scent is clearly established. Does not that involve memory?"

A lady from Auburndale takes the opposite view, and her letter may be regarded as a commentary, convincing or not, on the query from Wilkes-Barre.

Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne wishes to enter the controversy on smells, otherwise why, immediately after reading "As I Like It" for August, did I casually pick up "Rappaccini's Daughter," and pounce upon the following: "It is like the breath of a flower; but I see no flowers in the chamber." "Nor are there any . . . nor, I think, is there any fragrance except in your worship's imagination. Odors, being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual, are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume, the bare idea of it, may easily be mistaken for a present reality." I've always taken for granted that odor formed an important part in memories until I read what W. H. Hudson says about it. Now I feel that I have lost something precious, if it is possible to lose what evidently one never possessed. I can't bring back a single odor that has meant much to me. It seems uncanny; the feeling one has in a dream when one struggles to speak and can't make a sound. What a strange trick of nature that the faintest whiff of some particular perfume has the power to recall vividly past scenes but my mind can't recover the odor

when it has vanished! I'm afraid I am on Hudson's side. After sealing this (slightly) I'm going out and mingle with a large bed of phlox just to see if my brain will give credit to my poor cheated nose for even temporary activity.

Finally, E. C. Huffaker, of Chuckey, Tennessee, writes:

I have a watermelon patch near my summer home, which is also my winter home, and about the time I was reading in SCRIBNER about our inability to remember odors, two different negroes told me that in passing by on the railroad 500 feet away, they had distinctly noticed the odor of the watermelons, and explained that it was similar to the odor of a melon freshly cut. Now these melons are not yet ripe and none of them have been cut, and while standing in the patch and surrounded by scores of them I can detect not the slightest odor arising from them, nor could my son when I called his attention to the matter; and yet these negroes recognized a pronounced odor when 500 feet away. The only conclusion to be drawn was that these negroes, and possibly all negroes, had a more perfectly developed sense of smell than I had, and perhaps than the white race in general. This put it in my mind to test Mr. Hudson's theory, and accordingly I interrogated the next negro I met in regard to his experience and ability in the way of remembering odors. . . . I found that Jim had also noticed the smell of watermelons while passing, still at the distance of 500 feet, and he had probably made a note of the locality. . . . I then asked if he could remember the smell of a muskmelon. After a little hesitation he said he was not sure whether he could or not. And then he added, "I can remember some smells and some I can't. . . . I can remember how apples smell, and peaches." When asked if he could remember distinctly he replied so positively that he could, and in the same way that he remembered how his house looked, that I could not do otherwise than believe him. So it would seem that Mr. Hudson is right and that among the less developed races the memory of odors remains. . . . The white farmers of the South have been accustomed to grow their melons in hidden, out of the way places, in order that the lawless and predatory might not be able to find them. But what is the use? The negro can smell them out, and what is worse he remembers how the newly cut melon smells and I do not doubt he remembers how it tastes; and in consequence the temptation to visit a patch which his keen sense of smell has located is not to be resisted.

To sum up, let me suggest that all who are interested in this question and all who are not, read with diligence Zona Gale's novel, "Faint Perfume."

Other new novels which I heartily recommend are "Raw Material," by Dorothy Canfield, which is after all not a novel, but a collection of sketches; it is fiercely interesting, and no one can read

it without respect for the author's art and intelligence. "Midwinter" is a ripping eighteenth-century English romance, by John Buchan; among the characters is Samuel Johnson. "Through the Wheat," by Thomas Boyd, is the most impartial story of the war that I have read anywhere; it brings me nearer the trenches than any other book. The unexpressed love of truth in this objective story is highly commendable; for the tale is neither sentimental nor obscene. "The Back Seat," by G. B. Stern, is assuredly her best performance thus far; it is a story reminding one of "This Freedom" and "Bread," carrying a similar idea with more delicate art. It is a pleasure to read such English; which remark applies with equal force to "Grey Wethers," a story by V. Sackville-West, as invigorating in its identification of the characters with the environment as is Hardy's "Woodlanders." Margaret P. Montague has written one of the best American novels of the year in "Deep Channel," wherein two derelicts arouse and hold the interest of the sympathetic reader. Every American should certainly read "The Hawkeye," by Herbert Quick, who like his name is very much alive. This novel has scored a well-deserved success, and would have made a sensation, were it not slightly overshadowed by its predecessor, "Vandemark's Folly." These two tales are not only good, and at times thrilling, they are a contribution to the history of our Middle West.

To that interesting class of persons who whenever a new book comes out read an old one—it must keep them busy—let me recommend, nay insist, that they read H. G. Wells's "The Wheels of Chance," written in 1895. Those who have never seen it have before them unmitigated joy; those who have not read it since the last

century will have a joy mitigated with regret. The regret will not be for themselves.



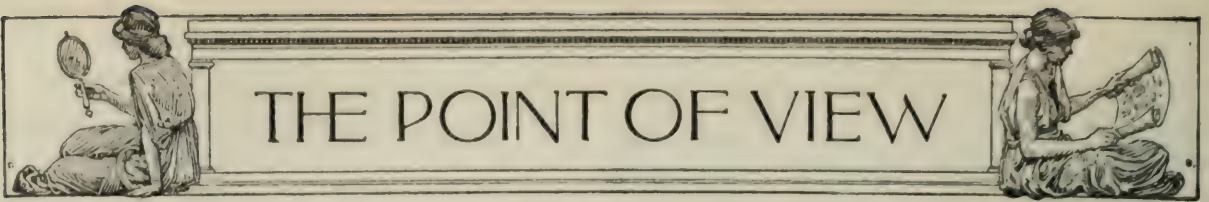
PRESCOTT CHILDS, R. G. Rincliffe, Isaac Horton, 3d, have joined the Fano Club; the youngest members are Stuyvesant Butler and Revell McCallum, undergraduates at Yale; and the youngest member of the "am't I" club is the four-year-old daughter of a teacher of history in Detroit, who uses the expression with the dogmatic grace of childhood. I am informed that the mountaineers of western North Carolina say "am I not?"

A gentleman from Rangoon, Burma, writes me that his children take delight in "Gulliver's Travels" and in "Pilgrim's Progress." He adds: "The children are normal—I think. At least the younger is a red-headed, freckled young codger wearing his first trousers with pockets with the swank of a sergeant-major."



ARE Baptists especially fond of prize-fighting? The incident I narrated of my father has drawn two communications, one from a minister who says that when he was a student in the Chicago Theological Seminary, in the midst of a solemn meeting on the Day of Prayer there squeezed into his pew a late comer who excitedly whispered, "Corbett has knocked out Sullivan!" A Philadelphia citizen writes me that his mother, who was a Baptist in faith and a super-Victorian in morals, followed with eagerness in the newspapers every prize-fight, from the first training exercises down to the finish. And she always took sides. Now the Baptists had to fight their way to freedom; one of the earliest was tried by a judge who had a grim sense of humor, for he sentenced the man to be drowned.





THE POINT OF VIEW

I HAVE a white hyacinth to feed my soul and some nice young porkers for more mundane purposes.

From Hyacinths
to Ham

A very pattern of modern adolescence, rushing pell-mell to taste the joys of maturity, my hyacinth eagerly burst into bloom before even the tip of its spike had lifted above the calyx; so that now, when almost at its prime, the plant has the appearance of five thin jade fingers cupping a handful of freshly popped corn. The pure waxen bells clasped in their green whorl are curiously beautiful. My hyacinth smells like spring. Its fragrance is a composite of the sharp ascetic tang of winter and the out-of-doors and the heady, exotic aroma of summer—a delightful perfume and elusive.

At intervals I quit my station at the kitchen range, where, like a new-style domestic witch, in white apron and cap, I stir my cauldrons of bubbling fat which is being transmuted into sweet lard, and go to the window for a whiff of flower fragrance and to see if any more “kernels” have “popped.” Not that I dislike the odor of rendering fat. I do not. It is a homely, pleasant smell that suggests toothsome doughnuts and savory croquettes, flaky pies, fluffy biscuit, and other delectables.

The sight of a row of stone jars filled with sweet lard, milky-white as the hyacinth bells, fills my housewifely soul with justifiable pride in work well done; likewise the inviting glass cans of sausage, of tongues, hearts, hocks, and jowls that promise appetizing hurry-up meals for torrid days. Nor is this yet all, for down in the cellar a barrel of hams and “sides” is undergoing a miraculous sugar-curing process that will culminate in slow smoking with green cottonwood, which we of the desert country have found no mean rival of hickory for meat-curing.

Fortified with this plenteous supply of home-cured and canned meat and pure lard, I shall for another twelvemonth whistle gay tunes at packers and butchers. With opulent gestures I shall carve great slices of pink spiced ham and cook generous rashers of delicate bacon; and my family shall eat thereof—not sparingly, as the poor urbanite

takes his costly meat—but unto complete satisfaction! And I shall put before my household a savory ham salad, introduced to me last summer by friends just returned from abroad. This is made of hot broiled ham, cut fine; sliced hard-boiled eggs, also hot; shredded crisp lettuce; a bit of minced onion or a suspicion of garlic; a sprinkle of sugar, salt, and paprika; a dash of vinegar, all lightly mixed in a soup-plate or shallow bowl. It is good. The ingredients are placed upon the table and each person mixes his own portion exactly to his taste.

It is an art to make fine lard. But, like all art, it takes time. As I stand stirring first one kettle and another, hour after hour, the thought is borne in upon me that, after all, patient effort is the chief requisite to success—given, of course, an adequate conception of the proposed undertaking—whether in the homely task of rendering lard or in the important and hazardous enterprises of life. But the average hired worker no longer has time for either patience or pride in his work. The speed of production is too great for loving, perfect workmanship, for joy in creation. This largely accounts for the poor quality of various wares we buy: for the parts of a machine that do not fit; for flimsy articles that fall to pieces at the first using, where those they have replaced gave reliable service for years. Regretfully we must admit that nowadays the quality of patience is about as prevalent as the use of the mustache-cup, and about as popular as Job’s bodily affliction.

Although it is the first of March, a blizzard is having a belated tantrum outside. The drifting snow makes me think of John Ridd and the terrible time he had digging out his sheep after the big snow and carrying them, two by two, to safety. And I am thankful that we have no new-born lambs to suffer the cruelty of the storm, which is now like the proverbial stepmother’s chastising hand upon these shivering woolly infants that so readily succumb to rough weather.

It is not a school-day, so we have had a late and leisurely breakfast of fresh sausage and “sour-dough” buckwheats. Doubtless the mere mention of these so-called indigest-

ibles is enough to make the sedentary urban dweller pale with anguish; but my bucolic men-folk can run up a score of twenty-seven each of these leathern plasters as easily as Galli-Curci can run the scale, and suffer no more in consequence.

TO-DAY I am particularly well content at my patience-testing task of lard-rendering, for I have just returned from a little visit in the village, and so have many small pleasures to think about. Despite the fact that for long periods I delight in being as solitary as a sheep-herder, who for months on end may be without company other than his "woolies," except for the infrequent brief calls of the camp-tender who brings supplies, at other times I am as gregarious as the sheep themselves. And a sheep entertains so modest an opinion of its own society that it never indulges in it when possible to flock with its fellows. Which is to say that I do heartily enjoy hobnobbing with friends on Main Street of a bright day, though the open country always seems very spacious and unwontedly pleasant upon my return from town.

One of my cronies is the Irish lady proprietor of the Buffalo Hump Café—she who regales me with new "ree-ceps" for utilizing cold left-overs of food, or for making a "grand" kind of home-brew; and who, in some mysterious manner always manages to impart to me some of her own cordial spirit, which leaves me with a glow far warmer than any her best wine could give.

Then there is my gardener friend, who when I go to buy a dozen or so humble cabbage or tomato plants, listens sympathetically to all my garden troubles, prescribes a cure, and sends me on my way laden with gifts of verbena, cosmos, and pansy plants, and of new vegetable varieties he is trying out, far in excess of my modest purchases.

Another long-time chum is the sheep-shearer, who in winter runs a trap-line, and is often so long in the mountains that he looks like a Western Robinson Crusoe when he comes down and until the barber gets at him. It is rumored that periodically this good fellow gets gloriously drunk on moonshine whiskey; nevertheless I have invariably found him the acme of courtesy and ever ready with blithe quip and jest. By reason of past lemon and rhubarb pies upon which

he has feasted at our ranch, he can usually be induced to shear our sheep at our convenience, when neighboring flocks are compelled to wear their heavy winter coats many hot days while waiting for shearers. For gentlemen of this profession are notoriously temperamental.

My hyacinth in its pot is now the only visible sign of spring. Yet I know that within little more than a month the sage on the hillsides will be quickening to a faint green, and that after April snows and showers the air will be sweet with its acrid spiciness. I can, in ten minutes' walk from my cabin, reach a wilderness of sage where I may be as remote, as solitary, as is the human soul. As far as I can see are only billows of gray-green sage, dotted with cactus, the sky an inverted sapphire or agate basin above me, as the day be bright or drab. This immensity of space makes one feel very small and futile; yet, paradoxically, it also gives a sense of exaltation over having even a humble place in the great scheme of things.

Here one may not see the Moscow Players; still, there are compensations in living on a Wyoming ranch. Many home-grown good things, ranging all the way from hyacinths to ham; the proximity of wild life; the ever-changing beauty of the polychrome mountains; the smell of sage in springtime and the susurrus of the summer wind in the sage, mysterious as the whispers of gossiping women—these, and the leisure in which to think, are among them.

IT so happened that one day shortly before Christmas I was racking my brains for a sentence which should contain, among other elements, an adjectival clause. After some pondering I evolved: "A stray dog, that acted very lonely, came to our house on Christmas Day"; and this I forthwith used.

Dog
Personalities

On the evening of the day after Christmas, as I walked up the long snow-covered hill toward home, a huge dog, treading lightly, nose now to the ground, now raised questingly, crossed my path. His shape and size were unfamiliar, and when he went down a side road to the right I turned and glanced after him. Before I had gone on many steps he was back, paused to consider me in passing, then fled on up the dim road and down the next cross street. But by the time I reached the corner he had

again come back. As I passed him he stood motionless, looking down the hill. The next instant he turned and quietly, but with every air of having made a decision, attached himself to me. Whatever his quest, he had for the time being given it up.

At first, though he seemed to expect it, we did not let him in. But no sooner was the front door closed than he jumped up on one of the side seats of the covered porch and, stretching to his full height, pawed at the narrow window, demanding admittance, not as a favor, but as a right. His attitude was: "If you were in my place I should not treat you this way. As one gentleman of another, I ask your hospitality." And, upon that basis, how could we refuse him?

The light of the hall disclosed that, although his size suggested other ancestry, our visitor had somewhat the appearance of an Airedale. He made his way at once to the kitchen, ate modestly what we gave him, and dropped to the floor beside the stove. There he stayed, without moving, all the evening and all night, as if intent only upon gathering strength for the continuance of his search.

I hardly expected to find him next night when I came home. But he was still there, silently mournful. In the evening he followed us into the living-room and presently came and laid his head upon my knee. As he looked up his eyes begged not so much for a caress as for comfort of another kind. His spirit seemed remote, withdrawn. He was grateful to us for food and temporary shelter. But the end and aim of his existence lay elsewhere. There was something lacking that he wanted us to help him find.

We did our best. At the end of the week his owner came for him. It appeared that the Airedale had until recently belonged to a family in the city, fifteen miles away. They had moved to another part of the United States. The dog was boarded in the city for a time, and then taken by a family in our town. But before he had been in his new home an hour, he broke away. What was he in quest of, the night he passed me on the hill? What was it that he had ever since been seeking? Not merely a home, for we had given him that. Not his new owner, for with him he scarcely became acquainted. No, it was something else that he was looking for. He was a dog with a

lost ideal. I wonder. Has he, by this time, forgotten the hurt that went so deep? Has his faith in the loving-kindness of those whom he trusted been in some way justified and restored? Or is he still restlessly seeking the explanation of something that his dog-mind cannot grasp? How terrible to be forced to hurt any one! How doubly terrible to hurt one who can never be made to understand!

We might, perhaps, have missed the Airedale more but that, a day or two before he left us, another homeless dog appeared. At first we scarcely noticed the collie—thought, if we considered the matter at all, that he belonged somewhere in the neighborhood. But one morning we found that he had slept in the snow just outside the house. The next morning another ring of snow was melted in the sidewalk. When we spoke to the collie he looked interested. When we put food out, he ate it ravenously. When we asked him in, he shied away. But one freezing night, after the Airedale had gone, we coaxed him into the house. Once inside he became, and has remained, our dog.

Though almost equal in size to the Airedale, the collie is of an entirely different personality. The Airedale had been loved and hurt. But this dog seems never to have been loved at all. Now, having found out what affection is, he wants it all the time. When we sit around the open fire in the evening he goes first to one member of the family and then another, looks up yearningly, coaxes a little with his tail. If he meets with any response at all he comes up with both forepaws. His nose seeks out a caressing hand. If the hand is otherwise occupied he insists, with his nose, until the caress desired has been given; and then he wants more.

It is hard, indeed, to discipline the collie. When we command him sternly to "lie down," his yellow eyes grow black with emotion. He cannot rest until he has begged forgiveness for the fault implied by our severity of tone—and that means getting up. His mien is so humble and unhappy that, once he is down, we are tempted to say: "There! that's a good dog." But instantly he wants to thank us, and that, again, means getting up. If we are ever to impress visitors with the way in which our new dog minds, we shall have to watch him slyly, and give the command in gentle tones,

at the precise moment when he has, on his own account, decided to lie down. I suppose we shall never know where the collie came from. But he seems to have found the place where he wants to stay.

All this time I have neglected to mention the dog *who*, by right of seniority and precedence, is officially head of the house. Clinker is a Scottish terrier, of about the proportions of a large-sized rat. During the years in which he has made our house his home Clinker has respected and, I think, esteemed us, and we in turn have esteemed and respected him. That is as far as our relations have ever gone. But Clinker is a gentleman. Everything considered, he has borne the advent of these newcomers with truly admirable self-control. When the collie makes his evening rounds Clinker sits up and, shifting his weight from one forepaw to the other, stares intently with his bright, beadlike eyes. If, as sometimes happens, the collie demands too much, Clinker rushes, barking, at our feet. We give him the brief, vigorous mauling which constitutes his idea of a proper caress. Then having, as it were, restored order, he goes back to the hearth-rug and sits abruptly down. He still means to keep one eye upon proceedings. But sleep overcomes the best of us in moments of boredom. Clinker's head begins to nod, and after a little he flings himself down with a sigh and goes to sleep. He never could understand sentiment! But, although he cannot sympathize with our vagaries, Clinker is peacefully conscious that we are honorable and that his position in our household is secure.

Three dogs—as different in temperament as three different human beings, but each with his good points, each faithful to his own ideals. When I think of the Airedale and his quest, of the collie, so trustfully content with us, and of Clinker, puzzled at times by the oddity of our tastes, yet confident, as only a dog can be confident, of our good-will toward him, the thought which comes more earnestly than any other to my mind is—may I never break faith with a dog.

YOU cannot hurry the butter in the churn, nor the seed in the ground; and perhaps it is just as well, in these days of Instant This and Minute That, and all the other short cuts to nourishment, that

a few essentials should maintain a dignified reserve, demanding from us both patience and perseverance, two qualities that threaten to die out of our modern lives.

Patient
Processes

If chance or design divorces us for a time from our town lives, where space seems to be in inverse ratio to rent, and the kitchenette and the grocer's package seem to demand that the housekeeper shall never look beyond the immediate meal, we may find the leisured thought, and the balanced mind, that we need if we deliberately seek the conditions where the churn and the garden-seed still regulate the family time-table.

It is good for us sometimes to be where the rotation of crops is no mere phrase in a gardening manual, where the quiet succession of potatoes, corn, root vegetables, and oats, clover, and timothy sweep across the land, changing old-worn fields into "new meadow" in the course of the years. It is good for us to be with people who perforce must think in years, not in hectic, staccato, train-catching minutes.

It may not be possible for even the most passionate pilgrim of these days to become acquainted with the butter in its making. In spite of my boasting opening sentence, many of the processes have been terribly speeded up, although the actual butter still has to "come" at its own sweet will. The old dasher churn is gone, and various patent time-savers reign in its stead, while our modern panic at the idea of even the cleanest of stranger hands touching our food has decreed that butter shall be "worked" with various devices of wheels and cranks. The result is an excellent product, "standardized," alas! and commanding a better price in the market than the old farm butter. For in this, as in so many other things, our terror lest we touch an occasional something below standard often shuts us out altogether from the many things above standard. In this fashion are we herded by the experts on to a good safe level, losing our own powers of judgment and selection because we dare not use them.

To me butter-making means early memories of a cool, white room, whose screened windows were high in the wall, whose every inch was spotlessly clean, a room happily ignorant of that hideous invention known as a "separator," where the cream, following its own laws, rose at its leisure to the

tops of the brimming pans, to be skimmed by hand. And the skimmer! Even my bold spirit quails before the modern germ enthusiast. The skimmer was a huge "hen" clam-shell, its pearly edge worn smooth with countless scourings, the depression of its hinge exactly fitting the thumb of the skilled hand that rolled up the cream in thick yellow ridges. For this home dairy was supplied by a herd of four Jersey cows, with the result that the spoon could almost "stand alone" in your breakfast cream, and the mere suggestion of the need of artificial coloring in her butter brought a look of bitter horror to the face of the farmer's wife.

To-day the farming landscape is dotted with black-and-white, and the Jersey cow has become the pet of the amateur, or the idol of the faithful, old-fashioned few. Small wonder the Holstein predominates, for, with less food, of a commoner grade, she gives down quarts and quarts of milk, so lacking in butter-making qualities that the faithful experts have had to determine that too much butter fat is illegal. The "quarts and quarts" are hurried to the nearest distributing centre, mostly by motor-trucks, there to be standardized and sterilized, and sent out under various sacred initials. The safety of the greater number is undoubtedly protected, and the resulting product is more interesting than one would suppose; but the cool little dairy, where the cream "rose" and the butter "came," is left far behind; and lucky is any one who can, to-day, find such an object of pilgrimage.

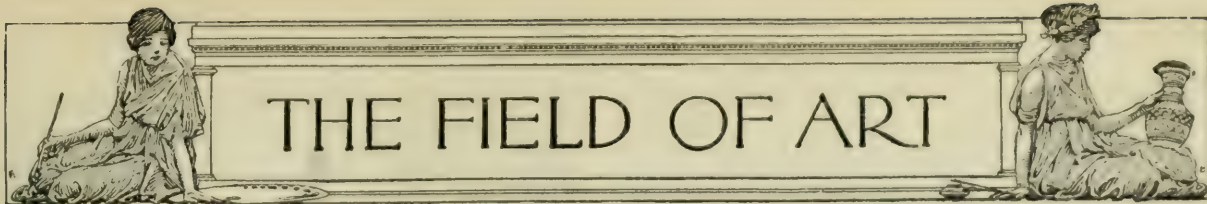
It is far simpler to learn the lesson of the second half of our home-made proverb, for, given a patch of land, a little money for seeds, and a large fund of happy, enthusiastic ignorance, any one can start a garden, and every one should do so, if he harvest no other crop than a large stock of amused patience.

The gardener has many clear visions, and seeds, bulbs and transplanted roots have very distinct ideas of their own. The necessary compromise often brings about charming results; but quite as often no compromise is possible, and the results are dire. Then complete change or even

revolution becomes necessary in the garden world. When the gardener can say: "That bit is all wrong. That clump must be taken up, for the flowers that clash there will make that other bed a joy," a long stride has been taken toward perfection in the patience class as a gardener. If the student needs further training, and every true student will acknowledge that this training should end only with life itself, he can do no better than turn to nature and learn how she plants, replants, and transplants.

Indeed, a close and intimate friendship with a bit of woodland or a patch of garden forms a wonderful post-graduate course in the school of living. Under such tuition, all the half-understood and often deeply resented actions and reactions of a busy life fall into rhythmic step with nature's un-deviating course. Creation and re-creation mark her path. Beneath her mothering hand, tiny builders build and pass on; there are sowers that sometimes reap, and there are reapers who never have sown and never will sow, and every proverb we have ever heard finds its illustration if we can only read the writing she spreads before us. There is tragedy a-plenty, even cataclysm as we count such things; but the seeds fall, or are planted by human hand, and in due time the plants come. The basic law is unchanged, and its processes are measured and infinitely patient. If only our impatient human nature could learn to keep step with these great natural processes there would be more balance and less friction in our world.

And yet when, as sometimes happens, some wholly impatient, utterly intolerant spirit breaks through all these bounds, crashes through the sheltering underbrush of our minds, and opens long vistas toward the sun, we have to acknowledge that this may be genius. So, gathering up the somewhat tattered fragments of our own personal philosophy, we can only do our best to follow on, comforting ourselves with the conviction that this shattering light that has been thrust upon us will be but ordinary daylight to the generations that follow—that this, too, in some large way at present beyond our understanding, is but another patient process.



American Art and the Public

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

OFTEN we hear of the responsibility of the American public for the condition of American art in the past, the present, and the future. It was Walt Whitman, I think, who said that we can never have great poetry unless we have a "great audience" for it, and so say others of music and of the arts of design. Sometimes they rest their belief upon the supposed law of supply and demand; sometimes they explain that only from a soil which produces fine forests can we expect individual trees of exceptional size and beauty, or that peculiarly sensitive plants need a benign climate and constant care. But whatever may be the special reason for demanding a "great audience," whether it be thought of as a paymaster, a seed-bed, or an atmosphere, it is unusually envisaged as a very wide audience, as an immediately sympathetic, truly appreciative, yet wisely critical public, co-extensive almost with the people at large. And this is one reason why many critics and commentators have contrasted our actual public, sadly, sarcastically, or abusively, with—well, sometimes with every other public of the present and the past.

But probably there was never so wide a public for the artist as these critics suppose—at least in that Occidental world of which we form a part. Of course it is difficult to gauge the size even of a public of to-day—that is, to estimate how many among the people really *see* and think about and care about works of art. And in regard to the past, opinions differ so greatly that at one extreme we have some worshipper of the Greeks who believes that in their great period every one of them was an interested and competent amateur and critic, at the other extreme Mr. Whistler, who once exclaimed: "Listen! There never was an artistic period, there never was an art-loving nation." More nearly with Whistler than with the other extremist the artists of the greatest modern period seem to have agreed.

I have forgotten the name of a book that was lent me long ago, a collection of German translations of letters written by artists in the time of the Renaissance; but very distinctly I remember the emphasis with which the writers complained of the indifference or stupidity of their public. One of them affirmed that in the whole of Italy there was only a single place, Florence, where an artist could count upon any public at all. And from many familiar books we may learn how largely the part now played by the public was then taken by the patron—pope or prince or great lady—and may learn, moreover, that a patron was often as unsympathetic, exasperating, hampering as any public well could be. An American artist would hang himself or go into Wall Street rather than bear what Michelangelo bore from his three popes, compelled, for example, first to paint and then to build when he passionately wanted to make statues, and even to waste year after year (an "enormous insult" he called it) in quarrying marble and constructing roads. And, to go back to Athens, if we consider how set apart from the multitude of slaves and even from freemen of other classes was the aristocratic intellectual class, a true public for works of art co-extensive with the people can hardly be supposed. It is well to think also of Plutarch's story of Phidias when we chafe at the heavy hand with which our legislators sometimes touch matters of art: none of our artists has yet died in prison while under a charge of professional malfeasance trumped up for a political purpose.

Of course all artists need a sympathetic public, and the larger the better. One group of them may be loud just now in asserting that art is merely a means of "personal expression." But expression is naught unless it is also communication. To be articulate is naught if one cannot also be audible. Art may say of itself what science says of nature: there are no colors where

there is no eye to see them, no sounds apart from a listening ear. Moreover, certain artists—notably the architect, the monumental sculptor, the mural painter, and in a large degree the portrait painter—are unable even to articulate unless some one asks them to. Yet they need this kind of first-aid only from individuals relatively few, and all that most other artists need is a reasonable hope that when they articulate they may become audible.

One capital charge against our public has been a charge of timidity. We have been so humble-minded, we are told, or else so snobbish, that we have not judged and decided for ourselves but, in regard to our own as well as foreign artists, have waited for foreign verdicts. There was a time when this was true of music and musicians and, partially, of literature and its makers, but that time has passed, and it was never true of painting in so far as American work was concerned. Foreign pictures we used not to accept, and to a certain extent still do not accept, without scanning their credentials, but our own painters, from Copley down, we have independently appraised. Even when, as with Gilbert Stuart of old and Whistler and Sargent of late, foreign approval has weighed in the balance, it has not been determinative. And for the most part there has been no foreign testimony to consider. Who overseas knew about our "Hudson River School" of landscape-painting when it found here a public that was, indeed, small but sufficient and enthusiastic, or during the years when we denied its merits and forgot all about it, or more recently when we have judged it afresh and more fairly? We should still be waiting to decide about Inness and Winslow Homer, about Homer Martin and many a younger man whose work we prize—and buy for large prices—if we had feared to speak until they should be acclaimed "abroad."

It has been the same with the more peculiar work of a Thomas Eakins or an Albert Ryder and with many a "progressive" painter difficult for the generality to understand. Even those radical coteries that call themselves by fantastic names have excited interest (if sometimes the interest of hot reprobation!) by their experiments in art or in *blague*, honest or tricky, clever, enigmatical, futile, or farcical as these experiments have so variously been. If for painters' work our public has not yet in the

true sense an open mind, a mind that can weigh all things impartially, strive for sympathy, and wait for decision until the unfamiliar has become less strange, it is, I think, trying to grow in this direction. One part of it, however, is in one particular contentedly stupid and open to that charge of snobbishness which, as I have said, we do not in general deserve. In certain circles—and these the very circles which, if the opportunities that wealth and leisure provide are taken into account, ought to be our wisest in artistic matters—in these circles some second or third rate showy portrait painter from foreign parts is too often exalted above his native-born betters.

Of our sculptors we may say about the same as of our painters: we have judged them independently if not always intelligently. From our early monument-makers to Rogers of the "groups" and then on to Paul Manship, they have found a public, and one which did not look abroad for guidance. When it so multitudinously commemorated the soldiers of the War of the Rebellion it was, indeed, ignorant enough to believe that artists might be found in any stonecutter's yard. But at the time there were few elsewhere, and as they have grown in numbers public discrimination has developed. The commissions given during the last two or three decades for monumental sculpture to be paid for by the people have not always brought satisfaction to the paymasters. When very well served they have known it. I have, indeed, heard more than one person wonder why Saint Gaudens's figures are not more numerous in our cities, implying that he was not rightly prized. But the true reason lay in his peculiarly slow methods of production. Even if he had worked rapidly and with more than one pair of hands he would still have been kept busy. The real test of public appreciation is not, however, the number of commissions given to sculptors good or bad; for commissions of certain kinds may depend upon influences, personal or political, which do not truthfully represent the taste of the public. The test is, rather, the degree in which the works of art set up in public places are noticed and praised. And I think that even the average New Yorker uninstructed in the arts knows which are the best monuments in his city and either does not notice the others or, if they are as conspicuous as the contorted reliefs, the fatuous lions, and the

magnified waste-paper baskets of the Public Library, passes them, as his temperament may dictate, with a wry smile or an embittered frown.

But for one branch of our art—architecture—a public is only just beginning to develop. It is the most important branch of all and it is the one in which we have thus far done best, in which we have done work radically and characteristically our own that we may be more than willing to have other countries pronounce upon in comparison with their own. Yet even our newspapers give negative evidence that scarcely anybody cares about it. Day by day they devote wide pages to musical happenings and to picture shows, noticing even the most sadly negligible, while they seldom give even a brief incompetent word to a new building. Perhaps this is partly because there are advertisers interested in pushing concerts and picture sales but not in backing architects, yet public interest also counts in such matters. We cannot excuse our lack of this interest but may partially explain it. We may remember that one cannot without a little thought and a little knowledge even seem to one's self to judge a work of architecture intelligently, and we must not forget that a new building can be seen in one place only, while pictures give but a poor idea of it, or that the anonymity prescribed by the architect's own code of ethics almost eliminates that personal factor which is potent in attracting attention to contemporary works of art. The architect does not advertise, he has few chances to exhibit his drawings, and he does not sign his work. It would be a great help to him and to us if in a conspicuous place on every important building its creator's name were inscribed for all to note and remember. Otherwise how are we to learn it? From the janitor?

But there are signs which I cannot here set forth that the architect is beginning to gain a public. And however indifferent he may thus far have found the mass of his fellow-citizens, he can hardly complain of those upon whom he has had to depend for first-aid—his clients. He has been given admirable opportunities. He has had the chance to treat, as he might see fit from the artistic point of view, wholly novel and very diverse problems of great importance. Some of these problems have been hard ones—almost impossible ones they seemed at first. But this only increased their interest

for really active minds; and, excepting as our architects have chosen to bind themselves by reverence for the past or by the prescriptions of foreign schools, they have worked at all their problems in great freedom. The client (I think I may say it quite generally) has trusted, not tried to coerce, the designer. In fact, such instances of coercion as one may hear of now and then are apt to be the other way about! Of course there must often be heart-breaking financial restrictions, but, on the other hand, as we look around at our great buildings of purely utilitarian purpose we marvel often that the architect has been allowed to spend so much money—occasionally so much unnecessary or even detrimental money.

Who could think of the American public and not think of the ambitious and lavish American collector? Year by year he grows in numbers, sometimes gradually gaining importance, sometimes suddenly revealing himself, a hitherto unknown figure but already possessed of great treasures. It has been common in Europe to ridicule him as a purse-proud spendthrift or an ignorant imitator of that true connoisseur who, it is implied, can exist only in the elder world. To-day, now that the need to sell what can be sold has become in many lands a tragic commonplace, he is not perhaps so harshly judged. Yet occasionally we still read laments and objurgations which might persuade a visitor from Mars that transatlantic purchasers have the power to compel the sale of works of art and the desire not so much to own them as to injure by their purchase the country where they find them.

If, like other people, we have had ignorant and foolish collectors, we have had wise ones and also many who, beginning with an undeveloped feeling for beautiful things, have, by dint of seeking, gathering, and studying them, grown greatly in knowledge and good taste. And this is happily prophetic of what should happen on a wider scale as these many and splendid possessions come gradually into public ownership and all men may profit by them. Nor, I should add, has the conspicuous collector devoted himself wholly to foreign products. The American artist owes him much. Better, however, than by a few of his kind, our art and our public will be served by the multiplication of modest purchasers able to buy and to keep before the eyes of their children a small number of fine things. Unfortunately, a limitation of hous-

ing space is progressively apparent in our large cities. We may say of pictures as of books: How shall we buy many when we have no place to bestow them? Yet not all of us live in big cities or live in them all the year round, and, moreover, the artist may, if he will, adapt himself somewhat to urban conditions. Especially might this truth be impressed upon the portrait painter. The traditional life-size portrait, even if it be only a half-length, is for many of us too large to be domesticated. To paint a figure or a head with truth and beauty on a small scale is, indeed, a difficult task, but it has been accomplished and can be again. And if it were to be notably well accomplished here and now, surely there would be good harvests of popularity and doubloons.

And how about the manifold minor arts which should form a rich undergrowth around the three major arts of design, and supply to architecture those flowers of adornment which it cannot do without? Here, I am afraid, we can say few good words for ourselves. Here, as yet, we have not done well, and we have, as yet, no public to deplore and resent the fact. Call them decorative arts, household arts, industrial arts, handicrafts, or what you will; how are they serving us? Make a test for yourself. Try to find in our shops half a dozen useful things, American in idea and execution, that you will be willing to send as gifts to friends in Europe. Or try to furnish a house and see what you can get that is good and is new, not counting as new a copy of anything inherited from the past. Here and there, as in the textile arts, there are signs of progress, but how slowly it comes and how little we are doing to help it on! To show our needs in this direction and to indicate the remedy for them the director of the Cooper Union schools has written a book which every American interested in the arts ought to read.* Of course the remedy is education—too large a subject for this page. Yet one or two things must be said about it. As education in art means chiefly, necessarily, education of the eye; it is fortunate that our museums are now utilizing their resources for this purpose. During a recent visit to New York Sir Frederick Kenyon, the director of the British Museum,

spoke with praise of their efforts "to popularize art" by displaying their treasures in attractive and instructive ways and by providing lecture halls and study rooms. And a circular issued last January by the Royal Museums of Brussels to explain their plans for a newly constituted "Educational Service" says that it will draw inspiration from the experiments which during the last few years have been so successful, "principally in American museums."

On the other hand we have great need of more really efficient schools of art. It is much to be desired that our popular periodicals should give more space to artistic matters and that we should have more critics of the quality, let us say, of Mr. Mather and Mr. Cortissoz. And it is *essential* that our artists should concern themselves intimately with the crafts.

No matter how our industrial arts may improve, and no matter how "great" a public we may develop for them and for the major arts of design, we cannot feel sure that we shall also have that great band of great artists for whom we hope. Not in this field more than in others can we disentangle with assurance the influence of environment and training from the influence of heredity. And the whole history of art shows that not only individual but also national, racial, aptitude counts for much. We see it as clearly in the difference between the Paris and the London of to-day as in the difference between ancient Egypt and its Semitic contemporaries. And we cannot now estimate our own aptitudes, for as a people we have not yet evolved; we have not yet amalgamated and assimilated the diverse inheritances that have come to us from many lands. But while waiting it is wise to try to develop a public for such artists as may be granted us. And it is wise to try to develop our public for its own sake, to try to increase attentiveness, knowledge, and the sensitiveness that means good taste for the sake of our people as individuals wishing to lead interesting and happy lives. If you doubt the value, the potency, of such efforts, here is a heartening word: in Wilfrid Blunt's *Diaries* he tells that Carolus Duran, speaking once of the many pupils who came to him from this country, declared that "art is a matter of education—the Americans will learn it in time."

* Charles R. Richards, "Art in Industry," New York, 1922.

Hesitant Markets and the Financial Future

STOCK EXCHANGE FLUCTUATIONS WHICH FORESHADOW NOTHING—
NEW LIGHT ON THE AMERICAN TRADE BALANCE—GERMANY
TAKES UP THE REPARATIONS PROBLEM

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

The Apathetic Financial Markets

THE familiar tradition that day-to-day movements in financial markets measure the probable economic influence of events in the outside world has been put to a curious test this season. At the very beginning of autumn, with the markets seemingly waiting for some news which would serve to drive them up or down, the newspaper despatches reported a succession of startling occurrences. The calling of another coal strike was followed quickly by Italy's ultimatum to Greece in reprisal for the murder of the Italian delegates to a territorial conference, then by the immense destruction wrought by the earthquake in Japan.

Mussolini's attitude was discussed as a challenge to the League of Nations and provocation for a possible Balkan War; the devastation in Japan, involving expenditure of enormous sums to rebuild the ruined cities, evidently meant that Japan not only would disappear as a lender of capital on the international market but would have to ask on her own account for very large loans from other countries. Yet these events caused scarcely a flutter in financial markets. The stock exchanges, whether at home or abroad, gave no sign of apprehension. In a week or two, this series of startling events was almost forgotten as an influence on the financial situation.

IN some respects that attitude showed clearer comprehension of what had actually happened than did the first hasty

prediction of the community at large. The anthracite controversy was settled by the Governor of Pennsylvania's mediation—not settled satisfactorily, but at least deferred until a basis for lasting settlement of that labor question could be properly investigated. Under the pressure of governments in the League of Nations, Italy retreated from her impulsive attitude for defiance. The devastation in Japan turned out to be vastly less, either in life or property, than the first despatches had reported, and it soon became evident that, huge as the losses were, the Japanese people were capable of grappling with the problem, that they would move very deliberately in requisitions on the outside money market and that, when they should thus move, the Japanese Government's high credit, based on a long record of sound public finance, would enable them to draw on the immense reservoir of the whole world's accumulated capital.

It might be argued, then, that the equanimity with which the news of all these occurrences was received on the stock exchanges proved the market's correct appraisal of events. That conclusion had been very generally drawn in the preceding autumn, when the stock markets, in the face of a very formidable labor crisis, stood even more motionless than the September markets of this year. But when the strikes had been settled in September of 1922, the threatened transportation deadlock averted, and the stock

Stock
Exchange
and the
News

market's passive attitude explained, the market forthwith began to rise in anticipation of the business revival which did not come plainly in sight until two or three months later; whereas the September markets of 1923 continued to move as irresolutely, as uncertainly, and with as little permanent variation from the previous level of prices as had marked them when they were withstanding the first influence of the Japanese and Italian news. They seemed to give no indication whatever of the financial future.

FOR this Wall Street had various explanations. The business situation itself was showing no sign of change. There were good points and bad points in the forces apparently at work, but they counterbalanced one another.

Counter-balancing Influences at Work

The unprecedentedly large railway traffic and railway revenues were offset by decreased orders in the steel trade; the abundant bank reserves and easy money by the evidence that merchants, well stocked up by their large purchases of the spring, would not buy now except when prices were made an inducement; the gold import movement by the disappointing export trade; the sound position of trade and credit by the doubt as to what would be the course of events when the new Congress should assemble and when the Presidential campaign of 1924 should get under way.

Little was said in Wall Street of the European situation as an influence on American finance. It was, perhaps, the sense of aloofness from these foreign vicissitudes which prevented our own financial markets from declining when the crisis in the Ruhr became acute. But the same aloofness seemed also to prevent response on the New York Stock Exchange to September's turn for the better in that situation. It was the foreign exchange market which responded to the news when it became apparent that Germany was about to yield in the matter of the Ruhr and reparations. In particular, the exchange market valuation of the franc, which had fallen from $7\frac{3}{8}$ cents to $5\frac{3}{8}$ between January and August, rose suddenly to $6\frac{1}{4}$ on the news of Germany's capitulation.

THAT capitulation ended a very singular situation. "Passive resistance" in the important industrial district of Essen and the surrounding coal and iron territory had undoubtedly hurt France; but it reacted much more disastrously on Germany. In the

Financial Side of "Passive Resistance"

In the last ten days of August, expenditure, measured in the paper mark, was 130 times greater than the revenue; in the next ten days it was nearly 300 times greater. In order to sustain the hundreds of thousands of working men in their refusal to operate the mines and mills of the Ruhr, the Berlin government had to pay them wages for doing nothing, and at the end of August it was officially estimated that one third of the huge current public deficit was a result of that expenditure. In the last week of September the President of the German Republic officially stated the cost of financing "passive resistance" in the depreciating paper mark to have reached three and a half trillions weekly. The Treasury met its payments by borrowing the amount of the current deficit from the Reichsbank; but the result was that, since the loan was taken out in currency, the total paper circulation, which was 116 trillion marks in the middle of August, had increased to more than three quadrillions in the middle of September. The foreign valuation of the mark went so low that 370,000,000 were required to buy a dollar. Foreign banks, one after another, refused to buy or sell exchange on German markets any longer. Evidently such a situation could not continue.

The Cuno ministry resigned last August, and it was plain to every one that the ministry which succeeded it would have to propose acceptable terms to the Allies. The new premier, Doctor Stresemann, approached the problem in an intelligible way. He asked the German chambers of commerce "if there is any one in the German political or economic world who does not feel deep shame when pondering our currency conditions"; answered that "we have almost the most worthless currency in the world," and added the remark that "we have no right to hope for the world's help if we do not prove to the world that we still believe in



From a drawing by L. R. Ney.

LAST TUESDAY NIGHT I SAT DOWN AND READ YOUR LAST LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

—"Great-Grandma Girl," page 689.

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An Invocation—Christmas, 1923

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

O Star of Bethlehem!
Rise o'er the fringed hem
Of the horizon's bar.
Rise, and with radiance white,
Born of thy path's delight
Lead us away from night
To that poor Manger, lowly and afar.

"Once there were three wise men."
So spake the Scripture.
Wisdom, come again
And lift our blinded eyes.
Open, O threatening skies,
And let the fair star's light
Into our inner sight;
And we shall rise,
As once, in long gone years,
Men, whom we now know wise,
Followed despite of fears.

Scoffers have railed,
And those of ardent faith—
Yea even those—
Say that our Christianity hath failed
Because o'er God's green earth
Rivers of blood have run;
And, done to death, or blank with hollow dearth,
Myriads have grovelled, died beneath a sun,
Which, spite of woes,
Rises immutable, in golden calm,
Indifferent to alarm!

Here on this Christmas night,
When candles deck the fir trees, all a-light,
When Christmas cheer purges our hearts of fear,
And when in some deep cell
Of all our being there sings an undertone that all is well—
We know that Christianity can never fail!
That little Child born in the manger,
Jesus, meek and mild—
That Man divine,

Righteous in wrath, though full of love's rare wine—
That Saviour, suffering because our sin
Ravaged his soul within;
Martyred and pale—
Nay! Christianity can never fail.

But, Fellowmen,
We, we have failed again.—
We, Nations of the world,
Who have unfurled
Standards of selfish greed, or slothful ease—
We, upon bended knees,
Must spread our palms, and joy to feel the nail
Pierce quivering flesh—
Or else our Lord *shall* fail.

Woe, woe betide
Unless each tender side
Shall bare itself to what the Spear may bring
Of quick, sharp sting—
'Tis, *we* O Christ! O Man of Galilee!
We, who have failèd thee!

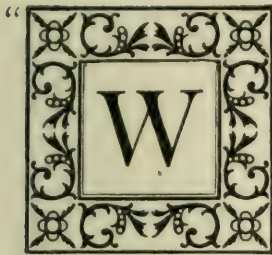
And now on this thy night,
The night of joy,
When thou didst come, Heaven's promise to the Earth,
When Mary held thee close, a little boy,
Against a Mother's breast
For succor and for rest—
On this still night,
Thy star must shed its light,
Into our hearts, until,
With holy flame,
And in thy name,
We who believe that thou canst never fail,
Must rise, an army clad in steelèd mail,
And pledge ourselves anew to that deep love
Which thou hast died to prove.
Let us give love to all our fellowmen
Who, as we do, falter and fall, yet rise again
If love but faileth not.
O Christ, who standeth at the door,
Craving to enter—knocking as of yore,
Whose love is without blot—
The time has come when we, who know that thou canst never fail,
We must prevail.

Jesus, of Calvary and of the Cross,
Ourselves we dedicate
This holy night, when thou for peace wast born;
We, of a world disordered, torn and threatened by grim fate,
Pledge love again, peace and good-will to men,
Against thy loss.
Thou savedst us, who for our sins hast died—
Must we not now save thee, O Crucified!

The "Toledo Standard"

BY LEIGHTON PARKS

Author of "English Ways and By-Ways," "The Crisis of the Churches," etc.



HAT is so rare as a day in June?" murmured one of two travellers as the motor slipped across the Lombard plain, bearing them to the ancient city of Verona.

"Only it isn't June," replied the prosaic one.

"Not according to the calendar, but it feels and smells and looks like June, and that is what brought to my mind Lowell's line."

The travellers were John and Ruth Dobson, possibly not entire strangers to some of the readers of SCRIBNER'S.* Their journey was too hurried for letter-writing, but I learned of their experiences when they returned home, and venture to set down here a part of what they told me. Much of what they saw is too familiar to be recorded, but one experience was, I think, unusual, and that is what I shall tell.

The road across the Lombard plain winds through fertile wheat-fields thickly dotted with poppies, vexing to the husbandman but dear to the heart of the artist, and now sanctified by the memories of Flanders. At Tresso, where the River Adda rushes through a deep gorge, carrying the waters of Como to the sea, there is a promontory which almost bridges the river, and on it are the remains of what was once a mighty castle, in which the overlord of the region rested secure and, for his pleasure, tortured the captives whom his men-at-arms brought in from the lovely plain on which our travellers were now journeying, with "none to make them afraid."

"One might think," said Ruth, "that the poppies were the memorials of all the blood shed by those marauders."

"If all the blood had turned to pop-

pies," replied John, "there would be no room for the wheat to grow. How our minds have been distorted by the picture of the Age of Chivalry as drawn by the Romantic movement! 'A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur' is a truer picture of those days than is 'The Idylls of the King.'"

"I do not believe it," said Ruth. "I think it is a detestable book! I do not say there is no truth in it, but I do say that the spirit of irreverence, an inability to see anything but the grotesque and the sordid, is not the way to read history. No doubt 'The Idylls of the King' has given us an idealized story, but, after all, it has revealed the heart of the men and women of those days, and there was much in it that we have lost in this industrial age."

When Ruth took this tone, John had learned to keep silence, or, what is perhaps better, to change the subject, and so he remarked: "Did I ever tell you about the first time I went to Detroit?"

"I dare say you have," said Ruth, "but I have forgotten what it was."

"Well, when I got out of the train and entered the hotel bus, there was but one other passenger, and after a moment's silence, while I was looking at the fine tree-lined streets of that new city, and wishing that New York were more like it, he said to me: 'When you come to a new town, do you ever wonder how they have gotten on without you?' I laughed and said that had never occurred to me, though I often thought afterward how strange it was that life went on just the same after I had left.

"Yes, I know that feeling too; but what I guess I meant was, what is the point of view of the people who live in a town about which I know nothing? Is it the same as mine will be when I have become acquainted with it, or will it be something different?"

"Well," said Ruth, "what is the

* See "English Ways and By-Ways," Charles Scribner's Sons.

point?" She was evidently still a little piqued by the red herring I had drawn across the Romantic trail.

"Why, the point is this: when you go to a new town, you have some preconceived notion of what it is like. How far do you suppose that is from the notion of the people who live in it? For example, how do you think of Verona?—as a modern industrial town of northern Italy, or as the stronghold of the Visconti or the Scaligers or whoever the Lords of the land were, or do you think of it as in the days of the Renaissance when Paul and the other great painters were living and working here, or does your mind go back still further to the days when the Roman Empire was enriching it with mighty buildings?"

"I think of it in none of those ways," said Ruth. "I think of it in the only way I have ever known it—as the home of Valentine and Proteus, of the street in which Tybalt was killed, and the garden of Juliet and the tomb of Romeo."

"Well," said I, "it will be interesting to see which of the cities of the past is brought to mind when we walk its streets."

"As long as we escape the Industrial city, and hear no more about the 'Yankee' opinion of the Age of Chivalry," said Ruth with a laugh, "I shall not care. Verona is a dream-city, and if the reality does not correspond to the Ideal, so much the worse for the Real!"

Little she guessed what she was to hear!

There can be little doubt as to what impression is produced by the first view of Verona. It is the mighty spirit of Rome which still haunts the streets. Of course there is work of the Renaissance, such as the Tomb of the Scaligers and the noble bridge over the Adige; there is many a dark street in which one can picture Tybalt dying with curses on his lips against the wicked men whose foolish quarrels brought about his untimely death; one is shown the garden of Juliet, but how unsatisfactory is that to one who has seen the "Balcony Scene"! Not on the busy riverside of to-day did Valentine take ship for Milan and Proteus turn sadly away from his friend to solace himself with his fancied love for Julia. No, it is Rome which still holds sway. The noble arch which spans the street on

which the modern tram passes into the Palazzo Vittorio Emanuele, and the great Arena built in the days of Augustus Cæsar, make one feel as perhaps nowhere else how long was the arm which Rome stretched out to the provinces and reproduced the splendors of the Capital on the very confines of the Empire.

Ruth was disappointed, and as we returned from our first survey of the city remarked: "'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,' and how fortunate it is that we are!" She had little time, however, in which to indulge her dreams, for as we approached the Albergo Milano we were greeted by a man standing in the doorway with the homesick inquiry: "Are you Americans?" When he learned that we were, his face lighted up, and he said: "You are the first I have seen in three days and you look good to me." He went on to explain that he did not speak Italian, and as the vocabulary of the concierge was limited, he was hungry for some one who could speak a language he could understand. It turned out, however, that, like many other lonely people, what he really wanted was not some one to speak to him but some one to listen to his talk. This we were glad to do, and the substance of what he said, as it developed in several conversations, can be condensed into our record. He told us that his name was Slade and that he came from Toledo. He proved to be the typical American, or as near that somewhat mythical character as one is likely to see. That is, he combined to an unusual degree the shrewd common sense of Franklin and the irreverence of Mark Twain with the kindness of Lincoln. His views on Verona, and indeed on all Italy, past and present, may interest the reader as they interested me, as my friend John recited them.

He began by saying that he supposed that I was a college man, and when he learned that I was, he sadly remarked: "I sometimes wonder if the man who has had a college education appreciates what an advantage that gives him over the man who has never been to college?"

I made the obvious reply that a college diploma was no evidence that a man was truly educated; that some of the best-educated men I knew had never been to college, and reminded him of what Lord

Charnwood says in his "Life of Lincoln," that Lincoln was the best-educated man of his day, inasmuch as he had absorbed the teaching of the few books to which he had access and had been able to interpret them in the speech of the men and women with whom he came in contact on the street and in the store or in the courtroom. I reminded him that education is too often confused with information, whereas they bear the same relation to one another as food bears to digestion, the healthiest man being not he who eats the most, but he who digests what he does eat. And, then, mounted on my hobby, I went on to point out that the questions frequently posed in the newspapers to determine whether a man was or was not educated threw little light on the subject, for the difference between an educated and an uneducated man was not that one could answer offhand every question which might be asked, while the other could not, but that the educated man knew where the answer was to be found, and the other did not.

He was good enough to say that he thought this was worth remembering, but then went on to point out that it seemed to him the difference was also to be found in the judgment the two passed on the things they heard or read. "Take my own case; I have never been to college, but I have read, I suppose, as often as most men who have been to college the plays of Shakespeare, and I enjoy them; but my wife, who went to Vassar, says that I judge them by the 'Toledo standard.'"

"What is the 'Toledo standard'?" I not unnaturally asked.

"Why, what I mean is that Toledo is our home-town, and she says that when we read Shakespeare, or any other writer for that matter, we should put ourselves into the spirit of the place and time where and when the scene is laid. And she can do it. If she reads 'Othello,' why, she *is* in Venice, and feels just as those people felt at the time. But with me it is different. I read about the marriage of that sweet girl Desdemona to a colored man, and I feel just as I felt last winter when the daughter of one of our ministers married a Japanese. I don't know anything against him, and I don't say it won't turn out all right, but I think it is unnatural, and I

expect trouble. Or take the play written about this town—'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' According to my notion, neither of them was a 'gentleman.' Proteus was a mean sneak, and we would have thrown him out of the Country Club if he had lived in Toledo. And as for Valentine, all I can say is that when he offers to give up his girl to Proteus, simply because he says he's sorry for having tried to break off the match, from my point of view the outlook for Silvia is a poor one. Now my wife says I must get the point of view of the Age of Chivalry; that in those days a man's friend was more to him than any woman. Maybe so; but who wants to see that spirit again in good society? I asked her if I had told Jim Hawkins, who wanted to marry her and was all broke up when he heard of our engagement, that he could have her if that was the way he felt about it, would that have been her idea of chivalry? Well, sir, for once I had her! But she says: 'How then can you take any pleasure in reading of those days?' And I say: 'Well, they are not all like that, and anyway I get pleasure in reading about things of that time by thanking God that I did not live then, and in saying to myself that, after all, the 'Toledo standard' is better than anything the Age of Chivalry knew about.

"And it's the same about history. My wife goes into fits over works of art that have been produced by men hired by the Scaligers and the Visconti and the Medici and others of that sort. But I say, what was it those men had it in mind to do? Last winter we had a lecture in Toledo by a learned man on Plato, and he talked about the Just and the Unjust man. He told us about men who were fit for the penitentiary, and yet, because they did things which were good for the city, were counted Just. Yet they really did those things not for the benefit of the public at all, but only that they might have the name of being benefactors. Well, what I say is that many, indeed most, of the people who have these beautiful monuments were simply out for the money. They hired artists to build wonderful buildings, not because they themselves loved beautiful things but as a form of advertisement to boom the town. My boy threw more light on the Age of the Despots than you will find in that

book of Symonds which my wife carries round with her. When he had been round the town with his mother, I said to him, 'Well, Benny, what did you see to-day?' and he said: 'Oh, we went to see that bridge built by the scalawags.' Can you beat it? I did not let on that I thought it was a good one, because I knew his mother would not like it; but is it not the truth? When you talk of the Scaligers, you think they must have belonged to one of the best families, but when you look at their crest you find on it a ladder; in other words, they were the original 'climbers,' and the rungs of the ladder were made of the bodies of the men whom they had killed because they stood in their way. I wish some of those highbrows who talk so much about the glory of the past would look into things a little more closely, and I guess they would find that compared with the commercial organizations of the past the modern Trust is a Provident Loan Association. For look at the matter from the 'Toledo standard'; what were those Scaligers and Visconti and the rest? They were nothing but 'Bosses.' The modern boss is a mild and gentle creature compared with them. And when they get too bad, we can turn them out, for a time at any rate; but if the people were not satisfied with the Italian despot, and let the fact be known, they ran a good chance of spending the rest of their lives in a dungeon or of having their eyes gouged out. No, sir, political life in no country is what it ought to be; it isn't in America, though we don't admit it over here; but it is so much better than it was in the days it is the fashion to praise, that if the poor people who built these works of art—with no liberty to strike—were to come to life again to-day in any American town, they would think they were in heaven, specially if they are in the place the priest told them they would be in if they did not believe everything he told them, and did not reverence their betters. My wife likes to read me pieces written by a man named Ruskin, and while she is reading, I feel as if I was in a warm bath—it is so soothing to hear about the times when everything was beautiful, and there were no noisy railroads and smoking factories, and every man worked at his trade as if he was taking a day off and enjoying

himself. But when I go down into this town and see how the people are living, and note that they can go on an excursion on Sundays if they have a mind to, without asking any one's permission; that they are better clothed, better fed, and better housed than the nobles were of old; that their children are going to school and learning to read and write—a thing precious few of the nobles could do—I say to myself: 'That man was writing pipe-dreams. The world is a better, cleaner, healthier place than it has ever been, and we are on the right track.' Then when the people once learn how great their power is, there will be an end of wars, and we shall see the time that we read about in the Bible 'that prophets and kings desired to see and did not see.' Well, I guess I have talked enough and will go over to the square and have what they call here an *apéritif*, a thing we are no longer allowed to have in Toledo."

Instead of an *apéritif*, John says he and Ruth took tea, and were about to start out again to see the amphitheatre when the proprietor of the Albergo said: "You will see that to-night when you go to the circus."

"Is there to be a circus?" we asked.

"Something altogether magnificent," replied the host.

It may not have been all our enthusiastic host anticipated, but it was good, and, what was better, it gave us the opportunity of seeing the arena crowded with spectators, not as in the days of old to see the martyrdom of Christians or the gladiators fighting wild beasts, but to enjoy the antics of clowns and to marvel at the agility of the acrobats. How I wished that our Italian was sufficient to enable us to follow the conversation between two clowns, which convulsed the audience, though I suspect the Italian speech of polite society would not have helped us much in understanding the *argot* familiar to the soldiers who crowded the upper tiers and to the bourgeoisie who occupied the reserved seats. All I could understand was that one of the clowns put many questions to the other, to every one of which he replied by the monosyllable "*Si*," sometimes as an interrogation, sometimes as a positive answer, sometimes with an air of indifference. But in each case there was a roar of laughter. A little

girl who sat near us was so hypnotized by the display of wit that she forgot where she belonged and came over and stood beside me, and then perched on my knee, and throwing her arm around my neck squeezed me with delight at each sally of the monosyllabic clown, much to the confusion of her mother, to whom I motioned not to disturb the child.

We did not stay to the end, for the show was long, and Ruth whispered to me that we had come for the "atmosphere," and she thought she had had about as much of that as she could stand! So we left, feeling that we could moralize on the change that had come with the centuries, without the aid of Mr. Slade.

We were, however, to see him again that evening and hear more about the Middle Ages. As we emerged from the passage which leads to-day, as of old, from the interior of the amphitheatre to the Palazzo, we saw him standing near the entrance, and with him a poor little boy, to whom I saw him hand something, and I said: "Encouraging begging, Mr. Slade?"

He was much confused, and gruffly said: "I was only handing the kid my 'rain check.'"

The poor little creature looked at it with longing eyes and, as the band brayed out, ran off to find a friend who would dare with him the majesty of the door-keeper. Whether he was allowed to enter I do not know, but I could not help thinking of the deep significance of this familiar American gesture in the old slaughter-house.

"What did you think of the show?" I asked.

"It was not a bad show. Indeed, I think the man with the dog was worthy of Barnum and Bailey."

The act to which he referred was the introduction of a dog who answered all the questions put by his master that admitted of a yes or no, or of counting. He told the date and the day of the week, and answered many other questions which surprised the spectators; but the acme of delight was reached when, to the great confusion of the lady and the delight of the people, he pointed out the most beautiful lady present, by indicating the side of the arena on which she was sitting, the number of the tier and the distance of her

sitting from the end of the bench, all this with short sharp barks as if he also enjoyed the confusion of the *bella donna* and the delight of the populace. Mr. Slade was loud in his praises of this, and said that he guessed that if it had been done in the Middle Ages the people would have thought it was the work of the Devil. He was much surprised when Ruth told him that that was exactly what they did think, and that the account of the same scene could be found in "Notre Dame de Paris," though then the dog's part was played by a goat.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "just see what education does for one. Benny was reading that book in Paris, but all he told me was that there was an awful red-headed dwarf in it that gave him nightmare. I sometimes wonder if there is not more truth than we think in the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps the men of old knew a lot of things that have been forgotten and then rediscovered. Well, I don't know how you feel about it, but I guess I'll call it a day, for I find this sightseeing takes it out of me more than a day's work at home, and, what is more, I have to be up early in the morning to meet my wife and boy, who have been to Venice, while I had to stay here to see a man who wants some machinery which we make and could only see me here. So I guess I'll bid you good night. But I am sorry you are off early to-morrow, for I should like you to see Mrs. Slade, and she would like to know you, for I think you would find her more like yourselves than I am." With that we parted, wishing that we too might meet Mrs. Slade and see what she made of this half-educated and yet genuine man.

Something was the matter with the magneto, and in the morning the chauffeur said that it would take half a day to fix it, and so we met Mrs. Slade, after all.

When we came down to take our coffee, she was sitting alone at a little table, for Mr. Slade, we learned, had been obliged to go into the town to meet his business friend. I spoke to her, telling her that we had met her husband the day before, and that he had promised to introduce us if we had not gone before she arrived. She was rather small and might have been thought insignificant till one looked more closely at her face, and then it was

seen that she was intelligent to an unusual degree. Her brow was like George Eliot's, but the lower part of the face expressed a sweetness that was lacking in the portraits of the great novelist. Her eyes were a deep gray, showing both thought and humor. She had also that "excellent thing," a low and sweet voice; but when she said, "I am glad you met Mr. Slade, for I like the English to see the best our country has to show," I did not know whether this was an example of her intelligence or humor. I hope we did not show the astonishment we felt at having Mr. Slade held up as a model of America's best, but if so she did not notice it, so sure was she of herself and of him. I laughed and said: "But we are not English."

"Oh," she said, "I do not know why, but I thought that you and your wife were English; but if you are Americans, I need not tell you how wonderful Mr. Slade is, for you must have seen others like him. He is the most unselfish of men; he had to go to work when he was fourteen to help his mother, and so missed the schooling I wish he might have had. But he has read far more than many college men and is so original in his opinions. He accepts nothing on authority, but makes up his own mind about everything from music to sculpture." Then she laughed and I heartily joined in. "Did he talk to you about the Middle Ages?" she asked, and when I admitted that he had mentioned them, she said: "You know that is just a pose with him. He likes to think that the world is growing better and that America is the best the world has ever seen. He is an ardent Republican, and believes that the tariff is the corner-stone of our prosperity. I am a Democrat, and tell him that we are prosperous because we are the greatest Free-Trade country in the world. He only laughs, and once said: 'The trouble with you is that you never took a postgraduate course after you left Vassar. You are like the son of the Congregational minister at home who has always voted the Republican ticket and sent his boy to Yale. When the boy came back, his father told me that he had made the mistake of his life in sending him to Yale, for he was now a free-trader. I told him not to worry but to give the boy a post-

graduate course in some business. He put him into the Monongahela Rolling Mills, and now he has gotten rid of all the foolishness he learned in college.' So we agree to differ. I am an Episcopalian, he says he is a 'general' Christian. If you were to ask him if he meant by that that he is a 'Catholic,' he would think you out of your mind. But what a good man he is! There is no reform in which he does not lend a hand; no charity which he does not help; no one in trouble comes to him in vain. When I asked him if he was willing to send Benny to a 'Church' school, he had a talk with the Rector and then said: 'All right.' I said: 'You know, dear, that it means that I would like him to become a member of my church.' He only replied: 'Have you ever been in Minneapolis? If you have, you know that there are fifty different brands of flour being put on the market, and every one is from hard winter wheat. What difference does the label make? Can you tell when you eat the bread whether it is made from "White Rose" or "Snow Flake"?'"

"I almost wish you were English, for if the English, who in spite of all the after-dinner speeches do not like us, could see a real American—shrewd and hard to beat in a bargain, and yet so kind that there is nothing he would not do for a friend—I think they would not only understand us better but would also respect us more, and then the relations between the two countries would be what all good men wish them to be."

As we went on our way that afternoon to Venice, I said to Ruth: "Was it not refreshing to meet a man like Mr. Slade? Mrs. Slade is right in thinking that the English would like him. The day of the professional diplomat is coming to an end—I wish the end of the professional politician were in sight! If a man like Slade could be sent abroad to tell the 'shopkeepers' of the world how we who—as well as France and Italy and Germany—are now a country of shopkeepers, just as England was in the days of Napoleon, feel about the disorders of the world, the people of Europe would understand him and respect him. But now the politicians on both sides of the water are printing cartoons of the grotesque Englishman and the ridiculous American, and neither

understands the other. Slade is the real thing."

"He is part of the 'real thing,'" replied Ruth; "but the 'realest thing' is Mrs. Slade. She is the one who ought to be sent abroad as our Ambassador to England. They are not all shopkeepers any more than we are. She is an idealist, and could say without offense something that the English ought to learn, and that is that some of them are making it hard for their friends in America to combat the hatred of the German-Americans and the ancient grudge of the Irish, to say nothing of the ingrained suspicion of England in the minds of half-educated Anglo-Saxon Americans. The people of Europe see nothing but the Mr. Slades; the cultivated hate him and the workers envy him. They need to see Mrs. Slade. Do you remember"—Ruth has her own process of thought, which it is not always easy for the uninitiated to follow—"do you remember a sermon which Doctor Field preached last winter on Elisha?" *

"No; you remember I was in Baltimore

* II Kings 5.

at the time. What did he say that bears on this?"

"He said that the Jewish people had produced two types—Elisha, the idealist, and Gehazi, the unscrupulous money-getter, and that the tragedy of the Hebrew people has been caused by the struggle between these two."

"Well, as you are fond of saying, what is the point?"

"Why, the point is that the same is true of America. We too have the idealist, who never counts the cost, and the money-getters, who count nothing but the cost."

"Still, I don't see; no doubt Mrs. Slade stands in your parable for the idealist, but do you mean to say that Mr. Slade is a Gehazi?"

"Not quite," said Ruth; "but I do think that he looks at things too much from the business point of view, and the only reason he has not become a 'Gehazi' is that he had the good fortune to marry Mrs. Slade."

But this led to so many searching questions that for a little space "the rest was silence."

Berlin and Vienna: Likenesses and Contrasts

BY LOTHROP STODDARD

Author of "Through Rhineland and Ruhr—via Morocco," etc.



HAVE just visited the two capital cities of the Germanic world. To one who, like myself, has not seen them since the pre-war days of their glory and their pride, Berlin and

Vienna strike a common note of loss and melancholy. Both cities are very much "down at the heel," in both, the physical "plant" has obviously deteriorated and stands in urgent need of repair. Even in the main streets and best residential districts most of the houses show the accumulated neglect of years: peeling stucco, broken cornices, shabby woodwork,

dingy paint, everywhere meet the eye. The saving factor is the solid character of their construction. Splendidly built of stone and brick, Berlin and Vienna, though somewhat unsightly, are still habitable after a decade of misfortune. Had they been "jerry built" like so many of our American cities, they would by this time be almost in ruins.

And yet, even in their physical aspects, one can note certain well-marked differences between the two capitals. Berlin gives one the impression of a city which is materially still on the down-grade. Not only are the houses in bad shape, but virtually no attempts are being made to repair them. A little new building is going

on here and there, but the old plant is left to get along as best it may. On Berlin's famous avenue, the Unter den Linden, for example, one edifice only stands out a striking (and significant) exception to the grimy rule: the Russian Soviet Embassy. Stretching fully half a block and provided with a single long balcony which would form an ideal rostrum for a revolutionary proclamation, the embassy of "Red" Russia fairly radiates an aura of fresh paint, shining varnish, and new curtains in the windows. Aside from this one exotic touch, the "Linden" is a melancholy spectacle. Once crowded with smart traffic, its broad sweep appears to-day almost empty by comparison, while such traffic as does pass is the reverse of "smart"—well-worn taxis, decrepit horse-drawn fiacres, and infrequent dirty-white buses forming the chief elements. Only now and then does some shiny new motor-car, crammed with fat "Schiebers" (profiteers) exhaling blatant prosperity, strike a note just as discordant as the Russian Soviet Embassy on the side-lines.

Quite different is the outward aspect of Vienna. In Berlin one sees a city still physically on the down-grade. In Vienna, on the contrary, one sees a city slightly on the mend. Although most of the buildings are still as neglected as those of the northern capital, there are numerous signs of improvement. In almost all the better business and residential streets one or more buildings have been obviously repaired or are in process of renovation. Those fairly numerous freshly stuccoed fronts stand forth cheerily against the sombre background—refreshing harbingers of a better morrow. Another significant (and hopeful) aspect of these same renovated buildings is that they are evidently the result of private initiative. To the public buildings little or nothing has been done, the most glaring example of this being the "Hofburg," the former Imperial Palace. The vast residence of the deposed Hapsburg dynasty to-day stands neglected and forlorn, its peeling stucco and crumbling cornices a symbol of departed glory. Of course, this failure of the new Austrian Government to renovate its public edifices denotes its lack of financial strength; nevertheless it is a more hopeful sign than would be the case if the government alone were making re-

pairs while private property was sinking toward ruin.

Turning from material aspects to the appearance of the inhabitants, the observer soon discovers a similar mixture of likenesses and contrasts. The thing which most strikes the returning traveller who knew Berlin and Vienna before the war is their common demilitarization. Ten years ago the military set the tone; the streets were full of smart officers and soldiers, while most of the public buildings were guarded by pacing sentinels. To-day one practically never sees a soldier. Incredible as it may sound to those acquainted with pre-war Berlin, I saw only two sentries during my entire stay there. These were the sentries in front of President Ebert's official residence—and they were stationed, not at the gateway, but in front of the doorway to the house itself, which stands some distance back from the street. In their dull-green uniforms, dull-steel helmets, and short rifles without bayonets, those two lone German sentries were as inconspicuous as possible, almost blending into the lichened walls of the old house behind them. What a difference between them and the Prussian Grenadier Guards who used to pace so resplendently in front of the Kaiser's palace or stand about the Brandenburger Tor! The difference is rendered even more startling by contrast with surrounding countries, which are to-day just as militant in appearance as they were in pre-war days. Travelling from Germany to Austria, *via* Czechoslovakia, for example, as I have just done, is really an experience. Czechoslovakia, small though it is, has almost twice as many men under arms as we have in the whole United States and our overseas possessions put together. Prague, its capital, looks like an armed camp, full of barracks and with detachments of soldiery forever tramping through its streets. One can see more soldiers in Prague in ten minutes than one can see in Berlin or Vienna in a month.

However, though Berlin and Vienna are alike devoid of soldiers, the spirit of the two cities is, in matters militant, a wholly different one. In Berlin one instantly senses a mood of suppressed bellicosity. The stranger in Berlin has it constantly brought home to him that Germany is to-day practically at war.

People talk constantly of "Der Ruhrkrieg"—"The War in the Ruhr," public places are placarded with flaming patriotic posters, shop-windows carry boycott notices against French and Belgian goods, while in the hotel lobbies one reads signs announcing curtly: "French and Belgians not served here!" People literally clench their fists and grind their teeth in rage at their disarmament which forces them to submit to Franco-Belgian invasions of German soil, and take solace in prophecies of an ultimate war of revenge. Meanwhile their "passive resistance" campaign against the occupation of the Ruhr goes on month after month, with the apparent support of the great majority of the population. This is, in itself, an extraordinary performance, implying a discipline and cohesion of a high order. In fine, one feels regarding the Germans that here is a people which, though suffering intensely and bowed down by misfortune, is very far from being broken.

In Vienna it is quite otherwise. Here one encounters a psychological change of a truly astounding character. The soul of the city has radically altered. Ten years ago Vienna was an "imperial city; its inhabitants prided themselves on being citizens of the capital of the Hapsburg Empire, with its traditions stretching back through the Middle Ages to the Roman Cæsars. To-day, all that seems as dead as the Cæsars themselves. The Viennese have renounced their past, have resigned themselves to their loss, and have set their hopes on a modest future, either as a state within the German "Reich" or as a sort of second Switzerland (without the Swiss spirit), living by the good-will of its neighbors. One feels of the Viennese that here is a people which has ceased to struggle; which has, so to speak, "thrown up the sponge." We must always remember that Austria is no longer really an independent state; that it has passed under international control exercised by the League of Nations. A year ago Austria was bankrupt, hopeless, starving. Its government frankly informed the world that it could no longer carry on and that, unless something were done, collapse and probably chaos would ensue. The upshot was that Austria was placed under an international receivership exercised by

the League. This has worked extraordinarily well. An international loan has rescued Austria from bankruptcy and has stabilized its currency. In fact, Vienna is fast reasserting its position as the natural financial and commercial centre of mid-Europe. The spectres of ruin and starvation have been exorcised, and its inhabitants are enjoying an increasing measure of moderate well-being. They are not precisely happy, these Viennese of to-day. One can hardly recognize in this quiet, semi-passive folk the laughter-loving, easy-going, prosperous people of pre-war days. But at least they are free from positive suffering and are evidently thankful for that fact—like convalescents passively enjoying relief after long-continued pain.

But all this has to be paid for, and the price is a practical loss of independence. The real ruler of Austria to-day is the League of Nations commissioner, the Hollander, Doctor Zimmerman. This man is a trained colonial administrator, with a record of many years' successful service in the Dutch Indies. He is a very capable and extremely tactful person, who keeps carefully in the background and always leaves the semblance of power to the Austrian officials. In fact, he is not formally part of the Austrian Government in any way, his position being "merely" head of the League Commission to protect the international loan. But of course, in reality, he has the last word, because he makes the loan payments which alone keep Austria from bankruptcy, and since these payments are made monthly he has the power to close the purse-strings if the Austrian Government should decline to follow his recommendations and should adopt a course of action which would endanger the interests of Austria's creditors.

It is really an extraordinary situation, this spectacle of a people only a few years ago the heart of a great empire now fallen under an international receivership. Nothing like it has been seen since Lord Cromer became "financial adviser" to the bankrupt Khedivial Government of Egypt. So far, the strange experiment has proved a success. The reasons therefor are fairly clear. In the first place, the sufferings of the Austrians during and since the war had been so atrocious, and

the spectre of utter ruin was so menacing, that almost anything was better than the condition to which they had been reduced when the receivership went into effect a year ago. But there is another reason, even more fundamental, and probably destined to be more important in the long run. This reason is that the German Austrians were not, and never have been, a "nation." They were the favored element in a dynastic empire. Their political credo was, therefore, not the usual one of national patriotism, but rather a curious blend of feudal and imperial loyalty to the reigning House of Hapsburg. Accordingly, when in the débâcle of 1918 the Hapsburgs disappeared and their empire was hopelessly shattered, the German Austrians were left in a sort of political vacuum. Of course, as always happens, the German Austrians began casting about for new gods to take the place of the old. Their first tendency was toward political union with their kinsmen, their programme being the entry of German Austria as a federal state, a sort of second Bavaria, into the German "Reich." But this path was sternly barred by the veto of the victorious Entente Powers, particularly France, who gave the Austrians clearly to understand that union with Germany would not be permitted; that logic must yield to Allied self-interest, and that the principle of "self-determination," however laudable in theory, did not apply to the vanquished.

Thus thrown back upon themselves, surrounded by hostile neighbors, and possessed of no patriotic faith to give them moral strength, the Austrians fell into despair, covered their debts by inflating their currency, and plunged into the slough of misery and bankruptcy from which they were rescued only by the unique expedient of an international receivership.

The interesting question now arises, not merely whether Austria will succeed in attaining and maintaining a modest level of economic well-being under international tutelage, but whether she will develop an individual political consciousness, part national, part international, which will make of Austria a permanently neutralized state—a sort of second Switzerland. For the moment, at any rate, the omens seem to be pointing that way,

largely owing to Germany's misfortunes. With Germany sinking daily into a condition similar to that of Austria a year ago—bankrupt, starving, and threatened with the spectres of chaos and civil war—few Austrians would under existing circumstances care to join Germany even if the Entente veto were removed. Even the leaders of the "Pan-German" party, the champions of political fusion with Germany, candidly admit that their programme is at present an academic one.

Few shifts of fortune have been more striking than the way Berlin and Vienna have changed places during the past twelvemonth. A year ago, Vienna was in the depths of despair, while Berlin, though far from comfortable, was hopeful that the worst was over and that things would soon be on the mend. Then came the Franco-German deadlock over reparations, the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr, and the practical renewal of war in economic form. By waging the "Ruhr War" with paper money, Germany debased her currency to depths far below anything which Austria ever reached, so that the mark to-day stands almost as low as the Soviet rouble—and may well go even lower before the story is told. The upshot is misery and confusion past comprehension to a "hard-money" country like America.

I left Germany before the mark had taken its dizziest plunge, but it was falling portentously every day, and the resulting psychological effect upon even a lucky "gold-standard" transient like myself was acutely depressing. Depression! That is the outstanding impression which the traveller in Germany receives, and which abides with him until, like a leaden weight, it drops away from him when he has once more recrossed the German frontier. It is almost terrifying to be in a country where the majority of the inhabitants are worried, harassed, and oppressed by forebodings of waxing ills; where the working men suffer from chronic undernourishment, and where the intellectual and middle classes are faced with absolute ruin. No man with a heart in him can walk unmoved through the Berlin streets these days; at every turn, even on the Linden, he sees thin, pasty faces, and ragged figures. Nine out of ten of the passers-by have a strained, harassed look. Laughter

is a rarity, while obvious despair is all too common. Crossing the Thiergarten one beautiful, bright morning, when nature was in her cheeriest mood, I counted on the park benches at least a dozen figures slumped down in the most utter, abject misery that I have ever seen. Most pathetic of all are the Berlin beggars. Nearly all of them are clearly respectable folk who have "seen better days." Few of them know how to beg. Wrapped in the tatters of their pride, they rarely solicit and never pester you. Mainly middle-aged or elderly folk, they are the advance-guard of a vast army pushed relentlessly toward destruction.

Go into the homes even of those who are as yet some distance from the brink, and you will be shocked at what you see and hear. I shall not soon forget an evening I spent with two Berlin University professors and their wives; men whose names are both well-known in the American learned world. They described to me their pinched lives, and their haunting dread of the coming winter, which they felt would be far and away the worst that Germany had yet known. These highly educated folk told me how, for years past, they had been deprived of the simplest amenities of life—no books, no music, no theatres, no excursions. Recently they were giving up visiting their friends in parts of the city beyond easy walking distance because of the high cost of trolley fares (less than two cents in American money), while even correspondence had to be strictly curtailed owing to the high cost of postage—although postage in Germany costs but a tithe of what it does elsewhere. It was in this connection that they unconsciously revealed to me the full depth of their privations. An argument arose as to whether it was cheaper to use old envelopes by pasting gummed paper over the former address, or whether the gummed paper was more expensive than new envelopes of the cheapest possible quality! When university professors and their wives discuss such economies, the intellectual class is indeed in a bad way!

Nothing like this is visible in Vienna. Of course, Vienna is not particularly gay. Those of my readers who remember the happy, laughter-loving Viennese of pre-war days would be sadly disappointed

were they to return and see a people so sobered by misfortune that even on a Sunday in the Volksprater, Vienna's Coney Island, one hears but little laughter. However, though the Viennese are chastened and shabby, they are no longer plunged in the wholesale misery which to-day afflicts Berlin. The Viennese beggars are ordinary beggar types; I have seen but one obviously middle-class "down-and-outer" in Vienna who in raggedness and evident starvation compared with his frequent prototypes of Berlin.

One thing noteworthy in both capitals, but especially in Berlin under present circumstances, is the way in which the old German virtues of cleanliness, accuracy, order, and honesty have survived. During my entire Berlin sojourn, not only did no one attempt to cheat me, but no one made a mistake in reckoning. Considering that Germany is to-day a land of "stage money," which when I was there averaged about two hundred and fifty thousand marks to the dollar, this is a truly amazing record. A simple transaction like a dinner required a formidable bill running into six figures, while one's hotel score looked not so much like a bill as a budget. Another feat of mental arithmetic was involved in taxicab charges, which were computed at twenty-five thousand times the gold-standard figures shown upon the meter. I tested out those taxicab drivers many times by asking nonchalantly and in studiously bad German how much I owed them. Then, I would jot down the taximeter reading and the answer, and would figure out the problem at my leisure. The answer was always strictly correct! I cite this as a merited tribute not only to the Berliner's honesty but also to a standard of arithmetical ability far higher than is even suspected by the world at large.

I left Berlin with relief; I left Vienna without regret. Berlin is too afflicted, and Vienna too newly convalescent, to inspire a gladsome mood. The serious student of conditions may find much interest and profit in both cities, but to the ordinary traveller in search of diversion and relaxation, my advice is: "Stay away until better times. These towns have so little happiness themselves that they have scant joy to offer the stranger within their gates."



Ahbraam stopped the hammer long enough

Extras

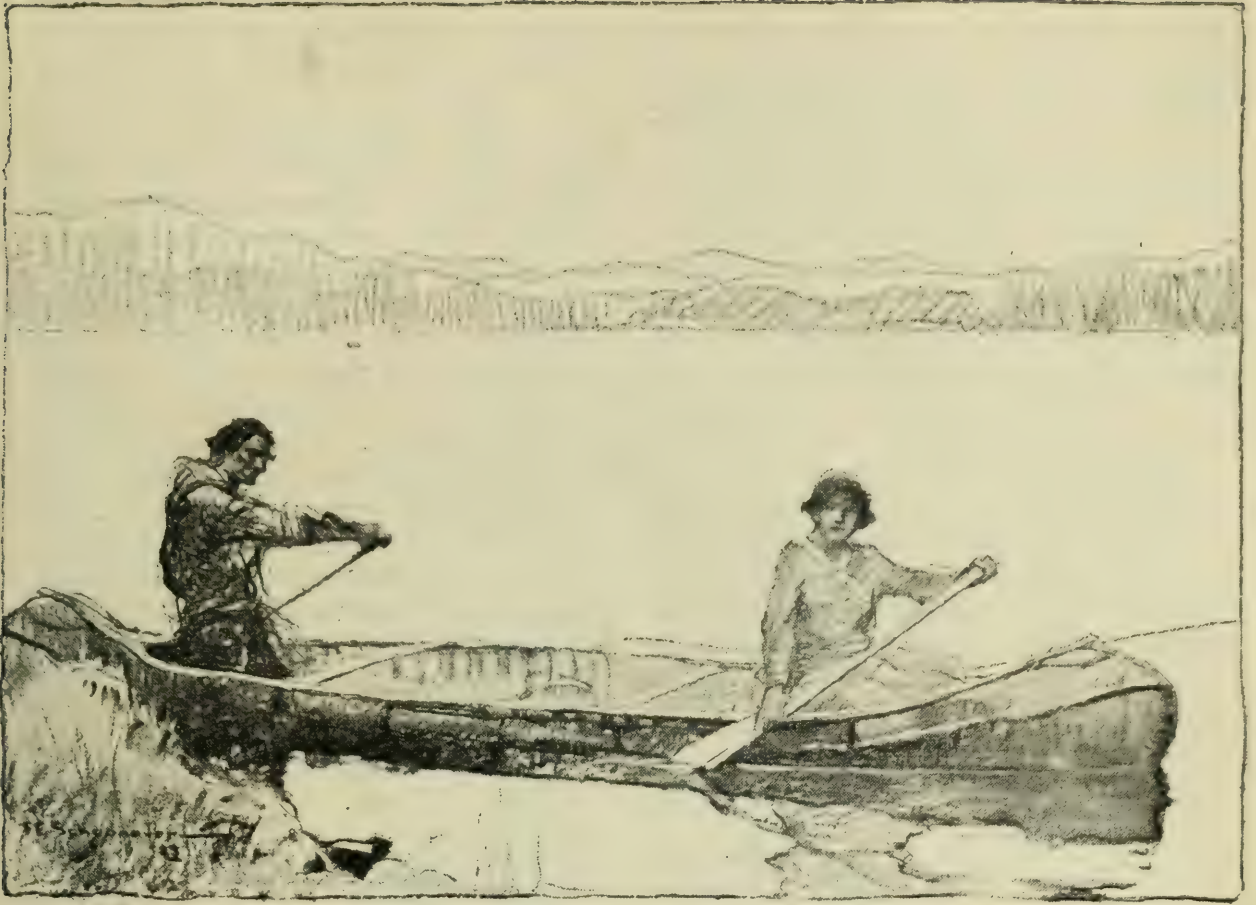
BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

ABRAM—pronounced Ahbraam, because he is a French-Huron half-breed—has been imported from Indian Lorette into the new camp as carpenter. There are all sorts of jobs to be done. The roof of the outdoors dining-room was too high; also a woodshed is to be built against the side of the Chapelle, partly for the distinguished usefulness of a woodshed, but rather more because one cannot bear it that the Chapelle—the little guest-room—should rear so humble a head so high in air with nothing, nothing to comfort it. A certain forlorn look of pitifully failing to be a Greek temple in shingles, a lamentable, meek, sticky-up-ness, will be solaced, one hopes, by a long, falling line of woodshed roof. The new camp was built last winter with no M'sieur

to supervise, and Josef, straining every nerve to do it super-right, putting tons and horse-powers of goodwill into the doing, has produced a few of the ugliest touches of architecture that the mind of man could evolve. The main building is good, for which thank God, but Ahbraam's dexterity and M'sieur and Madame's guiding hands are needed around every corner. Ahbraam is a busy man.

The roof is now done. It took pulleys and blocks and scaffoldings, and things one doesn't know the names of, and the four guides and Ahbraam crawling around the contiguous kitchen roof and running up and down ladders, and hauling and pushing and grunting and lifting and hammering, all day long. Volumes of razor-edged Canadian French it took;



to send us a heavenly gentle smile.

everything apparently was made to go with a chorus of directions. *As-tu-machache's* and *Monte-donc's*, and *Ne-tire-pas-trop-fort's*—all roared and sputtered and slapped about with untiring energy. Only Ahbram slipped in and out of the mess, quiet and composed, and did little talking, but, literally and figuratively, sawed wood. While M'sieur and Madame sat in the underbrush close to the sunshiny lake and wondered if somebody wouldn't get a neck broken now, and if ever they could accomplish it, anyway. It was a heavy job, a *fort ouvrage*, and everybody was glad when it was done.

One dined that night under a much-improved low, green roof, which was, by its simple self, the dining-room, and as the pea soup and broiled trout and bacon and the flapjacks and maple syrup were served one heard, over in the guides' camp beyond the kitchen, the constant tap-tapping of a hammer. Next night after dinner one went fishing, and as the canoe slid past the guides' camp, again the light continuous tapping of Ahbram's

hammer. One saw Ahbram on the gallery, thin, aquiline, grizzled, fifty, with the small waist and broad shoulders and erect carriage and high-nosed outline of his Huron forebears. He stopped the hammer long enough to send us a heavenly gentle smile and a remark that it "makes fine"—*fait beau*—to-night—a cordiality not typical, likely, of his Indian ancestors. One gathered somehow next day that Ahbram was working overhours because he was engaged in wooden fancy-work of some sort and considered it honorable to use for such the time not paid for by M'sieur.

One day he came along the twisted trail over to the Château—the big camp—carrying his fancy-work. One had spoken vaguely of a little table needed for Madame's typewriter. Behold it. Ahbram had cut tiny bits of different colored woods and constructed an inlaid pattern for the top of Madame's table. The wine-red strips were *fausse arable*, he explained, false maple, a rare tree and hard to find. The silver-gray lines were

birch; the rest of something else—one forgets. It was varnished shinily and built charmingly, and light and strong; Ahbram was proud of it. As one looked at it and at the big, rough hands that had fashioned its daintiness and remembered how they had toiled all day many days at heavy labor, and given many evenings from their time of rest to make this, as one regarded Ahbram's lean Roman face aglow with satisfaction in his success and in its enthusiastic reception—it wouldn't have been hard to cry.

It was a work of supererogation and of lovely good-will, and, with that as a text, one fell to considering how all along life it is the extras that count—the things one need not do. Ahbram was a capable workman, and hammered faithfully at

roofs and woodsheds; one thought well of him for that and paid him three dollars a day. One had no thought of his doing more. But the affection with which M'sieur and Madame remember the elderly peasant, who could neither read nor write, is tied to the sound of a hammer tapping away summer evenings on a work unpaid. Yet, truly, the pay is higher for such work than for any other. The things one gives away without thought of return are the things which bring unmeasured rewards. There is an unwritten eleventh commandment, which says "Thou shalt spill over friendliness." And its fulfilment carries a blessing going and coming. A wistful world drops its mask of suspicion before those who, forgetting themselves, take time for the extras.

The Invulnerating Solution

BY DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Author of "Perfect Behavior," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

I AM not particularly fond of children—even my sister's children. But I am fond of my sister—and when I ask her every year to spend the first or last two weeks of May with me I naturally include John and Marian in the invitation. John is eight and Marian is seven and they are really lovely children—at least so every one tells Elinor. But, as I have said, I am not particularly fond of children, and a forty-year old bachelor engaged exclusively in the "pursuit and practice of literature" is no sympathetic or understanding critic of the relative merits and defects of the juvenile coming generation. Marian looks very much like her mother, which pleases me, and John resembles his ex-father not at all, which also pleases me. And when they come I have a good time with Elinor, and the children have always found plenty to do to keep them out of my way in the open fields around my "place."

This year, of course, was different. I no longer had any open fields since I had

succumbed last winter to a particularly tempting offer and sold my "place." I was living, instead, on the edge of the city in more or less of a satisfactory apartment-house. Certain features of my new home—the plumbing, for example, and especially the bath—were undoubtedly an improvement on the quaint but inconvenient farmhouse in which I had spent the last six years of my literary life. One of the important factors in my long-postponed decision to move "into town" had been the vision of a beautiful long white enamelled bathtub. I like to make a ceremony of bathing. I like to experiment with imported soaps and different colored bath salts. I had always resented the Cotter's Saturday night.

In other details, however, I had reason not to be so well satisfied with my new quarters. In the apartment below me lived a thin, bald, German gentleman who had a flute, a piano, and a young daughter; we had words about all three—sepa-

rately and in combination; we had been completely unable to come to any amicable decision.

And then, there was Mrs. Walters and her husband across the hall. Mrs. Walters had small feet, a small waist, a birdlike

round, but the hat was always too small for him and I liked him. I think that he and I had sort of an unconscious understanding about his wife.

On the whole, however, I was pleased with my new dwelling, and I looked for-



He and I had sort of an unconscious understanding about his wife.

face, and a shrill voice. Next to the voice her most characteristic feature—at least figuratively speaking—was her nose, which seemed forever on the point of getting caught in the door to my apartment. I regarded Mrs. Walters with fear and aversion. As for her husband, he was a big, silent man who minded his own business. He was rather mournful and wore long underwear and a derby hat all the year

ward to Elinor's coming with a good deal of pleasure. I knew that she would decidedly rejoice to find me living once more in the embraces of bathtubs, dumbwaiters and hot and cold running water. I was not so sure about the children. Coming from New York, they would undoubtedly miss the dogs, the chickens, and the romps in the daisy-filled meadows. But from the standpoint of the dogs and



"There, dear—there, dear—Mama Walters knows—Mama Walters knows——"—Page 661.

chickens the new arrangement was decidedly an improvement—and there were certainly plenty of nice vacant lots in the neighborhood where the children could play. I felt sure that they were old enough by this time to know how to amuse themselves—and on this last point I was certainly not deceived.

They came on Tuesday, and all was as I had expected—at least for Tuesday. Elinor was delighted and delightful. The children spent most of the afternoon roller-skating on the neighborhood sidewalk. At dinner there was much talk—especially from John, who is inclined, at times, to mimic the language and manners of his favorite Western motion-picture heroes—of a certain vacant lot which they had discovered and in which, on the following day, they were to engage in the digging of a "great big, huge, enormous" cave, in company with a mysterious personage named "Butch." Neither their

mother nor I could get much more out of them; the cave was secret, "Butch" was secret; and both Elinor and I had too much to tell each other to bother further with the location of the cave or the genealogy of "Butch."

The next day I met "Butch." Several events and interrelated circumstances led up to the meeting. Elinor had gone into the city in the morning to visit an old Bryn Mawr friend, leaving me alone for the day with the children. On her assurance, I felt perfectly safe about letting them "run wild" in the neighborhood. After breakfast I announced the hour for lunch and retired to my study. They went out very excitedly, presumably to "Butch" and the cave.

About eleven I heard a howl. At first it seemed to be under my window and I paid no attention to it other than to bestow a momentary curse on the parents who let their children run yelling about

the streets. I was in the middle of a particularly difficult chapter—a chapter I had already rewritten six times. The noise disappeared and I returned to my work.

Then I slowly became aware that the howl had entered the apartment building, and was coming up the stairs. I threw aside my pencil, lit a cigarette and paced up and down until the unbearable noise should have passed. It did not pass. It stopped outside my door. I suddenly remembered the children and rushed down the hall.

It was Marian—but Mrs. Walters had got there first.

"The poor little lamb has been stung," she said. "There, dear—there, dear—Mama Walters knows—Mama Walters knows——"

I was not sure just what it was Mama Walters knew—not evidently the way to make Marian stop howling, at any rate.

"Stung?" I asked.

"By a nasty, mean old bee——" answered Mrs. Walters.

"Hornet," shrieked Marian. "Mother!"

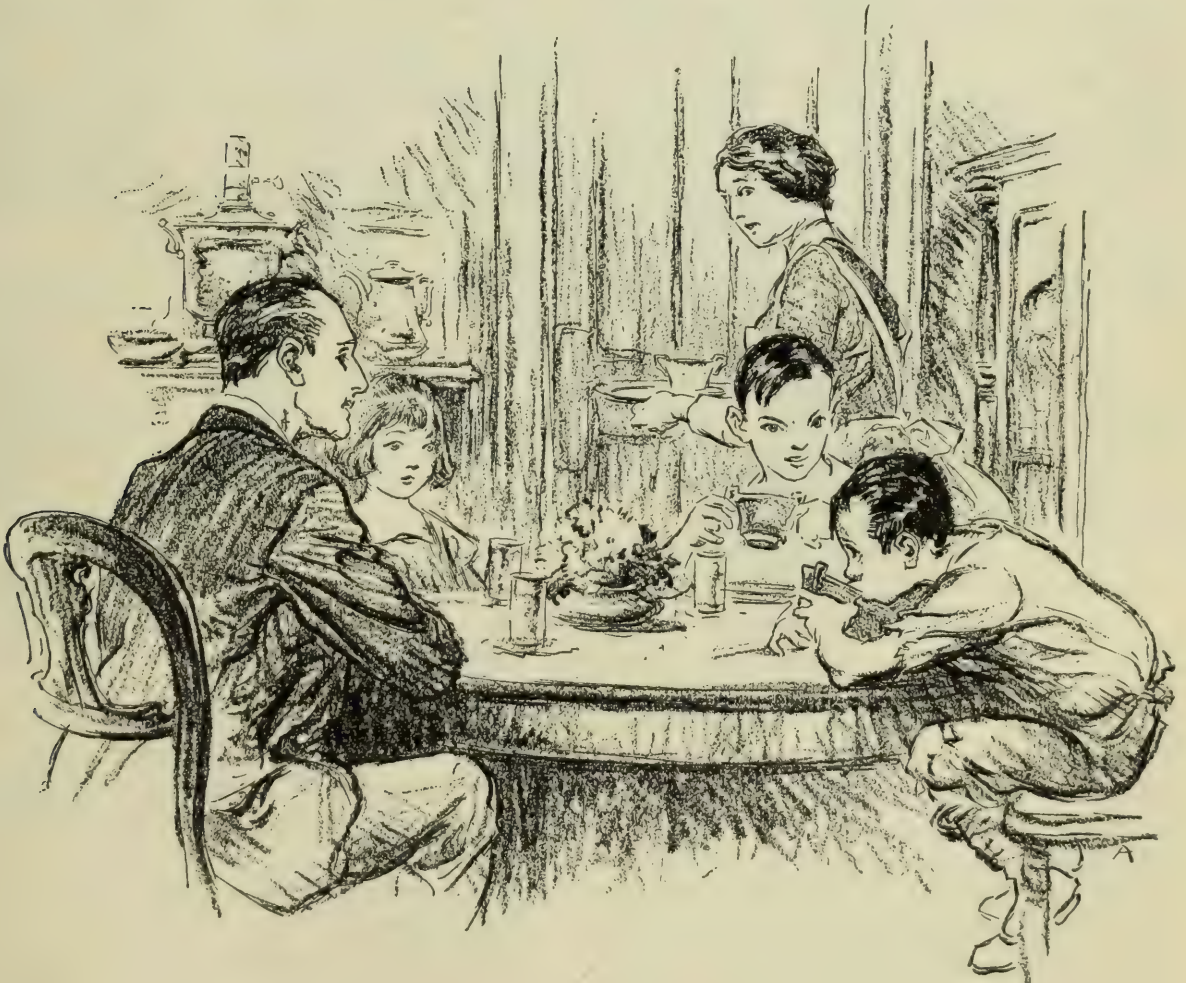
Before I knew it Mrs. Walters was in my apartment, and I was standing around helplessly holding a cup of alcohol, and wondering whether or not to telephone to Elinor for advice.

"There—great big brave girl," said Mrs. Walters briskly. "Just hold the poor hurt finger in this nice cool alcohol and the nasty old sting won't hurt any more—any more—Mama Walters knows——"

"Mother," sobbed Marian, unconvinced.

"This is awfully nice of you" I said. "But don't you think I had better telephone——"

"Just leave it all to me," smiled Mrs. Walters reassuringly. "There's nothing any one can do. The child is just f-r-i-g-h-t-e-n-e-d——" This last was spelled out to me in a knowing whisper.



"I'm not frightened," cried Marian, somewhat indignant at Mrs. Walters's educational standards. "I want my mother."

"There, dear," cooed Mrs. Walters. "Mama Walters knows——"

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Sh—sh—sh—sh," said Mama Walters. "We aren't going to talk about it any more. We're just going to forget all about it, aren't we?"

"We were digging a cave," replied Marian, snuffling, "and oh—" she began to cry again.

"You see," triumphantly said Mrs. Walters, giving me a rebuking look. "There, there, dear—Mama Walters knows. Now we've forgotten all about it, haven't we? Look, dear—look at the pretty pigeons on the telephone-pole—the pretty, pretty pigeons. Wouldn't you like to be a little pidgie and fly and fly and——"

"No," said Marian.

"Oh, yes, you would," went on the demon comforter. "And your good, kind, handsome uncle who writes beautiful stories (neither as a portrait, a character study, or a piece of literary criticism was this acceptable) would write a beautiful story about his little niece who was a pigeon—think of that—a beautiful pigeon—and did you ever hear the story about the prince and the princess who—let me see—who lived in a wood——"

"Yes," answered Marian.

"Well, once upon a time," went on the unperturbed Mrs. Walters, "there was a prince who lived in a wood and he was in-vul-ner-able— Shall I tell you what that big word means?"

"No—" Mrs. Walters was certainly playing to a New York audience.

"It means that when you are in-vul-ner-able nothing can hurt you."

"Hornets?" the audience sat up.

"Nothing," continued Mrs. Walters, "can hurt you, and we are going to forget all about hornets, aren't we, dear?" Mrs. Walters was rocking back and forth in her chair and working very fast on her weakening subject. "Well, on the day on which this prince was to be christened his fairy godmother brought a nice tub of beautiful silver liquid—all silver. And that was the magic in-vul-ner-able so-

lution—you remember, dear, what that means——"

"Yes," said Marian. "It means hornets can't sting you."

"Well, just as the little prince was about to be dipped all over in this magic liquid, there flew in the window a large, black beetle."

"What was it made of?" asked Marian.

"The beetle, dear?"

"No—the in——"

"If you don't mind," I interrupted, "I think I shall go back to my work. I have a great deal to do, and it has certainly been awfully nice of you——"

"My dear man, I have done nothing," shrilled Mrs. Walters, getting up, "I love children—I simply love them—and this is such a sweet child. I hope I may have the pleasure of telling her mother what a brave——"

"Oh, of course," I replied, "you and Mr. Walters must certainly come over some evening when my sister is here. Unfortunately——"

"What was it made of?" asked Marian, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Walters.

"We should love to," said Mrs. Walters, momentarily forgetting her love for children. "I have often sent little neighborly thoughts over your way, but Mr. Walters and I were beginning to be afraid——"

"Oh, not at all," I replied quickly.

"What was it made of?" repeated Marian.

"It's so much nicer, isn't it?" went on Mrs. Walters, nervously fingering the gold eye-glass chain over her left breast, "to be real neighbors—why, in the last place Arthur and I lived—in Los Angeles—I was *always* running across the hall——"

"Yes," I said helplessly, feeling the dark Walters closing down over my head.

"Have you lived in the West?" she continued.

"What was it *made of*?" Marian's demand had now risen to a shriek.

"What, dear?" asked Mrs. Walters, smiling at me so that I would not rebuke the child.

"The vulner-ation solution."

"The what?"

"The vul-ner-a-tion sol-u-tion."

"I think she is referring to your fairy-tale," I suggested.

I left Mrs. Walters in the midst of a searching cross-examination regarding the exact chemical composition of the so-called magic invulnerating solution, and bowed the way out of the room.

surprises. Seated at the table, beside my sister's son John, was the dirtiest little Italian boy I have ever seen.

"This is 'Butch,'" announced John loudly and triumphantly. "'Butch' is



"Unten—ya—only come once unten and I will show you—ach Gott!"—Page 666.

It had been a morning of surprises, chief among them being the disconcerting surprise that Mrs. Walters had got into my apartment and that I had invited her to come again. I tried to resume my work but found concentration impossible. I sighed with relief when Cora finally sounded the gong for luncheon.

At luncheon began the second series of

goin' to take pot-luck along o' us, ain't ye, 'Butch'?"

"Butch" grinned but did not reply. I looked at Cora, who had entered with a trayful of consommé.

"He said"—she indicated John—"that you said it was all right."

"Of course," I agreed. "How do you do, 'Butch.'"



I leaned over and sniffed, with the sickening realization of the sacrifice of my last four bottles of real bay rum.—Page 666.

Marian's seat was vacant. Marian, prim and shining in a clean, stiff, pink dress, was in my chair.

"I won't sit there," she said "next to that dirty boy. I won't."

"Don't mind her, 'Butch,'" shouted John. "Wimmen ain't got no place round these diggins nohow."

I took the seat beside our guest. On closer inspection he was even dirtier than I had suspected. Cora served the soup with dignity.

"Dig in, pard," gruffly advised John, "and let's get back to the 'Golden Girl.' We got work to do."

He and "Butch" dug in. Marian and I watched, fascinated.

"They think they're gold miners," she explained contemptuously.

"Think!" shouted John. "Listen at her, pard! Think! I don't callate we'll stand for any spindle-shanked, long-legged——"

"John," I advised, "eat your soup."

"Butch" took his consommé in the Italian fashion. John, the perfect host, followed suit. The noise was deafening.

"Did you know," I remarked, "that

your little sister was severely stung by a hornet this morning?"

"Butch" grinned and John laughed.

"Ho! ho! ho!" he bellowed. "Did we know, eh, pard? Why, say, we pretty nigh plumb bust our sides laffin at the gal."

I noticed Marian's face and quickly removed the ketchup bottle from in front of her place. As a boy I had once foolishly disregarded that same look in the eyes of Marian's mother, and while I was wisely removing temptation from the daughter I felt reminiscently along the left side of my scalp.

But Marian did not translate her fury into action—at least not then. The meal progressed without violence other than that done by the visitor to Cora's clean table-cloth. It was an awkward luncheon party. John and his friend gradually became secretive. "Butch" did not say five words during the meal; John felt called upon to confine his communications regarding the "little old Golden Girl" to wink-punctuated whispers. As a host I felt embarrassed and a failure. I could think of nothing to say which did not sound patronizing and obvious.

"Butch" and I, after all, had so little in common. But, curiously enough, about the middle of the meal, Marian seemed suddenly to have recovered from her aversion both to mining as a career, and miners as luncheon guests, and when I gladly excused myself after John's third "helping" of dessert she was apparently doing everything in her power to make the affair a success. If I had been John and "Butch" I should have been a little suspicious of this sudden complete change of front. I was almost tempted to warn them, but I remembered that in the rough life of a mining-camp there was probably

no real need for the lessons in feminine wile so essential to the safe existence of a "tenderfoot," and besides I considered that there was quite a possibility that Marian had not, after all, inherited her mother's eye-for-an-eye disposition. At any rate, I wished them luck and returned to my labors in the cause of literature.

It was about an hour before I was annoyed by a knock on my study door.

"It's a gentleman, sir"—Cora's voice was apologetic, but stubborn.

"Cora," I said severely, "you know perfectly that I am not to be disturbed. Tell the gentleman to call later."



"It's the gentleman down-stairs," she said. "He's crazy."

"Crazy!" I said. "I know it. What does he want?"

"He won't tell me," she replied. "I think you had better come——"

"You tell him—" I shouted—and then I strode to the door, opened it and swept down the hall.

Cora's description of my caller was fairly accurate.

"So," he said, "you have come—you have come—yes," and then he exploded.

"Sit down," I said pleasantly.

"Sid down!" he shouted. "Sid down! Ya—of course! Sid down! Gott—was für—listen, do you hear?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "Perfectly."

"Listen—do you hear—only come once—only come once and I will show you something. Ya. Only come once, my fine friend——"

By this time he was purple in the face, and the veins were sticking out at the top of his bald head.

"Come?" I said. "Where?"

"Unten"—it was a tremendously explosive "unten." He pointed to the floor and shouted: "Unten—ya—only come once unten and I will show you—ach Gott!"

"Unten?" I asked. "You mean down-stairs—in your apartment?"

"In my apartment? In my apartment? Ya. Hören Sie—in my apartment——"

He rushed out of the room and I followed. Mrs. Walters opened her door and stuck her nose out. All the way down-stairs he was muttering "So's" and "ach Gotts!" and "Sid downs!"

"Blease to enter——"

I entered.

"Only look—" he pointed up.

I looked.

"Good God!" I cried.

"Ya—ya—so—good Gott—ya——"

I turned and ran up-stairs three steps at a time. I tore through my apartment to the bathroom. I yanked open the door.

The bathroom was afloat—that is the only way I can describe it. I splashed across the floor to the tub and turned off the water. It was one of those modern tubs which fill from the bottom so that after the water has reached a certain level you never can be sure whether it is "on"

or "off." I pulled up the drain plug and called for Cora.

"It's them kids," she muttered, vigorously sloshing back and forth through the door with a mop. "That Miss Marian—*she said you said it would be all right.*"

"What would be all right?"

"I dunno," she replied. "It was something about vulner—vulner—I dunno. It was them kids."

Mrs. Walters's fairy-tale flashed into my mind.

"An invulnerating solution?" I asked.

"I dunno," she replied. "Miss Marian *she said you said it would be all right.*"

I looked into the tub which by this time was almost empty and I groaned. There, in a wet soggy precipitate, lay the entire contents of my toilet cabinet—the contents of three tubes of imported shaving cream, the undissolved paste from six boxes of English tooth-powder, the crystalline remnants of my new jar of purple bath salts. I leaned over and sniffed, with the sickening realization of the sacrifice of my last four bottles of real bay rum, and the priceless ounce of "rue-de-la-Paix" I had given Elinor for Christmas.

I cursed Mrs. Walters and her fairy-tales! I walked angrily down the hall to the children's room. I knocked. There was no answer, and I opened the door.

In the centre of the floor were two piles of clothing—John's and, evidently, "Butch's."

"Cora!" I called.

"They must have gone out," she said, peering anxiously at my face.

"A brilliant analysis of the situation," I said sarcastically. "I suppose they went naked."

"Yes, sir, I dunno," she replied. "I seen that Master John with that Miss Marian's rain cape on—I thought they was playing some game. I dunno."

I looked out of the window but could see nothing unusual in the street below.

"Bring those bath-robcs," I ordered, "and come with me."

"She said you said it would be all right."

"Do you hear," I shouted. "Bring those bath-robcs."

As I ran out of the door of my apartment Mrs. Walters, of course, ran out of hers.

"I hope nothing has happened?" she said.

"Nothing," I snapped and plunged down the stairs. Cora, carrying the bath-robes, followed. Mrs. Walters came last. On the floor below my thin German gentleman was waiting.

"So," he began.

"Blaa!" I shouted and dove through the revolving doors into the open air.

And then as I was momentarily hesitating whether to turn to left or right there shot rapidly across the street at the next corner a curious procession. First came a naked boy—a naked Italian boy. He was running as hard as it is possible for a naked, bowlegged Italian boy to run, and as his little fat stomach fled over the ground I noticed that he was frantically whirling both arms continuously about his head. Behind him—not far behind him—raced another howling nude, also

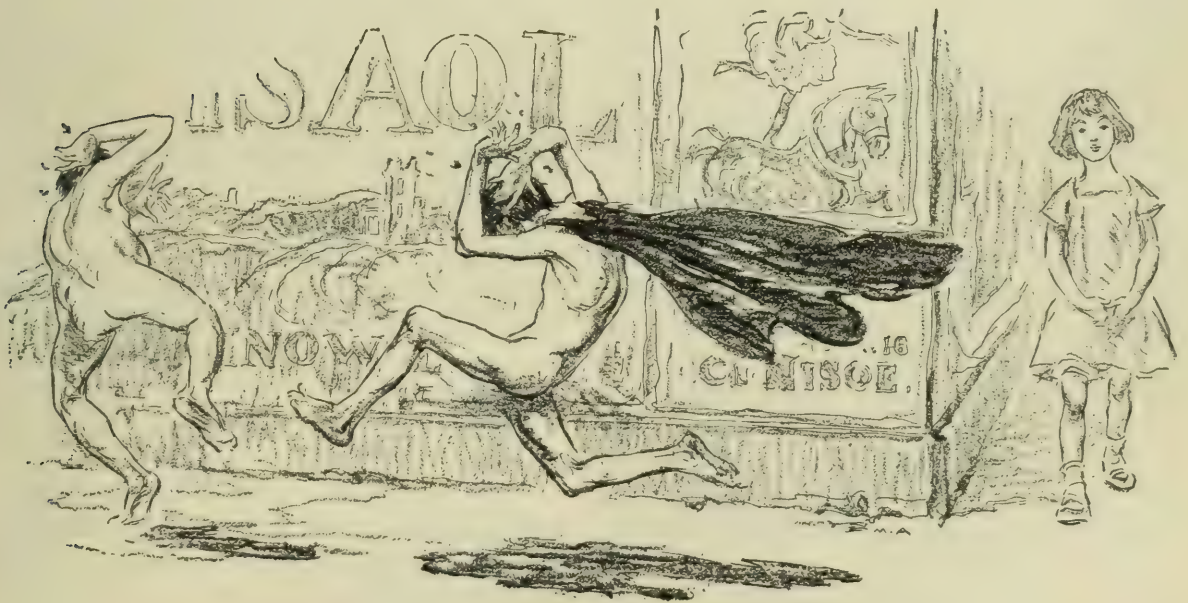
slapping desperately his own neck and shoulders. Streaming out behind this second speeding youth, as if extended by wires, was what looked very much like a girl's rain cape.

They passed. After them there now appeared a little girl dressed in a dainty, well-starched dress of pink. She stood for a moment looking questioningly in the direction in which the torment-maddened figures had vanished. She was smiling faintly.

Then she saw us and the smile disappeared. With the grave serious expression of one who bears important tidings she advanced toward us. Her message was delivered to Mrs. Walters.

"It didn't work," she said. It was a simple statement addressed in the cold disinterested tone of a scientific report.

There was no shadow of disappointment in her voice.

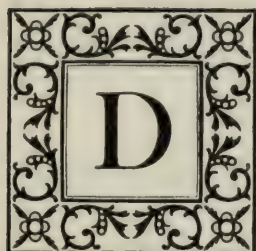


Streaming out behind this second speeding youth was what looked very much like a girl's rain cape.

A Child's Garden of Eden

BY BELLE WYATT WILLARD

IN OLD VIRGINIA



REAMING dreams today in an old-world labyrinth of tangled vines and blossoms, the pungent perfume of the thorny yellow rose, which also grew in Omar's Persian garden, brought back a flood of memories—and I see again my childhood Eden as vividly as if still on tiptoe at the garden gate.

Distance lends enchantment, and this vision of a fairyland of long ago is now seen through a long vista of years and several thousand miles. But its beauty still grips my heart, and each overgrown garden I see brings back memories of that Southern childhood home which cling like the perfume of old-fashioned flowers.

It is a primitive land in which this fragrant Eden lies. The mad rush of progress has not disturbed its calm. Its beauty is still untouched by the ruthless march of railroads. Palpitating engines have penetrated almost every forest and mountain fastness in America—but they have not yet discovered this far-away corner of the world. This land flowing with milk and honey is still thirty miles from the nearest railroad.

Now, as then, man, beast, and his burden pass over the broad waters of the beautiful river on whose banks lies the garden of my dreams.

My earliest recollection is of a long journey, not over the blue river, but up hill and down dale, over rough, winding roads, under overhanging bowers of dogwood blossoms and tender greens, through dark forests and shining meadow lands, into—a broad valley of contentment. Here a straight road led through rich, fertile fields of luxuriant corn—its dark blades and silken tassels waving in the breeze.

At the end of this road stood a low,

rambling house in a velvety lawn. Beyond—the promised land, my Garden of Eden, stretching down toward the beautiful broad river, here five miles wide, the loveliest river ever given to child or man.

Near the old garden gate stood giant box trees, like stern sentinels watching, guarding the forbidden fruit. Within low-hanging boughs laden with purple figs, tempting as Eve's own luscious fruit; lilacs and snowballs, violets and lavender, roses and lilies running riot, with low-growing, pungent, spicy shrubs that cling to mother earth and make the charm of old gardens. Bees, butterflies, and humming-birds darted from flower to flower, stealing honey as fragrant as any ever gathered on the Grecian Hymettus. Miniature yellow-birds, red-breasted robins, and brilliant cardinals flitted from shrub to shrub, giving life and joy and color to this bit of heaven, with its majestic dome of blue sky.

Each season brought its special glory, but the early spring days were steeped deepest in loveliness.

When winter had broken, great flocks of black-winged birds, migrating homeward from the far South, darkened the horizon, sounding the death-knell to winter desolation.

Then came the magic resurrection of trees and flowers and woodland.

The blue starlit nights were fragrant with perfume wafted up from the budding garden by the gentle river breezes. After those soft nights the early morning sun, with magic touch, turned our garden into fairyland, opened the sleepy eyes of hidden violets and trailing arbutus in the woods, shook up the lazy primroses, cowslips, and snowdrops in the garden, and helped Mother Earth put on her radiant vestments everywhere.

The lilacs suddenly burst into purple splendor, the japonicas into flaming glory, the apples and peaches into feathery pink, the plums into lacy white bridal

robes, and all the brown winter twigs and buds into a thousand tender greens.

Then came long luminous nights, when we watched, across the flower-scented garden, the river gleaming in the moonlight, with dark high-masted schooners slowly passing by or tiny sail-boats suddenly darting off with the rising breezes.

There were misty nights filled with mysterious beauty, when the fireflies swung their twinkling lights through the garden on into green fields, toward the dark spreading pines near the old graveyard. Those soft green fields led to low, marshy lands jutting into numerous creeks and angles, the home of fish, game, and lovely feathered creatures—the happy hunting ground of all the cousins.

In those reed-covered waters lived a magic bird and insect world. Myriads of sounds dear to the heart of a child came up from the tall brown cat-tails, and the green lily-pads, and the pure white water-lilies, with their hearts of gold shining in the sun.

In the river, below the garden, were mysterious oyster-beds, where the daily feeding of the oysters was one of the wonders and interests of those early days. How oysters could eat and grow fat when their shells were so tightly closed that they must be hammered and pried open by a strong man was a mystery never solved. But they did eat and grow fat, even in midsummer, and there we enjoyed them all the year round, which spoiled us for all other oysters.

Beyond, at the left of the garden, were the servants' quarters, and still farther on, the stables.

My grandfather had his own pack of hounds, and the early morning hour brought them yelping for their run for the red fox. The gay fanfare of hunters' horns in the distance announced the return after a successful chase. No one else ever mounted my grandfather's pet hunters, Fairy Belle and the fleet-footed Gazelle. She was like a spoiled child, and at times as tempestuous as a storm. She had been left grazing for a moment one morning on the lawn, when a midsummer madness seized me. I dashed out to chase a butterfly. In jealous rage at thus trespassing on her domain, with ears thrown back, she darted after me, throw-

ing me down, trampling, luckily, only on the little white dress, which must have been spread out for my protection by a kind Providence—for a vivid green hoof-stain remained, which would have been fatal to a little head.

I only knew my grandfather in this little Paradise after he had passed the meridian of life, but my visits there were like fairy-tales come true; though I confess I stood somewhat in awe of his commanding presence. When he died, at seventy-three, he was tall and straight as an arrow. Black hair without a silver thread; white teeth without a blemish; he could boast of never needing dentist or oculist. He attributed his splendid state of preservation to the fact that he never fully satisfied his appetite at any meal. There were few in those days, or now, who would have resisted the temptation of food fit for the gods.

There were terrapin, wild duck, specially fed oysters, fish, and game, home-cured hams from chestnut-fed pigs, turkeys, chickens, and geese rivalling those of Strasbourg fame, fruit and vegetables fresh from the vine, and no prohibition against the fragrant home-brewed cordials, brandies, and bounce made from luscious peaches, cherries, blackberries, and mulberries.

Those good old times have passed; the glory of country life in Old Virginia has vanished; but even now a few still offer to an unexpected guest a menu almost equal to those served in bygone days.

My grandfather's antidote for old age is now being heralded as a new theory by François Xavier Mayer, a Czechoslovakian, who proclaims complete fasting from time to time as the sovereign remedy for every ill.

THE HOUSE

As I remember now, my grandfather's home had no architectural beauty or interest. He moved there from a finer place up the river, which was bombarded during the Civil War. But to my childish fancy no masterpiece of Wren, Kent, or Adam could compare in charm with this simple, low, rambling house, filled with memories and mysteries and the fragrance of old-fashioned flowers.

A vivid impression still remains of the

night I was allowed to sleep alone for the first time. It was a far cry from the baby bed, miles away, to this big four-poster, and the mere act of climbing up to it, on old mahogany steps, filled my soul with awe and my mind with a thousand fancies. The light of the glimmering candle cast fantastic shadows in far-away corners of the big room, and again, in imagination, I am "seeing things at night" as I saw them then.

THE BOYS

My guardian angel brother and my boy cousins, all older than myself, were my only companions, and led me a merry song and dance. There was no tree-top or roof too high for me under their guidance. But my brother taught me courage and calm in moments of excitement. To his early training and influence is due my quiet self-control when facing danger, which has saved my life several times in later years. I was always entrusted to my brother's care, and though we were tomboys together, he put the necessary limitations which kept me a gentle little girl when occasion required.

I lived in a sort of shadowy world or fairyland. The birds, the bees, and the butterflies were my friends. Imaginary characters dwelt behind every tree and thicket. There were two especially dreaded ones, Nicodemus and Bill Stumps, whose stentorian tones sounded to me like voices from another world. I often heard the voices by day, but I only saw the shadowy forms in the twilight hour, after the boys had disappeared through the waving corn.

These playmates were gallant little gentlemen; but when they grew tired of flying skirts, or wished to conquer new fields they feared too dangerous for me, they chose the most effective way of securing their freedom. With one accord they cast votes on a game to be played. Five against one always decided in favor of "hide-and-seek"—which they knew was my nightmare. The *mise-en-scène* for this summer twilight pastime was the corn-field just beyond the high white palings. The quivering noises of the waving corn in the twilight hour keyed me up to unknown visions, and after searching in vain for the hidden cousins I would give up the

quest, staring wide-eyed into the deepening shadows, waiting for—I knew not what. Suddenly in the distance disguised voices, growing nearer and nearer, repeated in solemn muffled tones: "I am Nicodemus," "I am Bill Stumps." They needed no ghostly paraphernalia to conjure up in my mind biblical or other terrifying characters. I am not quite sure what Nicodemus represented to my childish imagination, but I know that I would rather have died than admit the uncanny feeling that overwhelmed me with the approach of those phantoms in the corn.

INLAND

Away from the river, through the virgin pines, my mother went to her Inland home when she was married. It was a long, low, two-winged, white house, where my brother and I spent the happy childhood days not spent in grandfather's garden. The chief glory of the place was a gigantic mulberry tree, with enormous trunk. Its great, overhanging branches formed a vast summer-house. Under its quivering green roof, with "moths of shadow and butterflies of sunshine" flickering through the thick foliage, we lived and moved and had our being. When we had played hide-and-seek in its boughs, chased real butterflies in the green fields, and gathered golden buttercups to our hearts' content, we rested under the dense shade of the mulberry tree and watched cool water drawn from the depths of a primitive well under its boughs to quench our parched little throats.

There were low-growing box in this garden, too, and the thorny yellow rose that grew in Omar's Persian garden filled the air with spicy fragrance. But there were no purple figs to tempt, nor a serpent in this garden, either; but sorrow came and the shadows fell when my father's gentle life went out like a flickering candle. There was never a happier little circle until his death left our lives empty and void.

This great sorrow was soon followed by my brother's departure for school, and I would have been the loneliest little girl in the world if my mother had not given herself completely to me. She was mother, father, brother, and playmate; but this marvellous relationship never in any way

diminished my unbounded love and respect for her.

When my grandmother died my mother was only sixteen years old, and all the responsibility of my grandfather's house fell on her young shoulders. In those days it was no light weight, for every conscientious slave-owner trained his slaves in the straight and narrow way, giving them every possible care and attention. When they were freed, most of them preferred to remain with my grandfather, and some of these devoted servitors accompanied my mother to her new home and remained faithful until death, taking as much pride in the young members of the family as they had done in "Ole Master." And they all shared our grief when the final tragedy came.

THE FIRE

On a summer moonlit night the curtain fell to rise no more for us in that enchanted country.

In those old days there were no Bolsheviks or other lurking dangers in the night, so Uncle Cyrus, the trusted bodyguard, had permission to go whenever he wished, with all the old servants, to their favorite pastime, the all-night wakes. These always took place before a funeral, when all the friends and relatives joined the bereaved family in lamentations and weeping—and a general good time!

On that last night, when my mother and I were left alone in the far-away country, with only Mammy, Sarah, and little Josephine, we were awakened at three o'clock in the morning by the crashing of falling timbers.

Dazed by the noise and glare of the lurid light, we first thought it a horrible nightmare. But the terrific enveloping flames soon brought a full realization of our danger. The fire had already reached the low wing in which we were sleeping—

luckily on the ground floor. We had not a moment to lose if we wished to escape with our lives. We had barely time to dash through the door, snatching coats and galoshes as we passed through a narrow passage, the only means of exit left by this wild fire. The lintels of the doorway fell with a great crash just after we leaped over the sill to the ground. Rushing around to the far end of the house, I climbed in a window, which the flames had not reached, and rescued a photograph of my father and eight small volumes of Shakespeare which belonged to him; there was little else saved from the ruins.

There were no fire-engines in that out-of-the-way world, and there was not one chance in a thousand of distant neighbors or stray passers-by seeing the flames at that hour. They could have saved nothing, though they might have brought sympathy and comfort in the shape of warm clothes. The two maids drew bucket after bucket of water from the primitive well. By this means we saved the glorious mulberry tree from the devastating destroyer. Then we sat on the dew-covered grass, helplessly watching our home consumed by the angry flames.

When there was time to think of ourselves, we discovered our eyelashes badly singed and our faces scorched by the heat—not seriously, but as one might be burned by tropical suns.

When daylight brought Uncle Cyrus and the negroes back, excitement reigned supreme for a time, but they soon calmed down, and drove away again to alarm the neighbors.

After seeing our whole little world thus turned to ashes, we were driven away barefooted in sackcloth—nightgowns and dust-coats—to kind friends, who comforted us as best they could, giving food, raiment, warm beds, and, for a brief space, forgetfulness in sleep.



Twelfth Night

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

DECORATION BY GENEVIEVE COWLES

ALL night I thought on those wise men who took
A midnight leave of their bronze towers, and came
With caskets at the elbow to the guards
(And stared apart, each with a hidden look
Twitching his listless beard, while in the wards
The gross key clinked and the unwieldy bar
Swung and slid back) and hurried out to name
The living dæmon of an unnamed star.

All night I followed them, and came at last
On a low hutch propped in an alley-way;
And stretched aside while one by one they passed—
Those stilted mages mitred in stiff blue—
Under the sagging beams, between the stalls.
Stifed with stable smells and fug I saw
(Nothing were clearer in the scrupulous day)
The rigid drooping of their painted palls
Over the crib where, on a toss of straw,
Swaddled in rags, to their abashment, lay,
Not the pedantic god whose name they knew,
But a small child petulant with cries.
With courtesies unperturbed and slow
They laid their gifts down, scents and chains of gold:
But swift evasions shamed their sceptic eyes,
And their starved hands were suddenly boned with cold,
When plucking their gorgeous skirts they turned to go.



An Intimate Portrait of R L S by His Stepson, Lloyd Osbourne

[A NEW and personal portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson is presented by his stepson, and collaborator on several novels, Lloyd Osbourne, who shared his life from 1876 until its end in 1894, and who for the first time gives his impressions and recollections. Osbourne has grouped his impressions round what might be called the pivotal years of Stevenson's life; and, in a series of vivid little vignettes of the great author at different ages, traces the developments and changes of his character. The chapters begin with "Stevenson at Twenty-six," and end with "The Death of Stevenson," at forty-four. This is the second of four numbers.]

II

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-FOUR

WHEN I came out to Hyères in 1884 I had been absent a year from my mother and R L S. A year is an immense period in a growing boy's life, and I was now almost sixteen, with the dawning perceptions of early manhood—a tall, diffident fellow of the embryo intellectual type, who had been promoted to have an overcoat for the first time, and was occasionally called "Mr." by short-sighted people.

I was aware of a curious change in my family, while in reality the change was largely in myself. I had expected to take up things where I had left off, and felt a little baffled and lonely as I readjusted myself to altered conditions. It was not that R L S was not extremely kind, or that anything was lacking in the warmth of his welcome. But somehow he had receded from me; and though my mother stuffed me with delicacies, and overflowed with confidences about the new life and new interests, she had receded, too. Woggs, the Skye terrier, alone met me on the old basis. That year was nothing to Woggs; there was no recession about *him*; he jumped all over me and smelled the same boy.

This first impression of aloofness gradually disappeared, but on marshalling my recollections it does seem strange that I strolled so seldom with R L S, and talked with him so little, and have nothing of any very personal kind to recall. Per-

haps the atmosphere of robust Philistinism I had brought from my English tutor's repelled him; perhaps the effort to turn me into a conventional and commonplace young Englishman had only been too successful. But whatever the explanation, it was at least the only time in my life when Stevenson and I were not delightfully intimate. My own idea is that the routine of his days was so pleasantly filled that I was hardly more than a supernumerary; too old for any childish appeal, and too immature for any other. I was in the nature of an interruption, to be borne with amiably but exciting no special interest.

R L S looked very well, and much better than I last remembered him. His hair was cut short; he wore presentable clothes; and at a little distance, in a straw hat, he might have been mistaken for an ordinary member of society. The short black cape, or *pèlerine*, that he always preferred to an overcoat was a typically French garment, and in France, of course, aroused no comment. In fact I found he had become very much of a Frenchman, even to the little "*Imperial*" on his chin. Speaking French as fluently as his own language; as familiar with French literature and French politics as with English; nowhere more at home than in his adopted country, he had shed nearly everything English about him.

"La Solitude," as our cottage was

called, was a most coquettish little place; it had been exhibited at the World's Fair, and had won the first prize in its class—and looked it. Even the flowers that grew all over it had the unreal quality of a stage-setting. Passers by, gazing up at it from the road below, could be heard commenting on how it had been moved, with every board and brick carefully numbered, from its triumphant exhibition in Paris. It might indeed, have almost been called one of the sights of Hyères; and the outlook from it, with the islands in the distance, was superb. Here in the midst of a little garden was “La Solitude,” with the air of asking you to stop for an ice or a souvenir postcard.

It is easy to understand what R L S wrote afterward, that the time he spent in Hyères was the happiest in his life. He was working hard and well; was gaining recognition and making a fair income; had many irons in the fire, or coming out of it: “Prince Otto,” “The Silverado Squatters,” “Penny Whistles” (afterward renamed the “Child’s Garden of Verse”), and many essays that were later to become so famous. It is worth noting perhaps that his ambition for “Prince Otto” was inordinate; some of its chapters he rewrote as many as seven times; of all of his books, save the “Master of Ballantrae”—and later, “Weir,”—it was closest to his heart. For the “Child’s Garden,” on the contrary, which will probably outlive all his work and has entered into the soul of the race, his attitude was more of an indulgent indifference once the poems had been collected. I remember his saying: “By Jove, I believe I could make a little book out of those things if I wrote a few more; they are trifling enough, but not without a certain charm.”

The routine of his existence suited him to perfection—at his desk all the morning; then luncheon with an excellent *vin du pays*, and never lacking a salad; a stroll afterward in the sunshine, to drop in and talk politics with old Le Roux, the wine-merchant, or to have a chat with his friend, Powell, the English chemist. Then home to look over his correspondence and write a few letters, with an excellent little dinner to follow and a con-

versation shared by Valentine, our vivacious cook and maid of all work. She was a charming girl, far above her class, and with a sparkling sense of humor, who reviewed the whole neighborhood and nightly brought its annals up to date.

Although R L S always wrote so feelingly about his friends it was remarkable how well he could do without them. Few men had so little need of intimacies as he. Human intercourse of some kind was essential; it was the breath of life to him; but any one with any originality of mind and power of expression would suffice. He was very happy with Le Roux, and Powell, and the dark keen local doctor, and a young Englishman in a bright-blue coat (his coat lingers long after I have forgotten his name and his face), who was raising early vegetables for the market, and finding much entertainment if but little money in an enterprise so singular for a man of his class and position. R L S loved talk and argument and discussion; it refreshed him; exhilarated him; brought him home with brightened eyes and a good appetite. It was his form of cocktail.

It must be remembered that he was one of the most prepossessed men that ever lived. Call him an egoist if you like; such is the common reproach of his critics; but it was his work that always came first, that animated all his thoughts, that was the consuming joy and passion of his life. Unconsciously I think he graded his friends by their interest in it; regarded them as helpful satellites who could assist and cheer him on his way. Doubtless this statement will be thought cynical—almost a disparagement. But it is neither. Stevenson offers the fascinating study of a man whose spiritual concentration kept him alive. He simply wouldn’t die; refused to; and those who would have him different would not now be reading his books—because there would have been no books. In the light of modern psychology it is very plain what enabled him to hold death at bay till forty-four, while so many of his generation with the same disease, and infinitely less impaired, succumbed long before him. First, it was this tremendous prepossession for his work, and secondly, his invincible refusal

to become an invalid. He was never willing to coddle himself, or to acquiesce in illness if he could possibly avoid doing so. He would say, with his habitual emphasis and determination: "Oh, hell, what does it matter? Let me die with my boots on."

It has always been a satisfaction to me that he did. Unlacing them as he lay dead that reiterated remark of his came back to me very poignantly. Intrepid to the end he had had his wish, which was symbolic of so much more.

I often think it was a mistake he ever left Hyères; it was so entirely congenial and suited him so well, though the last word must be used in a relative sense. The reason was absurd. My mother, with a view of keeping up with the advance of medicine and gaining some hints that might help R L S, subscribed to the *Lancet*—the well-known medical weekly.

It was the worst reading in the world for her, as it is for any layman who foolishly tries to trespass on a highly technical domain. Stevenson, true to himself and wiser, left it severely alone. But my mother glued herself to it, and began to fill her mind with all sorts of bogeys. Vinegar was discovered to be full of perils; salads carried the eggs of tapeworms; salt hardened your arteries and shortened your days; heaven only knows what all she discovered in the way of lurking dangers, previously undreamed of; and when the climax came in an outbreak of cholera in the old part of the town, with a terrible death-roll amongst its poor, dirty neglected inhabitants, she fell into a panic and began to work on R L S to abandon Hyères as a place too dangerous to live in.

Had it not been for the *Lancet*, I doubt if R L S would ever have left Hyères.

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-FIVE

"WENSLEYDALE" was one of a tall row of lodging-houses on the West Cliff of Bournemouth, overlooking the sands below, and with a gloriously sparkling view of the Needles and the Isle of Wight. In that Golden Age there was a whole race of people who kept such houses, and who made you extremely comfortable and often fed you admirably for a few shillings a week. The Great War seems to have swept them away. One wonders on what battle-fields all those middle-aged ladies perished, for they have gone; and gone too, their competence, cleanliness and cheer; their brooches and rustling black and illegible weekly accounts, which however small, were invariably larger than one expected.

It was lovely Autumn weather when R L S and my mother arrived. They were in the highest spirits; everything pleased them; and although they were carrying all they possessed with them, and had neither home nor plans—and ought to have been rather forlorn, one should think—they were as happy as grigs, and seemed not to have a care in the world. They were supposed to come for a few weeks to see a little of me before I left my tutor's to enter Edinburgh University; nothing was further from their

minds than to remain in England; it was taken for granted that they would finally return to the Continent to seek another and a more hygienic Hyères. Little could they foresee that their visit to Bournemouth was destined to last almost three years; and was then to lead, not to France or Italy but to America and the South Sea Islands.

I am dwelling on the gaiety of those months at "Wensleydale" because it marked what might be called the end of an epoch in Stevenson's life. He was never afterward so boyish or so light-hearted; it was the final flare-up of his departing youth. The years that followed, however full they were of interest and achievement, were grayer; it was a soberer and a more preoccupied man that lived them. The happy-go-lucky Bohemian, who had been rich if he could jingle ten pounds in his pocket, and who talked so cheerfully of touring France in a caravan, giving patriotic lectures with a magic lantern on "The Incomparable Colonies of France"—with an ensuing collection in the lecturer's hat—was soon to discover that success had its penalties as well as its sweets. It was all inevitable of course; such hard work could not escape its reward, and none of us can keep

back the clock. Stevenson is to be envied that he retained his youth as long as he did.

But he left it at "Wensleydale."

Henley came—a great, glowing, massive-shouldered fellow with a big red beard and a crutch; jovial, astoundingly clever, and with a laugh that rolled out like music. Never was there such another as William Ernest Henley; he had an unimaginable fire and vitality; he swept one off one's feet. There are no words that can describe the quality he had of exalting those about him; of communicating his own rousing self-confidence and belief in himself; in the presence of this demigod, who thrilled you by his appreciation, you became a demigod yourself, and felt the elation of an Olympian who never until then had known the tithe of what was in him. There is still a fellowship of those who proudly call themselves "Henley's young men." I hope it will not sound presumptuous to say I was the first. It certainly calls for some expression of modesty, for amongst them are some of the most brilliant men in England.

Even after all these years there is a surge in my heart as I recollect Henley; he shines through the mist with an effulgence; that magic voice rises out of the grave with its unforgotten cadences. He was the first man I had ever called by his surname; the first friend I had ever sought and won; he said the most flattering things of me behind my back, and intoxicated me by his regard. How I idolized him! He would not have been Henley had he not responded to this hero-worshipping boy. If we had been gay before his coming, our gaiety was now intensified a hundredfold.

And he had come to make us all rich! Yes, the secret of Cræsus was in that shabby little black writing-case. We were enveloped in a gorgeous dream; the dingy walls of "Wensleydale" receded, and we found ourselves in a palace of "The Arabian Nights"; we gazed out over the sparkling sea, and it was our own yacht we saw in the offing, with the water foaming under her bows, and her bright flags streaming in the breeze. Dreams, dreams and always the cadence of that unforgotten voice!

R L S was no longer to plod along as he had been doing; Henley was to abandon his grinding and ill-paid editorship; together they would combine to write plays—marvellous plays that would run for hundreds of nights and bring in thousands of pounds; plays that would revive the perishing drama, now hopelessly given over to imbeciles, who kept yachts and mistresses on money virtually filched from the public; plays that would be billed on all the hoardings with the electrifying words "by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley."

R L S entered enthusiastically into this collaboration, though with his underlying Scotch caution I doubt if he allowed himself to be wholly transported into Henley's fairy-land. But he was stirred, nevertheless; shared to some degree, though reservedly, those ardent day-dreams of wealth; worked at the plays with extraordinary gusto and industry. "Beau Austin" was written in four days, and I shall never forget Henley reading it aloud—so movingly, so tenderly that my eyes were wet with tears. But deep down within me was a disappointment I tried hard to stifle. "Beau Austin" was beautiful, of course; it was a masterpiece—there could be no question of that; but was it likely to lessen the yachts and mistresses of the imbeciles? A doubting voice answered "No"; for as a constant patron of the imbeciles I found great pleasure in their plays, and was ashamed to admit I preferred them to "Beau Austin."

But disillusionment was slow in coming, even though the succeeding plays pleased me as little as the first. The gorgeous dream was not so easily wafted away. It persisted—for me at least—long after we had left that fairy palace on the West Cliff. But Stevenson, I think, came soonest out of the spell—was the first to rub his eyes and recover his common sense. His ardor certainly declined; in the interval of Henley's absences he very gladly returned to his own work, and had as a playwright to be resuscitated by his unshaken collaborator, who was as confident and eager as ever.

R L S lost not only the last flicker of his youth in "Wensleydale," but I believe also any conviction that he might become a popular dramatist.

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-SEVEN

"SKERRYVORE" was an unusually attractive suburban house, set in an acre and a half of ground; and its previous owner—a retired naval captain—had been at no little expense to improve and add to it. Somehow it was typical of an old sailor; it was so trim, so well arranged, so much thought had been given to its many conveniences. One felt it was a dream-come-true of long years passed at sea—even to the natty little stable, the miniature coach-house, and the faultlessly bricked court, faultlessly slanted to the central drain. Of course it had a pigeon-cote; what old seaman would be happy ashore without one? And through all my memories of "Skerryvore" runs that melodious cooing, and the flutter of wings on the lawn.

The house and five hundred pounds toward furnishing it were a wedding present to my mother from R L S's parents. The wanderers were now anchored; over their heads was their own roof-tree; they paid rates and taxes, and were called on by the vicar; Stevenson in the word he hated most of all had become the "burgess" of his former jeers. Respectability, dulness and similar villas encompassed him for miles in every direction.

In his heart I doubt if he really ever liked "Skerryvore"; he never spoke of it with regret; left it with no apparent pang. The Victorianism it exemplified was jarring to every feeling he possessed, though with his habitual philosophy he not only endured it, but even persuaded himself that he liked it. But so far as he had any snobbishness it was his conviction—which was really somewhat naïve—that artists were instinctive aristocrats, who never could be content in the middle class. I suppose when he said "artists" he meant himself, and certainly of all men he was the least fitted for ordinary English suburban life. Not that he saw much of it; he was virtually a prisoner in that house the whole time he lived in it; for him those years in "Skerryvore" were gray, indeed.

His health throughout was at its lowest ebb; never was he so spectral, so emaciated, so unkempt and tragic a figure. His long hair, his eyes so abnormally bril-

liant in his wasted face, his sick-room garb, picked up at random and to which he gave no thought—all are ineffaceably pictured in my mind; and with the picture is an ineffable pity. Once at sunset I remember him entering the dining-room, and with his cloak already about him, mutely interrogating my mother for permission to stroll in the garden. It had rained for several days and this was his first opportunity for a breath of outside air.

"Oh, Louis, you mustn't get your feet wet," she said in an imploring voice.

He made no protest; he was prepared for the denial; but such a look of despair crossed his face that it remains with me yet. Then still silent he glanced again toward the lawn with an inexpressible longing.

Afterward in Samoa I reminded him of that little scene at a moment when his exile was weighing most heavily on him. We were both on horseback and had stopped for a cigarette; the palms were rustling in the breeze, and the lovely shores of Upolu far below were spread out before us in the setting sun. He gave a little shudder at the recollection I had evoked, and after a moody pause exclaimed: "And all for five minutes in a damned back yard! No, no, no, I would be a fool ever to leave Samoa!" And as though to emphasize the contrast, dug the spurs into his horse and started off at a headlong gallop.

Of course his health varied. There were periods when he was comparatively well, when he would go to London to spend a few days. Once he even got as far as Paris; once he went to Dorchester to see Thomas Hardy, and continuing on to Exeter was overtaken by an illness that lasted three weeks, and brought him to death's door. But in general he was a prisoner in his own house and saw nothing of Bournemouth save his own little garden. There could be no pretense he was not an invalid and a very sick man. He had horrifying hemorrhages, long spells when he was doomed to lie motionless on his bed lest the slightest movement should restart the flow, when he would speak in

whispers, and one sat beside him and tried to be entertaining—in that room he was only too likely to leave in his coffin.

How thus handicapped he wrote his books is one of the marvels of literature—books so robustly and aboundingly alive that it is incredible they came out of a sick-room; and such well-sustained books with no slowing down of their original impetus, nor the least suggestion of those intermissions when their author lay at the point of death. Those years in “Skerryvore” were exceedingly productive. The “Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” was written here; so was “Kidnapped”; so was “Markheim,” and any number of his best short stories; so too, was the “Life of Fleeming Jenkin.”

One day he came down to luncheon in a very preoccupied frame of mind, hurried through his meal—an unheard-of thing for him to do—and on leaving said he was working with extraordinary success on a new story that had come to him in a dream, and that he was not to be interrupted or disturbed even if the house caught fire.

For three days a sort of hush descended on “Skerryvore”; we all went about, servants and everybody, in a tiptoeing silence; passing Stevenson’s door I would see him sitting up in bed, filling page after page, and apparently never pausing for a moment. At the end of three days the mysterious task was finished, and he read aloud to my mother and myself the first draft of “Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.”

I listened to it spellbound. Stevenson, who had a voice the greatest actor might have envied, read it with an intensity that made shivers run up and down my spine. When he came to the end, gazing at us in triumphant expectancy and keyed to a pitch of indescribable self-satisfaction—as he waited, and I waited for my mother’s outburst of enthusiasm—I was thunderstruck at her backwardness. Her praise was constrained; the words seemed to come with difficulty; and then all at once she broke out with criticism. He had missed the point, she said; had missed the allegory; had made it merely a story—a magnificent bit of sensationalism—when it should have been a masterpiece.

Stevenson was beside himself with an-

ger. He trembled; his hand shook on the manuscript; he was intolerably chagrined. His voice, bitter and challenging, overrode my mother’s in a fury of resentment. Never had I seen him so impassioned, so outraged, and the scene became so painful that I went away, unable to bear it any longer. It was with a sense of tragedy that I listened to their voices from the adjoining room, the words lost but fraught with an emotion that struck at my heart.

When I came back my mother was alone. She was sitting, pale and desolate before the fire, and staring into it. Neither of us spoke. Had I done so it would have been to reproach her, for I thought she had been cruelly wrong. Then we heard Louis descending the stairs, and we both quailed as he burst in as though to continue the argument even more violently than before. But all he said was: “You are right! I have absolutely missed the allegory, which, after all, is the whole point of it—the very essence of it.” And with that, as though enjoying my mother’s discomfiture and her ineffectual start to prevent him, he threw the manuscript into the fire! Imagine my feelings—my mother’s feelings—as we saw it blazing up; as we saw those precious pages wrinkling and blackening and turning into flame!

My first impression was that he had done it out of pique. But it was not. He really had been convinced, and this was his dramatic amend. When my mother and I both cried out at the folly of destroying the manuscript he justified himself vehemently. “It was all wrong,” he said. “In trying to save some of it I should have got hopelessly off the track. The only way was to put temptation beyond my reach.”

Then ensued another three days of feverish industry on his part, and of a hushed, anxious and tiptoeing anticipation on ours; of meals where he scarcely spoke; of evenings unenlivened by his presence; of awed glimpses of him, sitting up in bed, writing, writing, writing, with the counterpane littered with his sheets. The culmination was the “Jekyll and Hyde” that every one knows; that translated into every European tongue and many Oriental has given a new phrase to the world.

The writing of it was an astounding feat from whatever aspect it may be regarded. Sixty-four thousand words in six days; more than ten thousand words a day. To those who know little of such things I may explain that a thousand words a day is a fair average for any writer of fiction. Anthony Trollope set himself this quota; it was Jack London's; it is—and has been—a sort of standard of daily literary accomplishment. Stevenson multiplied it by ten; and on top of that copied out the whole in another two days, and had it in the post on the third!

It was a stupendous achievement; and the strange thing was that instead of showing lassitude afterward, he seemed positively refreshed and revitalized; went about with a happy air; was as uplifted as though he had come into a fortune; looked better than he had in months.

When I abandoned college at the end of my second year, and returned to "Skerryvore" with the intention of becoming an author myself under R L S's tuition, I was dismayed to find that he had become religious. Not in the ordinary sense, but as a sort of disciple of Tolstoy's, then at the crest of his fame. With bewilderment I listened to the sentence about "the area of suffering," and others indistinguishable from the Sermon on the Mount. Christianity without Christ—that was about what it amounted to—and R L S expatiated on it at great length, and with an air of intense earnestness.

To a young collegian, fresh from an austere and uncongenial Scottish household, where the playing-cards were hidden when the minister called, and Sunday was almost entirely spent in church, it was disconcerting to the last degree to find his home thus altered for the worse. My beloved Louis, one of the most fiery of men, whose very mien as he once raised a row about a corked bottle of wine had emptied half a restaurant—to see him thus reduced to a turning-the-other-cheek condition was nothing less than appalling. I wrestled with him as best I could, but ineffectually. Tolstoyism had always its mild but persistent answer, which after all was rather irrefutable: "Do nothing to increase the area of suffering, and in time all suffering will disappear."

R L S was then steeped, not only in Tolstoy, but in all modern Russian literature. Perhaps its sombre and hopeless tone suited his own sombre and hopeless life. One of the most dramatic of men, perhaps he here sought and discovered a striking rôle that he himself could fill despite his ill health and imprisoned existence. But be that as it may, a nightmarish plan began to take shape in his mind, and one so typically Russian that I think it must have sprung from this source. To explain it more fully I must digress a little. He had been much worked up over the lawless state of Ireland, which was then filling the English press with revolting stories of boycotts and oppressions—people starving in the midst of plenty, their money refused at every shop; widows sitting beside dead husbands whom none would bury; cattle hamstrung; men struck down; women stripped and flogged; a most dreadful persecution of those who dared rent farms from which the previous tenants had been evicted by the British Government.

R L S's plan, though nightmarish, was quite simple. We were all to go to Ireland, rent one of these farms, and be murdered in due course. As R L S expressed it with an oratorical flourish: "The murder of a distinguished English literary man and his family, thus engaged in the assertion of human rights, will arrest the horror of the whole civilized world, and bring down its odium on these miscreants."

Such was the formula of practical Tolstoyism, which, though it sounds incredibly absurd, R L S had the most serious intention of carrying out. Indeed, he was in the deadliest earnest, and my mother scarcely less so, unbelievable as it then seemed to me. I suspect, nevertheless, that she would have thwarted the project had it ever matured into action; looking back on it I remember she was much more calm than the circumstances warranted. But to all appearance I was the chief martyr in this Irish fantasy, I, who cared nothing about evicted farmers, nor "areas of suffering," nor figuring in a Russian romance ending in the death of a whole family of whom I was one. I wanted to learn to write; to strike out a modest career of my own; my head was

full of boyish hopes and ambitions in which "dying to arrest the horror of the whole civilized world" was certainly not one. For me there was a shadow over that whole period. I knew that every day brought Ireland nearer.

Then R L S's father died suddenly, and we all had to go to Edinburgh to attend the funeral. I returned soon after, but my mother and R L S remained several weeks. In the course of time two letters arrived, the first from my mother—such a heartbroken letter—saying that the doctors had ordered R L S to leave England at once for Colorado as the only means of prolonging his life. England was ended for him; he was never to set foot in it again. She wrote of her "little nest" and the unendurable wrench it would be to leave it. "Life had been too happy in Skerryvore—the envying gods had struck it down." It was all in this strain of anguish at abandoning her home for a future that loomed before her black indeed.

Expecting to find R L S's in a similar note of tragedy, I opened it—when it arrived a day or two later—with a sinking heart. But it was cheerful, almost jubilant; the prospect of Colorado or New Mexico seemed to fill him with joy. Were we not to live in the wilds with rifles on our walls and bearskins on our mud floors! Sombreros, ha, ha! Mustangs,

silver spurs, spaciousness, picturesque freedom; "Scottie" of the something or other ranch! There was not a word about cosey nests, nor envying gods, nor eternal farewells to happiness. None whatever. "*Vive la vie sauvage!*" He was plainly glad to be off, and the sooner the better. When at last he did return to "Skerryvore" it was in the same spirit of elation.

One might have thought that this was the ideal moment to go to Ireland; why Colorado and an uncertain search for health when in three weeks the whole matter could be so easily and definitely settled by bullets in our backs? But the mad idea had dropped from his mind, never to be mentioned again. As for Tolstoyism, it simply vanished into thin air and all the Russian novelists with it. R L S had become his own fiery self again, and as chivalrous and impulsive as Alan Breck, with whom he had not a little in common. By nature there never was any one less submissive, and he resumed his ordinary character with unmistakable pleasure.

I have often wondered since whether the Irish venture had not its origin in an unsuspected desire to leave "Skerryvore" at any price. Hopelessly embedded there, locked in and double-locked, had he not seized on this as the one possible means of escape?

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-EIGHT

IN 1888, Saranac was a little backwoods settlement in which log cabins were common, and venison one of the staples of diet. On the edge of the Canadian border, and encompassed by a trackless country of woods and lakes which had not then been abbreviated to "the Adirondacks," but was still called "the Adirondack Wilderness," it had in winter the isolation of an outpost of the snows.

Sleighs, snow-shoes and frozen lakes; *voyageurs* in quaint costumes and with French to match; red-hot stoves and streaming windows; guides who spat, and looked like Leatherstocking; consumptives in bright caps and many-hued woollens gaily tobogganing at forty below zero; buffalo coats an inch thick; snowstorms, snow drifts, Arctic cold; the sensa-

tion of rubbing snow on your congealed ears and unfortunate nose—of such was our new home in which R L S was hoping to regain his health.

We had rented the half of a small house, and I hesitate to use the words "semi-detached" in regard to it from the simplicity of its separation. It stood bald and isolated on a bluff overlooking the river and was the kind of house that a prosperous guide would run up in his spare time with the help of the local carpenter. Its lack of conveniences may be imagined; except for the organ in the "parlor" it was starkly primitive. At times it was unbelievably cold, when one was really comfortable only in bed, with a hot soapstone at one's feet. We had made the mistake—or at least our neigh-

bors had shaken their heads over it—of not blocking the big fireplace in our sitting-room, where we had our meals and spent most of our time.

"You'll sure frizz to death with that yar chimbley of yourn letting in all the air," said Leatherstocking, with a grin of not unpleasurable anticipation; and it certainly did let it in, and to such a degree that during the blizzards we were chilled to the very marrow of our bones. But as all our windows were caulked with cotton-wool, and as otherwise we were sufficiently sealed in to sink to the bottom of the sea unscathed—perhaps we had not been as foolish as we seemed. The only fresh air that ever entered the place was down our despised chimney, and often the hearth before the fire was the coldest spot in the house.

Colorado had been foregone for Saranac, then in the beginning of its vogue as a cure for tuberculosis. R L S arrived there in an exhilaration of mind which of itself was likely to help him as much as the climate. When he stepped off our old cattle-boat, the *Ludgate Hill*, in which we had taken nineteen days to cross the Atlantic, it was to find himself famous. Hordes of reporters met him; the lobby of his hotel buzzed with callers; he was headlined in all the papers—interviewed, photographed, lionized—his coming a veritable sensation. His reputation, silently spreading, silently infiltrating through a vast public, had suddenly with a universal acclaim risen to a place second to no novelist in England or America.

He was almost dumfounded; it was too incredible for belief; and at first he was inclined to ascribe it to American exuberance. But it was no flash in the pan, no temporary manifestation of excited journalism. It began to reverberate back from England, and took on the very convincing form of big checks and dazzling offers. From that time until his death he became, indeed, one of the most conspicuous figures in contemporary literature. That he enjoyed this sudden elevation goes without saying. He exulted in it; it did much to keep him alive; it gave him an assurance and an authority he had never felt before. In those nineteen days on the *Ludgate Hill*, he had passed from one epoch of his life to another. The re-

cluse of "Skerryvore," working so hard in fancied obscurity, had sprung at a bound into world-wide fame.

At Plattsburg that Autumn, as we were waiting on the platform to take the train to Saranac, there occurred one of those incidents of which that time was so pleasurably full. The station-master came running along the line of assembled passengers with a telegram in his hand. After accosting several well-dressed men he stopped at last with obvious incredulity before Stevenson, and said: "Say, you ain't Mr. Stevens the famous author, are you? Yes? Well, I guess it must be you that's meant. I have a telegram here from Albany to put the private car at your disposal; and here's the money you just paid for your tickets—compliments of the company, and Mr. Burdick, the general manager."

Saranac suited R L S extremely well. He gained in weight; his spectral aspect disappeared; in a buffalo coat and astrakhan cap he would pace the veranda for hours, inhaling that piercing air which was so noticeably benefiting him. He worked hard, hard and well, first on a series of essays for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE—"Random Memories," "A Chapter on Dreams," "Beggars," "The Lantern-Bearers," "Letters to a Young Gentleman who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art," "Pulvis et Umbra," "A Christmas Sermon," and others; then on the "Master of Ballantrae," which he half finished; and then, at the close of our stay and in a whirlwind three weeks of industry, on the "Wrong Box"—my own book, which had cost me a winter's toil.

This collaboration, if so it may be called, was conceived on the spur of the moment. R L S had finished the reading of my final draft, and I was sitting on the side of his bed in no little suspense for his verdict. It meant a great deal to me, for S. S. McClure had promised to publish the book if R L S thought it good enough.

"Lloyd, it is really not at all bad," he said musingly. "Some of it is devilishly funny; and I have burst out laughing again and again; your dialogue is often better than I could have done myself at thirty; there is no reason at all why McClure should not bring it out, and with any luck it might be a very successful book."

Then after a pause, he added, through the faint cloud of his cigarette smoke: "But of course it is unequal; some of it is pretty poor; and what is almost worse is the good stuff you have wasted—thrown away—just because you didn't know how to use it. It made my fingers itch as I read it. Why, I could take up that book, and in one quick, easy rewriting could make it *sing!*"

Our eyes met; it was all decided in that one glance.

"By God, why shouldn't I!" he exclaimed. "That is, if you don't mind?"

Mind!

I was transported with joy. What would-be writer of nineteen would not have been? It was my vindication; the proof I had not been living in a fool's paradise, and had indeed talent, and a future.

McClure, to whom I have just alluded, was then in the beginning of his meteoric career. Still in his twenties, vibrating with energy, endowed with an ability, initiative and originality that at times almost approached genius—for surely there is genius in business as well as art?—he was one of the most inspiring of men, and had a vital part in shaping our future destiny. Slight, blue-eyed, excessively fair, with hair the color of cinders that he constantly ruffled with his hands, he was ready at a moment's notice to take fire with excitement, and to soar into the azure of dreams and millions from which Stevenson had constantly to pull him down by the legs, so to speak.

But to one of his many plans R L S responded with unqualified enthusiasm—to charter a large yacht, and to sail away for half a year or more in the Indian or Pacific Oceans, supporting the enterprise by monthly letters, which McClure was to syndicate at enormous mutual profit, guaranteed beforehand. It was undeniably practicable—no azure here, no pulling down of those slender legs—all R L S had to say was which ocean and when.

Ah, the happy times we had, with outspread maps and Findlay's Directories of the World! Findlay, who in those massive volumes, could take the sailor anywhere, and guide him into the remotest bay by "the priest's small, white coral house on a cliff bearing N N E"; or "a

peculiarly shaped rock, not unlike a stranded whale and awash at high tides, which when in line South half West with the flagstaff on the old calaboose insures an absolutely safe entrance into the dangerous and little-known harbor of Greater Bungo."

How I wish I had here those noble books to quote from, instead of trusting to my uncertain memory; but alas, they lie—these two particular volumes—in the ocean grave of my old friend, Captain Joshua Slocum, who disappeared in the *Spray* and was never heard of again.

"Master mariners should be on their guard against the treacherous character of these natives, and should on no account allow any of their crew ashore except armed, and in a considerable party. Excellent water can be had beside the dilapidated pier, built by the castaways of the *Dormouse* in 1868; and for a few trinkets, preferably jew's-harps, the natives can be induced to cut wood of a fair quality." "Captain Prout, in the hermaphrodite brig *Emma*, in 1874, noted the unruly and licentious character of these island women, many of an extreme beauty and all as unclothed as Eve, with the resultant demoralization of his crew." "One of the peculiarities of this rarely visited group is the craving of the natives for sheep's teeth, which they string into necklaces and wear as ornaments. Captain McBawbee, of the iron bark *Pride of Scotia*, to whom we are indebted for this information, states that in 1873 he obtained eight beeves and eleven sizable swine for a pottle of these teeth that he had had the foresight to take with him."

Such was our reading, such the stuff our dreams were made of as the snow drove against our frozen windows; as the Arctic day closed in, gloomy and wild, and snow-shoes and buffalo coats were put by to steam in corners while we gathered round the lamp. Visions of palms while our ears were yet tingling from the snow we had rubbed on to save them from frost-bite; cascading streams in tropic Arcadies, with water as clear as crystal, while our own bedroom jugs upstairs were as solid as so much rock; undraped womanhood, bedecked with flowers, frisking in vales of Eden, while we were wooled to the neck like polar explorers, and dared

not even thaw too quickly for fear of chilblains.

With what ardor we sailed away on that unnamed ship, our hand in Findlay's, to put all the distance we could between fact and fancy! How we zigzagged over the charts, and sailed through this channel or avoided that in accordance with the great poet's instructions. Yes, poet—no lesser word can do him justice—for if ever there was *vers libre* to make the pulses dance, to stir the imagination and rouse one to the very zenith of romance, you will find it in these immortal volumes.

R L S had set his heart on the Pacific, but as there seemed no likelihood whatever of finding a suitable yacht in San Francisco, it looked as though he would have to content himself with the Indian Ocean. There was a wealth of vessels to be had on the Eastern seaboard; and McClure, in paroxysms of excitement, was indefatigably submitting lists, with aides out in every direction combing all the ports from Maine to Florida. A ship was a ship to McClure, and in the same letter and with the same conviction he would proffer a floating steam palace of three

thousand tons, and a duck-shooting forty-footer, "with a nest of dories." I remember the unextinguishable laughter we had over this last sentence. "They sound like some kind of birds," wrote McClure, "but perhaps you will know what is meant."

When my mother left us in the spring to visit her sister in California, our plans were so definitely leading toward the Indian Ocean that it was only in a joking spirit that R L S had said at parting:

"If you *should* find a yacht out there, mind you take it."

Six weeks later came the telegram that was to have such a far-reaching effect on our lives.

"Can secure splendid sea-going schooner yacht 'Casco' for seven hundred and fifty a month with most comfortable accommodation for six aft and six forward. Can be ready for sea in ten days. Reply immediately,

FANNY."

Stevenson answered:

"Blessed girl, take the yacht and expect us in ten days,

LOUIS."

(To be continued.)

Empty

BY BERTON BRALEY

OH Little House of Pleasant Dreams,
The dreams are fled;
And you are but four empty walls
Whose soul is dead.
The garden that was magic soil
Is common loam,
And there is nothing but a house
Which was a Home.

Still through your windows shines the sun
And breathes the air,
The quaint old rugs and furniture,
Unchanged, are there;
Yet they seem bathed in ghostly light
Chill, pale and wan,
For there's no warmth in any house
Whose dreams are gone.

Love touched you with its rosy glow
By night and day,
But love, with clipped and wounded wings,
Has limped away,
And leaves a shelter—nothing more—
Of wood and stone,
A Little House of Pleasant Dreams
Whose dreams are flown!



Point Lobos, California

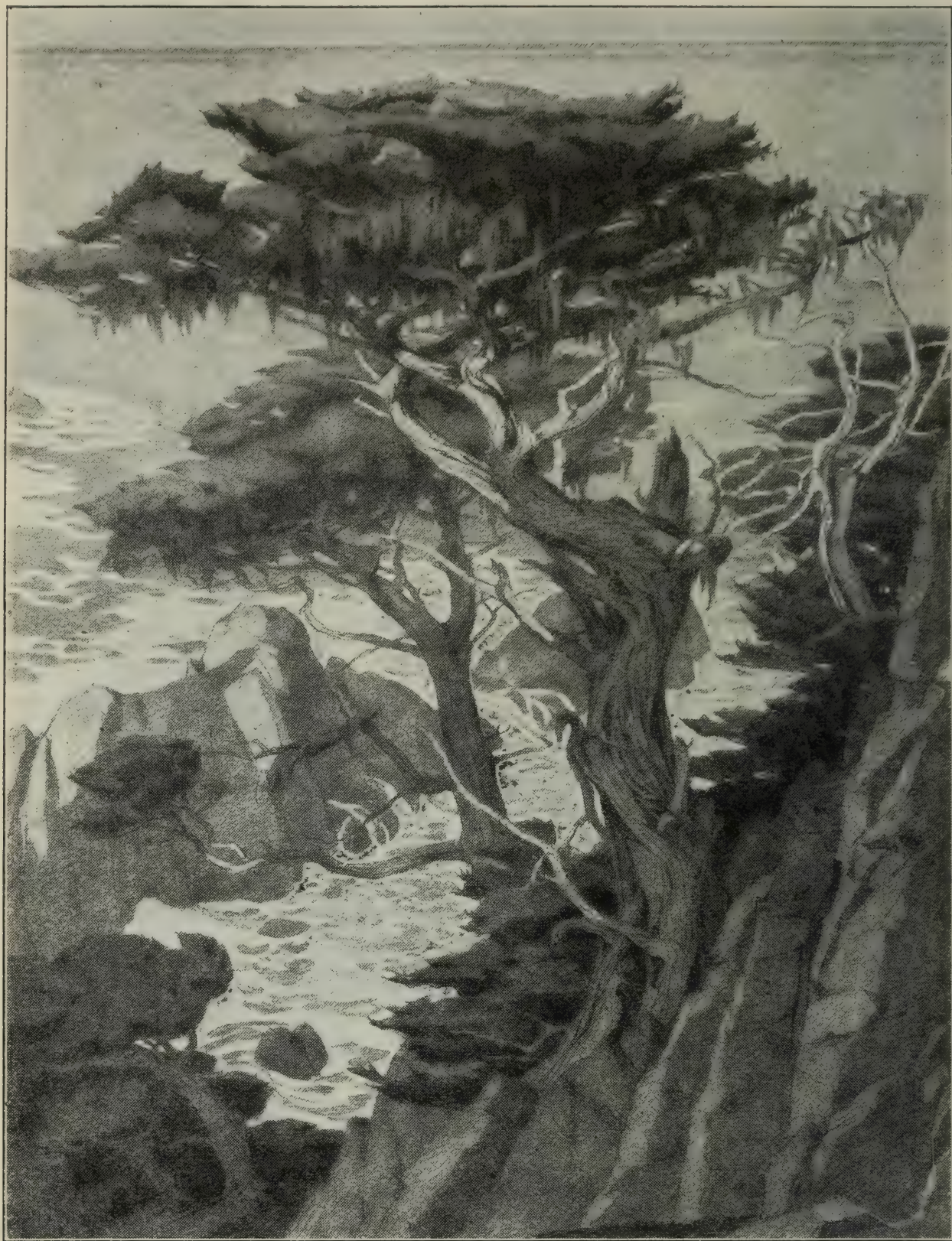
DRAWINGS BY CORNELIS BOTKE

WITH A POEM BY JEANNE D'ORGE

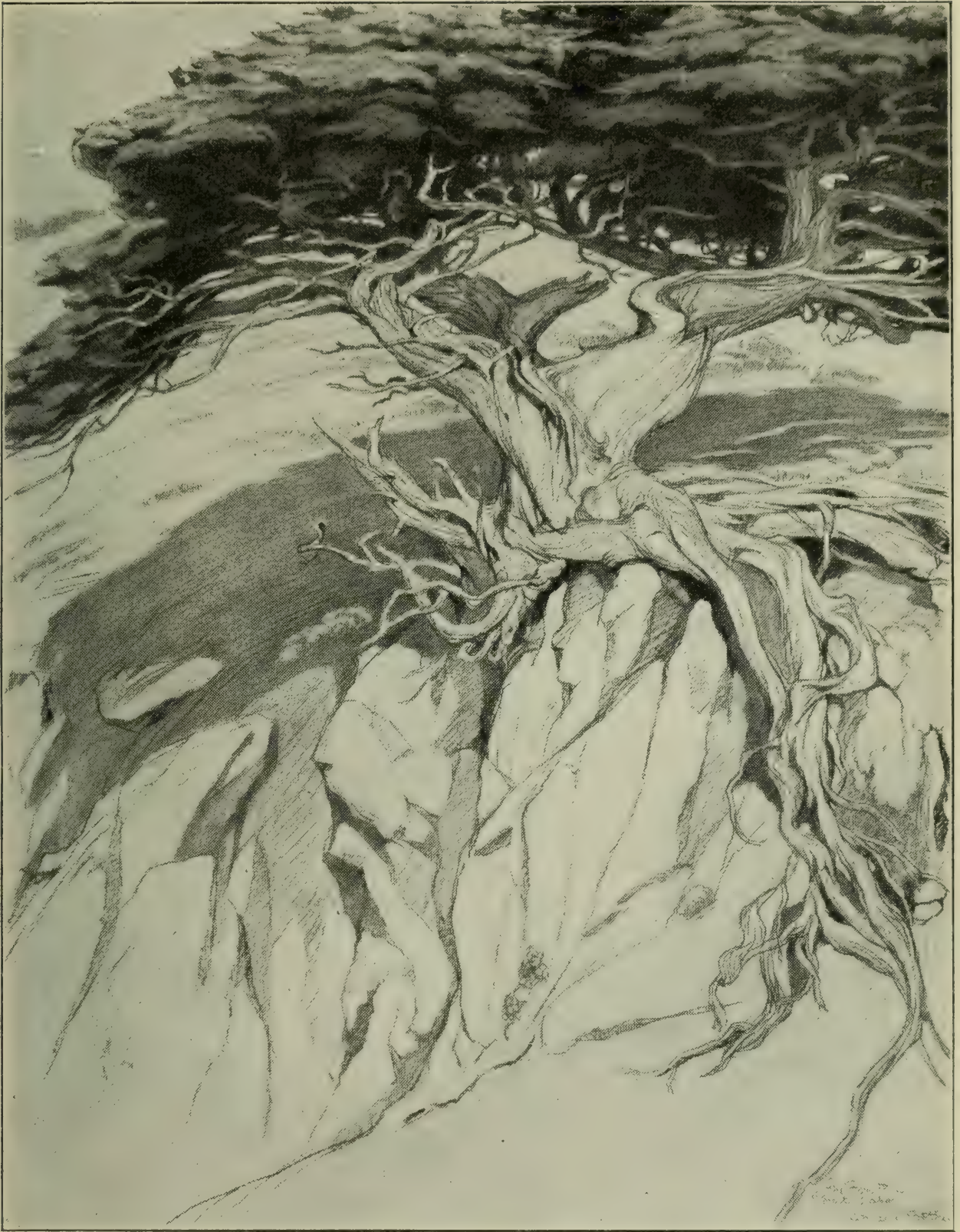
THERE is no legend of this place,
no myth of Gods or men
that being told could be translated
into our tongue,
or being translated could be understood
of our mind.
This is a lost place—out of the memory of the race—
of any known race.
One goes into it unaware;
one comes out from it haunted
as the trees are haunted
and the undying rocks
and the dark groves where fear is
from the beginning.
These that are here have no likeness;
they are not troubled as we are troubled;
they move on different feet—they look with other eyes
on a sea that holds their ships—
ships that come and go,
mysterious as thought—
shadows in a moon.



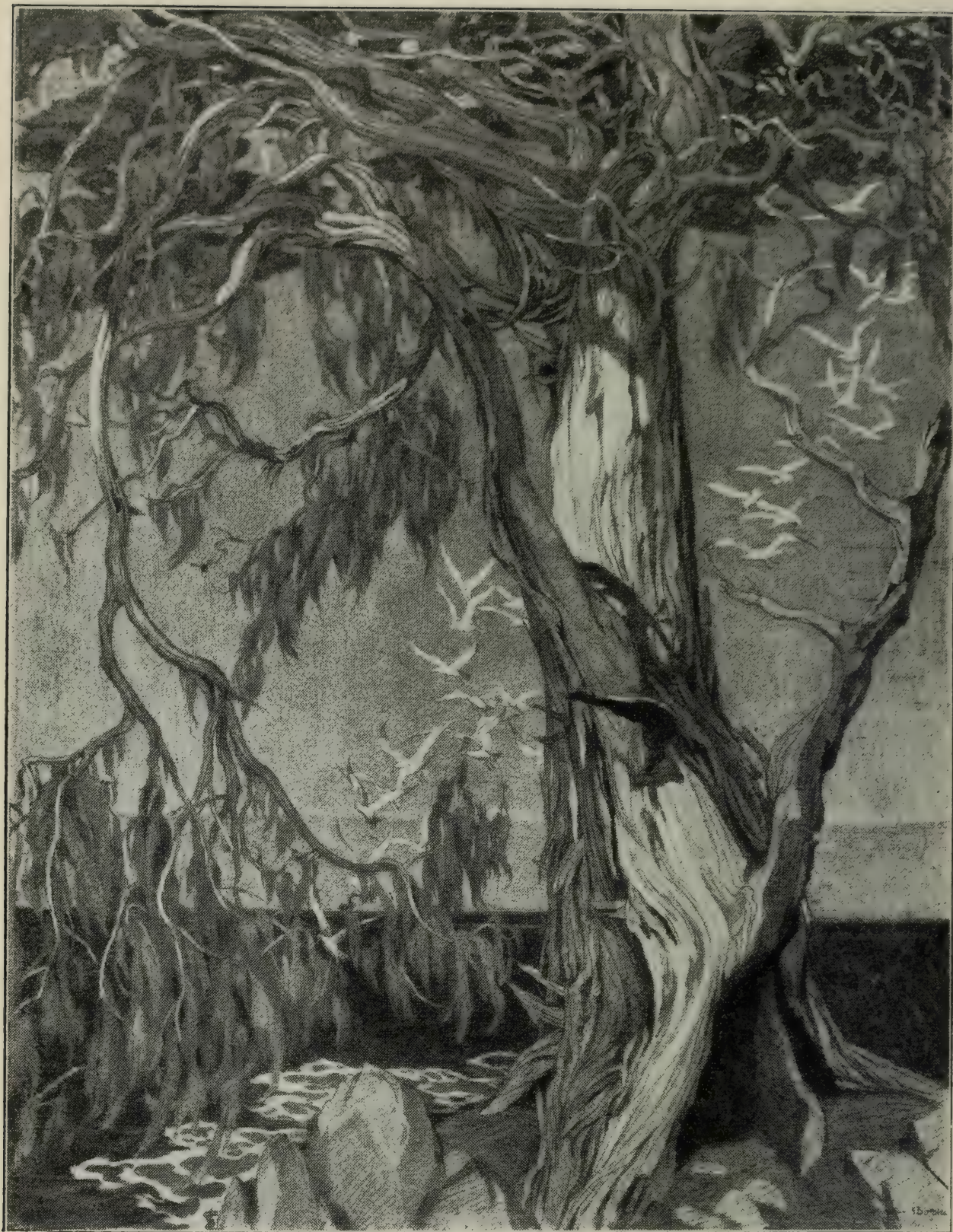
Passing Shadows, Point Lobos.



From the Heights.



The Fan Tree.



The Moss-Bearded Cypress.

Great-Grandma Girl

BY BADGER CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY L. R. NEY



DECEMBER 4, on the Ranch of the Holy Hermitess of the Bad Lands.—I have fed the stock, packed in the wood for the night, had my evening beans and, the chores being

done, I am gathered around the evening lamp. Now I will study my regular nightly passage of script—tiny, quill-pen script, like mosquito legs—from the love-letters that great-grandma wrote in 1836. Great-grandma had oodles to say, and she had to pay eighteen cents (“eighteen-pence” she calls it) to send a three-sheet letter two hundred miles, so reading her message is something between dissecting a spider and translating a page of Vergil. I’m writing it out and making myself a pony. She sure packs a wicked vocabulary. Like this:

I have had a partial call to go and spend my summer in Bridgton, but upon reflection both of my Parents said they would not like to have me go, so I shall conclude to spend the summer at home. How could I, my Friend, at this present all-important period of my life, voluntarily deprive myself of the watchful and religious advise of a dear and affectionate Mother or the wise admonition and daily council of a tender and beloved Father, and go among strangers where no familiar form would gladden my sight, no sympathetic voice cheer my heart? Indeed I feel that I could not. I fear that you will tax me with weakness and want of fortitude and courage, but be not censorious, my Friend. You little know the exercises of the female heart, you little realize the secret emotions of her breast when separated by distance from her beloved Parents.

How did you get that way, great-grandma? You were sixteen, younger than I am, but that letter sounds about as peppy as a bowl of mush and milk. Now, after I had graduated from the high school last

spring and spent a wild summer with the bunch, most of it on rubber, *my* dear parents were tickled pink when I had an offer to come down in this rough-neck neighborhood and teach a country school and live with auntie. Dad had bad luck with a land deal in August, and I’ve never been dippy about college, anyway, and I’ll try anything once. Mother fluttered some about my coming, but she thought that with auntie I’d be well chaperoned (bless her innocence!), and dad said it would be fine post-grad work in higher mathematics for me to buy my own clothes awhile. Mother didn’t dream that auntie would be taken with a case of acute operationitis and tear off three hundred miles to her pet doctor, taking uncle along to hold her hand and leaving me here alone in my glory. Neither did dad get a movie vision of me sitting here in uncle’s flannel shirt, corduroy breeches and boots, as boss of the ranch. I’m all to the Wild West nights and mornings, and if two feet of snow and a horseback mile to the schoolhouse keep me from dressing for the rôle of a coy, sprigged-muslin schoolma’am, why, the kids don’t seem to object to a teacher in pants, and I should worry. I brought my summer knicker outfit along, but that’s too light. Uncle is pony-built and, like most small men, is as fussy about his scenery as a movie actor, and he has an old-time cowman’s little feet, so I look pretty spiffy in his clothes at that.

And here I am, “separated by distance from my beloved Parents,” “with no familiar form to gladden my sight,” except old Shep, and “no sympathetic voice to cheer my heart” except the cat when she’s hungry. What do you know about it, great-grandma? What do you think of such a girl, anyway? I wonder what you looked like. You said in one letter that you were going to New York City and have your cousin, the miniature

painter, "take your portrait," but you never did, and you died in 1839, auntie says, just before the old daguerreotypes came. They've handed it down that you were beautiful—pale, I guess, and big-eyed, and as serious as the meeting-house you went to so often.

Your sweetie was in Buffalo and you were about ten gallons of gas east of there, yet you often speak about him as being in the "faroff west." I've got the edge on great-grandpa by more than a thousand miles, my dear, and live in a country that the Indians didn't let go of until forty years after your time. The family has drifted West—some of it clear to the coast. What do you think of us by now? Do your big eyes grow bigger if you can look down and see what kind of a bunch your descendants are?

Whoo! The fire's gone out. It's up to me to stop writing, shiver out of these duds as quick as I can, throw up the window (you'd have lived longer if you had done that, my dear), and then grab the cat and pop into bed. Now if you see me staging a wrestling match with uncle's bootjack, you'll sure think the family tree has gone to seed in the twentieth century. Good night, great-grandma.

DECEMBER 5, and all's well—I hope. When I went to feed the chickens to-night a coyote sneaked out from behind the corral and drifted away across the snow. I can't manage the steel trap—too strong, and I'm afraid it would bite my fingers off, and, besides, I think those things are too beastly cruel even for a coyote. But I've cleaned and loaded the thirty-thirty. Lucky my big brothers managed part of my education. I'll bet you never shot anything deadlier than a glance, great-grandma. What is your nice, spidery, ladylike message for me to-night, little foremother?

Dear Friend: I should advise you to put on your spectacles to read this, for my knife was too dull to mend my pen.

You said a mouthful there, old dear.

I have not been out a single evening for three weeks, though solicited very hard to attend the singing school. What is society to me and what are evening parties with all their pleasures and charms, without you, but tasteless and insipid in the extreme. My happiness is confined to the limits of

our domestic circle, my enjoyments center here, here are my wishes and desires. Aside from you, my dear H, there is nothing which imparts to me such satisfaction as to play the old favorite tunes to my dear Father after the labors of the day are over. There is nothing yields me that peace and tranquillity that the society and conversation of my Mother does, receiving from her lips that affectionate advise which young females stand in need of.

That'll do, great-grandma. Is it those canned tomatoes I ate for supper or is it homesickness? A chinook blew down from the west to-night, and the eaves are dripping, and the drip is just enough noise to make me understand how silent the silence is, and is just little enough to show me how little I am and how big the big dark is outside. I guess I want my folks. Dad is such a good old scout, and mother is a superattraction, too, if she only knew more about the world. I wonder what they're doing at home now. I haven't been home enough evenings in the last year to remember just what they do do. You might be able to cut out the wild dissipation of the singing-school, great-grandma; but you didn't have to fight joy-rides and dances and shows and forty other things in your little burg as I do in mine. You'd never dream what we society women are up against, even in a little town between the sage-brush and the pines. One's senior year is a humdinger. No; I didn't play the piano for dad as I should, "after the labors of the day were over." Poor dad! he had to get along with the phonograph, except some nights when I had the bunch hanging around there, and then he shut himself up on the sleeping-porch or in the basement, according to the time of year. And mother's "affectionate advise"—well, she's there with the advice, all right, but the present model of "young female" must be different. Why, honey, how my mother ever got through this wicked world without being eaten alive before dad took charge of her has had me guessing for years.

There's that coyote! If he comes nearer, I'll shoot at his yelp in the dark. I can't hit him, but it will be some satisfaction to knock a hole in this solemn stillness. No; there goes old Shep after him, chasing him back to the Bad Lands.

Gee! this is a lonesome night. The poor cat has been trying to sleep balanced on my knee for an hour—I haven't any lap these days. I guess the two of us had better hit the hay and try to forget it. Good night, great-grandma.

DECEMBER 6, and another day gone. While I was getting supper, Ernest rode in to bring me my mail. I'm not on the mail route and haven't had time to go to the post-office for two or three days, and it's mighty sweet of Ernest. There was a letter from uncle, saying that auntie was doing fine in the hospital and that he'd be home in a week. Thanks for so much. And there was a letter from mother! I wish she'd read Coué or somebody. She thinks that every day I am getting worse and worse. She's worried, WORRIED! She thinks I'm in danger from fire and blizzard and wild horses and wolves, but, worst of all, she fears that by living here alone I've kissed my reputation good-by. Bless her innocence! This isn't town; it's the range. Some of these cow gentlemen are hicks and most of them can swear beautifully, but they're a decent bunch, and I'd be perfectly safe to live here alone for twenty years. Take Ernest—I asked him to come in and get warm, and I know he'd have given one nice blue eye to talk to me half an hour, but no; he wouldn't put a boot-heel across the threshold of my virgin abode. Good old Ernest! I'd like to see him in a coat of mail and one of those old helmets with horns on it. He'd make a fine Viking or something. But he looks at me just like old Shep does. I promised to let him take me to a dance over at the Bar M ranch to-morrow night. He made an awful mess of asking me, and I registered glad surprise when he finally got his tender plea off his chest. He was so glad when I said yes that I looked for him to jump up and down and bark. He's really some heart-wringer, and the best part of him is that he hasn't found it out yet. How about it, great-grandma? Did your "H" have steel-blue eyes and yellow hair with a permanent wave in it? Let's see.

I often sit in my chamber in bright summer evenings and as the pale light of the moon affords me an indistinct view of the surrounding scenery it recalls vividly to recollection the many pleasing and eventful scenes of last summer, and when I see my young

associates strolling about arm in arm and apparently engaged in deep conversation, it brings to mind the many pleasant evenings you and I have spent in the same manner. Ah, it is at such times that I feel the rising wish in my heart that Henry would come, that we could once more enjoy the evening walk, the social chat and relate to each other by word of mouth the emotions of our souls. But it is not long that I suffer such feelings to take possession of me; it is only in my weaker moments, as I am perfectly aware that it is not consistent with the dignity of our nature to tamely and passively submit to all those finer and tenderer feelings which, if permitted unrestrained indulgence, will render us wretched rather than happy.

Last Tuesday night I sat down and read your last letter to my Mother. She was very much pleased with it indeed, and then freely spoke her mind about you. She thought your piety and high sense of honor and strict regard for truth was unequalled by many of your sex. I never heard her speak so much in praise of anyone before. Thus you see your uprightness and purity of character and principle gains you many warm friends, and it is this, as you well know, that has gained you the heart of which you are well aware that you are the sole possessor.

You don't say a word about his hair and eyes, great-grandma, but you sure do have a nice, cool, roundabout way of saying "I'm crazy about you." He must have been good, your sweetie, but he couldn't have had a whole lot of zip. "Strolling about arm in arm, engaged in deep conversation"—was that your limit? When Ken used to take me out in his—or rather his dad's—little whizzer last summer, we handed dust to everybody on the road. And your mother smiled on the affair. What did you ever do for excitement, dear? It used to keep me hopping six ways to maintain diplomatic relations between mother and Ken. She disliked him and said he was wild. Maybe he wasn't exactly dog-gentle, as these cow-punchers say, but he never tried to pull any wild stunts with me after the first. He was a good spender, and he had the clothes and knew how to look as if he belonged in them, and it was always interesting to wonder what he'd start next. I don't know about his "piety and high sense of honor"—I always thought those

things went with a bald spot—but he was rather a prince, great-grandma, and for the last month before I left home he had me going a little. That time we motored to the house party in the canyon and he sprung the notion of going to the nearest town and getting a license and then visiting a justice of the peace, just to stun the bunch, I wobbled a little but I never let him know it. I laughed him out of it, thinking hard all the time about a girl who fell for such a proposition back when I was a soph, and now wheels a baby around town, with her nose shiny and her hair mussy and her last-year's dress all pulled crooked. And then, I'm old-fashioned. In your day, my dear, a girl used to shut herself up in a hog-tight, horse-high fence all hung over with icicles, and the men adored and bowed and scraped around on the outside. I wonder if that style will ever come back. Between you and me, I should like it, I think; but then I've got an old-fashioned streak. Maybe that's my inheritance from you.

I haven't heard from Ken for nearly a month. I know at least three fuzzy little kitties in town who would be glad to—but no; no green-eyed stuff! It's all over now and I'm a prim, precise little country schoolma'am, and all day long I talk book English to the children of the Bad Lands, saying "are you not?" and "whom," and all the other things that match my job, and nobody knows I'm a woman with a past. It's late, great-grandma. I've sat here to-night and thought and written, and written and thought, until I'll bet I'm the only person out of bed within twenty miles. There's so much time and stillness here to think in—nothing to do these nights but sit and look my own soul in the eye or talk to you across a stretch of ninety years. It's quite a new circle of society for yours very respectfully. But I don't seem to be thinking my way out; I'm thinking my way in, getting deeper and deeper, like that horse the boys dragged out of the quicksands of the Cheyenne last month. What's it all about, anyway? Do you know—now? I give it up. Good night, dear.

DECEMBER 8: It was near sundown when I rode along the edge of the Bad Lands on my way home from school to-night, and I had to stop and look In

warm weather when the sunset light hits across the bare Bad Lands, with their queer ridges and walls and pinnacles of pink and gray and white, they look like a magic city, but with snow on them they look like a dead one—the tumble-down roofs and towers of an old city where the last man died a thousand years ago. It made me think about you, great-grandma, and wonder if the roof where you and your Henry set up housekeeping has fallen in yet, or who lives under it now. And I wondered about us all, being born and falling in love and building houses and always dying before we're ready to, and loping around in the same old circle without ever seeming to get anywhere. What began it and where does it end?

I guess I'm woozy to-night from lack of sleep. Ernest came after me in his flivver last night, and brought me home from the dance at 2.30 this morning. Thank goodness to-morrow's Saturday! Oh, yes; I had a good time. The big ranch has a radio, so we didn't have to dance to an asthmatic fiddle. Once or twice a twist in the connections or something made the music sound like a chorus of coyotes and a tinware store breaking up in business, about fifty-fifty, but mostly it was good, considering that the orchestra was five hundred miles away. I cut out the Wild West stuff for once and wore that yellow thing that made dad growl when I bought it, just before leaving home. It was a great success and knocked 'em cold. I had to shoo the boys out from under foot every time I wanted to cross the room. In fact, I didn't see a bunch of people so much as a bunch of eyes—eyes, eyes, the men's all very kind; the women's not so kind, some of them; but I guess our neighborhood folks aren't ashamed of their schoolma'am as an ornamental proposition, anyway. But I don't know what I'm going to do with Ernest, or maybe I'm doubtful of what he's going to do with me. Give me something cool and sweet and eighteen-thirty-sixy, great-grandma, for I'm both half-dead and too much alive to-night.

Dear Friend: With a heart throbbing with the warmest emotions and affection do I now sit down to write my first letter to you in your new situation. How different it seems from when you were in the faroff



From a drawing by L. R. Ney.

It was near sundown when I rode along the edge of the Bad Lands, and I had to stop and look.—Page 692.

west, but, alas! we are still separated by the sad distance of nine miles. You wished to know how I spent my Saturday night when I expected you and it rained so heavily. You know on Friday noon it cleared off and there was every appearance of fair weather. I could not help feeling very much elated and I watched the clouds with many an anxious eye. I felt on Saturday as if I didn't know what to do with myself and to beguile the hours I sat down to play and sing. I had sung "The Last Link Is Broken" and was playing "The Switzer's Song of Home" and singing the words, "All that's dear to me is wanting; lone and cheerless here I roam," when I looked out and saw it begin to rain. A heart sickening sensation came over me and I immediately rose from my instrument and went to my chamber. Later, as I heard footsteps below, I thought to myself, "Possibly H is come" and I ran down, but it was nobody but Betsy. I felt as if I should cry, but at supper I was able to sit and swallow a few mouthfuls of tea. In the evening my Mother looked at me very often and seemed to try to engage me in some cheerful conversation. She got me some apples and, in the course of an hour, some samp and milk, and the eve passed off tolerably.

You're not doing me a bit of good, great-grandma. You're just describing my symptoms in detail and making them hurt worse. That awful gone feeling—I wonder if it runs in our family. And I haven't any "samp." What was that, anyway—some sort of a bracer for love-sick maidens? I wish I could jolly Ken for an hour. That would give me my balance again. I'm like the litmus paper we used to have in lab—I've switched from blue to pink in the last forty-eight hours, but a dip in the other solution would switch me back again. Or do I want either of them, or what do I want? I wish I knew something, even myself. I had to come out here and live the simple life to find out what a complicated proposition living is. The big dark outside is so big, and my little lamp hardly throws light as far as the corner where old Shep is snoring. Maybe he is the sensible one of us two. I'll sleep on it. Good night, little great-grandma among the stars.

DECEMBER 9: No school to-day, and I saddled up and threw that bunch of beef

stuff over into the south pasture, as uncle ordered in his letter. That took about all morning, as I'm no expert at chaperoning steers. I might have phoned Ernest to come and help me, but I'm getting prudent in my old age and managed it alone, thanks to the horse. He knew almost as much about the work as I didn't. I felt like a girl in a film. But that's all the cow business I'll take in mine. I'm glad uncle drove the milk stock over to Ryerson's and arranged for Mamie to bring my two quarts a day to school. There's nothing to this pretty milkmaid business, off the stage.

This afternoon Ernest and his mother stopped in for an hour. She's really pretty fine, an old school-teacher herself, who left a good home somewhere to follow her man out into the cow country. She's had seven babies, is fifty and looks seventy and—and that's that. This life makes fine men but it has killed a good many fine women. Oh, they're good stuff, the survivors, strong—strong as a pine-tree on a windy point, but strong at the cost of years of bending and shaking. I thought of an old pine-tree I saw in the hills last summer when I looked at Ernest's mother to-day. I never knew before that women could live so hard and stand up to it. Hard, hard, hard, and they're game, so game I wanted to cry when I looked at this woman's face and hands, but where's the fizz in their lives? You married a poor man in a raw country, great-grandma. Were you up against anything like this? For the first time in my life I'm scared of what's ahead, scared and lost. I don't know anything about living, after all. It used to look so easy. Can you give me a hint, you little sixteen-year-old sobersides, with your tallow dip and your quill pen?

May Providence preserve you, Henry, from the contaminating influence of those ungodly men by whom you are surrounded. We are very easily led aside from the path of virtue. I myself feel that and though I am not surrounded by vice, I am in the midst of folly and vanity, which as you know is as much opposed to the life of Religion as the other. The school being so near, the young ladies are in here a number of times a day, and being naturally gay and generally in good spirits, if not constantly on

my guard I do before I am aware join them in their folly. I have attended today the Baptist church and heard two very exelent sermons. The sermon this afternoon was on secret prayer and the speaker was an able and gifted man and expressed himself with much clearness. He said: "What of those professors whom the cares of this life keep from prayer? Why, God will damn such Christians." I thought of it, H, how often we neglect that duty which is so necessary to true piety. We must not forget our common Father in the cares and trials of this life. If we but remember Him, He will remember us, and then we shall always know whither we are bound and need fear nothing in this world or the next.

They'd never pick you to make a speech at a pep meeting, great-grandma. That preacher would do a little better. He must have been the forefather of the Republic who put the part about freedom of speech in the Constitution. How could you live? Didn't you bury your face in your pillow some nights when your beloved parents and the preachers were all asleep, and giggle? Strait-laced you were, strait-laced in other things besides your corsets, my dear. You couldn't draw a full breath with either your body or your soul. I'm glad this isn't 1836. And yet, you did believe something, and believed it hard, and you thought you knew where you were going. And your test of what was right was never just whether or not you'd be able to get away with it. I wonder what I believe. I've never had time to dope it out exactly. I'm not much of a "professor." And I never thought much of where I was going, so long as I could hit a smooth road and dodge the rough ones. Maybe I've been going in circles. You didn't know much, great-grandma—how could you in those dark ages? You were a timid, mousy, dependent little "young female" without any pep whatever, yet I'll hand it to you that you did march straight down the line you had taken, and dodged nothing. You stuck to your religion and your Henry, passed up a richer man and waited three long years, teaching a few music pupils at "eighteenpence" a lesson and "turning" your dresses. But what did it get you? It got you your Henry, and your one baby, and your grave—at twenty! And

you thought you knew your road! What have you found at the end of it, dear? I wish you could tell me that. Ernest's mother is the same sort. She loved her duty and her man. And it came to seven babies—three dead—and those knotty hands, and that steady, tired, sun-wrinkled face. Love—there's so much more to it than the fiery fade-out kiss in the last reel. Where am I going?

There's that coyote again—no, a pair of them—with little choky noises half-way between laughing and sobbing and then that long, thin wail. Poor lost shivering things, out there with their feet in the snow and their noses pointed at the frosty stars, telling the world what they think of it all. I wonder if that's more the real tune of living than jazz. It must be, because the Bad Lands have been hearing that music for ten thousand years. No wonder they're such a solemn place. This thinking has got me all shot to pieces, dear—or rather this wondering, for I don't know how to think. I'm an ignorant little insect hopping around in the sun, not knowing when something bigger may step on me or the weather change and freeze me. The world's so big, and I don't know my way across a township. It's got my nerve. You didn't know you'd ever be a missionary to a foreign century, did you, great-grandma? Well, you are. I think I'll say my prayers to-night. Help me if you can.

DECEMBER 10: They're here, great-grandma—your closer relations. Fifty miles dad drove the old family boat through the snow to-day, and they blew in here while I was getting supper. I threw a skillet into the corner and just draped myself all over both of them. I never dreamed before how good-looking my folks are. There's something to this heredity proposition, after all. I'm afraid we were all on the ragged edge of the sob stuff for a minute. Then mother helped me get supper, and I raided auntie's treasury and set the table in style, while dad sat by and chuckled at me and called me Jesse James and asked me if I could whip my weight in wildcats. During supper mother wondered, for the twentieth time, how I could stand such an "awful life." "The life's all right," said I, as I brought in another plate of hot

biscuits, "but it's too big for me. I rattle around in it." Then I straightened up and hooked my thumbs in my belt and made my speech. "I'm quitting at Christmas," said I. Dad looked up, not half pleased. "There's nothing the matter with me," I went on, "except that I'm no good and don't know anything—or I know a little bit of everything but how to live. I'm going to college—I've saved my pay—no chance to spend it—and that will start me. After that's gone I can wait on tables or something. But I'm going to college, and I'm going there to dig."

Dad glanced at mother, with his mouth open. "Where's our flapperine?" he asked. "Why, this is a woman." It's good to remember how dad looked at me then. Men have looked at me in the same tone of voice before, but they were men who didn't know me. It's fine to get such

a look from your dad—a man who knew you before you had a hair on your head or a tooth in your mouth.

So I've tucked the folks in in the big bedroom, great-grandma, and I'm here to tell the news to the rest of the family. The coyotes are out again, but to-night they make gurgly, giggly little noises and, instead of wailing, they give gay little squeals like the children playing at recess. The stars are sparkling down through the window, and way out in the pasture a horse whinnies as sweet as a silver bugle. What a jolly old country it is! I love it. And I'm going somewhere now, dear—going, going, going somewhere! Road or trail, up or down, asphalt or gumbo, I'm hitting it straight, and I know there's something big ahead. I wish I could hug you, but you—poor little soul!—you've quit this gorgeous world and are away off in heaven.



The Dead Hand Harnessed

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF COMMUNITY TRUSTS

BY WALTER GREENOUGH



FOR centuries has the Dead Hand of the past reached out across the ideals and the ambition and the progress of the living to modify them. The right to control accumulations of property by the expressed wish of the accumulator, even after death, has been inherited with our common law. Much thought has been given to the problem of the Dead Hand, but always have its fingers of power continued on their majestic way legally hampering the future by the whims and the ignorance and the lack of imagination that all dead men are heir to, each in his generation.

Even in our own experiment in democracy is the Dead Hand all-powerful. Wills may be broken by the courts, but in the great majority of cases they are broken only in so far as new interpretations of the former wishes of the deceased are read into them. The right of the property-owner to make his will and dispose of his accumulation for long periods after death is almost unquestioned. The Dead Hand's control of the future in America is practically absolute.

Accepting this set of facts and realizing the impossibility of any material change therein, what then can be done to harness the power of the Dead Hand?

As rich America grows richer, what of the surplus? How is the average citizen to distribute his accumulation of wealth, after death, in such fashion that his family shall be provided for and the residuum of his estate be applied to pay back in some degree the obligation the deceased owed to the community in which he accumulated? Or how is the man, rich or poor, who feels this obligation to his community, to escape the bad features of Dead Hand control and plant even his gifts in life where they will grow into real flowers of community welfare?

Those of us who have no surplus to give away, or to bequeath when we die, laugh at the worry of him whose responsibilities include the giving away of money. We accept the set of facts in the old adage: "From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations," as a companion of democracy and cheerfully go on our way seeking only to pass on the shirt-sleeves. To him, who has accumulated a surplus above his own needs the problem of distributing it wisely is very real. Ask the trust officer of any great financial institution. He knows how hard it is for the rich to die—contented.

The world-old story of the misdirection of the Dead Hand is one worthy of study. For centuries men have sought to endow the future, to build monuments for themselves that would endure. Nearly always have they made the mistake of trusting to their own finite judgment for determination of the kind of monument they would create out of their surplus. Instead of giving the following generation credit for advancing judgment, at death they have almost invariably stretched out the Dead Hand over the future—have indulged themselves in the belief that they might administer the future far more wisely than might posterity.

These men have counted not on the constant changes in view-point that come upon the world's peoples with each rising sun. They have not been content to let the "dead past bury its dead," but have insisted on thrusting the Dead Hand in front of the faces of the living as long as possible.

In England there are to-day some 60,000 bequests of property that are obsolete, the objects of endowment having become obsolete.

There is the story, for instance, of one, Joanna Southcote, who influenced many to believe she was to become, by immaculate conception, the mother of a new Messiah. One of her disciples was a rich

man. In his will he bequeathed a large sum in trust to perpetuate the teachings of the new Messiah. Joanna died childless and her "disciple's" bequest continues to be useless. That example is but typical of thousands, many of them in America—overendowed, underendowed, enmeshed in a legal network of obsolescence and misdirection.

That the charitable problems (using charity in the broad, legal sense of the term) of each generation can better be solved by the best minds of that generation than by the Dead Hand would seem to be obvious, but it has not been.

What, then, is to be done about the blighting influence of after-death control of property in rich America?

A few notable rich Americans already have regulated the Dead Hand individually. They have established national foundations so well endowed and so liberal as to objects that the mind cannot foresee conditions under which they might cease to function for the uplift of mankind. The Rockefeller, Sage, some of the Carnegie trusts, and others are of this broad character. But the problem persists not alone for the rich but for the man of relatively small accumulations and for him who has but a few scant dollars above the needs of himself and family, but who is possessed of the pride of citizenship which drives him to contribute even that small surplus in some wise way to repay his obligation to the community in which he lives. Must these men turn to the endowment of some individual or some institution, the purposes of which may be excellent at the present moment, but which may become obsolete within a dozen years?

And what of the vast need for assistance in the field of social and charitable endeavor that confronts us in ever-widening degree? Cannot the impulse of the public-spirited of the present day to be of continuing benefit to mankind in some fashion be transported into the continuing field of need all about us?

Visualize for a moment the American city of the present: so new, its face is as the mud-pie of a child of three; so wasteful that it must rebuild its own arteries almost before they begin to carry the blood of its commerce; so responsive to the

shifting winds of money-making that it must tolerate tenements and bill-boards touching elbows with its art-galleries and its million-dollar parks; so careless of the human element within it that its dead must be dug up and moved every little while to make room for its new palaces of pleasure or trade!

Fifty or a hundred years ago cow-paths wound through the very centre of this miraculous pin-point on our maps, where to-day the process of bringing enough milk to wet the lips of the city's anæmic children involves the efforts of an army of workers and a cost of millions monthly.

This same mushroom of a city flaunts a top-side layer of wealth and extravagance that puts to shame the dreams of a Midas, and beneath harbors substrata of poverty and suffering that bring us up shuddering when even part truths come to light.

Criminals and crime are housed next door to convents and courts of justice. Treasure-houses stand across the street from tin-cup flower-boxes on filthy window-ledges.

And over all this, with vagaries almost beyond belief, stretches the Dead Hand, enforcing the whims and the ignorance and the lack of foresight of generations passed. Often is the Dead Hand directly responsible for the treasure-house and the tenement, standing side by side in the modern city. By virtue of words written into the will of one long dead may my house be a palace and your own a shed.

The Dead Hand—as powerful over us to-day, and over our sons and daughters of to-morrow, as is our whole system of jurisprudence!

How then, shall it be harnessed?

As is the case with all things great, the simplicity of the answer is the most startling thing about it.

Combine the surplus wealth of to-day for the correction of the maladjustments of to-morrow. Call the vehicle for this for the moment the Community Trust. And let the wise minds of to-morrow, endowed with the income from the surplus wealth of to-day, determine as need may arise the best ways to spend that income.

The late Frederick H. Goff, president of the Cleveland Trust Company, originating the general idea of this new regulator of

the Dead Hand in Cleveland in January, 1914, describes it as follows:

"It (the Community Trust) is a fund created by the union of many gifts—many different estates or parts of estates—held in trust; contributed by the people of Cleveland and managed by them for the benefit of the City of Cleveland."

How simple—and yet how pregnant with ambition, how stirring in appeal to human imagination, how limitless in possibility!

Mr. Goff's description of the Cleveland idea goes on:

"The Cleveland Foundation will provide an income—

"For assisting educational and charitable institutions;

"For promoting education and scientific research;

"For the care of the sick, aged, and helpless;

"For the improvement of living conditions;

"For providing facilities for recreation;

"For any other educational or charitable purpose which will best make for the mental, moral, and physical improvement of the people of the City.

"In short, it provides a plan of organization sufficiently flexible to meet conditions that cannot be anticipated at the present time. The income from the fund will be available at all times for the most pressing civic needs—even a part of the principal may be used in great extremity."

Mr. Goff's catechism, designed to popularize the Cleveland plan, goes on to ask:

"Does the Cleveland Foundation interest only men of wealth?"

"On the contrary," it answers; "it appeals to men and women of moderate means whose surplus (after caring for children and relatives) would not be great enough to endow a chair or a charity or accomplish any other notable purpose. By the combining of many small funds a large income is provided with which work of real significance to the community may be accomplished. . . . It makes its appeal to possessors of wealth, large or small. . . . Men of great wealth have in the past created private foundations, but now a way has been provided by which even greater foundations may be created out of the contributions of many citizens.

It is an educational and charitable enterprise by the people of Cleveland, for the people of Cleveland."

Thus, in brief, was the vision of the Community Trust explained. That was a little more than half a dozen years ago. Cleveland's Community Trust is said to have pledged to it now in excess of \$100,000,000 in wills. To-day the Community Trust idea has grown beyond the experimental stage. Yet, in its application, will it forever be experimental. That is its strength. It cannot be closed subject-matter. Generations to come will have it for study. It may be, if men are wise in its administration in future years, as continuing in character as the development of the human race. Just now it is being applied only to cities of considerable population. Eventually it may come to be a regulator of the Dead Hand in many smaller units of population and government.

Already, within rather narrow boundaries, the idea has been discussed thoroughly and much experimentation has been attempted. In a few cities actual gifts in life and bequests in wills have become available for use by the trusts, and valuable work along several lines of charitable endeavor has been accomplished.

The field for its future functioning, it would seem, is as wide as the field of future life in centres of population. Ideas of executives already functioning under such trusts are not in uniformity as to the purposes to which income should be put. No standard plan of operation has been adopted, and therein again is evident the vast strength of the idea. Different trusts already are functioning in different ways, their character being guided or modified by local differences in needs as well as differences in interpretations of purpose. Some two or three cities have available considerable funds for actual development, and there is a great human story in the operation of each one of them.

Approximately fifty such trusts in American cities now have been created and are awaiting funds with which to set to work on this newest phase of broad municipal relief.

The money-making phase of the idea is so small a part of it that it becomes prac-

tically negligible. In a summary of more than forty such trusts it has developed that the highest known charge contemplated by any trust company for administration of such trust funds, including investment and reinvestment of the principal involved, is approximately 5 per cent of the annual income, and in many instances the contemplated charges are considerably below this figure.

In each of the cities adopting the general idea its organization has been modified to meet the view-point and the needs of those adopting it. In general the trust company, bank, or trust companies or banks entering into the agreement of trust have based their resolution of creation of the trust on the Cleveland instrument. This was a resolution, adopted by the board of directors of the Cleveland Trust Company, January 2, 1914, in part as follows:

"With a view to securing greater uniformity of purpose, powers and duties of administration in the management and control of property given, devised and bequeathed for charitable purposes, the board of directors of the Cleveland Trust Company agrees to accept of such gifts, devises and bequests as trustee for the uses, purposes and with the powers and duties hereinafter set forth, all property so held to be known as constituting *The Cleveland Foundation*, and to be administered, managed and dealt with, save as hereinafter provided, as a single trust. From the time the donor or testator provides that such income shall be available for use of such foundation, such income less proper charges and expenses, shall be annually devoted perpetually to charitable purposes, unless principal is distributed as hereinafter provided. Without limiting in any way the charitable purposes for which such income may be used, it shall be available for assisting charitable and educational institutions whether supported by private donations or public taxation, for promoting education, scientific research, for care of the sick, aged, or helpless, to improve living conditions or to provide recreation for all classes, and for such other charitable purposes as will best make for the mental, moral, and physical improvement of the inhabitants of the City of Cleveland as

now or hereafter constituted, regardless of race, color, or creed, according to the discretion of a majority in number of a committee to be constituted as hereinafter provided. . . .

"The committee to distribute said income shall be residents of Cleveland, men or women interested in welfare work, possessing a knowledge of the civic, educational, physical and moral needs of the community, preferably but one, and in no event to exceed two members of said committee to belong to the same religious sect or denomination, those holding or seeking political office to be disqualified from serving. Said committee shall be selected as follows:

"Two by directors of the Cleveland Trust Company, preferably to be designated from their own number.

"One by the mayor or chief executive officer of the City of Cleveland.

"One by the senior or presiding judge of the court for the time being having jurisdiction of the settlement of estates in Cuyahoga County.

"One by the senior or presiding judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Ohio, or of the court that may hereafter exercise the jurisdiction of said court in Cuyahoga County."

A Cleveland newspaper, soon after the foundation idea was made public there, and accenting perhaps far too strongly the wealthy man's part in the Community Trust idea, said these trenchant things about it:

"With great force a giant of industry or commerce builds up a big fortune. The exercise of doing it gives him strength to handle it. But when he dies the fortune usually passes to weak children—the weaker for having had too much money when young—and they proceed to waste it or have it taken from them. Much of it, so to speak, goes into the sewer. That is to say, it is spent in dissipation or fool speculation or flaunted in extravagant selfishness—all to the detriment of both the heirs and the community.

"What a sorry monument for a strong man to leave behind him!

"It is almost as unwise for the man of wealth to endow a charity. He doesn't

know how soon the charity may become obsolete and his money serve only to pension useless hangers-on. His dead hand tries to guide the future, and that is something that no dead hand can do.

"It looks as if F. H. Goff, with his Community Trust idea, has scored a bull's-eye. Under it, the surplus money, instead of draining into the sewer, runs into a safe catch-basin, and is made available for public purposes, with representatives of the public having a continuously freshened say as to how it is to be used.

"Obviously that is better than having it spoil heirs or galvanize dead or dying charities or pile up power in the hands of entrenched trustees suffering from fatty degeneration of the soul.

"It means that the money gathered in Cleveland by a few will be in a little while gotten back into the public service of Cleveland.

"It means that the children of Cleveland's rich may be saved from the hospital or the gutter.

"It means a continuous education of the wealthy in their public obligation."

Another Cleveland paper said at the time:

"And the usual outlet for generous benefactions which are sure to do good instead of harm—libraries, art galleries, colleges, and philanthropic institutions—do not appeal strongly to some of the rich men who have fought their way up from the bottom of the human heap. They want the money they have accumulated to help directly and in a big way the heavily handicapped people who form the 'submerged tenth' of the population.

"The Cleveland Foundation will enable the rich man to do this. That is what it is for. Those who best know the character of Cleveland's men of wealth cannot fail to be convinced that the foundation, in twenty-five years, will have at its disposal \$50,000,000 or more."

The Cleveland idea, after all, has been rather slow to filter into the public consciousness in any great degree, except in one or two cities where it has actually been in active operation. Doubtless, this is due, as has been pointed out by Colonel Leonard Ayres, of the Cleveland Foundation, Frank J. Parsons, of the New York

Community Trust, Henry H. Hornbrook, of the Indianapolis Foundation, and others who have studied it, somewhat to the fact that a great problem confronts the new Community Trust in the development of such virile publicity as will catch and hold the attention of the giving public through the usually long period of years in which the trust has no funds with which to function in a news-making way.

Mr. Goff sensed this condition early in the history of the Cleveland Foundation, and straightway set about doing something to bring his foundation to the attention of the public in a continuing manner. Endowment by himself and other friends of the idea for programmes of research activity by the Cleveland Foundation resulted in definite things being accomplished in Cleveland in the name of its new foundation. These researches are matters of public record now, and they did much good locally in Cleveland. Their main object, however, was the popularization of the Community Trust idea, and this was accomplished in large measure.

Boston was more fortunate than Cleveland—or, for that matter, than any other reported foundation—in early acquisition of funds. Actual endowment of community helpfulness, under foundation funds, became possible in the Bay State some five years ago, after gifts totalling near \$4,500,000 were made to the Permanent Charity Fund, organized in Boston by Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company. The story of the Boston experience in the Community Trust field is almost an old one now, and its problems of publicity, therefore, have not been so acute as those of other cities. Approximately \$200,000 annually has been spent for some years there in direct alleviative and corrective channels, and in a recent year some eighty-nine established charitable agencies were assisted materially from the fund.

In many other cities of the country, however, the idea of the Community Trust has been gathered up and grafted onto local financial roots without much general attention being attracted to it. Banking circles know of it and in a few

cities it has received some general publicity and some funds have become available, usually in small amounts. The people in general know little about its vast possibilities for the future.

This situation was true in Indianapolis, Ind., up to a short year ago; but recent events there show that after all the latent strength of the idea may be very pronounced in America.

In January, 1916, Evans Woollen, president of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company, of Indianapolis, succeeded in organizing the Indianapolis Foundation, under one of the most cogent resolutions of creation that exist throughout the forty or fifty cities wherein the idea has been adopted.

Under the Indianapolis resolution it was:

"Resolved, That the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company of Indianapolis, the Indiana Trust Company of Indianapolis and the Union Trust Company of Indianapolis undertake each for itself that as trustee it will within the scope of this resolution accept and administer gifts and bequests which shall constitute The Indianapolis Foundation;

"That the income from The Indianapolis Foundation be disbursed by said companies on the written order of a board of trustees for such charitable uses as will in its judgment promote the welfare of persons now or hereafter residing in Indianapolis, Indiana;

"That such board, not more than two of whom shall be affiliated with the same religious body, serve without compensation and be composed of six persons appointed two each by the Mayor of Indianapolis, by the judge of the Marion Circuit Court, and by the judge of the United States District Court for the District of Indiana or the court exercising in said city the chancery jurisdiction now exercised by said District Court;

"That the appointments be for six years and until successors qualify except that first appointments be by the Mayor one for one year and one for four years, by the State judge one for two years and one for five years, by the federal judge one for three years and one for six years;

"That on the failure for thirty days of the Mayor or a judge to make an appoint-

ment said companies acting jointly make the appointments;

"That in ordering the disbursement of such income the board of trustees, acting with the approval of at least four members, have full discretion except in so far as limited by a donor or testator, and except that if a court of last resort adjudge the limitation herein above as to charitable uses too broad it shall order the disbursement a third for the relief of the needy poor and the improvement of living conditions in Indianapolis, a third for the care of the sick or aged in said city, and a third for education and philanthropic research in said city;

"That an annual statement be published showing the amount of property held from each donor or testator, and in detail the disbursement of the income."

The three financial institutions adopting the Indianapolis resolution are the strongest in the trust company field in Indiana, but belong to widely varying influences.

Several features of this resolution now are attracting wide attention among the students of the Community Trust in America, since the Indianapolis Foundation has just been made the beneficiary of upward of \$2,000,000 in two wills and one gift in life, and the funds have come to it solely because of the complete answer its organization gave to the problem of the Dead Hand.

One of the interesting features is that providing for a "multiple trusteeship," of the funds of the foundation. Many of the trusts now organized and awaiting funds have been built upon the "single trusteeship" plan and in nearly every instance where this has been done, at least some of the public-spritedness in the Community Trust idea has been lost. New York, sensing this situation, included approximately a score of her great financial institutions in the trusteeship of the New York Community Trust, organized in 1920. Such cities as St. Louis and Louisville have been considering this problem, although they have trusts already organized and awaiting funds.

Another feature in the Indianapolis resolution that has been commented on favorably not only by students of the Community Trust, but by actual donors

of money to the Indianapolis Foundation, is the complete separation of the financial institutions, acting as trustees of the funds, from the board of citizens that will, through coming years, expend the incomes from the funds. It is easy to see how each of these improvements on the original idea of the Community Trust will work toward community harmony with respect to the general goal of the trust.

And, perhaps because of such unusually attractive features in the Indianapolis plan, the last dozen months of its history hold a story like a fairy-tale.

In December, 1921, it was discovered that Alphonse P. Pettis, a rich, retired merchant, then living in Nice, France, had made a gift in life to the Indianapolis Foundation, totalling considerably more than \$300,000. This gift was announced to the people of the City of Indianapolis in the newspapers of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, 1921, as a gigantic Christmas gift to Indianapolis. Favorable comment was so general and so wide-spread in Indiana that in at least one smaller city in the State, the Community Trust idea immediately took root, and preparations were made to install a similar organization there.

The story of the Pettis gift, and its impelling motive, was remarkable. *The man never had been a legal resident of Indianapolis!*

Born in another State and growing to manhood in Massachusetts, where phases of the dry-goods trade interested him, he came to Indianapolis with associates shortly after the Civil War and purchased a little dry-goods store on what to-day is Washington Street, the centre of the Indianapolis business district. Through several changes in management and part ownership, Mr. Pettis's holdings in the store became considerable, and in 1890—thirty-one years before his gift to the city—he sold out his entire holdings in the business, retaining some interest in real estate, and withdrew thereafter from any but the most casual acquaintance with the life of Indianapolis.

In his mind, however, persisted through the years a sense of obligation to the city in which he had amassed much of his fortune and wherein growing real-estate

values had helped make him rich. Eventually, perhaps about 1916, he told Mr. George Gay (president of the Pettis Dry Goods Company, in Indianapolis, which is the successor to Mr. Pettis's business) that he intended making some sort of gift to the civil city of Indianapolis out of gratitude to the city and out of the sense of responsibility he felt toward its people.

Mr. Gay had heard the promise of the Indianapolis Foundation. He knew the character of the men who constituted its board of six trustees—citizens of the highest type. He wrote Mr. Pettis of the new idea—the Indianapolis Foundation. It fitted into Mr. Pettis's scheme of proposed philanthropy exactly. Very shortly thereafter the former merchant (he was more than ninety years old when the gift was announced) made the remarkable provision for the Indianapolis Foundation in a distribution of the bulk of his estate.

That gift made possible publicity in Indianapolis that undoubtedly has crystallized ambition in many citizens to leave money to build up the future of the Indianapolis Foundation.

For example, a life-insurance agent who has specialized in large policies, immediately devised an advertising plan for his own business, under which he reports that he already has in prospect several large bequests to the Indianapolis Foundation, through life-insurance policies, to be taken out and carried through life by the donors, the beneficiary of the policies to be the foundation.

Whether this publicity was directly responsible for either of the other two large sums which were left the Indianapolis Foundation within nine months following the Pettis gift, is problematical. But the two other large sums have just become available and the story—so much of it as is known—of the motives impelling these bequests also is of deep interest to students of the Community Trust idea.

Within a few months after the Pettis gift was announced, James E. Roberts, a retired, wealthy citizen of Indianapolis, died. Under the terms of his will almost a million dollars is to become the property of the Indianapolis Foundation, the greater part of the sum in the immediate future.

This man, as it happened, sought a prominent attorney in Indianapolis to revise his will—prior to the Pettis gift to the foundation. He, too, had felt the impulse to leave a large part of his wealth in some manner to the city in which he had lived and accumulated. His mind had centred more or less on a certain field of charitable endeavor, which he had determined to endow. The attorney in question had studied the Indianapolis Foundation and knew its meaning. He told his client of the possibilities. Mr. Roberts had his will rewritten in order to make therein the generous provision for the Indianapolis Foundation.

A few months latter—in August, 1922—Delavan Smith, publisher of the *Indianapolis News*, died and left the residuum of his estate (variously estimated now at between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000) to the Indianapolis Foundation. Mr. Smith was a bachelor with no close relatives. For more than a score of years he had operated one of the powerful newspapers in the Central West, but never had lived in Indianapolis for any length of time. His residence had been at Lake Forest, Ill. His will was a remarkable document. Besides acknowledging his responsibility to the city through his generous bequest to the foundation, he made numerous other bequests to civic interests, as well as generous provision for relatives, friends, and every employee of the newspaper, who had been connected with it for a certain period.

Each of the three sums that have been given the Indianapolis Foundation has been left "without strings." Mr. Smith's bequest was worded in such a way that if the trustees of the foundation see fit they may devote the income to certain lines of charitable endeavor, but there is no definite restriction to their judgment in changing these lines in future years. The other two gifts came completely devoid of suggestion as to particular uses to which they should be put, and the trustees of this Community Trust, therefore, find the trust suddenly possessed of upward of \$2,000,000, the income from which is to be disbursed, under the resolution "for such charitable uses as will promote the welfare of persons now or hereafter residing in Indianapolis, Indiana."

The opportunity thus given for this Indiana Community Trust to blaze a trail in community uplift, and in the harnessing of the Dead Hand, is challenging in its completeness.

Already the trustees have undertaken a hurried survey of what other Community Trusts, with funds to expend, are doing. They are going into the new adventure in philanthropy very carefully, very studiously, and very seriously. And, meanwhile, students of social conditions in the Indiana city are very grateful, for they see perhaps complete readjustment of present-day philanthropy, at least where it is overlapping, inefficient, and wasteful.

Thus, by the experience of Indianapolis, is shown how deeply the roots of the Community Trust idea may already have gone into the structure of American philanthropy. These three donors and testators, drawn from three entirely separate fields of life and activity, have, within a short nine months, placed the breath of life in the Indianapolis Foundation. Theretofore it had been but the idea. It had been known that some few wills had been written in its favor, but its advocates were looking ahead many years for its actual functioning in philanthropy. Since the gifts have been announced at least one very rich man has signified his interest in this same foundation, and will, in all probability, leave a part of his estate as an addition to the fund. Thus have the good fairies smiled upon Indianapolis and the Community Trust idea!

The Indianapolis situation, perhaps, is more or less accidental. But the accidents could not have happened had not the organization been established. And there are other cities in America, such as Cleveland, Boston, Buffalo, Dayton, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Youngstown, Ohio, where funds already are being distributed, some in greater and some in lesser amount. All are free from the clutches of the Dead Hand. And dozens of inquiries are being broadcasted concerning this new feature in American cities' futures. From coast to coast the trusts have been planted by far-seeing business men and philanthropists, who realize that to-day's solution of the problems of to-morrow is not practicable any longer.

The Trust Company Division of the

American Bankers Association, with Frank J. Parsons, of New York, heading the special committee, is very deeply interested in the whole problem, and eventually probably will organize all of the similar trusts in the country into a more or less compact group for the interchange of ideas and the working out of general and specific problems that are constantly arising in the study of the field.

Is it not possible that the Community

Trust, the product of the long look ahead—apparently the harness for the Dead Hand—is destined to become, in very truth, the Lamp of Aladdin for the American city (or State) of to-morrow, sorting out its weaknesses, aiding its wise charities, studying causes and remedies of community defects, applying the accumulated wealth of the past, through the wisdom of the future, to the uplifting of each new generation?



Love Songs

BY SARA TEASDALE

I

THE BELOVED

It is enough of honor for one lifetime
To have known you better than the rest have known,
The shadows and the colors of your voice,
Your will, immutable and still as stone;

The wild heart so lonely and so gay,
The sad laughter and the pride of pride,
The tenderness, the depth of tenderness
Rich as the earth and wide as heaven is wide.

II

LAND'S END

THE shores of the world are ours, the solitary
Beaches that bear no fruit, nor any flowers,
Only the pale sea-grass that the wind harries
Hours on unbroken hours.

No one will envy us these empty reaches
At the world's end, and none will care that we
Leave our lost footprints where the sand forever
Takes the unchanging passion of the sea.

III

ABSENCE

I CANNOT sleep, the night is hot and empty,
 My thoughts leave nothing lovely in my heart,
 You love me, and I love you, life is passing,
 We are apart.

The August midnight vibrates with the voices
 Of insects and their passions frail and shrill—
 Oh from what whips, oh from what secret scourgings
 All of earth's creatures bow before her will!

IV

"I SHALL NOT GO BACK"

I SHALL not go back to the place that I love,
 I shall never try to repeat the perfect hour;
 I know the past is gone, yet it is safe enough
 Even to the small blue six-pointed flower.

They say the earth itself in millions of years
 Will drift like fine gray ash that the wind has whipped and
 tossed,
 And the blackened sun will grope blindly among the spheres—
 But I am not afraid that the things I love will be lost.

V

THE HOUR

WAS it foreknown, was it foredoomed
 Before I drew my first small breath?
 Will it be with me to the end,
 Will it go down with me to death?

Or was it chance, would it have been
 Another, if it was not you?
 Could any other voice or hands
 Have done for me what yours can do?

Now without sorrow and without elation
 I say the day I found you was foreknown,
 Let the years blow like sand around that hour,
 Changeless and fixed as Memnon carved in stone.





Some of 'em didn't like our ways in handling stock.—Page 710.

Cowboys, North and South

BY WILL JAMES

Author of "A Cowpuncher Speaks," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

[I been wanting to tell you that I wouldn't be at all surprised if some time you'd hear from some one *claiming* to be a cowboy, and saying that this or that in my articles is not so. Of course I know that's not worrying you any nor me either, and this party doing the knocking may be right, not that I'm wrong cause I'm careful not to be—but first, he may not be no cowboy—second, if he is he might be of another country and of different time—like I say in "Cowboys, North and South" there's a lot of difference in the ways of the cowboy, in each State even.]

IT was early one fall when I plans to hit out for new territory. I'd rode for most of the big outfits north of the Wyoming line up into Canada through Saskatchewan and Alberta. The snow'd come earlier than usual and covered our tarps [short for tarpaulin] and saddles many a time, putting kinks in the ponies'

back to boot, and crimping the old cow horses with rheumatics.

Our ropes, latigos, and saddle blankets were stiff and froze; the wind blowed steady and mud and slush was up to our necks. And the boys from the lower country to the south was bellering at the weather and wishing they was back in the

yucca country again where the sun shined, they said, and lizards was out all winter.

I'd dug up all the clothes I had in my "war bag" and been wearing 'em trying to keep warm, but the rough weather overtook us when we wasn't looking and wasn't prepared for it; consequences is, we rode and froze all day and some more of it on night guard. I'd never been south, but all the decorations the southern hands had to furnish for them paradise valleys by the border kinda unsettled me, and I wanted to drift.

In another month the round-up wagon pulls in and the rumuda turned loose; the superintendent hands us our company checks, telling us to be sure and show up again in time for the spring works.

But, I agrees with some of the boys that I wasn't going to spend my summer's wages buying winter clothes, so, when we got to the railroad six of us buys tickets for as far as Ogden in Utah where we figger to stop for a spell, have a little fun, and proceed south after we got through.

We did have a little fun all right, but after a few days there was only a five-dollar gold piece between all of us. That we used to settle down to business on, and think what we was going to do.

By noon a few of the boys had signed papers and took a job with some cow outfit what was running big in Argentine and wanted American riders for "majordomos," but the old U. S. was good enough for me, and seeing that I wouldn't be no hand at getting out on freight, I wishes the rest of the boys good luck and hits out on my own hook, looking for some way of earning enough dinero to take me to that promised land, the border country.

I'm hoofing it along on one of the main streets of town when I sees one of my breed, head and hat sticking up above the crowd; there's no time lost in getting acquainted and he tells me soon enough that he's on his way to Nevada, to run mustangs.

His brother is there waiting for him with a string of good saddle-horses, he tells me, and if I'd like to come along he'd be glad to have me for my share of the wild ones as wages. That suited me just fine, so he buys two tickets and we leave that night.

The next day when we get off the train and meets the brother, we learn he'd went and got married sudden, and sold all his horses. That leaves us out in the cold, but I still had my old saddle and I was in a stock country.

I finds all the riding I want and it ain't long before I have a string and a steady winter job. But somehow or other I didn't make a very good impression there, and I learns a lot about the reason why as I stay on (it was a couple of years later before I saw the border country).

It seems like Nevada in them days was the hiding-place for a few Montana and Wyoming horse thieves and cattle rustlers; they was good hands with the rope and bronc and shooting iron, they'd get jobs from the big cow outfits, and when a strange rider showed up on the sky-line, it was took for granted by them that hombre was a sheriff, and nary a cow-hand could be seen around camp, for they'd be most all riding down a wash, out of sight and away from it.

It was on account of them few outlaws what found the north too crowded, and hit for some parts of the California Spanish cow countries, that any man riding a double-rigged saddle with the short hard-twist rope tied hard and fast (and not at all like the native of them countries used) was suspicioned to be either a horse thief or cattle rustler, or maybe a stock detective, being his outfit showed he was from other parts.

Like one time I drifted into such a country riding a fine big fat gelding, had a 30-30 carbine under my rosadero and a six-gun in my belt. I was just taking them along, not because I'd need 'em, but just that I wanted to keep 'em.

And I rides into a ranch with my suspicious double-rigged saddle, hard-twist rope, guns, and all, and inquires if I could put up for the night. They're all nice as pie and I'm the same.

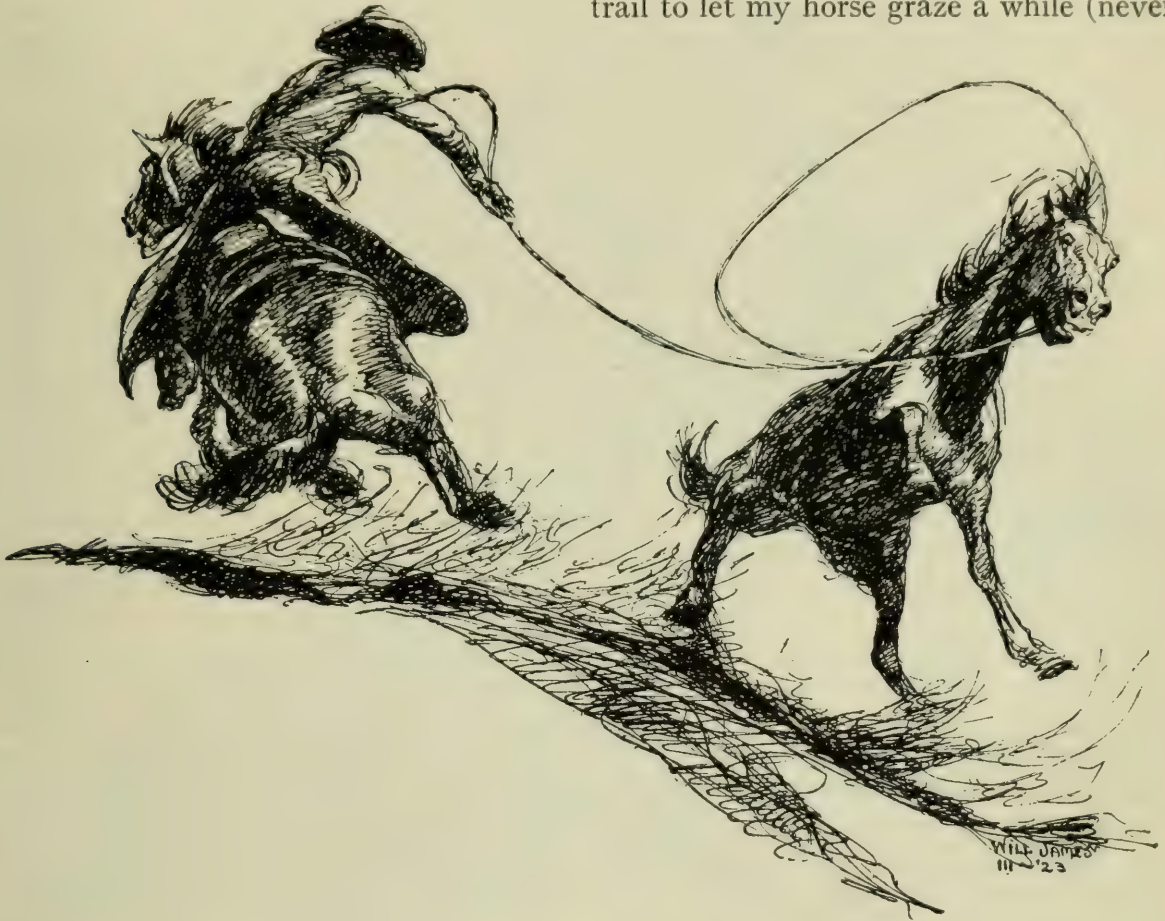
The next morning I asks the owner of the place if I could stay on for a couple of days and let my horse rest up, telling him I'd either pay or else start a couple of broncs for him for his trouble, and I buys a little grain to keep my horse in the good shape he already was.

A young feller from up Montana what'd took a little place adjoining this ranch

rides in just as I'm saddling a colt what'd been brung in for me. We talks a while and he's sizing me up as we go; then proceeds to tell me how this hombre where I'm staying is spreading around to the neighbors far and wide that from my rigging and actions I'm either a horse

him the riot for fair. I tells him as to how white men must be darn scarce in this part of the country when he can't recognize one as he sees him riding down the trail (meaning me), and after I get through with him he apologizes a plenty.

But that don't do no good, for when the next day I'm riding away, I stops off the trail to let my horse graze a while (never



This little feller from Texas was right handy and with his short thirty-five foot "maguay," he snares the gelding.—Page 710.

thief or a stock detective, which neither is very pleasant to have advertised.

Where he'd got his suspicions was, that I wanted to rest my horse when, to his way of thinking, he didn't need none; besides it was how I'd asked for grain to keep my horse in good shape, and, with the carbine and six-gun all throwed along with the *Miles City* rigging, was enough proof to his judgment that I was something worth watching.

That leaves me in a fine fix, for supposing somebody did steal a bunch of stock anywheres around, why I'd be the goat sure; so when that old gadder rides in that evening I'm waiting for him and reads

liked to ride a hungry horse) when looking up through the pines I sees a bunch of men on horseback, and acted like they was following a trail.

I puts two and two together and gets the right conclusion, for when I rides up on the rear of 'em on a high lope I know by the cheap look in their faces that they'd been trailing me to see if I'd took any stock along as I went, and they was disappointed to see me empty-handed.

"You fellers don't know much," I says as a starter, "do you think that if I was a horse thief you'd see me riding along here in daytime, or stopped at that hombre's ranch? No! if I'd been a horse thief

you'd never seen me at all and I'd been a thousand miles away from here with the stock before you'd ever got wind of it. Furthermore," I goes on, "if you're all so damn worried as to what I am, look me over and, if you never before seen a man riding a decent rig with a good horse under it, why look again; but I'm just looking for a job and taking my time at it, and I'm not riding for no *one horse* outfit."

But there was just a few spots with folks like that, they meant well but we didn't get the right kind of introduction to 'em, and because a few reckless hombres from the north and east a ways got too free with their ropes, they'd brand everybody what used the same rig they did with the same iron "N. G."

It seemed like it mattered more what kind of outfit you rode than how good a hand you was; some of 'em didn't like our ways in handling stock and they felt it pretty deep to see better hands with the rope than they was; and that's why I guess I didn't make no hit when I first struck that country, and rode for the first outfit.

I guess the boss remembered one time how he was took down a peg by a little feller from Texas (they used about the same outfit there as we did north). This little feller was riding along with this big overgrown boss; they was roping horses in a pasture and the boss uncoils his sixty-foot rawhide reata, throws it the whole length with a thirty-foot loop, and when it spreads over the horse's neck, with all that rope to spare he ain't got time to take his dallies (turns) around the horn, so he loses his rope. Thirty dollars worth of rawhide dragging in the dirt.

Now this little feller from Texas was right handy and with his little loop out of a short thirty-five foot "maguay" tied to his saddle horn, he snares the gelding dragging the long reata, picks it up for the boss, hands him the end and tells him quiet and easy: "I'd tie it if I was *you*."

With them kind of goings on and with the different saddles, spurs, bridles, chaps, and ropes, besides the different ways of the folks not saying as to how stock was handled, all seemed to form a line running north and south, and dividing the cow country into two separate territories and ways of doing things; by that, a cowboy

may be a top hand in one State and not be worth much acrost that line into the other, that is, not till he gets onto their way of working.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas are, you might say, one territory in their ways of doing things. The cowboys of them States are on the move most always and get a lot of experience besides handling broncs and cattle. And I don't ever remember riding to one of that territory's outfit without somebody said "turn your horse loose and come in"; there was no questions asked as to who you was and nobody was worried. They felt they could take care of you, if you was *good* or *bad*.

From the Mexican border on up to the Canadian line through them States I mentioned you'll find the old pioneers scattered all the way and most of 'em are from Texas; none seemed to've strayed either side much. They took their customs and riggings with 'em and the young cowboy what growed up kept using the same.

The cattle wasn't worked in the corral, everything was done outside on the flats (I'm talking of the big cow outfits). And the reason there's better ropers in them States is because they get more practice, and nothing is done afoot what can be done on horseback.

Oregon, Idaho, California, and Nevada is what you might call the other territory, and acrost the line, they're as true cowmen there as on the east side of that line, only they work different; the cause of it is the country. The big fenced meadows where you got to open ten gates to get a few miles don't call for as many riders, so everything is worked under fence, and when the cattle is turned out on the mountain range, a corral is always hunted up to cut out or brand in. (In this, I'm leaving out the desert countries.)

The rawhide reata is about the only rope, and I seen many a good throw with 'em. I seen 'em handled in ways that was real neat and sure, and I know "dallymen" what never hardly missed getting them dallies going or coming, but never did I see a rawhide man bust this critter and tie it like the boy with the tied whale line could.

There's a lot of danger in a tied rope, and it takes many a twist from the wrist

that's not at all simple to do. You got to contend with your horse and the critter at the other end, and the rope what's holding the two together might wind you up if the horse turns, goes to bucking, or

matter what happens. What's more he's been raised tying his rope and he can't as a rule get the twist of dallying, and when he gets his fingers pinched, or burned off between the rope and the horn



He wants to feel that the critter he piles his rope onto is *his* no matter what happens.

gets ornery; and I've seen "wind-ups" that way what'd pretty near cut a rider in two; but the "tie-man," as the boys from Texas on up are called, being they tie their ropes, wouldn't try to take dallyes as the Spanish California buckeroo does; for one thing he wants to feel that the critter he piles his rope onto is *his* no

a few times, he's going to stay a tie-man, for he'd rather risk his neck than a hand.

The same with the dally-man of California, Oregon, and Nevada. His rawhide won't stand the strain of being tied; it's got to give and slip some or it'll break. That same rawhide reata ain't even supposed to drag on the ground or be stepped

on, for one of the four strands might get a flaw and when it does, it soon breaks at that spot; it's mighty hard for a man using the hard twist to get onto the rawhide. It coils up on him and he can't straighten out his loop, besides he finds it's too much rope, too far to the end.

Then again the Spanish California buckaroo (by that I mean the American cowboy what kept up the early California Spanish style in rig and work) uses a altogether different saddle than the cowboy further east; the horn is higher and wrapped heavy so the turns will grab holt. The rigging is centre fire and the cinch hangs straight down from the middle of the saddle tree. And if you was to tie with them kind of saddles you'd have to pick on a horse with a special

good back and withers or else find yourself saddle and critter going one way and your horse another.

Them saddles answer the purpose of what they're used for, but they'd be no good to a Wyoming hand, cause he'd have to work different on 'em both in roping and riding. The buckaroo of them centre fire countries on riding a buck or any mean horse sets back pretty well and sticks his feet ahead with stirrup leathers what are set that way. They're a good saddle to ride a mean horse, being there's some jolt it gets you away from; it rocks more and the cantle don't come up and hit you like the double ring would on a kinky back. That's why the contest riders use the centre fire most always in the rodeos.



The rider of them States rides straight up from his head down to his feet.—Page 713.



The buckaroo of them centre fire countries sets back pretty well in his rig and keeps his stirrups ahead.—Page 712.

The range rider of Montana, on down to Texas, rides the double cinch, but in the last years the three-quarter rig's been used a lot; in the three-quarter the cinch sets further ahead than the centre fire, which puts the saddle further back and where it belongs but not as far back as the double rig. The tie rope won't very often yank 'em off, the horn is low and small, not at all fit to take dallies on. With a hard horse they work pretty fair, but not as good as the centre. The rider of them States rides straight up from his head down to his feet, but kinda apt to lean a little forward when the horse is bucking, the riding is some looser but there's a lot of scratching done, and when the old pony quits bucking he'll most likely think there was a couple of wildcats tied by the tail and throwed over his rump.

And when it comes to the bits, there's a big difference again; the spade bit what's used by the dally and centre fire man is a contraption what the Wyoming boys call the "stomach pump" on account of a piece of flat steel what curves a little and goes up the horse's mouth. It's supposed to keep a horse where he belongs, but I find in all the men what's using them bits there's only one out of twenty what knows how. There's a lot in handling them and a good man with the spade bit can work most any horse fine. The main secret of it is not to forget it's a "spade" and ought to be handled according, which is light on the rein. Any other way would make a good horse fight his head and worry, and if he starts getting peeved the spade bit is no good; he'll do what he pleases anyway.

In Arizona, to the north and south, the "grazing bit" (as the centre fire buckeroo calls it) is used. It's just a small bit with a curb in the mouth-piece and with very little silver on it; laced to the bit is a long pair of open reins what are dropped to the ground (if the horse is gentle enough) when the rider gets off.

The buckeroo "across the line" has rawhide reins, not split; to the end of the rein hangs a quirt called a "romal," the head stall is light and all neat with pure silver conchas; whereas the cowboy of Montana on down is apt to use a heavy split ear headstall, and plain.

Then comes the difference in breaking horses, the centre fire man starts his broncs with a hackamore, then maybe a snaffle bit, and back to the hackamore and spade bit both, using double reins, but just letting the colt pack the bit for a spell. When the hackamore is took off, the horse is called a bridle horse. It takes about a year to make him such.

In the tall grass countries on the plains, which is the tie-man's and double-rig country, the broncs are broke mostly with a snaffle—sometimes a loose hackamore with "feador." Soon as he's some bridle-wise the light one-piece curb bit is put on, and his work is with cattle. That's where he learns to be a cow horse and every one of them broncs gets a chance at it.

And I've never seen no better or as big average of real cow horses as the plains and Bad Land countries's got. They get more cow work, where in some countries what used corrals a lot they're just tied up after the cattle is put in, and just a couple of ponies are being used.

Starting west of the Utah line, most all riding is done from camps, and very seldom is there a change of horses in one day. There's no night guard, only maybe three or four nights a year, and that's when the cattle is took to the railroad. Sometimes one horse is rode steady for three or four days at a time; and a rule of that country, which is the Spanish California style, and cheats many a buckeroo from practice with the rope, is that the boss takes it to hand to rope all the boys' horses for 'em. The rider comes up with only a hackamore or bridle and takes his horse to saddle (I could never get used to

that). The same with working a herd; only a couple of the top hands can take their rope down, but the rest of the boys sure used to make up for it when the boss was away.

In Wyoming or Montana there's no mares allowed in the remuda (saddle horse bunch) while in Nevada or Oregon they use them for leaders, they're called "bell mares" and keep the saddle-horses together by just being present. The cause of the difference in them two ways of handling saddle stock is that in one territory a "nighthawk" (night wrangler) is with them herds all night, while in the other they're let loose in little bunches and the bell mare keeps 'em around. (Sometimes.)

It's queer, you'd think—all the different ways of doing things when all the folks are in the same line of business that way; and it struck me the same when I first felt the change a long time ago, but I worked and stayed on all through them countries, drifted south, east, then back north and west again, and while drifting I finds that the early settlers of the different territories are responsible. They blazed the trails and run their cattle to their best way of thinking and each country called for different ways. Neither can be improved much, only maybe with ways that are scientific, but I guess that won't work much on open range; being the cattle is too numerous to be put down by name such as "bossy" and "spot," or fed careful and regular like the thoroughbreds.

The stock is all worked and handled to the best advantage and every care is took to get the best out of 'em; there's got to be branding and roping, and it don't matter so much how it's done so long as it's well done.

But there's a steady contest going on in the cow countries, each in their own rig and ways trying to outdo the other, it's with no hard feelings, and each as a rule is willing to credit the other for what he does. Like, for instance, the Montana boy might ride his buckner a little looser, but he's scratching him every jump; whereas, the other from Nevada may be setting close and kinda easy, but not working his legs much. The same with roping—the California boy can handle the



From a drawing by Will James.

The Montana boy might ride his buckner a little looser, but he's scratching him every jump.—Page 714.

reata and take his dallies in fine style, but the Wyoming roper will get his critter down and tied first.

And after you've rode through all these States on both sides of that line I speak of, you'll find that you can tell by the rigging a man's using just what State and pretty near the county the stranger what's just rode in may be from.

A "main herd" in Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, and Texas, goes under the name of "parada" in California, Oregon, and Nevada. A "remuda" changes to "caviada," "slick ear" to "Orejana," "cut horse" to "part horse," "cowboy" to "buckeroo" etc., etc., but it all goes to the same critter and the same things and the same work, only a different way and style to fit the country.

These last years since Texas started putting up windmills and fences for the stock, the cowboy from there drifted north into Wyoming and Montana where some time later that same daggoned barb wire cut the trails and made riding scarcer.

Then it was about time for the "ran-nies" to pull up their ponies and figger where to go next, they remembered how they left Texas and how every State from there north was feeling the pinch of the fences. So every year a few was hitting acrost the Rockies and stringing out into the sage brush territory.

There was a many a time when remembering the old prairie States as they *was* that they'd give both arms to see it that way again, the gray sage didn't wave like the blue joint of the creek bottoms, the little twisted grama grass looked scared comparing with the "prairie wool," and the cattle seemed to be all neck reaching for shadscale and sniffing for water.

But a few years winding around that

sage and buck brush on two meals a day, riding the same horse from sun-up till sun-down kind of broke 'em in, and weaned 'em away from the tall grass countries. There was no guard to be stood and that helped some, and again it was pretty nice to find a solid old cow camp with a dry floor and a roof when the sleet and snow started coming.

Then came a time after them few years, when in that centre fire country, spots was located where fences wasn't to be found, and even though most of the work in branding was done in corrals and the ways of working was changed some, the boy with the tied rope got to liking it near as well as the prairie he was raised into. The big hard pan flats, the deep arroyos with sides of malapi, and the scrub juniper or spooky joshua got to look different and kinda good.

And that's why to-day in that country and riding along with the centre fire and dally man, you'll see the boy with the double or three-quarter rig packing his short whale line, and riding both along-side one another.

In the breaking corral, or in bulldogging, roping, and general range work, you'll see 'em competing against one another, them two riders of the same profession but of different countries and ways.

And you'll find that even though one is always trying to outdo or show the other up, there's no snickering done, instead there's admiration in the skill each one shows in his perticular way, for they was both raised at doing things in that one way of theirs, and if they rode for a hundred years they'd never change them, for in each their way they learned to do something what takes skill, practice, and nerve, and neither can improve.





HOOP-SKIRT, flounce, and furbelow,
 Laughing belle and gallant beau—
 How I bore ye proudly, all,
 Long ago!

*Shattered now my dusty panes;
 Tattered cushions bear dark stains
 Of full eighty winters' dour
 Snows and rains.*

Scents of lace and lavender,
 Paisley shawl and beaver fur,
 Once I knew ye, gentlefolk!
 Brave ye were!





*Vanished, all; but I still here
Feel the pinch of passing year;
Summer's scorch and winter's whirl,
Freezing drear.*

*I beheld his first caress,
Heard hot lips their love confess;
Saw her, flushing like the dawn,
Whisper, "Yes!"*

*War and weeping. I, alone,
Brood of life and laughter flown.
On her grave, this forty year,
Moss has grown.*

*Here she kissed her marriage-ring;
Here they rode, to christening
Of their first-born son. Dear God!
It was spring!*



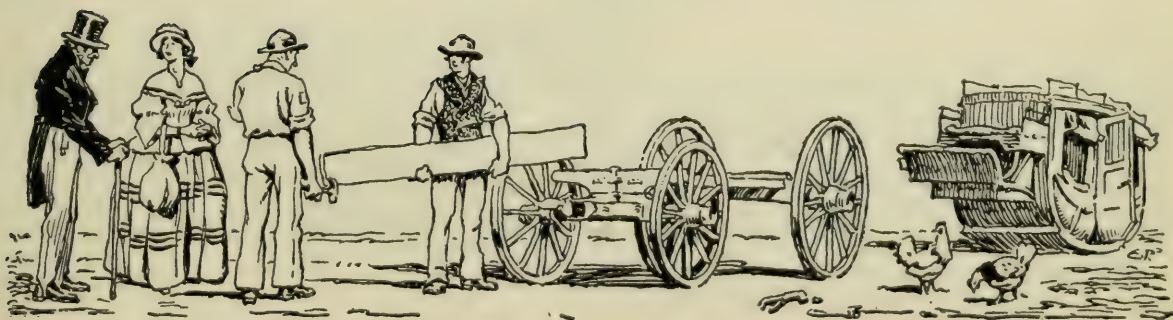


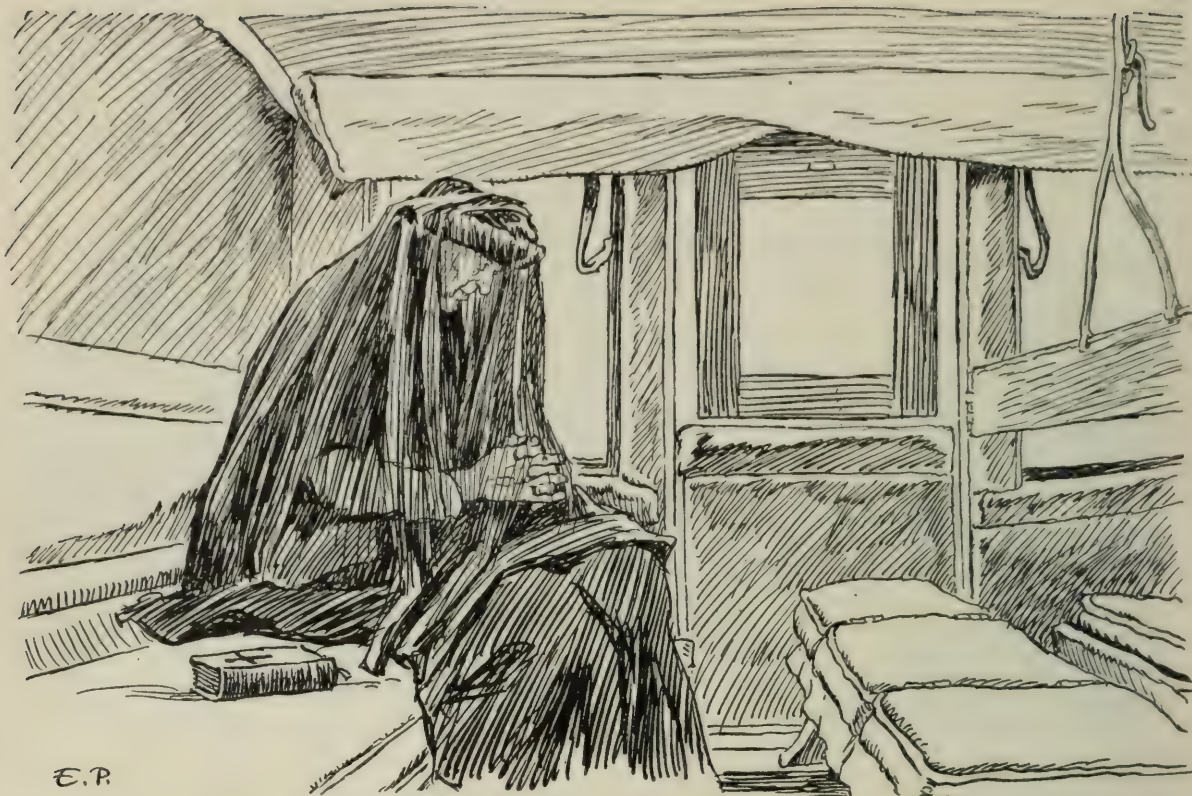
*All are dead; yea, son and all.
Yokels own me. Hear them call?
"Make a wagon with them wheels,
Come next fall!"*

*Black, O veils, how black were ye!
As to the Gethsemane
Of his grave she rode, and wept—
Still with me!*

*Lads have ripped my curtains out,
Stoned my windows, made a rout
Of my cushions, straps and all,
Round about.*

*Leaden years. She (grayly numb,
Life burned low and laughter dumb)
Smiled when the Death-angel dark
Whispered, "Come! . . ."*



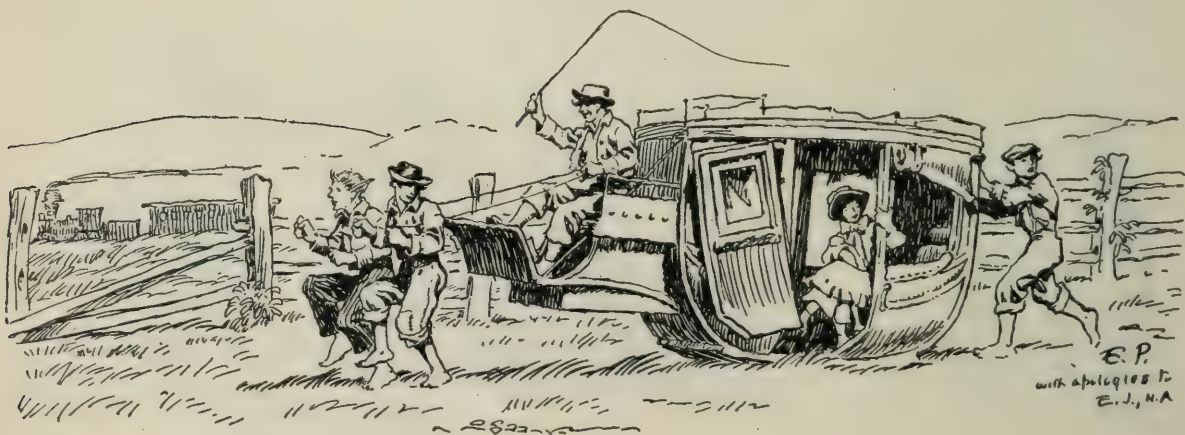


E.P.

*Soon dismembered I shall be,
Wagon made from part o' me;
Part tossed over the garden wall
You shall see.*

*'Chance, green vines may warmly spill
Wine of color on me, still.
Children find me yet, at play,
Down the hill.*

*I shall dream, and dreaming lie
Under summer's sapphire sky.
Just "that old coach." Nothing more,
Save—good-bye. . . .*



E.P.
with apologies to
E.J., N.A.

Difficult Navigation

BY HARRIET WELLES

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSCAR F. HOWARD



THE admiral's wife put down the last letter and glanced across the breakfast-table; her husband was deep in the newspaper account of Egyptian excavations; at her right her aviator-nephew frowned over the Associated Press despatches describing an airplane disaster. Mrs. Chisholm sighed; her men-folk were happily oblivious to the existence of the morning's mail, she decided; and looked again over the pile of requests and notifications.

Eleven of the envelopes held invitations to act as patroness on entertainments to be given for various charities in the near-by city, where the admiral's shore billet included the command of all the naval activities in the district; each invitation enclosed a half dozen tickets, with instructions for the mailing of checks: "If this keeps on I'll be hunting for the address of a poorhouse that has a southern exposure," grumbled Mrs. Chisholm half aloud.

The admiral looked up from his paper. "Just think, Mary, this tomb was right under Rameses's! If, when we visited the Valley of the Kings, I had dreamed of such a thing, I'd have been there yet, digging. . . . But they aren't certain that they've found Tutankhamen. . . ."

"He's lucky if he can dodge them," commented Mrs. Chisholm gloomily, piling up her letters.

Jim Langdon pushed over his coffee-cup and smiled affectionately at her. "Business seems to be flourishing with you, Aunt Mary! Among all those letters you must-have *something* interesting!"

Mrs. Chisholm spread out several typewritten notifications from the Washington Headquarters of the Navy Relief Society. Jim read the nearest one aloud:

VOL. LXXIV.—46

"To Mrs. Chisholm, President N.R.S. Auxiliary:

"Will you kindly let us have your recommendation on the case of Mrs. James Armstrong, 27 Douglass Street, supposed to be dependent widow of Gunner Frederick Armstrong, who died at the naval hospital on the 26th of April?"

He glanced at the similar notices. "You'll have a busy morning, Aunt Mary!"

"Yes. . . . And I wanted to work in the garden. If the sweet peas and the calendulas aren't picked they'll stop blossoming." She glanced at the address on the nearest slip. "It's very depressing to try to hearten the poor souls, and to find out if, by some miracle, they've saved enough to tide them over. I hate to pry into their affairs. . . . There are several local cases that aren't deaths, and I'll have one session of sharpening my wits!" She lifted her voice. "Henry! Give Tutankhamen a rest, and listen to me! . . . What do you think? . . . That gifted protégée of yours, Maggie Jenks, has written the Navy Relief to ask for help; she's put imagination and her best literary effort into her letter, for they quote that she 'has eight children, and rents are high'! When I think of the way I've looked out for her, I could shake her! . . . Of course she never dreamed that her request would be referred back to me. She probably expected that, after they'd read her wail, they'd send her a large check—as soon as they could see through their tears!"

"Why, Aunt Mary!" Jim Langdon laughed: "Who under the sun is Maggie Jenks? Seems to me I've heard the name before——"

"She belongs to Henry——"

The admiral interrupted. "She's the daughter of an old boatswain named Johnson, who was guide, philosopher, and

friend to a gang of us midshipmen when we were on our first cruise. Johnson was wonderfully kind to me when I nearly died from typhoid and homesickness off Rio—he never came back aboard ship from liberty without bringing me indigestible stuff to eat. . . . Johnson was old navy—and the most elaborately picturesque liar I've ever met. If his daughter, Mrs. Jenks, takes after him, I wouldn't bother trying to circumvent her, Mary, you'll be wasting your time!" The admiral chuckled. "I'll never forget Johnson and the Duke of Edinburgh!"

Jim Langdon leaned forward. "Tell us!"

"Those were the good old days when the junior naval officer knew his place and stayed in it. . . . We midshipmen took the air aft with the warrant officers—instead of daring to pretend that we had a right to exist on the same earth with the captain. . . . Old Johnson enlivened his leisure moments by filling us up with miscellaneous misinformation on every subject from navigation to Who's-who-in-all-the-countries-of-Asia-and-Europe!

"Toward the end of the cruise our ship visited England and dropped anchor near the Channel Fleet, which the Duke of Edinburgh commanded. Of course we lads wanted to see an admiral-duke; we indulged in a lot of conversation concerning him. . . . That was Johnson's chance, and he rose to it! According to him the duke had been his most intimate friend during an American ship's long sojourn at Malta; they had gone ashore together for long walks every afternoon. 'Them's some of my fam'ly's old antique coats of arms' Johnson quoted the duke as saying of some gadgets carved above doorways. 'I didn't know that any of our ships ever stayed long at Malta, Johnson,' commented one of the midshipmen. 'There's lots *you* don't know!' parried Johnson witheringly, and went on to further and enlarged accounts of his intimacy with the duke.

"In some circuitous way, knowledge of Johnson's yarns reached our captain and he, paying an official call upon the admiral of the Channel Fleet, enlivened a formal occasion by recounting Old Johnson's boastings to us wide-eyed midshipmen. The Duke of Edinburgh was amused. . . .

On the day when he returned our captain's visit we midshipmen were lined up in the various menial positions where juniors belong; Old Johnson, at the gangway, piped the duke over the side.

"After he finished greeting our captain the admiral gave a little chuckle and lifted his voice. 'I hear that you have a friend of mine aboard, captain; I'd be glad to see my old shipmate Boatswain Johnson!' Our skipper grinned. 'Certainly, sir,' he said, and turned to Johnson. 'The admiral wants to speak to you!'

"Poor Old Johnson was completely scuttled, he dropped his cap, his knees knocked together, he dropped his pipe; the perspiration came out on his forehead. Somehow he stepped forward. The duke shook hands with him. 'I haven't forgotten those nice walks we used to take together in Malta, Johnson! . . . Glad to see you again', he said; then turned away to go to the captain's cabin.

"As soon as we were dismissed we midshipmen dashed aft to await Johnson, and have the laugh of our lives at his expense—but we didn't know him. . . . Somewhere—between the time when he stood before the duke, a picture of guilty misery, and the time when he returned to us—he had recaptured his poise. As his head appeared—before we could say one word—he straightened, glared at us, thumped himself on the chest. 'Didn't I tell you the duke and me was friends? Now who's a damned old liar?' he roared."

The admiral joined in the laughter, then sobered. "Poor Johnson! I went to see him just before he died, and after asking me to sort of keep an eye on his daughter, he commenced to rage over the consistency of hospital soup: 'You could see bottom in fifteen fathom of it,' he told me."

Admiral Chisholm pushed back his chair. "I'd give Mrs. Jenks anything she asked for, Mary, she'll get it in the end—if she takes after her father!"

"That's the trouble with you, Henry, no matter how preposterous any one is, if they belong to the old navy, or enlist your sympathy, you'll forgive them anything." Mrs. Chisholm turned to her nephew. "Flying this morning, Jim?"

He nodded. "Battle practice. . . . Come out at ten, Aunt Mary, and I'll do a barrel roll right over this house. . . . Or perhaps a falling leaf would match the garden better? What's the matter with those seedlings I helped you transplant?"

Mrs. Chisholm groaned. "Snails—a million strong—and I haven't time to slaughter them! Living in California has ruined Browning's poems for me. 'The snail's on the thorn,'" she quoted scathingly; "I wish I had *our* snails so well trained!" She went to the door to wave her husband and her nephew off, pausing to smile rather wistfully as Jim Langdon's contagious laugh floated back. "Elizabeth would have hated to have him fly," she said half aloud. Elizabeth, her only sister, had died when Jim was born. Mrs. Chisholm had brought him up. "I adored Elizabeth—but I never knew what to expect of her. Jim's like her—that's why he went into aviation. . . . Yes?"

"The chaplain is in the library, ma'am."

Mrs. Chisholm turned back. From the library sofa a pleasant-faced officer—wearing a gold-embroidered cross upon the sleeve of his uniform—rose to greet her. The chaplain held a paper with a list of names and addresses, and a sheaf of bills for Mrs. Chisholm's approval.

"Navy Relief doesn't intend to let any sailor's wife enjoy herself at the hospital unless I'm a party to it," commented the admiral's wife, switching on the desk light. She went carefully over the itemized accounts; only one was questioned. "Does Mrs. Curran's husband get less than sixty dollars a month? . . . Is she eligible to have her whole bill paid? . . . I seem to remember that we discussed this case."

"They've had three babies in thirty-one months and it's taken them over a year to pay for the oldest child's funeral——"

"I remember——" Mrs. Chisholm initialled the bill, glanced at her list, switched off the desk light.

The chaplain bundled his papers together. "I went to see those people who wrote you about borrowing some money; the man's a coxswain, his pay is ninety-six dollars a month, they have five chil-

dren—and they've contracted to buy a combination gas-and-electric stove for one hundred and seventy-five dollars on the instalment plan——"

"*Lunatics!* . . . Of course you told them that we wouldn't encourage anything like that! The stove must go back! What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything. . . . The sailor's wife told me that she'd never before owned anything handsome and that, all the rest of her life, she was going to cook three meals a day——" The chaplain hesitated. "I thought it was a woman's place to speak severely to her."

Mrs. Chisholm sniffed. "Don't ever let yourself be decoyed into discussing anything so incriminatingly compromising as a cook-stove," she advised dryly, visualizing a tired figure eternally bent above the magnificence of that combination range. . . . They were standing in the outer doorway as she spoke; glancing up she saw overhead nine planes flying in echelon formation and, as she looked, they went simultaneously into a tail spin, straightened, resumed their original stations, winging across the sky. . . . Mrs. Chisholm could picture her nephew's amusement if he could have seen her consternation. "There must be a dreadful increase in heart-disease among aviators' relatives!"

"It's really not so dangerous as dodging automobiles," the chaplain assured her.

She thought it over. "I never was interested in aviation before. Until my husband was ordered to shore duty here, where there is a naval air station, my nephew hadn't lived with us since he went to Annapolis. . . ." She held out her hand. "I know you're busy—and I'll have to be starting if I'm to get all these visits in."

Mrs. Chisholm had an eventful morning. The first stops were at the homes of the widows of whose bereavements she had been notified. One needed temporary financial assistance from the Navy Relief Society; the second, having three children born in the State, was eligible for a mother's pension; the other two were returning to their own people.

The next address produced a Czechoslovakian woman with a strident voice and positive views concerning her sailor-

husband's country. Mrs. Chisholm let her talk herself into a rage of vituperation before she halted the tirade. "That will do. *Not another word!* . . . If you had married one of your own countrymen he wouldn't have *dreamed* of handing his wages over to you; neither would your shopkeepers have let you buy showy flimsy finery on the instalment plan."

The woman, being of the class which employs tears as a movie cowboy uses a gun, broke into loud wailing. Mrs. Chisholm was not impressed. "*In America* every seaport city has free libraries, night schools, and extension courses where you can study millinery and dress-making and learn to make *cheaply* the finery you covet. Why don't you avail yourself of your opportunities—instead of annoying every one?"

After that the admiral's wife visited a hospital and left layettes to be given to two young mothers whose husbands' pay—according to the chaplain's investigations—could not be stretched to cover baby clothes. She went next to a number forwarded to her by the physician at Neighborhood House—and found a seventeen-year-old mother and a dying child. The sailor-husband, aboard a destroyer in the harbor, drew fifty-four dollars a month, twenty-two of which went in rent for two cold dark rooms. A glance at the wailing baby and at the mother was all that was necessary to convince Mrs. Chisholm that an actual lack of nourishing food was the cause of the condition; a few quiet and kindly questions revealed the fact that delicatessen shopkeepers were the recipients of the tiny salary. The admiral's wife proceeded cautiously: "Had the baby been baptized? . . . No? . . . That was a pity! . . . A citizen of God's world should be enlisted in God's army. . . . And what about letting Doctor Bemis, the specialist on children's ailments, look the baby over? . . . And if"—she corrected herself hastily—"I mean *when*, the baby gets better, I want you to go up to the afternoon class at the high school and take the course in plain cooking."

Although Mrs. Chisholm's voice was cheerful her face was grave. "These pathetic improvident young people—and the criminally negligent mothers who,

having been too lazy to train their daughters, welcome the chance to be rid of them through early marriages—" she soliloquized. Whether from anticipation or from dread she had left the Jenks visit until last and, as she stopped in front of the house, the small yard seemed so turbulently full of the Jenkses offspring that Mrs. Chisholm glanced apprehensively at the picket fence to see if it bulged. Mrs. Jenks, attired in a flowery, canton-flannel kimona, sat in a rocking-chair on the porch. If the admiral had been present he would have recognized the interested cock of her head as an inherited mannerism—but Mrs. Jenks's voice was properly doleful. "You look more like Miss Elizabeth every day, ma'am! . . . I was thinkin' my father's old friends had forgotten me—or have you been ailin'—like meself?"

The admiral's wife refused this lead. "Maggie Johnson, *what do you mean* by writing to the Navy Relief Society for help—when you've had more done for you than any other ten people?"

Mrs. Jenks was visibly nonplussed. "Who's been a-lyin' about me?" she countered. "Wasn't it only last night I was a-runnin' through the cards an' the two of spades kept comin' up—an' didn't I say to Tim, 'Some one's a-makin' trouble for me'?" But her tone carried no conviction.

"If any one made one-fiftieth of the trouble for you that you unhesitatingly make for other people, you'd be too busy to be sitting in idleness on the porch at eleven-thirty in the morning!" Mrs. Chisholm's voice was wrathful. "You idle women, who are too indolent to train your children, are public nuisances! How can you expect your daughters to sew, or cook, or intelligently spend small earnings, when they never see their mother doing anything useful?"

"Sewin' makes me nervous."

"*It doesn't!* It isn't possible for a fat woman to be nervous!"

Mrs. Jenks was getting her breath. "The reason I'm a-settin' here is because I'm weak-like and all of a-tremble! Wasn't it less than ten minutes since that a girl was a-hangin' some window fixtures, an' not bein' able to find the hammer she up an' grabs a brass cartridge

her young man had give her, an' she hits the curtain bracket a wallop with it——"

The admiral's wife did not catch the gist of this account. "Well, what of it?" she inquired.

Mrs. Jenks arose to act out the calamity. "She hit the screw a wallop——an' it was one of those foot-high brass cartridges *an' good*: it blew her head off . . . an' she, with all her weddin' clothes ready to marry the lad what give her the cartridge!"

"How dreadful! What a terrible thing to have happen! Where did she live?"

Mrs. Jenks had resumed her chair. "A friend of mine, Miss Perkins, was a-tellin' me about it. . . . An' as for doin' for myself, Mis' Chisholm, ma'am, what can a woman do that's tied to a house with eight kids?" Her voice quavered with pathos. "That's the worst of doin' your duty raisin' a fam'ly! All the lively folks that rides in automobiles think you're lazy!"

"I don't think—I *know*! What are you training your children to do? Instead of teaching the girls plain cooking and sewing, encouraging the boys to earn and save a little money by delivering papers, sprinkling lawns, or running errands, you let them scream the neighbors deaf—while you sit on the porch waiting for people to do for you!"

"Sure, you've been *real good*!" Mrs. Jenks executed one of her conversational flank movements with which, often before, she had routed her visitor. ("First she's against you; then she's all for you—until you can't tell *which* side she's talking on," Mrs. Chisholm was wont to complain to the admiral.) Mrs. Jenks went blithely forward: "As I was a-sayin' to Miss Perkins—the girl who's always askin' questions about you, an' the admiral, an' Miss Elizabeth's lad, Mr. Jim—"They're me father's old friends, an' they'd give me the fillin's out'n their teeth if I needed 'em'! Miss Perkins is a nice girl—but flighty. Her folks say she ain't never been the same since she got hurt in the head actin' in the movies up to Hollywood. I never seen any one who wanted to get their name in the newspaper like she does; she says that ev'ry one at Hollywood knows an' proves that

all you need to be famous is newspaper not'riety! . . . I was tellin' her you had a heart of gold——"

Mrs. Chisholm's voice was determined. "I'm commencing to realize that I've been doing you a real wrong in letting you drift this way. Your daughters will have a can-opener and a ticket to the movies for each of their doweries—like the forlorn girl with a starving baby, that I saw this morning—unless I stop this very day! . . . Don't appeal to me or to the society for help again, until you can show that you're trying to train your children to be responsible, useful, future citizens. Weeding gardens is just as healthful an out-of-door sport as tearing around the yard, shrieking'——"

"What about the baby? Poor lamb—a-sleepin' so peaceful in his crib with nothin' to look forward to but learnin' to walk so's he can go to work——"

"You know perfectly well that I don't mean the baby—but Jimmy is fifteen, Maggie is thirteen, and Tim is eleven; lots of boys and girls earn money before they're as old as that." Mrs. Chisholm arose. "Don't let me hear from you again unless you've an honest reason for asking help." She might have spared herself anxiety concerning the young Jenkses being brought up in idleness; hardly had her automobile left the curb when Mrs. Jenks was issuing orders like a general: "Jimmy, the baby's frettin', take him up! Maggie, get a pan of onions an' potatoes an' boil 'em with the skins on!" She settled comfortably back in her chair. "Here comes the Perkins girl to ask questions about Mis' Chisholm——"

But if Mrs. Jenks was serene and cheerful, the admiral's wife was not; riding back toward the Naval Station she thought of the pathetic sick baby and pondered, for the thousandth time, over life's inequalities. To the Jenkses she gave a rueful sigh; they were of the "old navy" and indivisibly tied to her husband for life—to be scolded, warned, helped, disowned with exactly the same result: the admiral, remembering Old Johnson in the light of midshipman days and many far-flung cruises, would never see the boatswain's daughter run foul of her just reward. And no one was more cognizant of this comfortable fact than Maggie Jenks!

"I'd like to shake her!" murmured Mrs. Chisholm half aloud, under cover of the aviation station's siren announcing noon.

. . . Over her head the bombing, scouting, and battle planes were winging homeward toward the landing field and the mother ship; the air was vibrant with the roaring of their engines; from high above came the subdued humming of the practice squadron returning from manoeuvres to its base. . . .

The chauffeur was moved to voice his admiration: "Don't they do that echelon fine, ma'am? . . . *Oh, look—*"

Even as he spoke one of the planes wavered . . . veered . . . tilted drunkenly forward . . . and then, like some wounded erratic bird . . . commenced to descend . . . in strange, jerky darts . . . bow foremost. . . .

Mrs. Chisholm felt suddenly faint. "Will they land on the ground . . . or in the bay . . .?"

There was no need to answer. The plane, gaining momentum, pitched more swiftly downward . . . and came to the end of its last flight with a splintering crash . . . its nose driven deep into the earth by the force of its fall. . . .

For a few seconds there was a stupefied pause; men, at work in the repair shops, dropped their tools, stood transfixed; sailors rushed from the hangars and stopped, breathless; loaded motor lorries and cars came to a sharp halt; a detachment of aviation mechanics, marching toward the Fleet Air barracks, broke ranks to stand, staring. . . .

. . . And then the station came suddenly to life: the ambulance—always manned and equipped during flight hours—dashed from its parking place in front of the dispensary, hardly waiting for a signal from the doctor officer of the day, as he jumped for the running-board. Behind them, in the dispensary entrance, Mrs. Chisholm could see the sailor hospital orderlies running toward the store-room, wheeling out the stretchers. The senior doctor superintended a hasty clearing of an operating-room; gave a sharp command for the convalescent patients to sun themselves on the opposite side of the building, and followed the stretchers to the doorway. . . .

. . . Across the field, over ridges, holes,

and hillocks sped the ambulance to where the great plane stood. It looked frail, useless and futile now—and its two occupants were very still; one, the observer, strangely twisted and crumpled, was already dead—his ribs through his heart. The other, the pilot, was lifted, breathing, into the ambulance. The doctor, glancing at the wrecked plane, clambered quickly in beside his unconscious charge, and spoke to his assistant: "He didn't have a prayer! Controls jammed—that's the cause of nine-tenths of the aviation crashes! . . ." He shook his head at the limp figure on the stretcher. "Now *why* do accidents *always* happen to the best fliers? *That's Jim Langdon!*" he said.

During the rest of her life Mrs. Chisholm will never voluntarily speak of the nightmare days which followed. Jim Langdon's life hung in the balance; a tense stillness settled over the commandant's house—broken only by the shrill importunities of the telephone bell, when friends and acquaintances voiced inquiries and messages of sympathy and encouragement. . . . Twice, from a grocery store near her home, Mrs. Jenks called up the admiral's quarters and gave the house-boy instructions to tell Mrs. Chisholm of her pity. "Knowing how the madam loved Miss Elizabeth's lad I couldn't feel any sorrier if it was one of my own! Tell her that Maggie Johnson says she's too good to have such a trouble!"

The admiral delivered the message. He was having a difficult time during those long days—while his wife heaped condemnation upon herself. "Elizabeth left Jim to me to love and take care of—and I let him go into aviation. If he dies, I'm responsible. I could have stopped him by *absolutely refusing* to allow him to take up flying, when you overruled me by siding with him!"

The admiral's decisive voice was gentle. "No, you couldn't have stopped him, Mary; flying was as the breath of life to Jim—he would hardly talk on any subject but aviation and its future; he conversationally eliminated forts, armies, navies, and battleships as useless junk. I've often heard him say that he'd rather be a penniless flier than a land-anchored multibillionaire."



From a drawing by Oscar F. Howard.

"What can a woman do that's tied to a house with eight kids?"—Page 725.

She would not listen. "*Why* do men have to go on inventing hideous, torturing, destructive things? . . . Wasn't the world miserable enough before—without adding airplanes and submarines?" She broke into breathless sobbing. "Elizabeth—and Jim. . . ."

And every afternoon Mrs. Chisholm went to the hospital to sit beside her nephew's bed and suffer anew as he stared at her with blank unrecognizing eyes . . . Jim . . . who, from the days of a diminutive birthday-cake ornamented by one pink candle, had never failed to smile a welcome to his adored Aunt Mary. . . . Outside, the meadow-larks sang to deaf ears during that interminable spring; snails feasted, unmolested, upon the plants in her neglected garden. . . .

But as the days went slowly past and Lieutenant Langdon lived, the doctors became more optimistic. True, he did not know any one—but later, when he was a little stronger, they would attempt to locate the pressure which was causing the trouble. The local newspapers, mentioning the physician's bulletins, commented that Lieutenant James Langdon could not speak, did not recognize his nearest relatives. . . .

Mrs. Chisholm commenced to hope. "We'll send for a great surgeon to help—when the doctors think that Jim can stand the added shock of an operation. . . . It may be just a little splinter of bone. Mrs. Barnard was telling me of her son's accident—and now he's perfectly well and strong. . . ." As the admiral did not answer she paused to question. "Henry, didn't you hear me? . . . What is the matter? . . . *Have the doctors discovered something that you're afraid to tell me?*"

"Not the doctors—the chaplain. . . ." The admiral lifted a silencing hand. "Mary, did Jim ever tell you that he was married?"

She could not believe that she had heard aright. "*Married!*"

He nodded. "The girl who claims to be his wife has a baby about five months old."

Mrs. Chisholm stared at her husband in speechless amazement.

"I've seen the young woman and the baby—she applied to the chaplain, who brought her to my office. She's exceed-

ingly nervous, due—I suppose—to the shock from hearing of Jim's accident. She went up to the hospital—but he didn't recognize her."

Mrs. Chisholm had found her voice. "It's an absolute falsehood! There isn't a word of truth in it! The woman is an impostor!" Her voice trembled. "Why should Jim want to keep his marriage from *me*? He'd know that I'd love any girl he married! As for his baby—! It's monstrous that you should even listen to such a story, Henry! . . . Turn the woman over to the police!"

"I wouldn't care to do that, Mary. The young woman seems to know a great deal about us, about Elizabeth's death, and Jim's father remarrying; and about Jim, and you, and me—things that only a person who knew our family well would be likely to know. And if she *is* Jim's wife, I wouldn't care to tell him that we'd failed her at a time like this."

"*It isn't true!*" Her voice faltered. "Did she show you her marriage certificate? . . . I suppose she wants money!"

He shook his head. "You're misjudging her. She says Jim didn't want to announce their marriage until he gets his promotion. From her rather disjointed account I gathered that he wanted her to study and improve herself."

"*Of course she's pretty!*"

"Not at all. . . . She's a forlorn looking girl with wild hair, and she's pathetically thin." The admiral hesitated. "Knowing Jim, I imagine that she appealed to his sympathies. She's theatrically inclined and, if she realized that Jim thought her misused or unhappy, she probably acted up to all the possibilities of the part——"

"Oh, stop!" Mrs. Chisholm's eyes were full of tears. "What did she come to you for? Money? . . . Who are her people? Where does she live? Why has she waited until now to let us know that she's Jim's wife?"

"She feels that if Jim dies it's only fair that we should acknowledge the baby. She's visiting some friends who live over on the edge of town—her people are in Pensacola; Jim met her while he was in training there. She never spoke of money. . . . I've seen her three times, and only after I couldn't help noticing

that she didn't look particularly prosperous, and told her that I knew you'd want to be sure the baby had everything it needed, could I persuade her to accept anything. You'd find it pathetic to hear her first inquiry: 'Has *he* recognized anyone yet?'"

"Is the baby cunning?" Mrs. Chisholm asked; then stiffened. "I don't believe that she's Jim's wife! I won't acknowledge her——"

The admiral's voice was grave. "Don't forget that she isn't asking anything but a square deal from us, Mary. She wouldn't come to our house or accept favors from us. She doesn't seem to want anything but the newspaper announcements that she's Jim's wife. . . . As for the baby—it looks so like every other baby that I feel as if I'd seen it before!"

Unintentionally, this last remark was the admiral's strongest plea in support of the young woman's claims. "The baby looks familiar, because it's like Jim," Mrs. Chisholm decided. With a little shiver of aversion she faced this new view-point—to find herself definitely hoping that, if the baby were Jim's, the girl who was its mother would be able to bring forward all the legal documents necessary to establish her claims. . . . If Jim did not get well . . . his aunt could not endure to have a single memory of him in which his eyes were not straight-glancing, his head held bravely erect. . . .

During all her busy years up to then, Mrs. Chisholm had never known more than a passing discouragement—but this was different. Looking back, life became in retrospect both futile and purposeless: little remote islands of happiness, suspense, and grief set in a vast and lonely sea. "I've accomplished less than nothing. . . . I've been satisfied just to drift. . . . It wouldn't matter if I'd never lived." She was suddenly and unaccountably tired mentally and physically. What was the use of all this elaborate profitless struggle?

Several incidents contributed to her disillusionment. The child specialist had put the frail baby on certified feeding; sufficient money was furnished his seventeen-year-old mother to pay, monthly, for what was prescribed. At first the

baby gained; then lapsed. The chaplain, investigating, speedily secured the information that, among some clothing donated to the young mother, there had been an Alice-blue hat in which she found herself so attractive that she had promptly spent the baby's milk money for a dress to match.

"I've ordered the bills sent to us, from now on," commented the chaplain. Mrs. Chisholm nodded listlessly. He went on: "That Czecho-Slovakian woman who was crazy for finery—you remember her?—well she found a way to achieve it through forming a partnership with a local bootlegger. She was arrested last week, and she's been retired from active service. . . . I feel so sorry for her husband: it will take him months to pay her bills—he's only a coxswain."

The admiral's wife did not answer. The chaplain, glancing at her, was struck with the look of utter discouragement in her face. "You mustn't feel like that, Mrs. Chisholm! After all, most of the cases we get are of people who aren't of average mentality. Think of the thousands of sailor families who live on their pay——"

"It's all so ugly and dreary and hopeless," she said.

Life will not stand still for calamities. Imperceptibly Mrs. Chisholm found herself engulfed in the old round of duties and responsibilities: a Japanese cruiser dropped anchor in the harbor and the ranking officers lunched at the commandant's house; the British naval attaché, arriving for a courtesy inspection of the district—and bringing personal letters of introduction to the Chisholms—was welcomed as a guest at the admiral's quarters for the week of his stay; an Italian gunboat, en route to the Orient, stopped to coal and to give her crew liberty; the captain dined at the commandant's—while the patrol officers, ashore, engaged in a lively evening of sorting out passionate differences of opinion between the visiting sailors and the native sons; the governor of a Mexican province, immediately adjacent to the border, came up to pay an official call—bringing his wife and all of her relatives with him. As none of them spoke English, an elaborate meal was

consumed to an accompaniment of signs and exclamations.

The telephone ceased to be a medium for conveying sympathy; the mail was full of demands and petitions again; the chaplain came to discuss cases, to hand in reports and suggestions. Several small navy children had to be entered in the Children's Home while their mothers were absent in tubercular camps; a sailor husband—aged nineteen—had a tiny baby left for him at the local Y. M. C. A. by a welfare officer from another city. "Tell him his wife's been sent to the hospital, and she gave his name as next of kin," was the message delivered with the baby. ("If you didn't want to cry you'd have to laugh!" Mrs. Chisholm commented to the chaplain when the baby had been rescued after three strenuously vocal hours in the Y.) A French war-bride was found in a rooming-house, coughing her life away—her husband cooked her breakfast before he went on duty; hurried home after working hours to cook her dinner—and was moved to a suitable place, given every care, and her idiosyncrasies overlooked—because the days of her discontent were so nearly over. The seventeen-year-old mother brought her baby—less frail now—for baptism, one Sunday after the chaplain's regular service.

And still Jim Langdon wandered through strange mazes of forgetfulness—and Mrs. Chisholm had seen his wife, and had taken a violent dislike to her.

But not to the baby—the baby was different! . . . True, it didn't look at all like Jim . . . and yet there was something about it hauntingly familiar. Mrs. Chisholm was increasingly perplexed about that resemblance. "Henry, is it because we've never had any babies of our own, that all of them look alike to us?"

The admiral nodded. "Probably." He hesitated. "Mary, I think it's time we talked over making some provision for Jim's wife. He's never made her an allotment—I know, I asked the paymaster. And now that Jim can't draw his pay, she must need money. I've sent my aide twice to the house of the friends she's visiting—but evidently they're working people because they're never at home."

He moved restlessly. "Jim's wife told me to-day that she was going away to get work. . . . She feels that we are treating her unfairly in not letting her make her marriage public. She has talked to two newspaper men in town—and they called me up to verify the report." The admiral paused again. "I asked them, as a personal favor, not to publish anything until after the surgeon gives his opinion concerning Jim."

"It's good of them to consider our wishes." Apathetically she added: "Nothing seems to matter much any more. I'm too tired to care."

"That's the aftermath of a nervous shock."

"Perhaps." She hesitated. "Henry, that girl isn't *fit* to take care of a baby: she all but holds it upside down!" Mrs. Chisholm's voice was tense. "Why shouldn't we keep Jim's child? She'd have to board it among strangers if she took a position—and I don't want strangers to have it!"

"Suggest that to her."

"I have!"

"I hope that you were kind, Mary."

Mrs. Chisholm avoided his eyes. "It wasn't a case for kindness on *my* part! She was like a fury. 'No one shall separate me from my child!' she screamed."

"There's nothing unnatural about mother-love, Mary."

"*I don't like her!* . . . First she mauls the baby around, calls it 'lover,' talks about 'thrilling at the touch of its hands,' says it's all that's left in life for her (and all the time I have a feeling that she's watching me out of the corner of her eye to see how I'm taking it); and next thing she's letting the baby fall and hurt itself badly; it will have a big bruise over its eye from the way it struck its head yesterday. . . . I told her she wasn't *fit* to handle a baby!"

The admiral kept a wise silence.

"She was angry!" commented his wife. "Of course she isn't a gentlewoman—that's very apparent when she loses her temper—but I was sorry afterward that I'd been severe with her (the poor baby had cried itself to sleep) and I tried to make amend by telling her that the specialist comes to-morrow. 'Just think! Next week at this time Jim may be able

to recognize us!' I said. She wouldn't even answer!"

The admiral made no comment.

Mrs. Chisholm pretended to ignore him. "It makes me *ill* to see a helpless baby mistreated."

There was silence.

"Especially if it is Jim's baby," she said.

"If you feel that way about it, why don't you have a straight-forward talk with her—ask her to bring out her proofs, and get this mean business on a reasonable footing?" The admiral was in earnest. "Do you know, Mary, your attitude in this matter is very perplexing to me! Usually you're so kind, so just—but not where this unfortunate girl is concerned. I can't get your view-point! . . . Unless she has known Jim, where could she have learned the things about his mother, about you, that she repeats?" His voice was grave. "I'm increasingly sorry for that young woman, Mary; there's something definitely wrong with her. . . . I only hope that, for your future peace of mind, she isn't going to have a mental collapse over Jim and over our treatment of her when she asked for recognition."

Never before during their married life had her husband spoken so to her. Mrs. Chisholm's voice was as serious as his. "The surgeon arrives at ten? . . . I'll go out to see . . . her . . . and be back at the hospital by the time the doctors have finished the consultation. . . ."

Very early the next morning the commanding officer at the naval hospital telephoned Admiral Chisholm; the admiral's face was very sober as he hung up the receiver and stood for a moment, pondering. "Perhaps I'd better let her go to see Jim's wife; it will save her a couple of hours of useless anxiety," he muttered; and went out to the dining-room. After breakfast he hurried Mrs. Chisholm off, emphasizing the need for her to be back at the hospital by ten-thirty.

She gave the address to the chauffeur. "Elm Street. I don't know where that is—I never heard of the street before."

He consulted a map of the city. "It's out near the Jenks. Elm Street is only three blocks long."

Arrived at the number, no one answered the door-bell. A passing post-

man volunteered the information that the folks who lived there owned, and ran, a grocery—and left home early.

"Haven't they a visitor—a young woman with a baby?"

The postman thought not.

Mrs. Chisholm went back to the car. "Go to Mrs. Jenks," she directed, adding to herself: "If there's one woman who will know everything about each person in the neighborhood, it will be Maggie Johnson! Besides, I haven't heard a word from her in weeks. . . . They must have found an oil-well in their back yard—this is the longest she's ever gone without wailing for help."

Mrs. Jenks' greeting was sincere and sympathetic. "My heart ached for you, ma'am! Rememberin' Miss Elizabeth, wasn't I knowin' how hard you'd take Mr. Jim's accident? . . . You're lookin' thin an' peaked! . . . Come in whilst I brew you a cup of tea."

Insensibly Mrs. Chisholm relaxed under the warmth of her kindness. Old friends might have their failings—but they had their advantages, too. "It's been ghastly—and it isn't over. . . . Thank you, but I don't care for tea so early in the morning——"

Mrs. Jenks put on the kettle. "You're too tired to know what's good for you. . . . As I was sayin' to a friend of mine—she's awful interested in the admiral, an' Mr. Jim, an' you—they're *kind* folks——"

"I'm not so kind as you think! . . . By the way, do you know a young woman, with a small baby, who is visiting at 26 Elm Street?"

"I know the folks at 26—but their daughter ain't married. She's the girl I was tellin' you about: the one that got hurt bein' rescued from a sinkin' ship in the movies."

Mrs. Chisholm looked at her paper. "It certainly says 26, and Elm Street is only three blocks long. Don't you know of any young woman, with a baby, who's been visiting there for over twelve weeks?"

"You've got the wrong street! . . . No stranger *could* stay on Elm Street that long—an' me not know it!" Mrs. Jenks bustled to the china-closet and ostentatiously took down an ornate tea-set.

The admiral's wife knew what was ex-

pected of her. "*Of course* I want tea—if I can have it out of anything so beautiful! . . . What handsome china! . . . How have you been getting on? . . . Are the children well? . . . And I must see the baby before I go."

Mrs. Jenks sobered. "I took your advice about puttin' one of the childer to a light job, ma'am—up to two days ago it worked grand. I was honestly thankful to you for suggestin' it—but I ain't so grateful now!" She opened a door and peered into a darkened room. "He's still sleepin'. Come in quiet an' you won't wake him."

The admiral's wife tiptoed after her.

Maggie Jenks lowered her voice to a sibilant whisper. "I've been rentin' him out to Miss Perkins for a movie act. . . . She's had him eight afternoons, at five dollars each—but I won't rent him again—money or no money! She ain't right in the head herself—from some movie accident—an' just look at the bruise on his temple that she brought the poor lamb back with, two days ago——"

Mrs. Chisholm's eyes had become accustomed to the half-light; bending above the crib she stared in aghast unbelief at the Jenks baby and its bruised forehead. "*No wonder* I thought I recognized that child! '*Movie act*'! . . . Do you know what that girl has *really* been hiring him for?"

Her voice was so tense that Mrs. Jenks shrank back, whimpering. "She said it was an act that'd get her lots of newspaper notice . . . an' you told me I ought to be makin' the childer earn some money! Miss Perkins is the girl I told you about—the one that's always askin' questions about Mr. Jim, an' the admiral, an' you——"

Admiral Chisholm had walked several miles up and down the hospital corridor; the atmosphere around him was electric. As Mrs. Chisholm came through the doorway she overheard him boomingly waylaying a scurrying junior medical officer. "*Where's Doctor Thompson?*"

The young doctor was of the new navy of amalgamated line and staff; he answered primly: "The executive officer is operating, sir."

The admiral glared at him. "Oh, he is, is he? . . . Damn lucky for the patient that it isn't the navigator—" He caught sight of his wife. "The specialist came on the early train instead of at ten—and he decided to operate right away. . . . *That was hours ago, Mary——*"

If Mrs. Chisholm had ever questioned his affection for Jim the sight of his face at that moment put all such thoughts permanently to rout. She laid a comforting hand on his arm, fought down her own fears in trying to divert his attention. "I've just come from investigating the case of that young woman who claimed to be Jim's wife. . . . You were right, Henry, she's mentally unbalanced; she had some wild idea of getting newspaper notoriety which would help her in the movies! . . . And the reason you and I thought that there was something familiar about her baby is because we knew him! . . . Don't you remember when you were godfather for the last Jenks baby?"

Admiral Chisholm stared at her. What are you talking about? What has that wild-eyed girl to do with the Jenks baby?"

"Mrs. Jenks rented him to her—she feels just dreadfully to think of the trouble she's innocently made. . . . But it was really my fault. I tried to give Maggie Johnson some good advice——"

His tone was scathing: "Didn't I tell you not to trifle with Old Johnson's daughter? If she took after her father at all, she'd be able, in ten seconds, to make good advice look like reckless rhetoric——"

He broke off sharply. A nurse was hurrying toward them down the corridor; her eyes were shining. "Lieutenant Langdon's commencing to come out from under the anæsthetic—they sent me to tell you! . . . He's just stopped mumbling about his plane to ask clearly: 'Aunt Mary?' . . . Doesn't that mean you, Mrs. Chisholm?"



Green Garden

BY DOROTHY CARUSO

DECORATION BY S. WENDELL MITCHELL

I KNOW one who made a garden.
 Not a blossom, only greens!
 Cabbages and cauliflowers,
 Peas and carrots, beets and beans.
 How she loved each wee tomato,
 Gave each pod such tender care.
 Lavished all her sweet affection
 On the things she planted there!

Wearing nothing soft or pretty,
 Only overalls, and shirt;
 Rosy cheeked, so small and solemn,
 Busy digging in the dirt.
 Earnestly she worked for hours.
 "Only greens!" The little elf
 Doesn't know the sweetest flower
 In the garden is herself!

Miss Tenny's Yellow Streak

BY MYRA MASON LINDSEY

Author of "Vanilla Wafers"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. VAN BUREN KLINE



SOMETHING was wrong with Miss Tenny. Everybody in Springtree, Mississippi, knew it, but nobody knew what it was.

Her pupils were among the first to discover that she was subtly different, that she had a secret. Then the news blew abroad on every wind, beat down with every rain, warmed and tingled under every sun. Matters had reached such a pass that the trustees of the Springtree Public School were determined to take action at the annual spring election, so the rumor ran.

Mrs. Judge Ward, who befriended everybody and scandalized everybody, said that she always knew Tennessee Cable couldn't be old Doctor Cable's daughter without showing a yellow streak some time. The old doctor, though a Mississippian, a gentleman, and a Christian, had refused to fight for the Confederacy. He had not believed in either war or slavery, and swore roundly that neither old Mrs. Stowe nor the entire Yankee army should drive him out of a Union that his grandfather, Colonel "Daredevil Bob," had died at King's Mountain to build.

True, Miss Tenny's mother had been own second cousin to General Beauregard and had been entertained by Jeff Davis at Beauvoir. True, she had tried to atone for her husband by patriotically naming her four daughters Tennessee, Texas, Alabama, and Georgia, fully intending to complete the map south of the Mason-Dixon line, had God blessed her with more daughters. But, fulminated Mrs. Judge Ward, a yellow streak won't stay hidden always; like murder, it will out.

Miss Tenny's yellow streak was an un-

conscionable time a-showing—some fifty-five years, in fact, during which the town had watched her hair fade from thick gold to thin silver. But, when it appeared, it was plain as a rocket on Honeysuckle Hill, or a circus on Lamar Avenue. Springtree saw the radiance and heard the blare, but it could not make out what lay behind either.

The town first pricked up its ears and rubbed its eyes wide last August when Miss Tenny began making regular visits to Jackson every Saturday without vouchsafing why to anybody. She always came back strangely elated and bright-eyed, but she never alluded to her absence even when Sister Huxter, the Baptist minister's wife, remarked with frequent severity that she had been sorely missed at Sunday-school.

Lola Ballard, the postmistress, maintained that Miss Tenny's mail revealed nothing of the mystery of these visits, and that, if anybody doubted her words, he was welcome to look for himself. Tillie Belle Buckle, at her stepmother's behest, did look and reported disappointedly that Miss Tenny and her sister Miss 'Bama got only the usual letters from their nieces, the Horne girls in Memphis, and several magazines.

Mrs. Joe Buckle went through the red-rose hedge and across the wide Bermuda grass lawn between her house and the Cable place, determined to cool her burning curiosity. But she got no farther than giving Miss 'Bama a jar of sweet peach pickles and the promise of a "settin'" of Barred Rock eggs. There was something about Miss 'Bama with all her blue-veined frailness and about Miss Tenny with all her brisk friendliness that checked personal questions. They were their father's own in more ways than one.

When school opened in September, the town knew that whatever had happened



From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

Miss Tenny smiled and turned her back to gather more honeysuckle.—Page 738.

or was happening to Miss Tenny was grave enough for official handling. For she changed the high-school English course that for twenty-eight years had been good enough for her to teach and for Springtree to study. She had committed what, in the Springtree neighborhood, was the unpardonable sin; she had dared to slap the wrinkled face of tradition resoundingly and to smile at the echo of the blow.

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," and "It was good for our fathers and it's good enough for me"—thus sang Springtree every Sunday, and practised the same Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and the rest of the week.

It was shocking enough to throw Macaulay and Scott and Smith's Grammar into the dust barrel, but to assign "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and Russian stories to Christian boys and girls of old Southern families was an absolute outrage. Next thing she'd have them reading Darwin and Restoration Drama and Voltaire. Not that Springtree—except, perhaps, Judge Ward, Doctor Golden, the Presbyterian minister, and Miss Tenny herself—had ever read any of these; it would as soon invite a negro preacher to Sunday dinner or the ghost of Bob Ingersoll to deliver the baccalaureate address at the May commencement. But, in some subtle way, it knew of them just as the boys knew where the eddies and quicksands were in Pearl River without ever having been sucked down into their depths.

Mrs. Judge Ward contended that Miss Tenny had never been the same since she had visited Nita Nicholas, her favorite pupil, when the latter was graduated from Bryn Mawr. Miss Tenny had announced boldly that fall that she would never again force delinquent students to copy the second book of "Paradise Lost" or Pope's "Essay on Man" as punishment. "They just hate 'em both, and so do I," she snapped. "I've read 'em so many years badly spelled and blotted that I loathe the very thought of them. Beauty and piety are no good when they are forced, anyway!"

Then came the furor about Buddie Grover and the detective stories. Buddie, freckled and fourteen, had long basked in the distinction of being "the worst boy

in school." He sang under his breath during recitation and chewed gum during study hour, sticking wads of it under his desk, thus constructing marvellous geometrical figures not to be found within the covers of his own grimy text. He often stole rides on the fast freight to Memphis and once even went blind baggage on the Panama Limited to Chicago. He had professed religion at Brother Brimstone Sullivan's latest protracted meeting just to keep the revival going so he wouldn't have to hoe his father's corn in the bottom, and, after the brethren had rather nervously extended him the right-hand of fellowship, had calmly spat into the collection plate. He whistled "Yankee Doodle" while his school fellows were decorating the graves of the Confederate dead on General Lee's birthday. And he confessed frankly and fully that his highest ambition was to be an outlaw exactly like Jesse James.

Formerly, Miss Tenny had been the only soul who could quell him; in her class he had behaved like an innocent who some day expected sainthood. Now, he read a certain volume of detective stories in her very presence without let or hindrance. It was reported that Miss Tenny had not only not frowned upon the book, which, yellow-bound and thrilling, was called "The Flamboyant Fakir," but had let other boys "speak" to Buddie for the open purpose of borrowing it. Nay, she even owned a copy herself and had been pleased to discuss it zestfully with Buddie's "crowd." After school, when she should have been "keeping in," she had followed through the harrowing mazes of "The Flamboyant Fakir" with them, her black eyes sparkling, and had actually hugged Buddie Grover when he said it was the best book he had ever read. Hugged him when he hadn't handed in his themes and conjugations for five weeks! Smiling on lawlessness! Condoning hoodlumism!

She had grown so popular with Buddie's "crowd" these spring months that it had become her habit now to go fishing with them in Blue Turkey Creek, when they had never even confided to the other boys their secret rendezvous. But worse was to come. When Honeysuckle Hill was pink as an April morning with wild honey-



From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

Behind the wheel sat Miss Tenny, driving with an air of unmistakable ownership.—Page 740.

suckle, young Bill Ward, Judge Ward's nephew, home from the A. and M. College on his Easter vacation, had rapturously kissed Sudie Grover, Buddie's slim, red-haired sister, while Miss Tenny stood by. Did she frown upon the recreants? No; she smiled and turned her back to gather more honeysuckle.

Reproved sternly for this over the garden fence by Mrs. Judge Ward next day, Miss Tenny whistled lightly and shrilly through her fingers like a boy and said she wished with all her heart that they two old fossils had kissed more boys in their youth.

"It would have kept the honeysuckle blooming longer in our hearts, Laura," she added. "Social unafraidness would have made us better women. It's a pity you didn't kiss every man that came a-wooing at your father's house before you settled on the judge. You know you wanted to in your secret heart, but you didn't have the courage. A prude is never a lady inside."

"The woman is indecent, absolutely *indecent*," railed Mrs. Judge Ward to Doctor Golden, when he paid a parochial call next day. "There's no fool like an old one. Her father was an anarchist and a traitor in his day. And I always predicted that sooner or later Tenny would break loose like a log boom in a freshet. *Now, just look.*"

"Sister Tenny is tired, I think," soothed the tall, white, old minister. "Her mind is taking this way to rest, perhaps. After all, we do wear our brains into ruts just as heavy log wagons drag out clay roads with overmuch hauling over the same route. Occasionally we must take a grassy by-road to gladden our eyes and still our own creaking and jolting."

"Tillie Belle says school ain't the same place these days," wailed Mrs. Joe Buckle to Mrs. Judge Ward. "Miss Tenny lets them boys do just as they please from readin' dangerous detective stories on up to plannin' runaway trips around the world. She confessed she'd always been sorry she wasn't a boy so's she could work her way on a tramp steamer to Mandalay. 'A free foot on the trail of life,' she called it.

"Not long ago she read 'em about a man named Lafcadio Hearn, how he was

never satisfied to stay still in one place and how he finally went to *Jap-an* and takened up with the heathens. It's terrible, I say."

Mrs. Joe Buckle continued darkly that something was bound to come of this. Of course, with Joe on the school board, she was not at liberty to talk, but the spring election for teachers was nearly here and everybody could draw his own conclusion.

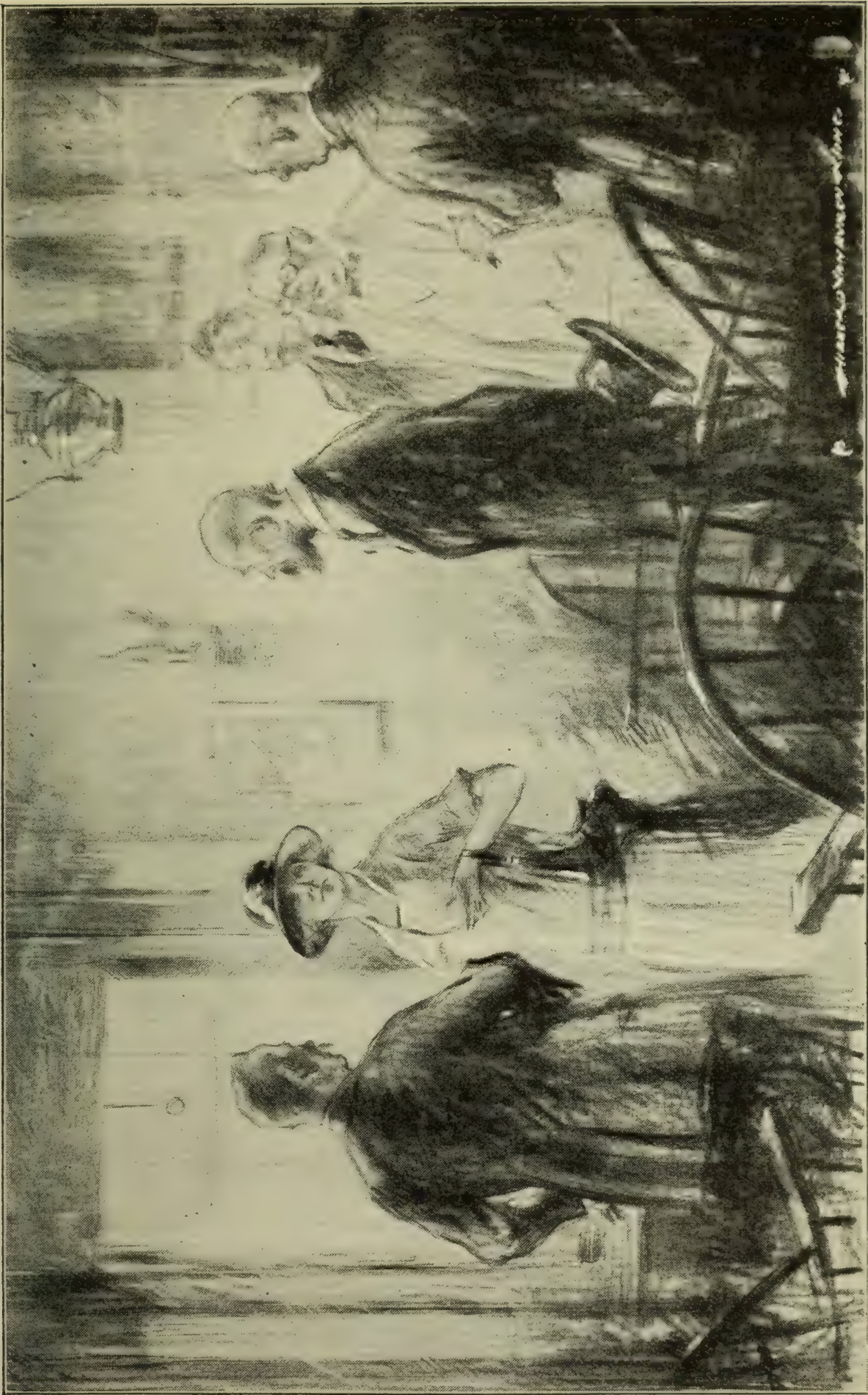
Meanwhile, Miss Tenny went her way gaily. Her spare figure was actually growing plump and her leathery cheeks ruddy. She said casually in school one day that, when she went to Paris, she meant to seek out a beauty specialist first thing. *When* she went to Paris, mind you, not *if*! Perhaps, her mysterious trips to Jackson had some bearing on a foreign tour. But, no, for where would she get the money?

Somebody on the school board who didn't want to be quoted had heard from a cousin of his in Jackson that, late in March, Miss Tenny had been seen walking down Capitol Street alone. She had entered the post-office, leaving almost immediately with a letter in her hand and had crossed to the Capital National Bank, where she had remained several hours. But nothing more could be learned.

"It ain't a man, that's sure," conceded Mrs. Judge Ward to Mrs. Joe Buckle. "The only serious beau Tenny ever had got drunk on Leake County moonshine when good whiskey was plentiful and she threw him over. I'll say that much for her. You were a shaver then, Bess, but your ma would recollect Ben Spencer. He moved to the Delta and got rich, I hear. Has several banks, three chins, rheumatism, and a dozen grandchildren. No, whatever disgraceful thing ails Tenny, it ain't a man."

The second Saturday in May before school closed on Wednesday and two days before the board of trustees elected the teachers for the next year, Miss Tenny, seemingly unaware of any boding storm, went to Jackson as usual.

Dwellers in Springtree had said in righteous indignation that she could do nothing more to surprise them. They were wires worn thin by too-frequent shocks and were prepared to believe anything at all. They had yet to learn their



From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

"Do you mean *old*? Why, boys, I never was so young in my life."—Page 741.

own capacity for thrills, not knowing what would greet their eyes Sunday afternoon.

The court-house square at that time was gay and chattering with boys and girls just let out from the B. Y. P. U., the Christian Endeavor, and the Junior Epworth League, when a bright red roadster of rakish figure and expensive make sped gracefully down Lamar Avenue and around the square. Behind the wheel, her frowzy gray hair blowing into her eyes from under a red sport hat, dangerously atilt over her left ear, sat Miss Tenny driving with an air of unmistakable ownership. Beside her, looking scornfully at all the world, was Buddie Grover, mechanic.

A break in the Mississippi River levee could not have caused greater panic to those who dwell beneath its shadow than this produced in Springtree. Many suppers went untasted that evening. Dozens of houses remained unlighted while their occupants gathered in groups in the warm, dusty streets or on their neighbors' lawns. Doctor Golden was forced to preach on the iniquity of idle curiosity when he had intended to make a plea for foreign missions.

"It's *her* machine, right enough," panted Mrs. Joe Buckle as she interrupted Mrs. Judge Ward's hot-waffle supper half an hour after Miss Tenny had parked her climactic car in Old Blossom's stall in the barn. "Miss 'Bama told me so with her own mouth. Buddie Grover helped drive it up from Jackson, the little imp!"

"Souls in perdition, where on earth did she raise the money?" gasped Mrs. Judge Ward. "You don't know the Cable girls, as well as I do, Bess. All on earth they've got is that big old white house and a thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds and Tenny's seventy-five a month. So I don't believe a word of this. Tenny's been acting like a crazy woman, I'll admit, but she loves 'Bama better than most mothers love their own children and she wouldn't throw away her last cent on any fool roadster. She's borrowed the thing from somebody in Jackson just to make a flare."

"It's *hern*, Miss Laura, I'll bound you," insisted Mrs. Joe Buckle. "Miss 'Bama couldn't lie if she had to and she told me herse'f. That's what Miss Tenny's been a-doin' in Jackson ever' week this winter,

a-learnin' to drive. Why, I'd as soon a-thought o' this as a-seein' her chop down that big magnolia her pa planted in the wisteria garden when she was two." And, outraged, Mrs. Joe Buckle fanned her plump features with the tail of her stiff, blue-checked apron.

"Law," she continued, "them kids o' mine'll sure fail to-morrow on their final examinations, they're so excited over this. Let me go an' calm 'em down. Tillie Belle almost fainted when Miss Tenny hove in sight a-puttin' on such airs—you know the child's had a weak heart ever since she had the measles—an' she's been a-standin' at the telephone an hour now. When she aint a-tellin' some o' the boys and girls about Miss Tenny, some of 'em's a-tellin' her. The news'll be over the Pike by now, I reckon. It beats me how interested they all are in that old maid here lately. You'd think she was twenty-five instead o' fifty-five to hear 'em talk."

"Well, she'll look and act her full age after to-morrow, from all I can hear," hinted Mrs. Judge Ward. "When a body gets to gallopin' too fast on his high horses, he's sure to take a tumble sooner or later, and a hard one at that. Don't you think so, Bess?"

"Well, to-morrow's election day for teachers if *that's* what you mean," admitted Mrs. Joe Buckle with dignity. "But, as to givin' away any official business, I won't an' Joe knows it. If my tongue was loose at both ends like some women's, I'd never know three degrees o' masonry like I do."

"Did you ever see a stiff-starched sun-bonnet after it had been left out all night in a June rain?" asked Mrs. Judge Ward, shrewdly. "Well, mark my words, that's how Tenny's goin' to look this time to-morrow."

"You can't make me say another word, Miss Laura," retorted Mrs. Joe Buckle as she went across the sandy street to her yellow cottage. "But Joe Buckle's a moral man, an' whenever he moves, he moves for the good o' Springtree an' the school."

Joe was certainly moving mightily late the next afternoon at board meeting. As he harangued his four colleagues, he thrust his long, bony neck far above his celluloid collar, drawing it back again like

a gopher playing hide-and-seek from his shell. One of the men applauded, two nodded a sad approval, and one demurred.

In the midst of this and with the suddenness of a shriek during prayer, the door opened and in walked Miss Tenny. She surveyed the five men before her with coy casualness and good humor. She might have been a debutante trying to make up her mind as to which of five suitors she would choose. Portia beside the caskets could not have been more mysterious or provocative.

Joe dived into his collar a moment, then came up with angry emphasis: "It's no use, Miss Tenny. The handwritin's on the wall. You've wrote it there yourself."

"Now, hold on, Joe," temporized Cap'n Ballad, Lola's father. "As I said before, Miss Tenny's taught nearly every man and woman in this town and that ought to be worth something."

"That's just what I was contendin'," interrupted Joe, jamming his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "You see, Miss Tenny, you're gettin' along and—er—"

"Along?" queried Miss Tenny. "Do you mean *old*? Why, boys, I never was so young in my life."

"Dippy," muttered Joe to his four-in-hand, "just like I said."

"Why," Miss Tenny lilted on, "I feel so young and happy, frisky, you might say, that I've come to ask you boys to let me resign so I can take a trip around the world. My feet always burned for foreign trails, and now I'm going!"

"Around the world?" gulped Joe, ducking and coming up again for air.

"Yes, as soon as I can settle matters finally with my publishers. My bank down in Jackson has been helping me handle and invest my money, but there're a few odds and ends to be tied up before I sail."

"Publishers?"

"Bank?"

"Invest?"

"Sail?"

The four-part chorus barked with impatience, every voice a different note of incredulity except Joe Buckle's. Joe was silent, his eyes rolling, his jaw collapsed against his celluloid collar.

Then the school board of Springtree, in official and serious session assembled, gathered around Miss Tenny breathlessly, as some of them had done twenty-five years before when she read them "Don Quixote," and for all the world as Buddie Grover and his "crowd" still did when she followed with them the amazing adventures of "The Flamboyant Fakir."

"You see, boys, I'm a rich woman and getting richer," bubbled Miss Tenny. "My book's gone through four large editions and promises more. It's a best seller, you see, and a screen thriller, too."

"You mean *you*—," stammered Joe Buckle.

"Why, it even kept my bad boys quiet as pressed butterflies during contagious spring days when the woods were just begging them to go fishing in the creek," continued Miss Tenny with a chuckle such as a young mother might have emitted during the christening of her first-born. "Buddie Grover says it's the best book he ever read."

"Is—it—'The Flamboy'—?" labored Joe as if in a dream.

"Yes, it's 'The Flamboyant Fakir,'" acknowledged Miss Tenny, as if she had been Lord Bacon pleading guilty to the writing of "Hamlet." "Allow me to present the author."

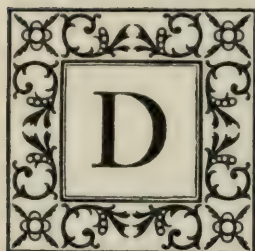
Then courtesying low and flirtatiously to the trustees, while all five fought for breath, Miss Tenny tripped out whistling lightly like a boy, bounded into her roadster, and stepped on the gas.



The Importance of Earning a Living

BY CAROLINE E. MACGILL

Author of "The Problem of the Superfluous Woman," "The Gallant Lady," etc.



DOES the title tempt to a slight but sophisticated sniff and a moment of wonder as to why folk will try to copy Bernard Shaw—or was it Oscar Wilde? It matters not, for I assure you that neither in his wildest gallops ever drove Pegasus over such a fantastic country of dreams as that which lies around you and me, nay, of which we form a part, and which is no dream, but sober fact. 'Tis the world as it looks to a gargoyle, perchance, a slantwise world, full of an odd rhythm by which crowds, apparently scurrying hither and thither at the thousand wills of the individual units, in fact, move in line and ordination, by gravity or relativity, obedient to some force of which we have no idea.

Watch a crowd on Fifth Avenue, or Tremont Street, or State Street, or Olive, or Chestnut, or Nicollet, from London to Hongkong and back the other way, and see how the lines cross and re-cross, sway from side to side with the native majesty of a Greek chorus. They seem purposeless and yet purposeful, actuated by no common motive, and yet, obeying a common impulse, moving toward a goal at once infinitely various and yet the same. Which is exactly the truth. They are all, or nearly all, bent upon the activity which we call earning a living, and the means by which they are accomplishing their end are nearly as various as the individuals. For, it is the law of the civilized world that every person, unless imbecile or insane, must in some fashion earn his or her living.

I grant that no orthodox economist would follow me here. He would talk learnedly about those who received incomes from charity, or secondary sources, as the so-called "idle rich," or were infants incapable of earning a living. But I prefer to use the term first in an exceed-

ingly wide social sense, and then again in its narrower, more commonly accepted sense. In the first sense, a woman of leisure, as the phrase goes, may earn her living, either as Veblen points out, by her skill in displaying her husband's prowess in the monetary field, his ability to bring home the bacon, to use a phrase surviving from the days when man lived by hunting, no doubt, or by service to society, as a member of sundry commissions, charitable boards, or even by her careful administration of her estate. As many will affirm, a woman who does this is anything but "idle." Her friends and associates will not let her be!

In the same way, the most helpless infant is a source of satisfaction to his adoring parents far beyond the cost of his introduction and upkeep. Moreover, he receives a living for the sake of the services he is to render in the future, a species of discount, as it were, or even investment. In the same way the pensioner receives his income, not on account of charity, or gratitude, or even a semi-sentimental fact of existence, but on account of a surplus of service, not paid for in the past.

The fact of existence implies an obligation to earn its continuance. "Root, hog, or die" is the universal slogan of nature. The only change that man's superior intellect has made is in the provision of mercy for the imbecile and insane, perhaps for a few of the hopelessly infirm. And this fact is the determinant of civilization. Not that the "economic determination of history" is a new thing, that I should offer it to the jaded palate of the "gentle reader." Nor that I forget or minimize the importance of spiritual or intellectual forces. Few, I think, have a more profound appreciation of these. Economic forces, however, have been looked at in bird's-eye fashion over centuries and epochs. There has not been sufficient attention to the individual im-

pulse, the results of permutations and combinations of human units.

Take, for instance, the first woman who tilled a patch of grain. Was it the law of parsimony, the desire for less effort, that made her do it? Was it, in fact, easier for her to grub in the earth, loosening it with her fingers and a bit of a stick, caring for the seedlings, weeding them, tending them until the harvest, than it would have been to gather the "wild" grains as she could find them? Or was it because the supply of wild grains was only sufficient to meet the needs of herself and her generation, and her children were starving? That is, in Malthusian fashion, population pressed upon the utmost limits of subsistence, and something had to be done about it. And when this primitive woman kept her children alive by her increased supply of grain, she did something else—she released them from a part of the "struggle for existence" and gave them time to do something else than roam the fields seeking to satisfy their hunger. And then they found themselves "up against" another fact, the necessity of purchasing the grains they needed.

Of course, the priority of demand and supply has always been a moot question. Probably in our own civilization precedence fluctuates. But with primitive man, one may reasonably suspect that the demand of his own "will to live" spurred him on to finding something which would superinduce barter with another man. And deep down in our civilization, where the primitive still survives, and to which man may again be stripped, given the pitiless dominance of the stark struggle for life, there we find the same desperate urge, the same frantic inventiveness, which is, as ever, the mainspring of what we are determined to call progress. Philosophically, of course, the term in such connection is not wholly tenable. That fact may be waived, however, and the common interpretation accepted. Wherever and however we came, we are on this planet, and if we would retain such span of life as the Fates have allotted to us, we must manage somehow to find food and shelter.

Mankind, as Malthus and others long ago pointed out, is subject to certain checks upon survival which are more or

less inherent in humanity, the chief being war, disease, and famine. Aside from these, mankind tends, like all animal creation, to multiply until it presses upon the limits of subsistence. So far as the supply of food is concerned, it may be theoretically possible for the amount to be increased *pari passu* with the increase of men, in spite of farmers' blocs, I-Won't-Workers, ultra-high wages for farm labor which no one will do, and similar evidences of culture. But the question of sufficient food supply is by no means all. As we saw in the case of the primitive woman, whose rude agriculture set free some of her children for other tasks, the wherewithal to purchase food is about as important as the production.

Here lies our merry problem—given a rapidly increasing world population, and an adequate food supply produced by a comparative few, how are the rest of us going to find means by which we can induce the farmer to part with his food-stuffs. It sounds simple, but upon the answer to that question is built our present stupendous involute, highly organized, and badly composed economic system (save the mark! There is no system about it). We started with a few trades. Mr. Fletcher, who made arrows, and his brothers, Mr. Bowman and Mr. Stringer, set up shops side by side. Maybe Mr. Shepherd divided a few of his sons-in-law apart from the rest to guard his flocks, which made them feel rather superior, certainly of a bit higher prowess than that of their brother sheepmen, and engendered an appetite for excitement in life. There is a multitude of ways in which the so-called division of labor came about, and of all the "theories," as Kipling sings of tribal lays, doubtless "every single one of them is right." Again à la Kipling, there is "a vast of various kinds of man."

So much for origins. Since then the world has gone on "getting variouser and variouser." Which Spencer put into words of rather more than one syllable, but he meant just the same.

To-day, for example, housewives are mourning over the almost total disappearance of the domestic servant. Some of them are at their wits' end in the matter. (Would it be unfair in one who considers servants the original serpent in

Eden, to suggest that the trouble is in the scanty supply of wits rather than in the servant girls?) In the morning paper is an item concerning a consignment of excellent young Swedish girls, the kind who of yore made glad the heart of the housewife, just arriving at New York. They were met by a veritable mob of would-be employers, but alas, not a houseworker among them. They were all booked straight for beauty parlors. Well, if the American woman of to-day prefers to have Selma launder her locks instead of her dishes, who's to blame? And so we have washing machines, and the fine Sèvres of our grandmothers goes upon the shelf, or into the museum, and we have instead a fad for peasant pottery which will stand the racket. Incidentally, the washing of fine china was once the prerogative of the mistress, no matter how many her hand-maidens, which is one, and the chief reason why some of us have heirlooms. Meg, Betsey, and Bridget of Grandmother's day were never permitted to touch the "best chany."

A hundred years ago New England, even as to-day, was noted for its overproduction of spinsters. Outside of the home, there was very little for them to do, and as most homes had a native born labor supply in their numerous children, the lot of the lorn damsel was hard indeed. There were some four things, says Carroll D. Wright, which she might do: enter domestic service, work as a seamstress or tailoress, keep boarders (not possible unless she were decidedly gray-headed and of hopelessly acid disposition), or teach school. There was little demand for her services in the last occupation, even if she were so unbelievably lucky as to have the modicum of education required. Keeping boarders was in fact almost confined to widows. Therefore the first two were in practice about all the opportunity for the unwed. As a natural result of the operations of the law of supply and demand, wages were incredibly low. Outside perhaps of the larger cities, the average wage per week was fifty cents, plus keep, reckoned about two dollars. The market price of female labor was still further reduced by the prevalence of child labor in the home, not the native supply, but "bound children," a primitive form of

child-placing practised by our humane ancestors. The lot of these infants, "inured to labor from their youth up," was sometimes excellent, but, if we may believe the current fiction of the time, was more often horrific. However, they very effectively lowered the wage of their hapless competitors.

Then a marvellous thing happened. A beneficent Deity inspired someone to build cotton machinery which was light enough to be run by a woman. Maybe the present generation, bred on sob-sister tales of cotton mills, will hardly credit them with any Heavenly origin, but they were the cause of an intensely real number of grateful prayers in the days of our grandmothers. For at once the poor neglected and scorned spinster returned to her ancient trade, by which she had earned her appellation, but, *mirabile dictu*, the very least she got was a dollar and sixty-seven cents a week, and her keep as before. Suppose that Clara, who is getting twenty dollars every week, and no board to pay, suddenly finds in her envelope something like seventy dollars instead, which is a rough and ready approximation of the change. Imagine Clara also, not especially of the flapper type, due to early wrestling with four A. M. rising, ice-water in winter instead of summer, in her boudoir pitcher, and blessed often with a consuming desire to rise in the world. Can you not see the vistas which would open before her? The mill boarding-house was her college dormitory, and her life therein had much in common with the latter institution. Some ten years after the opening of one group of mills in New Hampshire, a doleful housewife writes to the local paper that the mills have wrought only disaster, for no household help is to be had. Or if any can be found, they require at least a dollar and a half a week, the upstart huzzies. Out from the mills the girls went, indeed, some to homes of their own, some to the seminaries for female learning, which were beginning to dot the land, and thence to the great West as schoolmarms, where alas, they scarcely taught long enough to pay their fare out, so greatly were they in demand for the oldest of feminine businesses, wifehood. In one town, twenty-five years after the opening of its mills,

nearly half the property in the town was owned by women, bought with earnings from the mills, either as boarding-house keepers or as mill-hands.

But there is another side to the story. The mills in New England were organized, not primarily to afford a means of livelihood to indigent females, but to save New England from economic ruin. Her commerce, since the disastrous embargo and the War of 1812, was nearly gone. To regain this was the dear desire of every good New Englander. The foreign markets of South America and China were the lure, both in the case of textiles and shoes, which led to the growth of industrialism in the New World. The home market was still considerably supplied by homespun woollens and linens, and domestic cottons were not yet fashionable. In short, New England had to live, and to do so developed new jobs, which, however advantageous to the new workers, worked havoc with the old order of the household. In other words, population was at its old game of pressing on the limits of subsistence, and a way had to be found to enlarge those limits. The later changes, less subtle in their nature, came to be regarded as the more important.

The great undercurrents of civilization are not, indeed, easily seen. Luxury, so often regarded as an oppression of the poor by the rich, is, economically speaking, quite as much the increase of population over the demands for the old order of workers, and the necessity, none the less real because wholly unconscious, for social effort to find something for the extra hands to do, that the extra mouths may be fed. The abundant supply renders wages low and competition high. The man in a position of vantage, by taking cognizance of this, may increase his own wealth quite blamelessly, by using his possession of capital to set more to work, open more opportunities, and of course reap the reward of his foresight. As a matter of fact, the amount of capital involved in such changes of far-reaching importance is often ridiculously little. A business capitalized to-day for ten million may in its beginnings have scoured the financial market for buyers for notes of five and ten thousand dollars, to hold the mills together a few months longer.

A striking instance is shown by the changes in transportation in the last hundred years. When the railroads first loomed upon the horizon, they were fought vigorously by all the allied forces of canal owners and stockholders, barge-men, stage-coach companies and their drivers, waggoners, inn-keepers, and all the host of employers and employees in the business of transportation as then conceived. Every man-jack of them saw himself reduced to beggary by the new contraption. Few saw that where a few thousand were employed, millions would be in the future. As a matter of fact, many of the younger stage-drivers and waggoners went straight over and became enginemen, conductors, station agents, and all the various trades of the railway workers. The older men, thinking themselves less adaptable, did undoubtedly suffer. I met an old stage-driver working around Faneuil Hall Market, once, full of tales of other days. It was said, a few years ago, that the reason for the lack of railways in eastern Europe was due to the cheapness of human labor for transportation, both in the carriage of freight and for individual purposes. The peasant found it easier to go afoot than to earn railway fare. So far as this condition applied to Austria, it gave a cogent reason for the great number of industries centring around articles of luxury, for which Austria was famous. That is, Austria's production of this class of goods was not due to the possession of inherent skill, except as it was developed through years of practice, but to the fact that population pressed on the means of subsistence, and jobs had to be found.

To-day, in America, we seem to see an anomaly. Wages are exceedingly high, we are shutting off the supply of labor by rather drastic laws, and yet we have an immense amount of labor and capital tied up in a species of industry that can almost be called unproductive. Cheap jewelry, fantastic post-cards, devoid of sense or taste, shoes not made for protection but for sale and quick destruction, clothing of all degrees of flimsiness, literature from the yellow daily to the yellow novel, all employing thousands of workers, often none too well paid, who might, from the point of view of social ethics, be of more

use in a thousand other ways. There is the whole group which centres around the use of leisure, to which the name of artist cannot possibly be offered as an excuse for existence—the cheap movies, vaudeville, burlesque, the “amusement” parks, with their host of employees and hangers-on, the “pitch-men” and fakers of all sorts. There has been, and probably must be, always a place, often generous, made for the incurably gipsy souls, those to whom the sporting chance of a bed offers the gayest of lives. But if this excuse is to be made for all the gentry above enumerated, it bears out still further the thesis that the multiplicity of jobs is due to the fact that men must live, and to live will, other things being equal, follow the line of least resistance to their own natures. The meaning to civilization is not so clear.

We are reducing the vehemence of the “natural checks,” disease, famine, war. We are of course increasing the chances of the survival of the inept. Without too much dependence upon the validity of the “intelligence tests,” open to an endless host of inutilities, we must see that the survival of the less fit makes the existence of the easy jobs, the “soft” places, more and more necessary. The sixteen-dollar-a-day bricklayer is not a result of the scarcity of labor in the bricklaying field, it is because there is a scarcity of men of bricklaying capacity, whether of body or of will. The menace of the underman is not so much a question of social justice as of biology and moral fibre.

The field of application for this type of investigation into the more profound motives of our civilization is endless. The personal urge to live is responsible for the inventions of a McCormick, the organizing genius of a Carnegie, as well as the machinations of the grafter, the thief, and the blue-sky promoter. I have watched vaudeville acts of the poorer sort, on the rare occasions when I have been misled into enduring them, and thought how infinitely easier and more comfortable it would be to earn one's living scrubbing floors. There is a paucity of scrubwomen too. They get high wages and vacations with pay in my city, and they have unlimited time for gossiping with their friends, according to my observation.

The mills, so to speak, threw a monkey-

wrench into the domestic machinery of a hundred years ago. Then came immigrant women from races which we were pleased to regard as inferior, and they took places in our kitchens, until the supply of native American mill-girls gave out, by process of marriage, schoolmarm-ing in the West—and East as well—and by the development of other avenues of work for women, largely due to the Civil War, when women were given men's places, and found that they could fill them. Then our Irish domestics went into the mills to fill the places abandoned by the up-stepping Yankees. In due time they too went on to better places, as they thought, and a succession of “foreigners” took their jobs. The household has suffered, for many reasons. Housework, unmixed with brains, is hard work, sheer drudgery, and, as long as there was cheap labor for it, was run with incredible lack of intelligence. It is still, even by otherwise intelligent women, because of the tradition attached to it. The phrase used by the average woman is significant. If she is without a servant, she says she is “doing her own work.” The unprejudiced observer is tempted to ask why, if it is her own work, shouldn't she be doing it. Her regretful accents are a bit ridiculous. Maybe it isn't her own work—that cannot be decided without evidence; but if it is, surely she, and no one else, should do it. One housekeeper, with longing eyes on the heights of Parnassus, averred that a law should be passed compelling German and Swedish girls to come here and work as cooks and housemaids. Not even the Reparations Commission would go as far as that! On the other hand, the same unregenerate “foreigners” will, as wedded wives, work far harder than ever in another woman's domicile. But they expect to “do their own work.” So did the grandmothers of most of us, so too our mothers. They did not worry half as much over the help problem, without a quarter of our domestic assistance by way of steam laundries, vacuum cleaners, electrical devices, and the thousand and one things which have been invented to take the work out of housework.

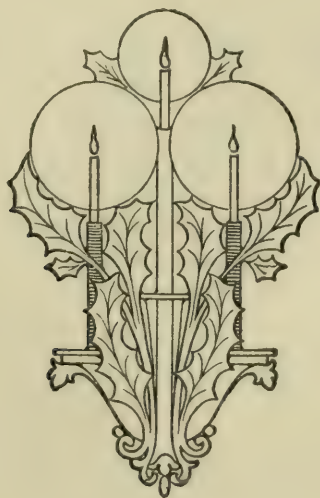
Ah, there now! What about our own fibre? Why worry about the pasty lads and painted flappers who go about from

place to place seeking soft snaps? Just what is it we demand from life ourselves? We "Anglo-Saxons," we of "the old stock"? Our ancestors won this country by hard work; we cannot keep it with less. Once upon a time, I taught in a high-school in a small New England city. My classes were made up of many races, though not so many children were very new arrivals, only a few Armenians. A fellow teacher one day spoke regretfully of the fact that the Irish and French children so often out-distanced the Americans of the older race. Yes, I said, but just think what splendid ancestors they are going to make! Yet there is one fallacy in my reasoning—they will, if they go through the same sort of school that my own ancestors went through, when they conquered the wilderness. But I fear they will not.

Our schools suffer from the same letting-down, the same inclination to permit numbers to take the place of work. A great many of the fads and folderols of education are of the sort invented by folk wanting to "escape" the monotony of thoroughness by means of some fancy stunt which can be made attractive by the wiles of the salesman, direct descendant of Ulysses himself. In the beginning of our Republic a wise man pointed out that its chief danger lay in the fact that it substituted rights for duties. Of course we were not unique in so doing. The same thing had been done with very thorough results by Rome.

The point of blame is not important, but the present is before us. We have two forces—the urge to live and the growing desire to live as easily as possible, coupled with an increasing pressure of population. Perhaps these forces are beyond our coping, which is a fundamental premise of those who would deny the fact of progress. But that is a perilous admission. What is true is that we are increasing the breed of those incapable of honestly productive industry, partly by our own demands, as when we prefer beauty-parlor attendants to cooks, by our patronage, or chocolate dippers to housemaids, because we must have our dentist-supporting sweets, and partly because we are not using the brains the Lord gave us, but lying down on the job, and letting things go any way. As a nation we are undoubtedly obese. We need a course of sprouts, much exercise and less food, more hard work to earn it, lest our minds get as fat as our bodies. Our ancestors came here to earn a living; most of our immigrants come with the same laudable purpose, and they do work, many of them, just as our ancestors worked, early and late. We talk a lot of bosh about the danger of lowering the American standard of living—to do so would be about the best thing that could happen to millions of us.

In short, it looks as if our civilization were going to turn on that very pivot, our willingness or unwillingness really to *earn* our living.





Aunt Cressy never loosened her hold on her trembling husband's collar.—Page 749.

Small Man

BY E. W. KEMBLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

“COME HEAH, ‘Small Man’! Amble! Amble!”

Aunt Cressy cupped her fat hands and, through the fleshy megaphone, sent her message vibrating to the farthest end of the melon patch. No answer.

“Don’t know whar dat hopper-grass ob skin an’ bones done secrete hissef, ef he ain’t down yonder.”

Parson Dibble had called and it was his desire to see “Small Man,” “pussonly.”

Together they walked down the fringed pathway, past the corn-field and among the bean-poles, the huge woman poking among the hanging vines with her stout cane, and peering through her massive brass-rimmed “spectaclers” as she kept up a rapid fire of invectives.

“It do beat all how dat annex ob mine kin disappear when I wants him, jes’ lak he bin swep off de face of de yearth.” Again Aunt Cressy called, her voice rising

higher and higher. She ceased abruptly as she stretched her neck and gazed at the distant meadow. “Dar he am. Ah see ’im yonder by de creek, an’ he lettin’ on lak he doan heah me.”

Parson Dibble offered to go and fetch him. As he started he was caught suddenly in the vise-like grip of a powerful hand. “Postpone you’sef, brudder! postpone you’sef! Ef dat weazen morsel ob dried flesh see you comin’ he gwine ter drap outer sight an’ yer cyarnt dissimilate him from de yarbs what yer crush wif yer foots.”

Aunt Cressy loosened her hold on the parson’s trembling arm and, grasping her cane firmly, started in the direction of her truant husband. Noiselessly, for one of her bulk, she pushed her way through the long grass, bending her huge back and ducking her massive head as she neared her quarry. Before “Small Man” could wriggle his diminutive frame from the

scene of action, she had a mighty grip on his bedraggled collar and was emphasizing her opinions with vigorous jabs from her stick.

"You hyard me call yer. Ah seen yer duck yer haid. Good-fer-nuffin critter what yer iz! Put yer ter wuk in de melon patch an yer sneaks off an' dangles wif a wum in de creek instid."

"Small Man" squirmed and twisted as he marched ahead of his spouse, shooting his thin legs out before him in an effort to escape the prods he received at every step. He whined and panted in a feeble effort to sooth the towering rage of his irate wife.

"Mummy, please quit dat proddin'. Tun loose on dat. Ah's jes' tryin' fo' a mess er bullhairs fo' supper. Tun loose ma collar! Ah's chokin' up!" The trembling culprit was hauled and mauled as he hustled homeward, Aunt Cressy paying not the slightest heed to his protestations.

As they rounded the melon patch, Parson Dibble emerged from the secluded labyrinth of hanging vines attached to the bean-poles. The reverend exhorter had not been idle during Aunt Cressy's absence, as his pockets testified, for they bulged with bursting pods which he had plucked for his own inner man.

"Small Man" cringed as he saw the preacher, and sliding his dilapidated hat from his shiny bald head, he fumbled it in his bony fingers. Next to the very devil himself, he feared Parson Dibble—feared and hated him in the same thought. But hate was swallowed up in fear, as the preacher was his superior in bulk and argument.

Aunt Cressy never loosened her hold on her trembling husband's collar. When he started to shrink she straightened him up with a vigorous jerk. Parson Dibble assumed the clerical pose and, after clearing his throat, delivered his "pussonal" message.

"Brer Small Man, you hez bin commanded to appear at de Wednesday night meetin' of Zion Chuch an' answer for you'sef de allegations dat am protruded agin you fo' sundry conducts endurin' de las' yeah. An' less you do so in pusson you is to be obliterated from membahship in said Zion Chuch an' branded as a con-

sort ob de ebil one in dis community. Your good wife (a vigorous shake from Aunt Cressy) will see dat you all correspon' wif dis reques'."

The parson tilted his new shiny beaver on the back of his head and pulled a huge bandanna from his inner coat pocket and mopped the perspiration from his greasy face. He parted his thick lips and smiled benignly at Aunt Cressy. "Do dis meet wif you' approval?" he asked, as he replaced the bandanna with a flourish and lifted his hat in compliment to Aunt Cressy's sex.

"It suttinly do, Parson Dibble, an' you hab ma alibi dat he sholy will be on han' at de requisite hour."

"Small Man" never ventured to reply, but hung his head and groaned.

Parson Dibble having fulfilled his mission, strode toward the melon patch, selected the largest and ripest of the scanty crop, and, with a spectacular show of privileged possession, passed from the humble estate of his parishioners down the road which led to his home.

On the appointed day, as the last rays of the setting sun tinged the tree-tops on the hills surrounding the little settlement, "Small Man" sat crouched on the wooden bench outside the cabin door. Aunt Cressy moved about within the shack preparing the evening meal. Mingled with the savory odor of the sizzling bacon came the strains of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Comin' fer ter Carry Me Home."

It smote upon the heart of the poor humbled negro. Lower his head sank on his breast and as he clasped his wrinkled hands in anguish he groaned: "Oh Lord, hab mussy on his po' nigger, low-down an' sinful, a-sittin' heah an' trimlin' kase he bin treadin' de crooked paff what leads ter perdition an' brimstone." As he finished, he sank upon his knees and buried his face in his hands. Thus Aunt Cressy found him when she came to announce that supper was ready. She leaned over the crouching figure and, gathering him up gently in her powerful arms, carried him into the house. "Come now, honey," she crooned softly to him. "Yer gwine ter come froo all right. All yer got ter do is ter jes' be a man an' 'fess up dat you all's been a sinner and dat yer gwine ter put on glory an' walk in de straight an' nar-

rer paff from dis time henceward. Dar! Dar! Dry up dem tears an' quit dem groans!"

Sitting in her huge rocker she held her sorrowing mate on her ample lap and rocked him as gently as she would a child. "Come now, supper done ready an' yer got ter git strong if yer gwine ter rise up on wings an' ovahcome de hosts of Satan, 'deed yer has. An' nuffin gwine ter mak yer dat way mo' dan a mess ob poke an yams cooked to er brown wif gravy chasin' roun' de dish."

"Small Man" raised his head and sniffed: "Reckon you all is right, Mumsie, you shuah is." He dried his eyes on the back of his scrawny hand and slid gently to the floor.

Aunt Cressy was never more attentive to her man than on this special occasion. Unfolding one of her best napkins, she tucked it securely in the sinner's collar, brushed his crinkly side-locks with her enormous hand, patted the crown of his bald head, and, waddling to the stove, waddled back again and placed a steaming dish of the appetizing food, so dear to the negro heart, before the penitent darky. Several huge yams, bursting their russet coats, reposed in a deep dish side by side with the savory pork. Corn pone in golden squares and steaming coffee completed the feast.

Aunt Cressy stood with arms akimbo, beaming at her little man. This was his night to feast, a sort of unburnt offering before the sacrifice. "Small Man" smacked his lips and gurgled. "Don't know, Mumsie, but what dis po' sinner mos' willin' ter be read outen any ole chuch s'long he kin git fed up on fixin's lak dis heah. Dese yer yams do suttinly look lak" . . . he stopped abruptly as he gazed in terror at the object that darkened the doorway . . . the massive frame of Parson Dibble, his new silk hat cocked at a jaunty angle on his bullet-shaped head, a broad smile playing over his elastic features and his eyes snapping as he beheld the spread of savory food displayed upon the table.

Aunt Cressy eyed the preacher with a mild contempt, but recovered herself immediately and boomed a welcome to the unexpected visitor.

"Step right in, Reverend Dibble, and

jine us in de festivities what am spread befo' youah gaze."

The big man bowed and removed his glossy head-gear, placed it gingerly on the worn and faded sofa, mopped with his bandanna, coughed and cleared his throat.

"Dis am er unexpected pleasure, Sistah Cressy, 'deed it am." He cast furtive glances at "Small Man" as he spoke. "Ah sholy ain't 'spectin' no such luxuriousness when ah ambled up de paffway."

"Small Man" never lifted his eyes from the dish of "poke" in front of him. In his mind's eye he saw it fading from his view as it passed the flabby portals of the preacher's gullet. He shivered at the thought. With renewed energy he cut a large slice of the juicy meat and conveyed it to his plate. Another liberal helping of succulent yam was likewise dealt with. "Small Man's" desire was to be gratified before Parson Dibble could play havoc with the food. The meal was eaten in comparative silence accompanied by the smacking of lips and heavy breathing of the preacher as he conveyed large portions of the various good things to his inner man. The meal was finished only when the last dish had been relieved of its contents and the plate polished with the remaining crumbs of corn pone.

Parson Dibble did not tarry long. As he placed his shiny beaver on his head, he addressed Aunt Cressy.

"I would hab a few words wif you in private, Sistah."

The big woman smiled feebly in return and together they passed out of the cabin door.

"Small Man" arose and began clearing the table. When the preacher and Aunt Cressy were out of hearing he gave vent to his feelings. "Comin' inter mah home an partakin' of mah victuals while deep down in his hyart he rejoicin' dat he am gwine ter mek me de scapegoat ob de settlement. An' mah only sin am dat ah ain't bin ter meetin' lak ah orter."

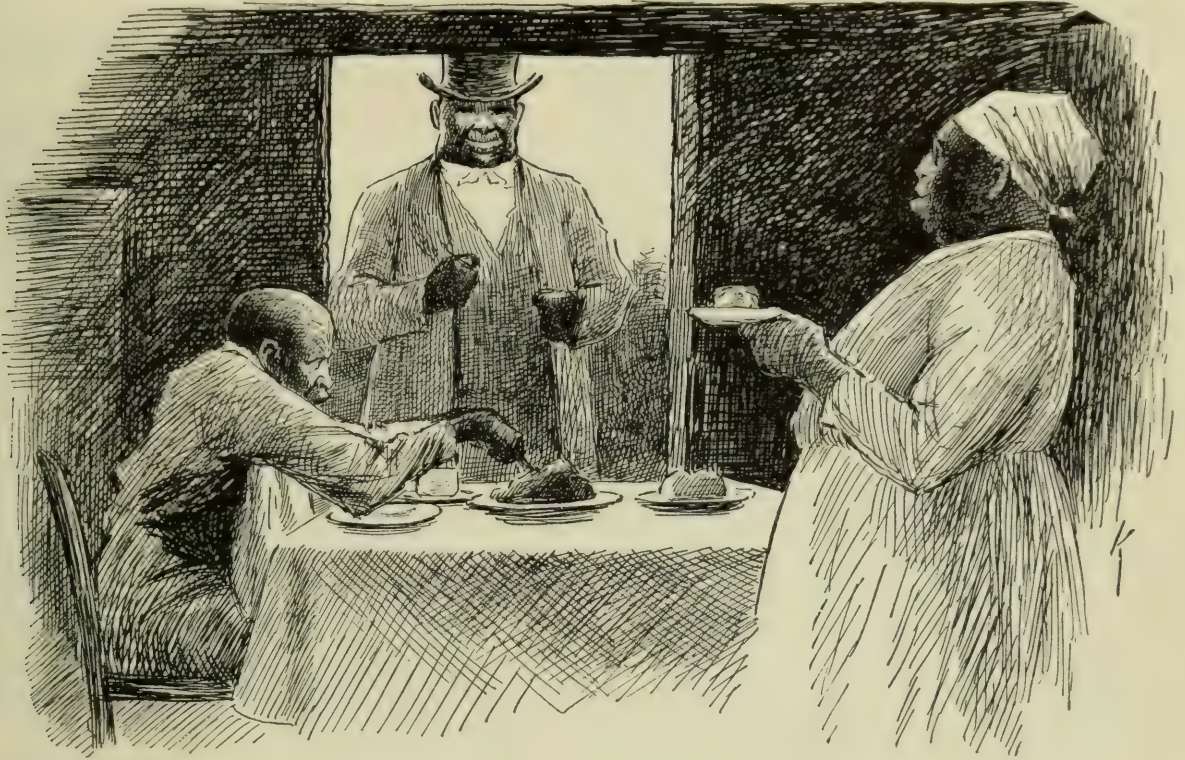
Through the window of the cabin he could see Parson Dibble in earnest conversation with Aunt Cressy.

"Settin' mah own wife agin me, dat's what he's doin'. All dat holy man needs am cloven feet an' a spiked tail. Dat silk hat done kiver up he's horns. Whar he git dat shiny head-piece I lak ter know."

He could not hear the parting advice that the preacher was giving to his better half. He only saw that his whole manner was that of a dictatorial and overbearing bully. Could he have been within hearing distance he would have heard that worthy admonish his bulky parishioner to keep quiet when the question of the short-

cupboard. Her chore finished, she sank into her favorite rocker. Throwing her head back she closed her eyes and moaned: "Lord have mussy on me a sinner!"

"Small Man" hurried to her side. "What's de matter, Cressy, what am de matter?" he crooned as he sank on his knees beside his trembling wife. "Doan



"Small Man" never lifted his eyes from the dish of "poke" in front of him.—Page 750.

age in the Missionary fund was brought before the meeting.

"Leave it ter me, Aunt Cressy. Leave it ter me. I will see dat we am exhonored of all suspicion when a explanation am desired."

Aunt Cressy was somewhat agitated when she entered the cabin. She fell to singing one of her favorite hymns with great vigor—"When I Can Read My Tittle Clear to Mansions in the Skies." The words boomed out with power and an intensity of feeling that caused "Small Man" to eye her with some show of amazement.

"What dat preacher bin sayin' dat got her so het up wif religion?" he muttered to himself. The hymn rolled on as the agitated woman washed the dishes, dried them, and tucked them away in the little

take on so. I'se gwine ter come out clar and clean. I'se gwine ter show dem dat I ain't no mis'able sinner. Ah jes' been slack, dat's all, honey, jes' a lil' slack."

"'Tain't you, 'Small Man'. I'se feelin' lak I oughter be in yer place, po' mis'able sinner dat I am. Lord hab mussy, hab mussy." The little negro gazed at her in a stupefied way. He did not understand. Then his anger rose.

"Hab dat preacher man bin tellin' you dat you is a sinner? Tell me dat. Ef he bin sayin' dat ter you he am a debbil an' a liar from de fiery pit an' I'se a-gwine ter tell him so to his ugly face."

Aunt Cressy rose from her chair and waved her small man away. "No, honey, he ain't call me no names, he jes' kind er set me all a-trimlin! Dat's all he do. Now den, honey, you must git out yer

good clothes, fo' dis am meetin' night an' yer's gwine ter cum froo all right, ef yer jes' confess dat yer bin a backslider from grace. We is all po' mis'able sinners, but I reckon you all jes' bin a bit de mos' reckless."

"Small Man" groaned as he prepared for the ordeal. He was helped into a stiffly starched shirt by his spouse, brushed, patted, and "slicked up" by her helpful hands.

Together they passed through the little garden path that led from the cabin on down the road that wended its way to Zion Church. It was dusk as they entered the portals of the rude edifice. Around the doorway were grouped a motley crowd of "Small Man's" friends. In low tones they urged him to "buck up." "Don't git skeered of no preacher man! Git yer back up and hit out! He ain't no better dan you is!"

These and other bits of advice were snarled as the dejected negro passed through the door. Aunt Cressy helped her trembling mate to a seat in the very first row of benches. She plumped herself down beside him and began to fan herself vigorously with a huge palm-leaf. Her face was set and she looked neither to the right nor to the left, but fixed her gaze upon the preacher, who lolled back in an easy chair of ample proportions. The godly man mopped his shining face with a large handkerchief of snowy whiteness.

The hymn was announced and soon the melody of "Roll, Jordan, Roll" beat upon the fragile framework of the sanctuary until it seemed as if the shingled roof would tumble in and overwhelm the flock.

A chapter from the Good Book was read. The lesson had to do with the sheep and the goats, and as Parson Dibble gave due emphasis to the harrowing description he cast furtive glances in the direction of "Small Man." The diminutive negro seemed to shrink and shrivel as he sat with bowed head. He groaned and shivered as the narrative proceeded. The lesson finished, the bulky speaker closed the book and, standing with one arm resting on the reading desk, began in slow and solemn tones to announce that a most unpleasant duty had to be performed at this "most unfortunate time."

"Brethren and Sistren," he began, "we

is called together to-night to determine what we is goin' to do wif a membah of dis flock who continually wanders away from de fold an' neglects ter jine wif his kind in de singin' of praises on de Sabbath day. One who would rather dangle wif a fish-pole in de near-by creeks dan lend hissef a shinin' example in de community. Ef he wuz not mated to a sistah of de church, I would pass de matter ovah an' say let him perish in de brimstone which he am accumulating fo' his final sizzling. But de mattah cannot pass unheeded. Brer 'Small Man' jined Zion Church fo' yeahs ago an' up ter las' year he bin a regler attendant to dis sanctuary. Den de evil one git a holt of him an' he begin ter backslide. He stay away and he talk agin de church. He laugh at his religion and he seek de companionship of no 'count black trash, an' of a Sunday he done bin seen shootin' craps wif de selfsame low-down mockers of religion. Crap shootin' am de narrer paff to de jail. Ef you will ask dem what wear de striped clothes and wear de ball an' chain what fust started dem on de downward paff—dey will respond, 'crap shootin'. Who, of dis assemblage, kin cast his eyes on a crap shooter an' say 'dar goes a honest man'?"

At this seemly thrust Aunt Cressy raised her head and snorted. Parson Dibble, seeing this, glared at her, as he continued: "Who kin know de innermost sins of any heart except deir own? By de outward signs we must be known an' when our habits is bad, we is suspected. Dat's what sin carries wif it—suspicion. Now, I is gwine ter ask my flock what punishment dey calculate is de best for Brer 'Small Man's' good. What line of action is gwine ter start his feet on de right road, and, after de service I wish de congregation to remain and we will vote on de project."

The parson heaved a great sigh of relief as he mopped his perspiring countenance, and, shifting his position, he smilingly announced that as there was no further business to transact they would all join in singing a hymn. . . . He got no further. A slight commotion in the third row caught his attention.

"Will de Sistah remain in her seat until de service am finished?" he commanded

in his loudest voice. His eyes bulged as he saw the spare form of Sister Caroline rise slowly and adjust her spectacles as she unfolded a paper. "Will Sistah Caroline keep her seat?" The persistent female refused to do so. Aunt Cressy groaned as she fanned herself vigorously. Parson Dibble started toward the deter-

yer heah de accusation dat is projected? What hab yer ter say?"

That was enough. Aunt Cressy rose to her feet, her eyeballs flashing fire. With one mighty sweep of her powerful arm she sent a hymn-book hurling at the head of the astonished preacher.

"Oh you debbil of sin, is dat de way



"Let him lay whar he am, till yer heah what I got ter say."

mined interrupter, but before he could get to her she announced in shrill tones that "there was a shortage of seven dollars in the Missionary fund and did Brer 'Small Man' know whar it am done gone, Aunt Cressy bein' de custodian of de collections."

The congregation looked aghast as the accuser stood glaring defiantly at Aunt Cressy. Parson Dibble's face twitched nervously as he grabbed the speaker's desk for support. "Small Man" gazed stupidly into space. Aunt Cressy fanned and perspired. As she started to rise, the preacher commanded her to desist. After quietness had been somewhat restored the agitated parson turned slowly and, directing his gaze at "Small Man," slowly and deliberately asked him: "Does

you was gwine ter fix matters? Gwine ter put de blame on dis yer measly specimen of man what's bowed to de ground already wif grief an' shame? Not if I knows it, is yer!" The irate woman pounded her way to the speaker's desk and with a mighty sweep of her open hand sent the parson toppling over into the corner where he lay stunned by the sudden onslaught.

Several deacons rushed to his assistance, but Aunt Cressy beat them off. "Let him lay whar he am, till yer heah what I got ter say," she shouted. The congregation, swayed under the command of the angry amazon, kept their seats. Parson Dibble, recovering from his sudden downfall, crawled toward her on his knees and, with outstretched arms, begged

her to let him explain. "Explain nuffin," she shouted. "I'se gwine ter explain, so it'll be right. I'se gwine ter lay back mah heart an' tear it wide open wif de grief an' shame dat's pressin' it down, but I ain't gwine ter spare you all, you mis'able sarpint!" The humiliated man covered his face with his hands. Facing the agitated congregation, Aunt Cressy began:

"Brudders and Sistahs, heah de confessions of a mis'able weak sinner. You all done 'spect dat my man was de blackest sheep in de flock, but he ain't, he ain't dat, an when dis wolf in sheep's clothes reck-ons he gwine ter put a sin on my man's back, when it don't belong dar, he's gwine ter git come up wif. I done took dat seben dollars from de Missionary fund, but what did I tek it fo'? Not fo' ter giddy up mysef, not fo' ter mek my lil' man mo' dressy dan de folks he done 'sociate wif, no indeed, I ain't done it for none ob dem fings. I done it at de 'sistance ob de Reverend Parson Dibble, who tempted me till he got it, got de money

dat was meant ter go to de po' preacher in de heathen lands, an' what do yer fink he wanted dat sacred money fo'? Ter—buy—a—silk—hat. He done tek de blood money ob de temple fer ter mek hissef mo' giddy lookin'! I was de sinner in bein' tempted and he was de debbil ter temp' me. An' when he finks dat he kin cast de sin on my man an' mek him de scapegoat, he ain't gwine ter git started befo' I'se on his back wif all mah claws set an' a-diggin' in." Exclamations of approval greeted Aunt Cressy's confession and accusation.

She strode to her seat, her eyes flashing fire. Lifting "Small Man" from his seat, she carried him down the narrow aisle. Halting at the door, she turned squarely, and, facing the cowering preacher, who stood trembling and leaning heavily on the reading desk, she raised her mighty voice: "An' what's mo', dis edifice ain't big enuf ter hol' me and mah lil' man, while dat sarpint's gwine ter hiss honey ter folks what ain't professin' ter be saints lak he am. Amen."

Remembering

BY IMOGEN CLARK

THE little ghosts come thronging close—
But there's no need to fear!
For one's that joyous smile of hers,
And one's her laugh, brook-clear.

And one's the rustle of her gown,
A soft and silken stir,
And one's the touch of her dear hand
As light as gossamer.

And there amid the little shapes
Her face shows flower-fair,
And oh! the magic of her voice
That passes on the air—
.

The little ghosts come thronging close,
In loveliness arrayed,
And to my empty heart they bring
The sunshine that she made.



WHAT is the funniest book ever written? In trying to reawaken the echoes of forgotten laughter, let us remember and consider only those books which their authors intended to be funny. An overdone melodrama is funnier than a farce, and serious verse is sometimes more diverting than jingles. If we were to include unintentional humor, I should like a place reserved for "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," and for the catalogue of an American "university" I once read. Statistics? Nothing is funnier than statistics when studied from the proper angle.

The best answer I ever heard to the bizarre theory that the madness of Ophelia was meant to be funny, was given by William Winter, who wrote: "It is strange that if Shakespeare intended her to be funny, he did not make her so."

Arthur E. Bostwick, the admirable St. Louis librarian, in a communication to Christopher Morley's column in the *New York Evening Post*, says "a funny book is a contradiction in terms. Only brief compositions can be funny as a whole." There are exceptions to prove this rule. Frank Stockton's brilliant novel "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" is continuously and irresistibly funny. A still longer book, Arnold Bennett's "Mr. Prohack," is a Marathon of humor. Mr. Bostwick inquires: "Did you ever hear a man tell a funny story an hour long?" No: but I have heard Stephen Leacock talk an hour long and keep his audience laughing; for, like Mark Twain, Professor Leacock is funny both with typewriter and with voice. William J. Locke's "Septimus" made me laugh louder in solitude than almost any other modern novel. George Ade's original "Fables in Slang" were certainly provocative of mirth. Why did he stop writing plays? "The College Widow" was fine farce and fine criticism. For an absolutely sidesplitting book—which to be sure is short

—let me recommend "In Need of Change," by Julian Street. That masterpiece reduced me to a state of gibbering helplessness, so that like Elymas in the Bible, I "went about seeking some to lead me by the hand."

Every humorist is an interpreter of life and a benefactor of mankind. I suppose that Artemus Ward's "lectures" must have been near perfection, though I don't care for his literary "remains."

One of the anomalies of the twentieth century is A. S. M. Hutchinson, who, in "Once Aboard the Lugger," wrote a novel that is continuously and delightfully humorous, and in "This Freedom" wrote another that failed for the lack of a sense of humor.

A magnificent answer was given by F. P. Adams of the *New York World* to the British novelist D. H. Lawrence. The latter said: "It must be terrible to be witty every day." "No," said Mr. Adams, "not so terrible as never to be witty at all."

The mastery of the art of parody requires peculiar talents. One must not only have the rare gift of mimicry, one must use it like an artist. In technique, one must be the absolute equal of the illustrious victim. It is as fatal to overdo parody as to overdo sentiment; thus most American parodists fail. The best we have is the excellent Louis Untermeyer, who is also one of our leading poets. I suppose the pinnacle of parody was attained by C. S. Calverley, in "Fly Leaves." It is curious, remembering Milne's drama, "The Truth about Blayds," that Calverley's grandfather had changed the youth's name to Blayds, and in later years the parodist reverted to the correct family name. Did he have prescience of present obloquy? Swinburne, in his volume, "The Heptalogia: or The Seven against Sense," showed himself to be a master of parody. His series of verses, "John

Jones," a parody of Browning's "James Lee," is the most brilliant burlesque of Browning I ever saw, and there are many. Swinburne afterward suppressed this volume, though he had parodied himself in it; but it was once more made available by the late Thomas B. Mosher of Maine, whom all book-lovers will remember with affection. "John Jones" is as impressive technically as it is disarmingly hilarious.

J. C. Squire is one of the most accomplished parodists in activity. He can and does reproduce the manneristic tricks of many kinds of writers, from classic poets to mortal book-reviewers. To all who enjoy that sort of thing, let me recommend Mr. Squire's "Collected Parodies." Almost every week *Punch* contains a good illustration of this delicate art; and in the present year of grace, E. V. Knox, one of *Punch's* leading contributors, has brought a score of his pieces together in a little volume called "These Liberties." He gives his own versions of A. S. M. Hutchinson, Thomas Hardy, Alfred Noyes, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, and others. His accuracy is admirable. He is as happy in quotation as in his original work: could anything be better than the passage from "Macbeth" which adorns his title-page?

"their virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of their taking-off."

One of the most tragic moments in my life at school was during the required exercises in elocution. I had chosen Poe's "Raven," and the boy who immediately preceded me spoke a jovial parody of the same poem. Then came my turn, and I had no other load to fire. I suffered worse than the hero of the poem, arousing at every line much more laughter than my predecessor. At the end I sat despondent, knowing there was no nepenthe. I was little comforted by the instructor's saying that my version would live longer than the other's. I did not want to live at all.

Are all humorists sad? They say that Josh Billings cried most of the time. A man called on him when he was busy, and the person who took the visitor's card said that Billings was at that moment writing and crying. His friend was sympathetic, and wished to know what was

the matter. "Oh, nothing; he always cries while he is writing." Just then the fresh copy came out for the printer; the manuscript was wet with the author's tears. He had written, "Nothing can cure a man of laziness; but a second wife will sometimes help."

An American traveller this summer sent me an extract from a Belgian newspaper which proves that the famous joke about the man carrying the tall clock is now current in Brussels.

Un déménageur qui sortait d'un immeuble en portant sur le dos un énorme coffre d'horloge ancienne, heurte, sur le trottoir, un monsieur, et s'excuse:

—Pardon, M'sieu. . . .

Et celui-ci de répliquer amer, regardant le porteur, la lourde boîte et le cadran:

—Vous ne pourriez pas porter une montre-bracelet, comme tout le monde?

Curiously enough, another funny story is analogously reproduced in all seriousness in a popular play now running in New York, where a man shows his courage and composure by killing somebody and then coolly eating ham-and-eggs. The story is of the confirmed drinker who was told by a physician that he could cure himself of the habit if every time he felt an acute desire for a drink he would immediately *eat* something. The result was that he was nearly arrested as a lunatic. For one night in a hotel a man in the next room shot himself; our friend rose, peeped into the apartment where he had heard the noise, rushed down-stairs, and roared at the night clerk: "The man in Room 102 has just killed himself; for God's sake give me a ham-and-eggs!"

✱ ✱ ✱

THE last word on the smells controversy shall be pronounced by one of the foremost physiological-psychologists in America, who writes me:

Memory for smell is for most people vicarious and occurs in the form of other kinds of imagery—particularly verbal. That is to say there is no re-arousal in the form of an olfactory image of the original sensation—as commonly occurs, for example, in visual experiences. But one can "remember" a smell in a perfectly practical way without reinstating it as an olfactory image. Not a few persons, however, can re-excite olfactory images just as you evidently do visual images—and in that case may elicit just such organic reac-

tions as were occasioned by the original sensation, *e. g.*, nausea.

These persons are relatively rare, however, and while almost every one can by practice display some power of olfactory imagination and so of memory, in most persons it is very poorly developed. . . .

It depends a good deal what you mean, too, when you say that "the sense of smell in man is not nearly so strong as the sense of sight." True, it is used much less. But the nose can detect minute amounts of certain odorous substances of an order of magnitude which makes the most delicate performances of the eye look coarse by contrast.

Mr. Hudson evidently knew little of comparative zoology and embryology or he would have known that the reason for grouping taste and smell together and in some ways in distinction from vision and hearing, is quite different from what he assumes and mentions. Mr. Hudson is simply assuming that his own experiences are a valid basis for generalization. They are not. Individual variation is nowhere more extreme than in the field where he has ventured to dogmatize.

I leave the scientist in command of the field, and am grateful for his information and for his trouble.



JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, who ought to live forever as a witness to truth in every successive age of falsehood, has been writing some remarkable articles in the *Boston Transcript*, which I hope he will ultimately collect in the more permanent form of a book. His article on the degeneration of American universities into business schools is particularly valuable because acutely needed. We are in danger of forgetting the true purpose of institutions of higher learning. Some time ago I read a series of articles on American colleges in which everything was emphasized except learning. It seemed to be assumed that the one essential was a spirit of democracy. If it could be proved that boys who waited on table, took care of furnaces, and in other ways supported themselves were treated as equals by the richer students, then the university in question was perfect and fulfilling all its ideals. It is a splendid thing to see a young man "work his way" in college or anywhere else; but surely he should know why he is doing it.

By the way, having in olden times read many attacks on Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, in which they were represented as sinks of iniquity, it is rather amusing

just now to see the novels devoted to the "study of life" in American State universities, where the students are depicted as caring for nothing except societies, athletics, and dissipation. It is amusing because formerly students in those institutions now so bitterly attacked were held up to us degenerates as models of noble, democratic, ambitious, hard-working sons and daughters of the soil. Furthermore, I observe that the huge co-educational "plants" are attacked for precisely opposite reasons. Some plaintiffs urge that the boys care nothing for the girls; others, that they care for nothing else.



TO those care-ridden moralists who imagine that the young people are all going to the devil, let me recommend a letter in the interesting "Memoir of Lady Rose Weigall," written July 24, 1862.

I sat at dinner by the Duke of Hamilton, who inquired much after you. He is still wonderfully handsome, and I was much struck by his *gracefulness* in dancing, which he did with several other middle-aged after dinner. It was a contrast to the *slouching walk* which the young men call dancing.

The italics are not mine.

I am grateful to Rachel Weigall for publishing her mother's letters. They extend in time from 1846 to 1920, and as she "knew everybody" in England and on the Continent, the intimate references to Browning, Gladstone, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, and others make thrilling reading. Here we are told for the first time how that best of all novels of school life, "Tom Brown at Rugby," came to be written. Those who like a close view of royalty will have their curiosity abundantly satisfied. Finally it is interesting to see the letters that passed between Lady Rose Weigall and Admiral von Eisendecker during the World War. It is impossible to imagine letters more difficult to write, and the success of both is the highest tribute. The letter to Lady Rose from her son in 1913, giving an account of an interview with Admiral von Tirpitz, will be eagerly read. It is pleasant to observe that the lifelong friendship between Lady Rose and the Grand Duchess of Baden was not broken by the war;

although in 1916 Lady Rose speaks sadly of the bombs dropped on London by the Zeppelins, and the Grand Duchess speaks with equal sorrow of the bombs dropped on Karlsruhe. "We passed through moments too sad to be put into words. So many children taken from their parents, so many mothers from their children," wrote the German duchess.

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THE "Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell" (some of which were printed in this magazine in May, 1923) are now in book form, published in London and San Francisco, and limited to an edition of 850 copies (the type has been distributed). It is a beautiful book mechanically and spiritually. The correspondence covers the years 1896-1909, and the accompanying annotations show both discernment and good taste. Mr. Meredith was attracted to Alice Meynell by reading her weekly column in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He did not know the name of the author, but felt a kind of sacred love toward the personality which the articles revealed. At that time (1895) the brilliant Harry Cust, whose posthumous poems appeared in 1918, was the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and at a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club, at which both Meredith and Cust were present, the novelist's curiosity was satisfied. He immediately wrote to Mrs. Meynell, and an intimate friendship resulted; when she and her husband came to visit him at Box Hill, he found her conversation as stimulating as her formal compositions. His letters to her and her family are deeply affectionate. There are many interesting allusions to contemporary authors; Meredith was difficult to please and though he did his best to share Mrs. Meynell's enthusiasms, it was only occasionally that he succeeded. There is, however, a prophetic phrase on Edith Wharton at the outset of her career (1902): "She has only to rebuke her facility, and she will do very good work." His resolute stoical acceptance of life appears in his last letter, written only three months before his death. "For me, I drag on counting more years and not knowing why. I have to lean on an arm when I would walk, and I am humiliated

by requiring at times a repetition of sentences. This is my state of old age. But my religion of life is always to be cheerful."

His comment on "The Pilgrim's Scrip" of "Richard Feverel" will surprise many readers. "It is hard on me that the Scrip should be laid to my charge. These aphorisms came in the run of the pen, as dramatizings of the mind of the System-maker. I would not have owned to half a dozen of them."

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MR. ALFRED A. SPENCER, in an article on "Book Postage and Popular Education," is endeavoring to aid the farmers in an original but effective manner. In an explanatory letter, he writes me:

The fact is, as you may know, that the librarians are not getting anywhere with the farm population, their most important field, so far as educational extension is concerned. Several years ago I projected into the library world the somewhat heretical statement that the way to reach the farmers was to make it as easy for them to borrow and return the books as it now is for the city man. For this there is no other means as comprehensive as the daily service of the rural delivery. That this service also needs the traffic will be apparent when I quote from official figures that the average load of the rural carrier, paid and equipped to carry from 250 to 500 pounds, is but 25 pounds . . . we also seek such general reduction in the rate for public-library books as is justified by their superior economy as parcels as compared with the bulky, ill-shaped, perishable, fragile, or periodically congestive packages that make up the mail.

Anything that brings public libraries and the public together is worthy of public support.

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MY remarks in the August number on the general ignorance of parliamentary law brought good news from West Hartford, Conn. The Associate Superintendent of the Public Schools informs me that

during the past school year, I have conducted classes in civics, making a practical application of the instruction, by considering each school-room as a community, each scholar as a citizen, and by giving each scholar opportunity to practise the performance of the duties of citizenship. This involves parliamentary law practice in conducting meetings, elections, etc., and I am sure you would have been much pleased if you could

have witnessed the admirable way in which scholars of the fifth and sixth grades, some of them not more than ten years of age, performed their respective duties.

There is no reason why this method should not be generally adopted.

A professor of mathematics in the University of California, after denouncing the shop-worn phrase "in the last analysis," to which I should like to add the tiresome "acid test," writes with professional authority about an expression almost equally common:

There is still another phrase which I as a mathematician and a lover of careful thinking and expression find particularly abominable. If a mouth-filling superlative is desired which shall also give an impression of mathematical profundity, the stupid phrase "to the nth degree" is called in. Now the "nth degree" is "any degree," and may mean the first degree, the second degree, or the thousandth, and if you recall the meaning of a negative exponent [I don't] you will see that the "nth degree" may stand for a quantity as small as one may wish.

Which shows what an ignoramus I am. I had always supposed that the nth degree was an honorary degree, ranking above all others. I thought it was like that infinity where parallel lines meet. (How absurd to say that parallel lines meet only in infinity, when any one can stand on the rear platform of a moving train, and see them meet a quarter of a mile away!) However, no more nth degree for me. I'm through.

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WHAT are we to think of this press despatch coming out of Russia?

Krupslayia, wife of Nikolai Lenin, dictator of Soviet Russia, is a noted educator, having written several thousand text-books on teaching. She is also a poet, her lyrics having attracted much favorable praise in Russian literary circles. She has also written much on social problems, especially on suffrage.

She must be a pedagogue to the nth degree. (Oh, I forgot!) It is pleasant to note also that her poems have attracted "favorable praise." That is better than being damned by the faint kind. Anyhow, she seems busy.

Speaking of the moon in fiction, a missionary in China writes me that she has just discovered the following contribution to science in a novel by the late Mrs.

Humphry Ward. "It was ten o'clock, and the harvest moon, as yet only a brilliant sickle, was rising." To this sentence I award the prize. My correspondent may be pardoned for suggesting that the Bible is as a rule more scientifically accurate than the general run of modern novelists.

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IN my remarks on Barnum, I made a bad blunder when I spoke of "the long weeks without hardly any sleep." It is pleasant to record the fact that up to this moment I have received some thirty letters correcting me. I wish that were my only mistake. However, the record for bad English is still held by a man who was not long ago a governor of one of our large States. He performed the unusual feat of making three grammatical errors in a sentence composed of two words. *Them's them!*

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IT is becoming increasingly common to discover bookshops where the proprietor not only knows books, but loves them. Formerly, if you went into other shops you could assume that the managers and the clerks knew something about the articles advertised for sale; but in most bookshops, it was impossible to find any one who had even an adumbration of knowledge. Things are improving. The ideal bookshop is Parker's, in Los Angeles, where the proprietor is a veritable host, knowing every item on the bill of fare. He sits up all night reading. Another good shop is Beach's, in Indianapolis; his favorite place for reading is the street-car, and he adds, "I forget to get off where I should. But that doesn't matter!" I sometimes wonder what the bookmen buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell.

There is still room for improvement. A friend of mine recently entered a bookshop near Chicago, wishing to buy one of Shakespeare's plays, and the proprietor had never heard of the author.

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ARTHUR S. HILDEBRAND has written a remarkable and true tale of adventure in "Blue Water." He and

two friends bought a yawl in Scotland and sailed to the Isles of Greece, taking frequent and prolonged shore leave. The story would be interesting even if unskillfully told; but the book is more notable for its literary art than for the incidents. Mr. Hildebrand was graduated from Yale in the class of 1910, and this year has seen the publication of three novels by three of his classmates. "The Seven Hills," by Meade Minnigerode, "Family," by Wayland Williams; "Trodden Gold," by Howard Vincent O'Brien—all three emphatically worth reading. The novelist Waldo Frank also really belongs to this class, for in 1910 he had completed the work for the B. A. degree; he preferred to be enrolled with 1911, and remained for an M. A.

Those who like a breathlessly exciting detective story will enjoy William Garrett's "Friday to Monday," and will read it in much less time than that.

Nineteen twenty-three has been a notable year for the activity displayed by American novelists of established reputation. Edith Wharton, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, Elsie Singmaster, Ernest Poole, Joseph Lincoln, Ethel Kelley, Mary S. Watts, Herbert Quick, have all produced new novels of importance. With the one exception of "The Age of Innocence," Edith Wharton's "A Son at the Front," which appeared serially in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, is probably her best work; her command of style has never seemed more resourceful. The title should not repel; it is not a son at the front, but a father somewhere else, who is the protagonist.

A new author, Alfred B. Stanford, shows such originality and power in "The Ground Swell," that I am already looking forward to his next book. He is, I believe, a pupil of the accomplished poet, dramatist, and critic, Stark Young.

Among new books from England John Galsworthy's collection of short stories, "Captures," and the late Katherine Mansfield's "The Doves' Nest," are especially worthy of attention; both are marked by an economy of style that is one of the surest evidences of distinction. And Sheila Kaye-Smith has surpassed her best previous efforts in "The End of the House of Alard."

The president of the University of Michigan made a sensational addition to his faculty for the present year in securing the Poet Laureate of England. Although I am not thrilled by the poems of Doctor Bridges, there is no more scholarly poet in the world, none more fitted to fill a university professorship. And there is no college anywhere that would not be honored by his presence.



BROWNING'S Pied Piper refuses to remain in the misty region of legend. Last year a piper appeared in Budapest, who, according to the press despatches, saved a section of the city from a plague of rats by bewitching the animals with music. Then the city authorities refused to pay the piper. Now the New York *Tribune* informs me that a young veteran of the A. E. F., John Rogoff, is the Pied Piper of the East Side. Mr. Rogoff goes into a cellar, whistles in a peculiarly compelling fashion, and out come the rats. They stream toward him and eat from his hands. He gave a demonstration of his power to a sceptical observer, who, after counting seven rats in thirty seconds, incontinently fled. He was afraid, not of the beasts, but of the whistling. "It had a strange influence on him. He was afraid he'd get up and snatch a piece of bread himself."



TO turn from music for rats to music for men, it is pleasant to note that Walter Damrosch is to celebrate the centenary of the Ninth Symphony by giving in order all the symphonies of Beethoven. The announcements for the year would convince any one that New York is the musical capital of the world. Among the vast number of distinguished visitors are Siegfried Wagner, Chaliapin, and Vladimir de Pachmann. The last-named has been giving out interviews that are of no importance except as amusing self-revelations. His opinions fortunately have nothing to do with his skill. He may be irritating, even maddening, when he talks; but I had rather hear him play Chopin than hear any one else. The late Mr. Huneker gave him a name that stuck—the Chopinzee.

THE theatre season in New York will be at its height when these lines appear in print; I am writing at my Michigan farm, where the most dramatic event thus far has been the annual separation of the sheep from their lambs. Both older and younger generation feel this acutely for exactly one night; then they forget all about it and proceed with their quotidian and eternal occupation—eating grass. This diet is not so monotonous as might at first thought appear; one blade of grass differeth from another in glory. Furthermore grass with a heavy morning dew and grass immediately after rain have entirely different flavors from grass in prolonged drought. It is like eating shredded wheat with and without cream. It is curious that sheep, wearing heavy woollen clothing, are so seldom thirsty; wool in sultry weather should produce a thirst. Now as a matter of fact sheep can live in a fair degree of comfort for three months without once taking a drink; and some farmers never water them during the winter, though it is better to do so. I asked a neighbor who keeps many sheep if he had ever seen one voluntarily drink; he never had. My sheep have access at any hour of the day or night in the summer-time to a creek; but not in thirty years have I ever seen one drinking.

But to reverse the proverb, let us turn away from our muttons. So far as I can judge by announcements and by reading dramatic criticisms, the season in New York will be like the city itself, containing the best and the worst things in America. Shakespeare will be the most popular playwright, as more of his plays will be acted than those by any other author; Walter Hampden has a magnificent programme; Sothorn and Marlowe will give among other productions, "Cymbeline," which I never saw but once, when it was presented by Margaret Mather. Two interpretations of *King Lear*, by Schildkraut and by Warfield, are promised; John Barrymore will in every way revive "Hamlet"; "Measure for Measure" and "Antony and Cleopatra" are coming. I shall also be particularly interested in seeing Walter Hampden in the stage version of Browning's "The Ring and the Book." Booth Tarkington has two successful plays now running, and Lee Wil-

son Dodd's "The Changelings," with a remarkable cast, is an outstanding feature. On the other hand, there are some shows—a good name for them—that are so cynically defiant of decency that I have actually read rumors to the effect that many people have decided to stay away from the theatres altogether—a boycott that may become effective. No moralist's antagonism to the theatre has ever done the institution so much harm as that accomplished by those theatrical managers and producers who will apparently do anything for money. It is the traitor and not the open foe who injures any cause, and I say that all those concerned in the production of a play or spectacle that violates what is generally accepted as decency are traitors.

Outside of New York, the hope of dramatic art is in the Community Theatres and in the so-called Little Theatres. No city in America deserves more credit in this important work than Pasadena. The Pasadena Community Playhouse Association not only publishes an annual programme of plays produced, but a financial balance-sheet; and it has reason to be proud of both. It has survived six seasons, and in three years built up a membership from 42 to 1,442. In the summer courses of instruction are given in everything pertaining to dramatic and histrionic work. The seventh season, 1923-1924, includes "Candida," and during the past there have been played "King Lear," "His House in Order," "The Great Divide," "The Yellow Jacket," "Beyond the Horizon," "Potash & Perlmutter," "Strife," and many others, the mention of which sufficiently illustrates both variety and excellence. Pasadena is a model, and I advise all communities who are interested to write to the Pasadena Community Playhouse Association.

The death of Franklin H. Sargent was a loss to the drama and a personal loss to me, for I always felt honored by his friendship. In addition to directing an admirable academy for many years, it is owing to his efforts and example that so many universities and communities have had the impulse to produce Elizabethan drama. This general movement had its origin in Mr. Sargent's revival in 1895 of "The Silent Woman," by Ben Jonson.



Some Discursive Reflections on the Art of Art Criticism

THE most interesting thing in the world for the art critic this summer was the play of the limelight around—the art critic. Ordinarily he is one of the least conspicuous of mortals. In a practical age he is dedicated to the disinterested pursuit of ideas having no practical value. He exercises functions which have nothing on earth to do with the affairs engaging the majority of mankind. He is to a captain of industry what an astronomer is to a movie star. He could not, if he would, buy an old master; he can only talk about it. But in the year 1923 this talk of his for a little while shared public attention with the occupation of the Ruhr, the divagations of Signor Mussolini, and all the other high-erected themes of a distracted period. With the tidy sum of half a million dollars involved, it was deemed worth while to call in the art critic, a circumstance almost giving him a “practical” status, almost allying him with “big business.”

I refer to the *cause célèbre* of “La Belle Ferronnière,” the lady otherwise known as Lucrezia Crivelli, whose portrait by Leonardo da Vinci has long been one of the treasures of the Louvre. Mrs. Andrée Hahn, of Kansas City, owns a portrait of the same subject which she attributes to the same master, and which she has proposed to sell to the Kansas City Museum for \$500,000. Sir Joseph Duveen’s assertion that the painting was not a Leonardo held up the transaction, whereupon Mrs. Hahn brought suit to recover from him the amount named. As I write the case is pending in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. I have not seen the picture. I have no opinion to express upon it. But I have been fascinated by that other picture presented by the situation developed in preparation for the trial.

Mrs. Hahn’s painting was submitted in Paris to the scrutiny of a galaxy of all the critical talents, gathered together by Sir Joseph Duveen. Mr. Bernard Berenson came over from Italy. Sir Charles Holmes, of the National Gallery, arrived from London. Herr Bode was expected from Berlin, but, I believe, could not come. This was, perhaps, as well, since Mrs. Hahn’s attorney, who was present at all these proceedings, might have dragged in disconcerting allusions to another Leonardo-like incident, that of the famous wax bust. But it is not my object to enumerate here the entire personnel of the critical clan. The point is simply that the clan was summoned, and that the world on both sides of the Atlantic respectfully listened to what it had to say. Mrs. Hahn’s experts, I suppose, will receive the same kind of attention when they are cited. Meanwhile, waiting to see which side shall prevail, many observers have doubtless been moved to reflection and inquiry on the whole broad question of the rôle of the critic. If he is to play his part in court along with the other experts familiar there, with the authorities on chemistry, engineering, lunacy, and so on, how far do his credentials go and what is the story of their establishment?



IN the eyes of a multitude of artists the critic is an enemy of mankind, and it is easy to see how this notion has arisen. Consider the difference between the chemist and the art critic, functioning as experts. It embraces a crucial element. One deals with insensate things; the other with the works of human beings. The chemist hurts no feelings; the art critic

sometimes rasps them horribly. Judge Parry, in a delightful paper on the celebrated case of Whistler *vs.* Ruskin, in which his father, Sergeant Parry, ap-
 between the artist and the critic. Wounded *amour propre* has never yet permitted a man to reason impersonally. The validity of criticism as an art passes right



La Belle Ferronnière.

From the portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli by Leonardo da Vinci. In the Louvre.

peared for the plaintiff, recalls an apposite story. Ruskin wrote to a friend that he hoped a devastating criticism he had published on that individual's picture would make no difference in their friendship. "Dear Ruskin," replied the artist, "next time I meet you I shall knock you down, but I hope it will make no difference in our friendship." There is the nubbin of the question as it lies be-

out of the consciousness of an artist who has been rubbed the wrong way. This leads to some droll attitudes. An actor, for example, will tell you that the fate of a play, by which we may suppose him to mean judgment on its merits, depends upon the opinions passing in conversation amongst theatre-goers. He will respect the simple statement of "Good" or "Rotten," which may be heard as the audi-

ence disperses. The statement, of course, may be made by an auditor who knows nothing about the art of the stage, who knows only what he likes, who knows only whether he has been entertained or bored. On the other hand, the trained critic who not only says that the thing is bad but gives his reasons, gets the actor's goat.

It is in the nature of things. It will always be so. But it sheds no light on our problem. Let us return to Whistler. He won damages of but a farthing out of the trial. Forthwith he set out to get even in his own way. Summing up what he called "the *fin mot* and spirit of this matter," he proceeded to belabor Ruskin and, through him, all art critics. He raised some good laughs, laughs to be enjoyed with him to this day by any open-minded reader, whether he be artist or critic; but he failed to contribute a feather's weight to the philosophy of the subject. I may note his principal fallacy. "He [the critic] brands himself as the necessary blister for the health of the painter, and writes that he may do good to his art." The critic does nothing of the sort. The point that Whistler overlooked is that evaluation is description. To say that a picture is bad in this or that respect is only incidentally to admonish the artist; the real purpose is to tell the lay reader what it is like.

Whistler is the salient exponent of the argument that the artist alone is the person to tell you what a work of art is like, or worth. "Shall the painter then decide upon painting? Shall *he* be the critic and sole authority? Aggressive as is this supposition, I fear that, in the length of time, his assertion alone has established what even the gentlemen of the quill accept as the canons of art and recognize as the masterpieces of work." It is a plausible dictum and only gains in plausibility as you turn to some of the sayings of artists. Read the "Pensées" of Ingres, or Delacroix, or Rodin. Read one of the most beautiful books on art ever printed, "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," written by Fromentin, an artist. Whistler himself, in his "Ten O'Clock," delivered some precious observations. In the invaluable "Impressions sur la Peinture" of Alfred Stevens, the Franco-Belgian master, there is

a reflection which it is impossible to deny: *Un grand artiste est en général un bon critique, parce qu'il pénètre mieux dans les arcanes des choses.* The most illuminating talk on art to which I have ever listened was that of John La Farge. I need not labor the subject. From Leonardo down there have been artists who were magnificently eloquent and instructive on their mystery. But that, I maintain, means simply that from time to time—and not very often—the artist has been doubled with the philosopher and the critic. He has happened to possess, in addition to his artistic gift, the critical faculty, which is a thing by itself. He has been a good critic not merely because he has been an artist but because the gods have given him a dual nature.



THERE is the familiar hypothesis that the critic is an artist who has failed, but I need not dwell on this. It is refuted by the testimony of uncounted exhibitions that, along with his betters, the artist who has failed goes right on painting. Nor is the artist who has succeeded necessarily a profitable guide. Stevens has noted the intense preoccupation of the successful painter with the formulas through which he has won his success. It is the foible of most artists, standing forever in the way of their exercising a catholic and sympathetic judgment in matters of art. They see things too much in the light of what they have themselves done. I speak here not from theory but from observation. No, we must seek elsewhere than among artists for criticism. Stevens himself gives us a helpful clew when he says: *L'opinion d'un connaisseur est plus flatteuse que les suffrages de la foule ignorante.* In connoisseurship resides the key to criticism, in knowledge, vitalized by natural taste and *flair*. It corresponds in art to what Matthew Arnold was driving at in letters when he talked about the critic's knowing the best that had been thought and said in the world.

In knowing. It is the corner-stone of criticism. I have at my elbow one of the classical achievements in art criticism, the yellowed pages of a series of articles printed long ago in the *Gazette des Beaux-*

Arts. They were written by the French critic Thoré, over the name of "W. Burger," and they announce his reconstitution of the works of Vermeer of Delft. Jan Vermeer was known before him, but his works were largely hidden under other names in the galleries of Europe. Thoré divined him and restored to him his lost masterpieces. With inexhaustible patience and industry in research, with "conviction, ardor, and passion," as Havard says, with intuition and with knowledge, he plodded through the museums, spotted the previously unknown Vermeers, and gave a great painter to fame. I wonder if any painter, in the rôle assigned to him by Whistler in the passage I have quoted, has ever performed a similar service to the cause of art? How often does the painter have the time, or the temperament, to delve as the critic delves? How much pains does he take to *know*?

Thoré's great *coup* dates from 1866. It was in the early seventies that Giovanni Morelli, an Italian writing in German over a Russian name, that of "Ivan Lermolieff," made his first excursions in the art of art criticism and demonstrated that if it was an art it was also to some extent susceptible of approximation to an exact science. In studies of the works of certain masters in German and Italian galleries he developed a method as painstaking as that of Thoré, with traits of its own placing the whole matter upon a firmer basis than it had ever had before. He analyzed the characteristics of a painter with the systematic thoroughness of an anatomist. He turned comparison from an odious thing into a source of illumination. His method has been in use ever since, and largely through its influence art criticism, in the modern sense, has been as fully professionalized as art itself, strong in research and documentation, coming into court with emphasis upon facts as well as upon imponderables.



THERE has just been published by an American critic a book which is very germane to our subject. Professor John C. Van Dyke, who has been teaching and writing on art for forty years, developed early in his career a scepticism as to many

Rembrandt attributions. There are in the world between six and seven hundred paintings given to the Dutch master. Sifting them as the years have gone on, this critic has now written the book afore-said, "Rembrandt and his School," to suggest that the bulk of that tremendous mass of work was done by pupils and followers. He draws up a list of pictures unquestionably by Rembrandt, in his opinion, and it contains less than fifty titles! Such revision of the accepted catalogue is prodigious. If matters of art were as popular as baseball the book would set all the newsboys to crying "Extra!" It is enough to make European and American collectors and dealers feel as though the ground were rocking under their feet. There is no limit to the ruthlessness of the critic. Seeing the whole Rembrandt *œuvre* as "a huge snowball that had gathered to itself the work of the school," he stoutly breaks up the ball, resolves it into what he considers its true ingredients, and, without weakening Rembrandt, as he would maintain, enormously enriches a lot of his disciples. In 1921 there were twenty-six paintings listed as Rembrandts in the Berlin Museum. Professor Van Dyke reduces the number of genuine Rembrandts to three and has "a shade of doubt" about each one of them. He won't accept the Rembrandts in our own Metropolitan Museum. "Not one of the pictures put down to Rembrandt is by him." That renowned masterpiece, the "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails," which he does not think is a masterpiece at all, he says is by Nicolaes Maes. The "Oriental" and the "Pilate" he gives to Salomon Koninck, the "Hendrickje Stoffels" to Bernaert Fabritius, and so on.

To justify these and scores of other reattributions he goes deeply into questions of mentality, emotion, and technique as these things are disclosed in the characteristic productions of the painters concerned, making incessantly minute comparisons. His illustrations are chosen to give the reader practical aid in following his thesis. Thus he puts side by side the portraits of Rembrandt's sister given to the master in the Liechtenstein gallery and the Brera. Following his analysis step by step, it is next to impossible to reject his conclusion that whereas the por-

trait at Vienna is by Rembrandt, the one at Milan is as clearly by Jan Lievens. It is an exciting book. The author is another Sherlock Holmes. Repeatedly you feel that he has pounced upon his prey. Often, too, you feel that he has carried the chase too far and has brought home doubtful quarry. For my own part, I can-

pricious impressionism, but a reasoned activity of the mind.

The indisposition of some commentators to regard it in that light is partly explained by the fact that once in so often the critic perpetrates a perfectly gorgeous howler. In 1909 Bode bought in London, for £8,000, for the Berlin Museum, a wax



Rembrandt's Sister.

From the portrait by Rembrandt in the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna.



Rembrandt's Sister.

From the portrait by Rembrandt in the Brera, Milan, attributed by Professor Van Dyke to Jan Lievens.

not believe that the "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails" is by Maes, that the "Blinding of Samson," at Frankfort, is by Horst, that the "Manoah's Offering," at Dresden, is by some nameless pupil. But I do not pause here upon the specific questions raised in the book. Those need to be traversed by themselves, at length. I dwell now rather upon the broad suggestiveness of Professor Van Dyke's argument and upon the remarkable machinery supplied for examination into unnumbered riddles. Here is a delightful example of the critical faculty in operation, a demonstration of what scholarship and industry can do to clarify a confessedly murky situation. It shows that art criticism is not a matter of casual and ca-

bust of "Flora" which he attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. It presently turned out to be the work of a deceased British sculptor named Lucas. When the inside of it was explored it yielded a fragment of a mid-Victorian bedquilt. In 1910 Mr. James Grieg, an English critic, tried to persuade the world that the famous "Rokeby Venus" was painted, not by Velasquez, but by Raphael Mengs. Decidedly your art critic is like everybody else, a fallible creature, and he is never so near to discrediting himself as when he sets up to be a pope. But that is an error which may overtake a man in any walk of life. It doesn't touch the essentials of valid art criticism, which are knowledge, experience, research, scientific system—

all endued with a force sprung from that mysterious thing called *flair*. For art criticism is nothing if not, with all its other resources, clairvoyant. One of Berenson's comments on the Hahn picture, quoted in the cables, provides a useful illustration. "It hasn't," he said, "the severity of a true Leonardo." Se-

jects it. If he tells you that the line is rigid, inelastic, where Botticelli's line is supple, flowing, do you expect him to tell you how he knows? How, save through a power of perception residing only partly in his eyes. Knowledge of Botticelli's drawings helps him. So does instinct, *flair*.



The Sleeping Woman.

From the painting by Nicolaes Maes in the Brussels Museum.



Old Woman Cutting Her Nails.

From the painting by Rembrandt in the Metropolitan Museum, attributed by Professor Van Dyke to Nicolaes Maes.

verity, no less. How are you to weigh and measure that? Can you touch and handle it? How are you to prove or disprove its presence in a given picture? You can't settle the question by rule of thumb. Either you feel Leonardo's severity or you don't. I remember looking some thirty years ago at the "Madonna of San Onofrio," on the Janiculum, and wondering why it was called a Leonardo. It seemed to me, as it seemed to others, to have been painted by Boltraffio. But nobody that I know of has ever been able conclusively to demonstrate that attribution, which is nevertheless now generally accepted. Imagine a drawing, falsely given to Botticelli, and submitted to a critic of Italian art. Ask him why he re-

I THOUGHT of the effect of the play of that instinct this summer, when the death of Sorolla revived discussion of his art. Everybody remembers the sensation that he made when an immense collection of his works was shown at the Hispanic Museum some years ago. The *foule ignorante* hailed him tumultuously as the opener of a new heaven and a new earth. He was an accomplished painter. He knew how to depict figures moving in the open air and in the water, under blazing sunshine, and he turned his clever trick to something like perfection. There never were more joyous pictures. Only they were not the evidences of a great creative art. It was the business of the art critic to enforce that point, to enforce

the discrimination which is the central principle in the enjoyment of works of art; and as he reflects upon the altered status of Sorolla, abundantly honorable but not by any means what it was at the Hispanic show, he may be forgiven if he smiles at the Whistlers of this world, with their *ipse dixits* as to who shall and who shall not open his mouth about painting. I see Berenson in my mind's eye as he was described in the despatches, "with immaculately white-gloved hands," pointing out what he saw in the picture before him. I am aware of his learning, of his long study of Leonardo. Speaking of the picture in the Louvre he said that forty years ago he had been just ignorant

enough to doubt its authenticity. Now the doubts were all gone. Greater knowledge had worked the change in his opinion. Also the source of his later thought was that instinct which guided him in the matter of Leonardo's "severity," a thing not so much to be seen as felt. This, as I have said, has come to be a factor in tangible affairs, a factor to be reckoned with in courts. Study of facts has come to fortify a spiritual thing. With the passage of time, a new sanction has been conferred upon the great saying of Keats: "When I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine."



Water Joy.

From the painting by Joaquin Sorolla.



The Business Situation Begins to Define Itself

CHANGE IN VIEWS OF FINANCIAL OBSERVERS—NEW THEORIES OF THE REACTION SINCE LAST SPRING—THE QUESTION OF EUROPE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Taking the Economic Pulse IT would not be overstating the case to say that at no time since the Great War ended, and possibly at no time since the war began, has there been so industrious an effort as this autumn's at diagnosis of the actual business situation. We have had, as it were, a continuous consultation of the experts, their finger always on the economic pulse. It happens often enough in every-day life that the consulting physicians differ on what is the matter with the patient. It is not so usual for them to differ as to whether anything is the matter with him.

In the nine or ten past years there have perhaps been only two occasions when the business community was entirely at loss in measuring the real conditions of the moment and trying to judge from them what was to happen next. One was in the closing weeks of 1914, when the idea of an avalanche of American securities, to be thrown back on us by Europe as soon as our markets should reopen, still had such influence on financial opinion as to offset in the formulation of financial judgment all other signs of American financial strength. The other happened in the early weeks of 1919, when the visible evidence of high demand for goods and active general trade could not dispel the underlying belief that the ending of the war must somehow be followed by world-wide economic reaction.

IN each of these instances, as it happened, the main assumption was correct. Europe did eventually "unload" its American securities on our markets

after 1914, and the world-wide reaction duly arrived after 1919. But people who based their judgment of the financial situation wholly on these expectations were mistaken, in the one case as to the manner in which the prediction would be fulfilled, and in the other case as to the time of its fulfilment. The peculiar fact about the recent uncertainty of the financial mind was that no definite considerations of that nature, favorable or unfavorable, seemed to figure in the discussion; which consisted merely of repetition of the inquiry as to what the situation really was.

There have been numerous answers from the experts, and they have varied rather widely. Reports from the Federal Reserve authorities did not indicate the existence of reaction. At the end of October the Reserve Board itself testified that wholesale business in the United States, measured by actual transactions, reached this autumn "the highest total value of any month since October, 1920." In the Middle West, monthly bulletins of the Reserve Banks reported "distinct improvement in expectations for fall and winter trade," "more confident feeling with respect to the underlying soundness of business in general," even "substantial increase in the volume of trade." They disputed even the familiar contention that hard times on the farms would prevent prosperity.

ONE Reserve Bank in the agricultural Northwest, where the low price of wheat was alleged to have impoverished

Other Occasions of Great Perplexity

producers, estimated in its end-of-October report that, notwithstanding a decrease of \$58,000,000 in value of the district's wheat crop, compared with a year ago, the value of all its cereal crops, including wheat, had increased \$70,000,000. Addressing the National Bankers' Convention, the president of the largest American bank described the business situation, because of what he considered its absolute soundness, as "the most favorable the country has known since our entry in the Great War." The president of the United States Steel Corporation, speaking to the annual meeting of the trade, declared "with confidence that the outlook is good"; that demand from consumers might be expected "to materially increase in volume during the next six months, unless something unforeseen and unwarranted should be precipitated." The Steel Corporation itself, instead of conserving all available resources against an expected collapse of business profits (as in the autumn of 1920), increased the dividend on its stock at the close of October.

But, on the other hand, there was abundant recognition of a spirit of hesitation. The governor of the Federal Reserve Board referred in a public speech to "the general disposition to conservatism in both industry and finance," and this view was at least supported, not only by the hesitant stock market, but by the falling off of 31 per cent in monthly iron production as compared with the high mark of last spring, the similar reduction of 32 per cent in the unfilled orders on the United States Steel Corporation's books, and the decrease of 16 per cent in exchange of bank checks at the country's clearing-houses. If all that the bankers said of continuing business activity was true, how was this to be explained, occurring as it did in the usual season of maximum commercial activity?

ONE explanation was that the buyer of retail merchandise, the "ultimate consumer," was dissatisfied with the higher prices, and that the middlemen would not place orders freely for future delivery because they did not see their way clear to disposing of the goods at current prices. This has undoubtedly

been true of the cotton trade, whose peculiar situation has been that the huge "carry-over" of surplus production from the large crops of 1919 and 1920 was used up in supplementing the deficient production of 1921 and 1922; that another deficient crop has been picked in 1923, and that a deadlock is being created between producers who want prices one-third higher than the fairly high prices of a year ago and spinners who do not believe that consumers will pay any such advance in the finished goods. But it is not true of prices as a whole, whose average is 7 per cent below what it was last spring, when merchants were buying with the utmost freedom.

Another theory, which undoubtedly has much truth, was advanced by one of the national mercantile agencies, which suggested that "the heavy commitments" made by merchants in the spring months, when "many requirements were covered for months ahead," was the reason for the merchant's "delay in buying now." A good many experienced observers of the markets predicted, even in March and April, that "forward purchases" made then in such volume and so suddenly had probably removed the chance of a similarly active autumn market; so that this might be only a reasonable sequel.

THERE was a third explanation offered, with larger scope to its implications, which holds that the American business community has learned the lesson of self-restraint; that, taking a leaf from the disastrous experience of 1920, the path of conservatism has been chosen. The present quiet business season, without either violent expansion or violent reaction, has been described by one well-known financial critic as marking a real achievement in "the forbearance and prudence of our individual bankers, the skill of our credit men and the sagacity and prudence of our merchants, manufacturers, and other borrowers."

There has, in fact, been an organized effort, conducted under strong auspices, to promote such practices of conservatism in trade. The purpose of this undertaking is ambitious; it is nothing less than to

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